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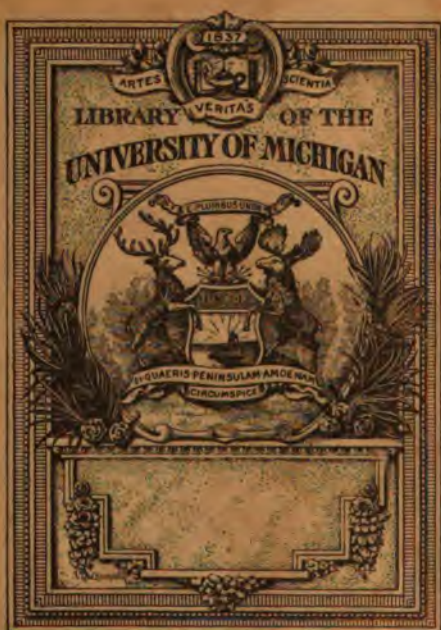
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SAINT PAULS.

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SAINT PAULS.

—
APRIL, 1868.
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ALL FOR GREED.

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CHAPTER XX.

THE DOUBLE ARREST.

WHATEVER might have been the effect created at the time by old Martin Prévost's death, it was immeasurably surpassed by that which the arrest of the bûcheron produced. There was no end now to the conjectures and speculations; no saying what might not be revealed; no limit to the excitement of the townspeople of D——.

It was scarcely past noon when the Breton was brought a prisoner into the town, and before supper-time every man and woman knew of each single detail connected with his arrest,—or at all events talked as if they were thoroughly conversant with them. So great was the agitation of the little place, and so delighted was the little population at having such an occurrence wherewith to occupy itself, that long-standing feuds were healed in the common emotion, that Madame Joséphine le Vaillant condescended to exchange ideas with Madame Valentin, and that Céleste from the Château, and Madelon from the Mairie, fraternised with Madame Jean;—or rather tried to do so, for that important personage felt her importance doubled, and was less accessible than usual. Madame Jean's importance was doubled, for she held to the mystery by both ends. She was a manner of co-proprietress of the criminal,—if criminal he was, of which there was no inconsiderable doubt;—while over the executive authority as represented in the person of la gendarmerie itself, who would gainsay her sovereign influence?

There was a conviction in the public mind that Madame Jean really did know everything, and accordingly Madame Jean was paid court to instantly, as those are who have suddenly been invested with some unusual distinction or power. Besides, Monsieur le Maire was observed to go three times in the course of that eventful day to la Maison

Prévost, and at his last visit, which was late in the day, he was accompanied by the brigadier.

But the public mind of D—— had had time, even in the space of a few hours, to become divided upon the question of Prosper Morel's insanity. That Prosper had had to do with the murder of Martin Prévost could no longer be a matter of doubt; but that he was the actual murderer, and, above all, that he was the only one who had committed the crime,—this became quickly the cause of the liveliest disputes. Indeed, this it was which made up the quarrel between the rich grocer's widow and Madame Joséphine le Vaillant, who both happened to be of the same opinion. These ladies opined that some person or persons yet undiscovered had really done the deed, and had, for some reason which would later be found out, been obliged to make an accomplice of old Prosper, whose weak intellect had been fairly upset by the horrible drama in which he had been mixed up. The doctor at D—— was of their way of thinking also, for after having spent an hour with the Breton on the day of his committal to gaol, he confided to the Juge de Paix that, according to his belief, the old man was not altogether of sound mind. "There is an evident mixture of fact and imagination in all he says," had been the doctor's remark. "Up to a certain point he is as clear and precise as possible, and unmistakably sane; but past that point, he as unmistakably wanders, and either he is ignorant or he won't tell what he knows. I incline to believe him ignorant."

However, Dr. Javal had been telegraphed to from Cholet, and it remained to be seen what that irreverential young practitioner's opinion would be. Meanwhile, an immense deal had already come out, and the craving public mind had devoured one or two hard facts,—facts not to be controverted.

For instance, in the box dug up under Prosper's own directions were found a pair of new shoes, of a small size for a man, but answering to the impression left upon the minds of all who had assisted at the original "instruction" in October, by the foot-marks traced in the garden. Of course, in so grave a matter a mere impression left upon men's memories was scarcely a thing to rest an inference upon. Still, there were the shoes, too small for any one connected with the Prévost household; and they bore marks of having probably been worn but once. The heels were scarcely soiled, whilst the fore part of the sole was still clogged with a crust of dry mud, out of which a few blades of dry grass were extracted.

Now, as to the money! There was found, in five small parcels,—two only in rouleaux,—the sum of 5,000 francs in gold; corresponding to what Monsieur Richard had found noted down on a paper in his uncle's strong box. In a small leathern pocket-book, or portfolio, were also found a number of bank-notes wrapped up in a piece of paper. But on this paper were written the following figures:—

“ 20 100 fr. notes.
12 500 do.
2 1000 do.
Total, 10,000 frs.”

Now, when the notes were counted up they made a total of only 8000, instead of 10,000. The two notes of 1000 francs each were missing.

It became therefore evident that whoever the criminals really were, they had robbed their victim to a certain extent, though undoubtedly an insignificant one, considering the far larger sum they had had at their disposal, and had left untouched. Having taken this much, why had they taken no more? If dishonest at all, why so moderate?

When the fact, however, of the missing notes was brought home to Prosper, the old man's demeanour changed altogether. Instead of the strange half-dreamy, half-ecstatic manner he had assumed from the first, he grew vehement, and all but furious. At the bare suspicion that he had robbed the murdered man, his indignation burst violently forth, and he stalked up and down the room where he had been brought for the first preliminary examination, alternately uttering incoherent phrases of bitter anger, or relapsing into a dogged silence, during which he contented himself with glowering at the mayor, and gnashing his teeth.

“One thing is easy to see,” whispered the brigadier, who was present,—apparently for the protection of Monsieur le Maire,—“and that is, that if he were enraged, there's nothing he would stop at.”

But the Breton was unmanageable, and sullenly retreating into a corner, declared he would not open his mouth again till the Curé, who had been sent for at his desire, should have arrived. When the Curé did come, the old man rose, shoved aside the gendarme with one sweep of his long lean arm, and, walking straight up to the priest, went down on both knees before him, and said, in a tone at once earnest and submissive:

“I have confessed, father; I have confessed! I have lightened my soul of its load; I have done what you ordered me to do; but tell me I can save my soul; tell me the punishment will not be eternal; tell me I shall be forgiven; tell me that, mon père; tell me that!”

“My poor friend!” said the Curé, with the utmost compassion in his tone, and laying his hand upon the bûcheron's head; “so surely as you confess your transgressions, and repent of them with all your heart, so surely will you be forgiven. God's mercy is infinite; but you must confess all your sins;—you must withhold nothing.”

“I have told all!” exclaimed the Breton, suddenly springing to his feet, and with a glance of rekindling indignation; “but am I not to tell the crimes of others, too? Are others to go unpunished?”

The manner of the man while saying this was so singular, there

was such a revengeful air about him, that, coupled with the very unsafe condition of his intellect, the Curé thought he foresaw a danger, and determined to guard against it as best he could. "Prosper Morel," said he sternly, "the confession of your misdeeds is what will save your soul. The misdeeds of others lie between God and them. Beware of the spirit of revenge, my son ! it will stand between you and atonement even to the Day of Judgment. You will expiate nothing by confessing other people's sins. You must repent of your own."

The brigadier fairly shrugged his shoulders with impatience on hearing this, and clanked his big sabre on the ground ; and the Maire came up to the Curé cautiously, and putting his mouth close to the latter's ear, he whispered, " But if we could get him to reveal ; if we could get him to put us on the trace of——"

The priest, who was a powerful man, literally whisked the Maire, who was a small, pudgy one, into the embrasure of the window ; and, standing with his back turned to Prosper, so that the arrested man should not overhear him, he said, quite lowly, " The man is not safe ; once set him on revealing, and God only knows what he will imagine ! He is as likely as not to ' reveal ' you as his accomplice."—The Maire started back with horror.—" Yes ! every bit as likely as not. The man is not altogether sane, though he will probably tell the entire truth about himself ; but don't trust him with the lives and reputations of others. There is no saying to whom he owes a grudge, or what mischief might be done. Keep him to what touches himself only."

The civil functionary obeyed, though reluctantly, for he did not relish being balked of a revelation or two.

" Now, Prosper," recommenced the Curé, " tell the truth about these missing notes. Calm yourself ; subdue your anger ; and now tell us how comes it that these two 1000-franc notes are gone ?"

" I will only speak if my words are credited," rejoined the Breton, sullenly.

" Speak to me, Prosper, and I will believe you," continued the Curé.

" Well, then, mon père, by my hopes of salvation, I know nothing of the money in the box. I saw it put in,—the gold and the leathern portfolio,—but as it was when put in, so it has remained ever since."

" But," objected the Curé, " you see these notes were wrapped up in a sheet of paper that was sealed, and the seal has been broken. You see these figures, written on the paper ; they mark the sum of 10,000 francs, and specify two 1000-franc notes. These are gone."

" Monsieur le Curé," answered Prosper, " if my own soul had not been sleepless within me and tortured me, needed I to proclaim my guilt ? Was not my innocence accredited ? Have I not come freely, joyfully, into the enemy's toils ? Have I not come here to pay for the salvation of my immortal soul with my mortal body ? This hand,—

this hand"—and he held his hand aloft—"committed a murder ; but of any theft I know nothing. That box has never been touched since I carried it away after the murder, till this morning when I showed it to Monsieur le Maire."

The Curé looked steadfastly at the prisoner, who never quailed before his gaze.

"Mon père," at last added Prosper, "you must believe what I say, for you believe in what the Gospel teaches ; you know that we have souls, and that we can save them ;—they don't ! " and he waved his arm over all the other spectators of the scene. "They believe not. Mon père, tell them I speak the truth, for I am trying hard to save my soul."

The Curé turned to the Maire, and with great gravity said, "I do believe the man speaks the truth."

"But, then, the notes?" retorted the irritated Maire ; "and the broken seal?"

"Time and the progress of the 'instruction' will throw light upon the whole," rejoined the Curé ; "but I must believe Prosper Morel's words, and I do so."

At all events, nothing more was to be made of the Breton ; and before the day closed a new and quite unforeseen direction was given to the current of the public thought in D——. Raoul de Morville was arrested for having been implicated in the murder of Martin Prévost, just as he was stepping into the diligence which was to convey him to the railway station, where he was to take the night train to Paris.

CHAPTER XXI.

VÉVETTE'S SORROW.

OF the sensation called forth by this last event it is scarcely necessary to speak. Nothing so extraordinary had ever happened in D——, not only "within the memory of man," but even,—as Monsieur le Maire proclaimed,—"in the annals of history." A young man of good birth,—a handsome, clever, gay, hunting-and-shooting gentilhomme,—was accused of the murder of a snuffy old bourgeois, of a hard-fisted old usurer, who was as much disliked as he who was accused of murdering him was popular ! True, the strange alteration in Raoul's manner, so generally commented upon, was immediately referred to ; but, as compared with the enormity of the crime, all this sank into nothing ; and the past of the fine, generous young fellow, who, without having had a "chance" in life, had "got on" all by himself, mastered a good, sound education, and never deserved an enemy, rose up now in the minds of his townsmen, and protested against the awful accusation under which he laboured.

From the moment when young Morville was arrested less was

known of what took place than had been hitherto the case, and the public mind seemed in a fair way to be tortured by the efforts made to preserve secrecy. This much was known, that, between the hour of his arrest and midnight, two telegrams had been exchanged between D—— and the chief town of the department, which was rather more than eight English miles distant ; and D——, as we know, not having a telegraph station, on each occasion a man on horseback had to be sent off,—which produced a great impression.

The day following Raoul's arrest more telegraphic messages were despatched to and fro, and it was even rumoured that Monsieur le Sous-Préfet might be expected in the course of the day.

Do what the "authorities" would,—and they did do their utmost,—some few scraps of information did ooze out ; and it remained an averred fact that the brigadier had stayed more than an hour in la Maison Prévoist ! Nay, that he had actually breakfasted with Madame Jean in her kitchen,—it was her second breakfast,—and that she had brought from the cellar and devoted to the especial usage of "Monsieur Frédéri" a bottle of some old Burgundy by which her defunct master set extraordinary store. How did this get known ? Well, there are assuredly genii who preside over the longings of human curiosity ; and in this case the particular genius was supposed to be Nicholas, the "out-door man," who had seen the wine brought up from the cellar, and not got one drop of it to drink.

Disjointed, garbled evidences, therefore, did, as I have said, leak out, and the public ended by obtaining some few scraps wherewith to still its hunger ; for Madame Jean, though a very inaccessible woman, was mortal, after all, and could not wholly withstand the amount of flattery with which she was assailed that day. Why, she received in her kitchen the visit conjointly of those two "leading" persons, Madame Valentin and Madame Joséphine le Vaillant, who, in chorus, styled her their "dear" Madame Jean, and promised her, the one, some liqueur des îles, sweet enough to ruin all her teeth, the other, some very curious snuff, against neither of which seductions was that stern female proof.

By the time, then, that noon had been rung out from the church steeple of D——, several small facts had crept forth, been eagerly pounced upon, and, naturally enough, distorted. It seemed clearly ascertained that with the robbery Raoul would be proved to have nothing to do ; and that, of course, obtained credence at once. But, on the other hand, a frightful proof of his guilt was whispered about. It was stated that the shoes found in the wooden box with the money, and so much too small for any of the feet on which they had till now been tried, fitted young De Morville perfectly ! It was asserted that, with the exception of trying on the shoes,—which was an invention of the Maire's,—Raoul had, as yet, not been subjected to any investigation ; that he was kept very privately, and

was not to be examined till precise instructions came from the Chef Lieu.

Touching the woodcutter, somewhat more was known, and he was reported to have made some very strange depositions. He was said to have declared that the whole night preceding the murder had been spent by him inside old Prévost's house!—a fact which, as Madame Jean remarked, “would have made your blood run cold, if it was not such a palpable impossibility.” And here, again, opinion was obliged to incline towards the conviction of Prosper's partial insanity. Then, again, when simply questioned as to what was his acquaintance with Raoul de Morville, he merely stared, hastily said he was the best shot in the country, and refused any further answer. In reality the Breton appeared, with each passing hour, to be narrowing his attention more and more to one single point, namely, to his own personal guilt, and to the certainty of achieving forgiveness by expiation. He was more mystical than ever, and had passed the night in praying, singing the “*De Profundis*,” and covering the walls of his cell with his favourite writings and images, produced by means of a bit of charcoal, which the gaoler saw no harm in letting him have. All his ideas ran the same way. “Expiation!” was the word for ever on his lips, and he paced up and down his prison, or squatted on the floor, a crucifix in his hands, and muttering: “The sacrifice of blood!” or, “The price! the price! O Lord! the full price!” or, “As I sinned, so I pay!” When not thus occupied, he was stubbornly silent and sullen, refusing to exchange a syllable with the gardien whom it had been deemed advisable to place with him in his cell.

“Why am I to be tormented?” he had once said. “I have owned my crime; they know it, up there. What more is required? Why not give me my chance quickly? I have purchased my salvation; why do they shut the gates through which I am to go to it?” This very fixity of ideas on the part of the bûcheron threatened to make the case a vastly complicated one.

“It will be extremely hard for justice to see the way out,” observed the doctor, “for the longer the whole lasts, the more rooted become the convictions,—or delusions,—of that wretched old man, and the more difficult it will be to discover what is fact and what hallucination. He gets madder with every half-hour of solitude, and we shall end by, in reality, possessing only two positive certainties,—one, that Martin Prévost was murdered, and the other, that Morel had something to do with it. But what then? I doubt our ever getting very far beyond that.”

Somewhat later in the day Monsieur le Curé's Lise made her appearance in her master's study, and announced to him that la demoiselle Vérette wished to speak to him. The Curé was walking backwards and forwards in evident perturbation of spirit when this took place, and he at first looked rather vacantly at Lise, who

repeated her message. Before he had found time to express his readiness to receive her, Vévette was standing at the room-door, and one moment after they were together alone.

The girl came forward with both her hands stretched out, which the Curé took in both his, and then he looked at her. She was making strong efforts to speak, and her lips quivered and twitched, and she gasped, whilst the contraction in her throat prevented all distinct utterance. "My child!" said the priest, tenderly. Again she tried to speak, but in vain; and clutching his fingers in a tighter grasp, she sank upon her knees; and, resting her head upon the Curé's hands, burst into a fit of violent, irrepressible sobbing.

He raised her up, placed her in a chair, laid his hand gently and reverently upon her head, and seating himself near her, left her to compose herself, without attempting to comfort her by useless phrases.

When the first paroxysm of grief was a little abated he spoke to her. "You have done well, my poor little one, to come to me at once," he said; "for if consolation, and hope, are to be had anywhere, it is here. You know that there is no limit to my devotion to you; you know that I promised your mother, on her death-bed, that I would always watch over you."

Vévette pressed her handkerchief to her eyes; and, after a last struggle, looked up, and, though still with difficulty, she spoke; "Father," said she, and though the voice shook, the expression of the face was strangely resolute, "whatever comes, I will be Raoul's wife. Help us, or I shall die!" and she clung to the sleeve of his soutane.

"I will help you," replied the priest impressively, but without manifesting the slightest surprise; "but, my dearest child, will you help me to help you both? Will you do your best? Will you, for his sake, be calm,—that is, try to be so,—and will you really follow the instructions I may give you?"

"I will," answered Vévette, never taking her eyes off his face, or her fingers off his sleeve.

"Well, then; let us try to put some order in our thoughts and in our proceedings. Tell me, does any one in your own family guess at what you have just told me?"

"No one."

"I confess," continued the priest, "I have never had the remotest suspicion of all this; though, perhaps, to a man of the world, it might have appeared inevitable. How long have you been engaged to Raoul?"

"I don't know, mon père," answered she simply, "but I think always. You know we were children together, till Félicie and I went to the Visitation; and when we came back home, it was always the same; and I never could marry any one but Raoul."

The Curé sat for a moment silently, with compressed lips and knitted brow.

"Of course," he then said, "you are convinced of Raoul's innocence?"

Her eyes flashed fire, and her cheeks burnt as she cried, "As convinced as I am of my own existence! As convinced as you are too!" she added triumphantly.

The Curé looked at her and leaned back in his chair. "Yes, Vévette," he rejoined, "I am morally convinced that Monsieur de Morville had no hand whatever in the murder, but that is not all. Innocence is not sufficient always, and we must guard against complications. There are some very strange facts in this case, and the more we believe in our friend's guiltlessness, the better we must be prepared to meet them. One thing would be, in any other case, immensely in his favour, and that is, that Prosper Morel denies his complicity altogether."

"Well, then," exclaimed Vévette joyfully, "what more can be required?"

"A great deal more, I fear, for you see Prosper is himself a most unsafe witness. It is a very delicate matter to deal with a man who is more than half mad; facts have to be weighed."

"But no fact can possibly criminate Raoul," cried Vévette impatiently.

"In your mind and mine, no! But we are not magistrates, and I fear that Richard Prévost has been forced to make a deposition that implicates——"

"Richard Prévost!" interrupted she indignantly, and springing to her feet, "Richard Prévost! that wretched, vile, cowardly creature! Oh! how I always hated and despised him! What has he dared to say?"

"Vévette!" said the Curé, rising also, and confronting the girl, whose usually gentle aspect was literally transfigured with rage and contempt, "Vévette, calm yourself and attend to me. I was never a particular friend of Richard Prévost's. His nature has nothing in it sympathetic for me. I have always regarded him as a selfish, weak, purse-proud man; but I am obliged to say that in this case he has behaved well,—very well. You must believe me. Monsieur Prévost has not only behaved well; he has behaved with delicacy and kindness, and shown the utmost repugnance to bear any testimony against any one; but, as in nearly all such cases, there are facts which are embarrassing, and——"

"Oh! forgive me, mon père! forgive me!" entreated Vévette, the tears streaming afresh down her cheeks. "I will speak ill of no one, I promise you; but it is so hard to bear;—and all the harder that I know my own sin in loving Raoul as I do; loving him better than everything!" and she wrung her hands in despair.

"What is this?" asked the Curé, seizing her hands in his, and not sorry to divert her thoughts into a new channel; "what is this nonsense, Vévette? You mean to be Raoul's wife, do you not, if it pleases God to bring him safe out of all these troubles? And as I know you, I know beyond all doubt that you will at all times be worthy to be his wife,—be pure and spotless as snow." He looked hard at her, and spoke slowly.

And she, with a deep blush, whispered "Yes, I will."

"Well then," he resumed, with what was almost an accent of irritation, "what is all this absurdity,—all this exaggeration? We have trials and troubles enough before us; don't let us increase them by our own voluntary act. Let us try to act and think uprightly, honestly, and not get entangled in any of the villainously crooked ways of over-scrupulousness. Beware of that, Vévette. It all comes from the false teachings of the convent. I know it well; it's not the first time I've had to deal with it."

"Monsieur le Curé," interrupted Vévette; "it is all too late now. I cannot repent, but I know my sin. I know I am risking my salvation in loving him as I do, but I will risk it. I will risk life and soul for him now."

"You will do no such thing," interrupted the priest, in an extremely stern tone. "You shall learn to distinguish between real right and real wrong, my poor child, or I will not help you. I will have no false morality; above all, no false purity,—which is of all things the most impure. You shall see the truth and worship it. You shall love God and fear Him, and bear whatever He gives you to bear,—mark you, whatever it may be. But when once you are the wife of the man you have chosen, you shall love him with all your heart, wholly and entirely, and so that you shall love nothing else in the whole world half as much. And you shall do this because this is Christian law, the law of God, whatever all the Jesuits and all the nuns in all the convents in Christendom may tell you to the contrary. And now, my poor dear child, go home, try to be calm, lift your whole heart up to God, and rely upon me utterly."

Strengthened, though somewhat abashed, by the Curé's resolute ways, Vévette prepared to obey. When she had reached the door, "Mon père," inquired she, "may I not know what it is Monsieur Richard had to say? You see I am quiet now; and I will never speak ill of Monsieur Richard again."

The Curé reflected, and answered at last; "Perhaps I ought to refuse, but it would be worse if you heard what has happened from any one else. Promise me to be courageous, and to trust in Providence for help. Monsieur Richard has been obliged to produce a letter which he found after his uncle's death, in which Raoul asks old Prévost for two thousand francs, and says, that if he does not

obtain them within a week, life is worthless to him. The letter is dated just a week before the murder."

"Raoul never wrote it," exclaimed Vévette.

"Raoul did write it, my child," retorted the Curé, "for I have had the letter in my hands, and read it."

"Has Raoul seen it?" she asked wildly.

"Not yet, it has not been shown to him yet; they are waiting for further instructions from the Chef Lieu." And then, seeing that Vévette was almost fainting from the effects of this last piece of news, "My child," he added gravely and tenderly, "the discovery of this letter does not destroy my moral conviction in Raoul's innocence. It must not injure yours. Go, and trust in God, and at all moments rely upon my devotion."

And she went, mournfully, but determined to do her best.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE JUGE D'INSTRUCTION.

As the doctor had predicted, the complications of the case became more embarrassing with every hour, and when the "authorities" had arrived at D——,—which they did the third day after Raoul's arrest,—and an "instruction" had for the second time been set on foot touching the murder of Martin Prévost, the proceedings were quickly involved in such intricacy of detail, that the wisest of the magistrates declared there was no means of seeing clear in the matter. This being so, and the natural tendency of all French lawyers being granted, of course the current of professional opinion set in dead against the prisoners, and more, even, against Monsieur de Morville than against Prosper.

Everything combined to make Raoul the more interesting culprit of the two; and the singularly sharp, inhuman propensities which invariably develop themselves in a Frenchman the moment he has to do with the workings of criminal law, gave themselves full swing directly there was a probability of a condemnation in the upper ranks of society.

No one who does not live in French society,—who is not "of it,"—will ever attain to a thorough knowledge of the inordinate measure of that society's conservatism. There is scarcely anything in the way of injustice or cruelty at which the individual in France will stop if you appeal to him in the name of "society," and remind him of his protective duties as a member of it.

And the origin of all this ferocity,—as it is of nearly all cruelty,—is simply fear. To be governed, defended, and if needed, avenged! to be in every possible and imaginable way "taken care of," is the eternal ideal of a Frenchman! And the most perfect lamb of a

cotton night-cap maker, whose wife leads him the life of a dog, will turn into a very hyæna if you put into his hands the fate of one of his fellow-creatures suspected of a crime against purse or person. There are no merciful jurors in France, as there are few,—if any,—perfectly just judges. Bring a human being before them as an “*accusé*,” and bench, bar, and jury are all predisposed to believe him guilty, are all more or less desirous that he should be proved so. In the case of the juror, the one guiding sentiment is, “This might have happened to me !” In the case of the magistracy, the ardour of pursuit is inflamed to a degree incredible to those who have not seen it with their own eyes.

The innocence of a mere human being, a unit in the social sum total, is of comparatively no consequence. Think of poor, dear, unoffending, unprotected “*society*,”—that is, you and me, and “*everybody*” generally,—if one of these horrible beasts of prey gets loose !

Now all this amount of cruelty and cowardice, animating every single functionary from the Juge d’Instruction down to the Garde Champêtre, took Raoul de Morville for its butt. In the first place, he was in reality more interesting than the woodcutter ; and in the next, no intense feeling divides itself. It chooses arbitrarily, and there, where it has become fixed, it concentrates all its energy. Raoul was, therefore, the pet victim, the favourite of this dreadful race, and he or she was but ill received who ventured to hint at the possibility of his innocence in the presence of any one belonging to la robe.

The townspeople of D—— however, imperfectly informed as they now were, continued to behave in a not totally discreditable manner. There were parties for and against the accused ; and, supposing him to be proved absolutely innocent, free from all possible suspicion,—so perfectly spotless, in short, as to render his being “let loose” again manifestly without danger to themselves,—there were people in D—— who would be actually glad of his acquittal ; which was saying a great deal.

The Juge d’Instruction sent down to investigate the case of the Prévost murder was a hard, opinionated man, whose zeal was, on this particular occasion, stimulated by two different causes,—one, that his colleague in the original proceedings of seven months before had evidently made a mess of the whole business ; and the other, that he himself had been twice unlucky within the last twelvemonth,—namely, had twice seen criminals, prejudged and precondemned in his own mind, escape him. He was determined this should not be the case now, and that if Raoul got out of his clutches it should not be his fault. The natural consequence of all this was, that the whole course of the instruction was directed against Monsieur de Morville, whilst the Breton was treated as of less importance. Towards

Richard Prévost the behaviour of the Juge d'Instruction was almost deferential; he reproached him with too much leniency only, with a culpable disregard for the sacred interests of "society," in screening, as it must be admitted he had done, a man so evidently guilty! Still, the magistrate was willing to call this an "amiable weakness,"—so long as he was not himself expected to exercise it,—and Monsieur Richard being the wealthiest member of the community in D——, came to be truly a "representative man;" and "society" becoming, therefore, as it were, incarnate in him, the Juge protected him accordingly. But from first to last he went his own way, would listen to no suggestion from any one,—not even from the Curé. He disliked priests, he said!—and meant to leave this inquisition of his into the Prévost murder as a model of sagacity and penetration to all juges d'Instruction to come.

Raoul was kept with unmitigated severity in solitary confinement, it having been resolved to collect the entire amount of evidence against him before subjecting him to the first interrogatory. The letter found by Richard Prévost after his uncle's death was in the hands of the Juge. He pronounced it, as far as his opinion went, "quite conclusive," but reserved it as the one proof wherewith to crush Raoul's defence, whenever he attempted to make any.

Now, what were the results of the examinations which Prosper Morel had to undergo? They were very unsatisfactory, and extremely hard to get at, for he sometimes refused doggedly to answer at all; at others, he insisted upon the presence of the Curé, which the Juge would not permit, and perpetually declared that since he had confessed his crime, that was enough, and that he ought to be allowed the full and entire benefit of expiation without delay.

One thing he persisted in from the outset, namely, that Monsieur de Morville had absolutely nothing to do with the whole, that he scarcely knew him, and had, he believed, never spoken to him in his life. From two or three small facts which came out, and which we will relate in due time, this seemingly proved too much. Consequently it increased suspicion, and made the bûcheron's denials of Raoul's complicity unavailing.

As far as Prosper's own statement went, here was what, with infinite trouble, was made out;—He had assassinated old Prévost on the morning of the 14th of October of the previous year. He had had "words" with his master some days before, and had, in fact, been turned out of his service on account of the complaints made against him for poaching. Subsequently, his master had consented to keep him on; but the bûcheron had not forgiven or forgotten the offence, and had been terrified by the notion of how insecure his means of livelihood were, exposed as he was at any moment to be turned adrift, and die of hunger on the roadside. This had driven him to commit the crime. This "and the counsels of the Tempter,"

he added. And when he was asked who the "tempter" was, he invariably replied, "The devil in the form of a man!"

Who this "man" was he stubbornly refused to say, and when driven too far, would sit down and oppose silence only to all questions. "Take him back to his cell and lock him up till he chooses to speak; I can wait for ever!" was the Juge's sole resource; but to this the Breton always yielded;—the notion of perpetual and solitary confinement, with no "chance of expiation," as he termed it, being full of invincible terror to his gloomy superstitious nature.

The manner in which the crime had been committed was, according to the account extracted from the *bûcheron*, as follows;—The moment Madame Jean and Nicholas were both gone out, Prosper stole from his hiding-place,—where that had been he refused to say,—and crept upstairs to his master's room. On looking through the key-hole he perceived Monsieur Prévost, already dressed, and standing in front of his desk, which was open. He knocked at the door, and when told to come in, began by asking pardon for coming at such an early hour,—it was then about half-past six,—but he said that, being,—as his master knew,—obliged to go to Jouzy,—a village some five miles off,—to deliver some timber, he had thought it well to come and consult Monsieur touching the arrangement to be made about a certain quantity of wood to be furnished for sleepers to the railway administration. He reminded old Prévost that when at Jouzy he was not very far from the M—— station, and that, instead of losing another day, he might as well settle about the sleepers at once. He said he was persuaded his victim would immediately search for the minute of the agreement made with the railway people, and that he should then have him at his mercy. This was precisely what happened. Martin Prévost bent forwards and pulled out a drawer in his desk in which he kept papers of importance; and while he was in the act of so doing, Prosper took a deliberate aim from behind with a hammer which he had concealed under his blouse, and hit him just above the nape of the neck. Stunned by the blow, old Prévost fell without uttering even a groan, only stretching forth his arms. The murderer avowed that, after his victim had fallen, he struck him twice or three times more. He could not tell precisely how many times, but he said he struck him to make sure he was dead.

The manner of his escape was clear enough, and,—favoured as the abominable deed had been by chance,—easy enough to understand. Wiping the hammer on the clothes of the murdered man, he concealed it again under his blouse, and crept down-stairs. He then went into the store-room opening on to the court, in the window whereof, as we may remember, a pane had been taken out. He admitted that he had himself, during the night time, extracted this window-pane quite at his ease. The opening was large, sufficient to allow of the passage of a man's body. He got out that way into the court, and crossed it

to the kitchen garden. There he found the pair of shoes of which we have heard ; and there another act of the drama took place, which we will give in the Breton's own words.

" I took off my own shoes where the pavement of the courtyard ceased, tied them with their own laces to my leathern belt, and waited."

" For whom ? " asked the Juge.

" For the devil," was the reply ; " and he came quickly. He gave me the box ; it was a small one that used to stand on the top of a press in Monsieur's room ; it had no key ; it shut with a hook only ; he opened it, showed me the gold and the pocket-book ; shut it again, and I put it under my arm and went away. To cross the garden so as to mislead by the footmarks, I shoved the fore part of my feet into the shoes, and walked as well as I could,—it is a very short distance,—trying to make a very heavy indent in the earth. Outside the garden comes the field that leads down to the little stream running into the Cholet high-road. There was not a soul anywhere within sight ;—seven o'clock had not yet struck ;—so I made my way across the field down to the edge of the stream."

" Still in those small shoes ? " inquired the Juge.

" Still with the fore part of my feet in those shoes," was the answer.

" It's impossible," retorted the magistrate ; " simply impossible ! "

" Then ask me nothing more," was the bûcheron's rejoinder ; and half an hour was spent in inducing him to speak. Then he resumed his story.

" On the edge of the water," he said, " I rested, took off the shoes, opened the box,—which was just big enough to hold them,—put them into it, and walked bare-foot down the stream to the road. All trace was then lost. I dropped my hammer among the stones at the bottom of the water, and if you look for it there, you will find it. I now put on my own shoes, saw that there was no one in sight, crossed the high road quickly, plunged into the woods on the opposite side, and knew I was safe then. I made my way round, by a détour of more than an hour, to the place where I was arrested the other day, and where I have lived almost ever since. I buried the box there, and over it I raised at first a hut of branches and twigs, where I could find shelter if it rained hard ; later, I built what stands there now, and I tried to construct a chapel."

" When did you do that ? " was asked.

" After the Feast for the Dead."

Beyond this, nothing was to be learnt, and all the bullying of the Juge d'Instruction was of no use. The hammer was sought for in the stream, and found ; and, so far, the old man's statements received material confirmation. But the Juge d'Instruction, whose mind was made up beforehand, would not accept one word about the use made

of the shoes. These fitted Raoul de Morville perfectly, and that was proof enough of his guilt,—more than sufficient, combined with his letter to the murdered man.

To do Richard Prévost justice, the fact of his having had to produce this letter seemed to cause him unutterable pain. The Curé called upon him, and, as a friend of Raoul's, spoke to him upon the fearful subject, and was touched by the grief he showed. Monsieur Richard inquired from him to what it was possible that Raoul alluded by the closing words of his letter to old Prévost, in which he mentioned a "service" rendered to his mother? The Curé said there was a very good reason for it.

"It was in the time of my predecessor," he recounted. "I was then Vicaire of D——, and already intimate at the Château, and at la Morvillière. Madame de Morville and Madame de Vêrancour were bosom friends, and I was the intermediary of the charities their limited means allowed them to dispense. Madame de Morville was just eighteen, and a wife of not a year's standing. Old Madame Prévost, your uncle's mother, was an old woman, who died a couple of years later. I would fain not speak ill of my neighbour, but I believe your uncle's father to have been about as completely wanting in all good qualities as ever man was. He ill-treated his wretched wife, who was older than himself, and, above all, he insisted on her openly professing the impious doctrines he himself professed. The unhappy woman,—who had no particular convictions of any kind, and no great stock of goodness either,—had one tender point. Your uncle Martin was then a young man. He fell ill of typhus fever, and was at death's door. La Mère Prévost, as she was called, was in such despair, that she came in secret to my superior, the then Curé of D——, and implored his help. He did what he thought right;—I don't think it was so;—he told her to repent, to do penance, to return to her religious duties, and to give whatever she could in charity. She brought him five hundred francs the next day! But now comes the pith of the story. Where did she get them? It was supposed she had stolen them from her husband! One thing is certain, that at the end of the month she was in great danger of being turned out of doors or beaten to death. His avarice was beyond description. Madame de Morville saved her. She gave her all she had, which was three hundred francs, and borrowed two from Madame de Vêrancour, which she repaid little by little. What they feared was, that our Curé should get into trouble, which he would have done, had your uncle's father found out what had happened. But any how Madame de Morville saved your great aunt; and she never forgot it; for in her last illness,—she became devout after Prévost died,—I myself heard her tell her son never to forget what she owed to Madame de Morville."

"And Monsieur Raoul knew of this?" asked Richard Prévost.

"I think Madame de Vêrancour told it him when he was a boy ; but I am not quite certain."

With Monsieur de Morville the case stood ill, and in the mind of the Juge d'Instruction his guilt was evident. Prosper Morel said he did not believe they had ever spoken together. This was at once disproved by the church beadle, who, on the day of All Souls, saw Raoul return into church after every one had left, and remain "in close conversation,"—so he stated,—with Prosper Morel "for full ten minutes,"—the Juge wanted him to say a quarter of an hour, but he wouldn't. This was directly after the Curé's famous sermon.

Then the Vêrancour family, and Monsieur Richard, and Monsieur le Curé had all recognised Raoul late one night on the road, coming out of the path leading up to Prosper's abode! Where could he be coming from, if not from visiting his accomplice?

And the fatal shoes, too, that fitted him so well!

All went against Raoul; and when the Juge thought he had already morally convicted him, he resolved to crush him past all possible resistance, with his own terrible letter. "And now, pray, what do you say to that?" he exclaimed, triumphantly, after reading the document. "Do you deny having written it?"

"Certainly not!" replied Raoul, proudly, "for it affords one clear proof of my innocence. I did write it, and Monsieur Prévost answered it, and answered it by sending me the two thousand francs!"

At this, the exasperation of the magistrate knew no bounds; he positively insulted the prisoner; but Raoul flatly refused to answer one other question until he had been allowed to write to his uncle the admiral in Paris, to send him Martin Prévost's letter. He wrote, sent the key of the secrétaire in which the letter was kept, and then told the Juge d'Instruction he would not submit to any further inquiry till the answer came. It would be forty-eight hours' delay, still there was no preventing it; but what puzzled and annoyed the Juge more than the delay was that, if Martin Prévost really had of his own free will lent Raoul the two thousand francs, half of the case for the prosecution was destroyed.

And "la vindicte publique!" where would that be?

THE PANSLAVIST REVIVAL IN EASTERN EUROPE.

TWENTY years ago, in the midst of the conflict of political principles and theories which convulsed the Continent, Germany and the countries of the West were startled by the sudden growth and development of an extensive national movement, the ruling idea of which had until then lain almost unsuspected in the brains of a few Russian conspirators and Czech professors. That idea was Panslavism, or, in other words, the union of the Slavonians* in a single State under the predominance of Russia. Such a project was well calculated to rouse the fears of the West, for it meant nothing less than the annihilation of Austria and Turkey, and the elevation of Russia to the rank of the first power in Europe. Its realisation would leave Austria with a few Magyar districts in Hungary which would be speedily absorbed by the Slavonians who surround them, the Rouman portions of Transylvania and the Banat which would gravitate towards the kindred State of Roumania, and one or two German provinces whose natural destiny it is in any case to form part of the united Germany of the future. Turkey, besides losing the greater portion of her territory, would have her north-western frontier entirely exposed to the attack of Russia, who, with twenty millions of Slavonians at her back, would no longer hesitate to achieve the object of her traditional policy,—the possession of Constantinople; while the new Slavonic empire, holding the keys of India on the Dardanelles, and dominating the countries on the Mediterranean from Trieste, would practically become the arbiter of the old world.†

These Panslavist dreams, abandoned for a time in the general reaction which followed the excesses of 1848, have within the last few months again agitated the restless populations of Eastern Europe. Panslavist Congresses have been held at Moscow and Belgrade; the Russian language, Russian theatres, and the Russian national hymn, are now the fashion at the principal Slavonic capitals; and in

* We say "Slavonians" rather than "Slavs," because the former word most resembles the name of the race as expressed in the chief Slavonic languages. A Russian, Pole, or Czech calls himself "Slavianin" or "Slovianin," not "Slav." The word "Slav" is as yet hardly naturalised among us, for we still say "Slavonic" and "Slavonian," not "Slavic" and "Slavian." The form "Slavonians" is used by Gibbon, Hallam, and Latham.

† The population of Turkey in Europe (excluding Roumania, and the Slavonic States of Serbia and Montenegro) is 10,500,000, of whom 4,700,000 are Slavonians. In Austria, whose population is 32,000,000, there are 15,000,000 of Slavonians.

Bohemia, Eastern Galicia, Servia, and the Slavonic districts of Hungary, Panslavism is openly preached by the press and at public meetings, with a fanatical enthusiasm and mystic fervour which call to mind the religious "revivals" of England and America. This new Panslavist movement is, in fact, a political "revival" on a large scale,—passionate, unreasoning, spasmodic, and therefore apt to be transitory, but still not without a practical meaning and importance, which, in the present disturbed state of Eastern politics, should make it the object of the careful attention of statesmen. In itself, indeed, the movement is not of a nature to cause any immediate danger to European peace, for the experience of contemporary history teaches that the establishment of a political unity on the basis of nationality is, even under the most favourable circumstances, a work of much time and difficulty. There is at this moment no national aspiration which, all things considered, has, perhaps, a fairer chance of fulfilment than that of the German unionists; yet who shall say when the unity of Germany will be completed? Even in the Northern bund there is much disaffection; the condition of Hanover shows how difficult it is to reconcile the inhabitants of States, which have for centuries enjoyed a separate existence, to the loss of their independence; and these difficulties must be multiplied tenfold in the case of such countries as Bavaria and Württemberg, whose traditional policy, popular customs, and national character are to a great extent opposed to those of the Northern Germans. We have a practical illustration of such difficulties in Italy, to say nothing of the additional obstacle to Italian unity created by the Roman question. Even more impracticable seems the policy of the Unionist party in Russia, which aims at the Russification of the Polish and German districts of that empire and the extension of its frontiers to the Carpathians; or that of the Rouman Nationalists, who dream of a "Daco-Rouman" empire, comprising, in addition to Moldavia and Wallachia, the Rouman portions of Austria and Russia. But though all these plans may be more or less visionary, they are seriously entertained nevertheless, and have their influence on the policy of States. The idea of Panslavism is quite as visionary as that of a Daco-Roumania, as we shall proceed to show; and the important part it now plays in Eastern politics is entirely due to the fact that it is used as an instrument of aggressive action by Russia.

It is remarkable that the empire which is looked up to by the Panslavists as the future liberator and head of the Slavonic nations is not, strictly speaking, itself a Slavonic country. Not one of the sovereigns by whom, since her foundation, Russia has been despotically ruled, was a Slavonian; her policy, both at home and abroad, never had anything in common with that of the great Slavonic States of central and south-eastern Europe; and although her Ruthenian and Polish provinces, which are in a chronic state of discontent, are

unquestionably Slavonian, the researches of modern ethnologists have shown that Russia proper is mainly inhabited by a race whose characteristics differ considerably from those of the Slavonians, and are more nearly allied to those of the Finns and other Asiatic races. The theory of the Slavonic origin of the Russians is, indeed, of comparatively recent date, and was only accepted by the Russian Government when the spread of Pan Slavism began to give it a political value. Catherine II., in her celebrated declaration relative to the mode of teaching Russian history, expressly says that "although the Russians are not of the same origin as the Slavonians, there is no repulsion between them." But historical truth is a virtue to which no Russian monarch has yet sacrificed his political designs, and the only histories which are now allowed to be taught in the schools of the empire boldly declare the Russians to be the largest and most important branch of the great Slavonic race. The same theory has been industriously spread by Russian agents among the Slavonians of Austria and Turkey. It was blindly accepted, too, in Western Europe,—and even, strange to say, in Poland,—until some fifteen years ago, when a Ruthenian professor named Duchinski exposed the fraud, and began a scientific controversy which is still raging between Paris and St. Petersburg.

The scientific side of the Pan Slavist question is, however, of little practical importance, except in so far as it discloses the ambitious designs of Russia. Whether the Russians are Slavonians or not, it is certain that they have persuaded the Slavonians of south-eastern Europe to regard them as such, and the Pan Slavists are not likely to allow the success of their cause to depend on a disputed question of ethnology. Far more important, in a political sense, is the train of ideas and aspirations, stretching over a period of nearly half a century, which gradually led to the present influence of the Pan Slavist doctrines on the policy of the Russian nation and its government. Curiously enough, these doctrines, which are now identified with the cause of despotism and reaction, were originally conceived as a means of introducing into Russia the liberal institutions of Western Europe.

The officers who accompanied Alexander I. in his European campaigns had observed with delighted admiration the political freedom enjoyed by the countries they had visited, and they returned to Russia full of new ideas which soon became very popular among their more intelligent countrymen,—especially as the emperor himself, whose character presented a singular mixture of worldly astuteness and mystic enthusiasm, openly encouraged them. But nothing came of this awakening of the national mind. Though amusing themselves with the wildest political theories the Russians made no attempt whatever to reduce their speculations to practice. It is true that Alexander, in a fit of liberal generosity, conceived the idea of restoring

Poland; but he was dissuaded from this plan by the greatest of Russian historians, Karamsyn, who, with all his love for theoretical liberalism, was too sagacious not to perceive that a constitutional Poland, even under the sceptre of the Czars, must in the end cause the destruction of that "wise autocracy" which he considered indispensable to Russia. Thus the few noble spirits who had sincerely striven to raise their country from the abject servility into which it had fallen under the pressure of centuries of tyranny, saw, with intense disappointment, all their efforts fall unheeded against the passive resistance of a nation which, while loudly praising the liberal institutions of the West, bore with equanimity the most absolute of despotisms. It almost seemed that the Austrian ambassador, Baron von Herberstein, who visited Russia in the sixteenth century, was not so very far wrong when he declared that the Russian nation "prefers servitude to liberty." Sayings equally bitter were now poured forth freely from the lips of Russia's greatest writers. Pouschkin's most famous poem, "Eugene Onegin," was a powerful satire on the national levity of his countrymen; and Tchadaïeff exclaimed in despair, "The past of Russia has been useless, her present is barren, and she has no future."

It was at this period, when the purest and most enthusiastic Russian patriots began to lose all hope of their country, that the idea occurred to them of introducing liberty into Russia by uniting her in a federation with the freedom-loving Slavonic peoples of the South. This idea was eagerly accepted by the Poles, and a sort of Pan Slavist league was formed between the advanced politicians of both nations. The death of Alexander, and the momentary confusion caused by the disputed claims of Nicholas and Constantine to the succession, furnished the members of this league with the occasion of producing an outbreak at St. Petersburg, which, however, only showed how little real sympathy was to be expected from the Russians for any liberal movement. The cry of the insurgents was "Constantine and the Constitution!" but the latter word had no power to charm the people to their banners, and the few who joined them were only persuaded to do so on being assured that by "the Constitution" was meant Constantine's wife. The outbreak proved a complete failure, and its chief promoters were either executed or sent to Siberia. A new and increasing party, that of the "Old Russians," who aimed at a restoration of the customs and institutions which prevailed in Russia before Peter the Great, now pursued with energy the Pan Slavist movement inaugurated by Pestel and his friends; but the majority even of the more enlightened classes of the nation remained as passive to the exhortations of the Pan Slavists as they had been to those of the Liberals. As for the Emperor Nicholas, though he permitted the Pan Slavists to give full scope to their doctrines and plans in the press, he had too great a horror of anything like a popular movement, even when it favoured

his own designs, to encourage a Pan Slavist propaganda in the territories of his neighbours. Perhaps the movement would have died out altogether in Russia, if it had not been supported abroad by men of far greater ability than the frivolous theorists of St. Petersburg. Among these were the most eminent Czech poets and historians, such as Kollar, Palatzky, and Shaffarik. The Polish poet Mickiewicz, who is regarded by the Slavonians with a love and veneration which is hardly to be conceived by the less impressionable populations of Western Europe, also adopted the Pan Slavist doctrines, together with other fantastic notions, during his weary years of exile in Paris, though he afterwards renounced them on his death-bed at Constantinople. Another Pole of first-rate ability, but of a very different cast of mind,—the Marquis Wielopolski, whose conduct during the last Polish insurrection has since disgraced him in the eyes of all Polish patriots,—published, shortly after the Austrian massacres in Galicia in 1846, a pamphlet which produced a profound sensation in the Slavonic world. Addressing his countrymen in the form of a letter to Prince Metternich, he told them that they had too long suffered Europe to use them as her tool to check the advance of the Czars, and proposed that they should now aid Russia in forming a great Slavonic empire, in which they would play a part more worthy of their glorious past, and inspire respect and fear where they had hitherto been only received with hollow sympathy and scornful pity. This plan, which the Marquis developed with rare ability and eloquence, might, in the then bitter and despairing state of the Polish mind, have changed the face of Europe, if it had been supported by the Russian Government. But, as we have seen, the Emperor Nicholas was not favourable to the designs of the Pan Slavists, and his haughty temper was averse from anything like a compromise with the Poles. The project thus fell to the ground, and is now only remembered in Poland as one of the many acts of treason to his country committed by the author of the cruel and impolitic recruitment of 1863. But the Wielopolski pamphlet was too practically suggestive to remain entirely without result. It pointed out for the first time, in a logical and statesman-like form, a definite object of aspiration to the Pan Slavists of Prague, Agram, and Belgrade, and they were not slow to avail themselves of its teachings. The learned Czech leader Palatzky, and Ostroyinsky, the celebrated patriot of Croatia, now set about converting the hitherto purely literary Pan Slavist movement which had for some time been actively pursued in the Slavonic universities, into a political propaganda, of which the principal feature was the popularisation of the doctrine that Russia is the natural protector of the Slavonians against the Germanising tendencies of Austria and the oppression of Turkey. The outbreak of the Revolution of 1848 enabled these agitators to pursue their designs with impunity; but the intractability of the revolutionary leaders, and the aversion with

which they were regarded by the Russian Government, effectually neutralised all the Panslavist plans, and the Germans speedily resumed their old supremacy in the empire. The total collapse of the Panslavist movement which followed was strikingly shown during the Crimean war, when, though the moment might have been propitious for an insurrection in the Slavonic provinces of Turkey similar to that which broke out in its Greek provinces, the Panslavists made no sign. As for the Poles, they showed so little liking for Panslavism that their eastern provinces,—Volhynia and the Ukraine,—actually rose in insurrection,*—a fact which seems to have been forgotten by those of our politicians who are continually asking the Poles why they did not rise during the Crimean war. This insurrection would probably have spread over the whole of Poland if the Poles had not been totally unprovided with arms of any kind, even the fowling-pieces they used in shooting having been seized by the Government before the war began.

The restoration of peace, and the accession of an Emperor with a reputation for liberal opinions, turned the attention of all parties in Russia to the internal affairs of their country. We have already shown how weak is the basis on which political opinions rest in Russia, and how easily the Russians are swayed about from one opinion to another without showing themselves to be in earnest about any. Since the accession of Alexander there have been three great political movements, or rather manias, in Russia; the liberal mania, whose practical side was limited to an attempt to secure a moderate amount of provincial self-government, while theoretically it aimed at socialism and territorial communism; the Russification mania, of which the chief element was a frantic desire to exterminate the Polish element in the Polish provinces; and, finally, the Panslavist mania. In all these violent changes of national aspiration and effort the Emperor, unlike his predecessors, who were the be-all and end-all of Russian political life, followed instead of leading the stream. Even that great and beneficent measure, which must always remain the glory of his reign,—the emancipation of the serfs,—was not, as is often believed in England, an original conception of his mind, realised and carried out by him out of pure philanthropy, and in spite of the opposition of his entourage. It was planned and prepared, not by a liberal philanthropist, but by the cruel and despotic Nicholas, with the object of strengthening the imperial power, and checking that of the nobles; and its execution has been entrusted to officials who have done their best to obstruct and delay its effective working. With much of the transitory enthusiasm and uncertain benevolence of his father and

* It is a curious fact, not generally known, that this insurrection was organised on precisely the same plan as that of 1863, with a secret Polish Government served by its own officials in all classes of society and departments of State.

namesake, the present Emperor's best intentions were thwarted by an infirmity of purpose which makes him the plaything of every influence that happens to be predominant at his court. It was thus that the emancipator of the serfs conferred the highest honours of the State on the "hangman" Mouravieff, that the inaugurator of liberal reforms refused to accept the moderate addresses of the nobiliary assemblies of Moscow and St. Petersburg because they asked for a few constitutional rights, and that the mild ruler who had raised the hopes of Poland by restoring some of her old national institutions, afterwards sanctioned measures of repression which even Nicholas had never attempted, and thereby provoked an insurrection which was put down by acts of vengeance and spoliation such as Nicholas had never dreamt of executing.

The head of the Panslavist movement at the Russian court is the Grand-Duke Constantine, a prince of far greater natural ability and cultivation than his brother, though his brief political career at Warsaw showed that he wants the firmness and energy of character necessary in a ruler. The grand-duke, who is somewhat more of a student than of a man of action, has hitherto always remained consistent to his political principles,—so much so that when the Mouravieff mania was at its height in Russia he withdrew from St. Petersburg rather than appear by his presence to sanction a policy for which he professed the utmost abhorrence. A Liberal after the fashion of Russian Liberals, he is more attached to the theory than to the reality of freedom, and would extend to the Russian people the privileges of local self-administration, and even of a representative assembly, but only on the condition that both the executive power and the initiative in all legislation shall remain in the hands of the sovereign. With him Panslavism, like his other political principles, seems to assume an amiable and enlightened character, being chiefly directed to the promotion of a literary and social union between the various branches of the Slavonic race, or at most to the formation of a Slavonic confederation in which each State should enjoy its own customs and local government. This, of course, is also the aspiration of the Slavonians of Austria and Turkey, who, though loudly calling upon Russia to assume the position of their protector and future head, have no notion of submitting themselves to the despotic authority of the Czars. They wish to march, like the Germans, to liberty through unity, forgetting that though Prussia might some day become Germany, a united Slavonia can never be anything but Russia.

Very different in character and political principle to the Grand Duke Constantine,—whose supporters are confined to a small but influential circle at court, comprising the Minister of Finance, M. Reutern, and the Minister of the Interior, M. Valuyeff,—is the other and far more popular chief of the Russian Panslavists, M. Katkoff. This extraordinary man has for the last ten years exercised an almost

absolute influence on the course of events in Russia, thanks to his strong and versatile intellect and a vehemence of character which has a singular fascination for the naturally impassive Russian mind. As editor of the "Moscow Gazette," M. Katkoff has peculiar opportunities for the exercise of these qualities, and his vigorous and picturesque style, glittering with a splendour of classical imagery that displays somewhat ostentatiously his intimate knowledge of the best writers of ancient Greece and Rome, has gained him an immense number of readers in a country where politicians can only address the public through the press. It is not, however, to his literary or intellectual qualities that he owes his popularity, so much as to the passionate violence of his invective, and the dogged, unscrupulous persistence with which he attacks an adverse theory or hunts down an opponent. He remained comparatively unknown while, as editor of the "Russian Messenger," he wrote some of his ablest and most thoughtful articles, especially those on the English Constitution, a subject to which he has devoted much careful and intelligent study. It was not until the panic produced by the incendiary fires at St. Petersburg, when he attacked with bitter rancour the theories of Herzen and the Russian Radicals and by a few cruel but well-directed blows utterly destroyed their influence, that he began to be a power in the State. During the Polish insurrection he again achieved a brilliant success by urging on the Russian people and Government to a policy of fierce and pitiless repression, and raising Mouravieff, the worthy instrument of that policy, from the disgrace into which he was plunged by his scandalous frauds while Minister of the Crown Domains, to the position of a national hero. M. Katkoff had now become so powerful that he ventured to attack no less a personage than the Grand-Duke Constantine, and that with such animosity and bitterness that he was repeatedly fined by the censors. He then appealed to the Ministry at St. Petersburg; and although he had two influential adversaries in the Cabinet, MM. Valuyeff and Golovnin, his indomitable energy foiled all their efforts.* He returned to Moscow with a promise that the censorship should be directed to exempt his articles from its severities, and resumed his crusade against the Grand-Duke and the Liberals with more fury than ever. Since then there has been a sort of reconciliation between the opponents; the Polish question, which was the chief cause of their quarrel, lost much of its interest for the Russian public, and M. Katkoff provided it with a new subject of enthusiasm, with which the Grand-Duke for once could sympathise, in the Moscow Congress.

This famous congress, which has been described with such happy

* It is remarkable that one of his active supporters on this occasion was the Foreign Minister, Prince Gortchakoff.

satire by M. Klaczko in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*,"* had its origin, like the Pan Slavist movement, of which it is the most recent and striking exponent, in a purely scientific project conceived by a few professors. In 1864 the Society of the Friends of Natural Science at Moscow proposed to organise an ethnological exhibition, representing types of the various races that inhabit Russia, with their costumes, arms, and habitations. This proposal, though it found favour with a few scientific men and literati, had no attractions for the general public, whose attention was then fully occupied, under the guidance of M. Katkoff, with the measures of spoliation which were being carried out by the Government in Poland. The war of 1866, however, gave a new direction to the political aspirations of the Russians. The moment seemed to have arrived when the principle of nationality was to be dominant in Europe, and, seeing the example of Italy so speedily followed by Germany, Russia began to ask herself whether it was not now her turn to take up the game of national unification, which had hitherto been so successful. If Prussia, it was argued, could annex the Germans, and Sardinia the Italians, why should not Russia annex the Slavonians? M. Katkoff was here, as usual, the first in the field, and developed with characteristic impetuosity the idea which had thus spontaneously presented itself to his aspiring countrymen. Pan Slavism now became the fashion at Moscow and St. Petersburg; the contagion spread to the scientific world, and the project of an ethnographical exhibition was extended, in accordance with the mania of the day, so as to comprise the Slavonian peoples of Austria and Turkey as well as the mixed races inhabiting the Russian empire. The plan, thus amended, was enthusiastically taken up by all classes. The emperor and empress subscribed considerable sums for the expenses of the undertaking, the Grand-Duke Vladimir accepted the post of honorary president, and high court and ecclesiastical dignitaries figured among the directors. Even the official "*Russian Correspondence*," the organ of the party of the Grand-Duke Constantine in the Cabinet, warmly supported the project, and traced the policy to be adopted towards the Slavonian visitors who had been invited to the Exhibition. "We shall show our guests," it said, "that they have come to a sister nation from which they have everything to expect, and nothing to fear; we shall listen to their grievances, and the recital of their sufferings can only tighten the bonds which unite them to us. If they attempt to make a comparison between their political condition and ours," the "*Correspondence*" candidly added, with a side-glance at possible alarms in Western Europe, "we shall not be so simple as to argue that they are in the most favourable position for developing their Slavonian nationality. We have said a hundred times that we consider their position a bad one, and we may have to say it again."

* See the *Revue* of the 1st September, 1867. Our account of the Moscow Congress is chiefly based on the information collected by M. Klaczko on this subject.

The invitations to the Exhibition sent to the Slavonians abroad were very differently received in the various countries to which they were directed. In Posen and Western Galicia, most of whose inhabitants are of Polish extraction, the only feeling excited by this new move of their old enemy was one of alarmed suspicion. The Poles knew by bitter experience the consequences of trusting in Russian friendship, and did their best to warn their fellow-Slavonians against the snare which had been laid for them. The Ruthenians* of Eastern Galicia, or "Red Russia," on the other hand,—which country has since Peter the Great been theoretically claimed by the Czars as emperors "of all the Russias," though it formed part of Poland for the last four hundred years of its existence as an independent State,—were divided in opinion on the subject. The great majority of the educated class, though of Ruthenian origin, are as Polish in language and sentiment as Scotchmen are English, and were not more inclined to accept the Russian overtures than their countrymen at Posen and Craeow. But since the events of 1846 two small, though very active, political parties have arisen among the Ruthenians; that of "Young Ruthenia," and the "St. Your,"—St. George,—party; so called from the name of a United-Greek church at Lemberg. The Young Ruthenians, known in Russia as the Ukrainophilists, have their head-quarters in the universities of Kieff and Kharkoff, and aim secretly at a separation of Ruthenia from both Russia and Poland; they are thus radically opposed in principle to the St. Your party, which consists chiefly of United-Greek clergymen, who act as agents of the Russian propaganda in Galicia and among the 500,000 Ruthenians of north-eastern Hungary. A temporary union, however, between these opposing elements was produced by a concession wisely made by the Austrian Government to the predominant national spirit in Galicia. It was decreed that the language used in the Galician schools, which had until then been the German, should in future be Polish. This naturally displeased both Young Ruthenia and the St. Your party, as their only chance of success lay in their efforts to convert the language of the educated classes in the country from Polish into either Ruthenian or Russian.† They accordingly united against their common adversary, and sent a few journalists and professors to Moscow as a protest

* Rutheni is mediæval Latin for Russians. This, as before observed, is the name of the Norman or Swedish tribe which in the ninth and tenth centuries conquered the greater part of the countries now known as Russia, Lithuania, and Ruthenia. The name of the Norman "Russians" is no more indicative of the characteristics of the various peoples to which it is applied, than the name of the German "French" (Franci) is of those of the inhabitants of modern France.

† The Ruthenian language is very similar to the Polish, and a Pole hearing it for the first time has little difficulty in understanding it. Russian, on the other hand, is quite unintelligible to the peasantry of Galicia and the other Ruthenian provinces of ancient Poland.

against the education of the youth of Ruthenia in the language which has been used from time immemorial by her greatest statesmen and writers.

In Bohemia, the head-quarters of Pan Slavism, the news of the proposed Slavonic Congress was of course received with joy by Palatzky, Rieger, and other veteran champions of the cause. It is a great mistake, however, to suppose, as is now often done by writers in our press, that the predominant political feeling among the Czechs is attachment to Russia. With the Czechs, as with the Poles, patriotism has always been the ruling passion, and even the Czech Pan Slavists only invite the protection of Russia from a mistaken idea that no other Power can secure to them the full development of their nationality. The glorious traditions of the history of Bohemia during the fifteen centuries of its independent existence have produced an ineffaceable impression on the minds of its people, especially as during that period every great popular movement in their country was pre-eminently and exclusively a national one. This was most strikingly shown in the desperate religious struggle between the Hussites and the Catholics, which, unlike most religious wars, was far more a conflict of nationalities than of religions. Although the Germans were opposed with such fury in this war that the Capuchin monk, Valerian Magnus, afterwards told the Pope he would undertake to convert the whole world if he had so large an army at his back as had been required to establish the Jesuits in Bohemia, there was perfect religious liberty among the Czechs, and no attempt was made to extend the Hussite doctrines into Germany or the countries of Western Europe. It is the same intense national spirit which now causes the obstinate opposition of the Czechs to the dualism established in Austria by Baron Beust. The uncertain and half-hearted federalism introduced by Count Belcredi, and still more, the utter breakdown of the old political organisation of Austria caused by the disasters of 1866, had raised their hopes to such a degree that they did not hesitate to urge on the Government claims which were too preposterous to be listened to even by a State on the verge of dissolution. They asked for nothing less than the formation of Bohemia, Moravia, and part of Silesia into a distinct State, with a merely dynastic connection between it and Austria, — a demand far more extensive than that which has been conceded to the patriots of Hungary. It was this ideal of the Czechs, called by them "the crown of St. Venceslaus," that the Grand-Duke Constantine probably had in view when he gave his son the name of Venceslaus, suggestive, perhaps, of a future candidate for the Bohemian throne. When these wild pretensions of the Czechs were, as might have been expected, resisted by Baron Beust, they determined to organise an opposition to the Government among their fellow-Slavonians of the empire. A conference was held at Vienna between the principal Slavonian politicians with this object, and there can be no doubt that if they had all

agreed to support the policy of the Czechs, the Government could not constitutionally have proceeded in the course it had adopted, for it could never have secured anything like a representative assembly in which its adherents would not have been largely outvoted. But the Poles wisely declined to lend themselves to so suicidal a policy, and thus turned the scale in favour of the Government. The Czechs, disappointed and disgusted, now gave a ready ear to the representations of the Panславists, who had become quite discredited in Bohemia since the conduct of the Russian Government in Poland, during and after the insurrection of 1863, had taught the Slavonians of Austria what they had to expect from a union with Russia. The invitation to the Moscow Congress was readily accepted, and MM. Palatzky and Rieger, together with eighteen Czech deputies, were despatched to Russia as the representatives of the Czechs at the congress. But though in this way retaliating on the Poles, as well as on the Austrian Government, for the disappointment they had met with at Vienna, the Czechs were still drawn irresistibly towards the nation with which they had hitherto maintained so long and close an alliance, both political and literary. On their way to Russia, MM. Palatzky and Rieger made a long detour by way of Paris, for the purpose of conferring with the principal members of the Polish emigration. Afterwards, at the Moscow Congress, Dr. Rieger interceded warmly in behalf of the Poles, in spite of the loudly expressed discontent of his hearers; and the greatest living poet of Bohemia, John Neruda, has just published a volume full of enthusiastic attachment for Poland.*

It thus appears that the two nations which by their patriotic spirit and superior civilisation have always stood at the head of the great Slavonic race, only joined the Panславists under an impulse of pique, whose results, from its very nature, can be but transitory. The Czechs of Bohemia and the Ruthenians of Poland have, indeed, scarcely an idea or a sympathy in common with the Russians. Their religion is different, their language is different, and all their historical traditions and political tendencies point in the very opposite direction to those of the empire of the Czars. With the Slavonians of the south this is not the case. The great majority of them profess the same religion as the Russians; they have no traditions of constitutional freedom, like the Poles and Czechs; and one of their most important nations,—the Bulgarian,—is, like Russia, composed of a mixture of Slavonians with an Asiatic race. If it be further remembered that in these half-civilised regions nearly all that is known about Russia comes through Russian sources, and that their simple inhabitants, not being near enough to that country to judge for themselves, are naturally inclined to attribute an exaggerated importance to its power and willingness to emancipate them from the hated rule of Austria and Turkey, it will be easy to understand the facility with which they

* "*Kniha Versu*" (a book of poems). By John Neruda. Prague, 1863.

lond themselves to the designs of Russian agitators. The invitation to the congress was accepted by them eagerly, and without the slightest hesitation. From Croatia, Serbia, Montenegro, Bulgaria, and even Dalmatia, visitors flocked to Moscow, or, as they called it in their mystic language, "the Slavonic Mecca," to witness what they firmly believed was to be the first step towards the realisation of their political dreams.

The childish curiosity and admiration created in these primitive populations by the barbaric glare with which the Russian Government always attempts to dazzle its foreign visitors, are amusingly illustrated by the letters sent to their chief newspapers by the South Slavonians who attended the congress. The comfort of the first-class carriages in which they were conveyed free from the Russian frontier by railway; the "lightning speed" of the trains, which travel "at the rate of two-and-twenty miles an hour;" and the champagne banquets which awaited them at each station, are described in these letters with the gaping wonder of a country lout who pays his first holiday visit to town. "We came to Russia," writes a Croatian judge, M. Soubotits, "and we found her so great that the word empire does not suffice to describe her,—she should rather be called a world! We found St. Petersburg and Moscow towns without a rival; we found Cronstadt a fortress without a rival; we found the Russian greater than any other nation in the universe, and we found among them an affection such as we see nowhere else." The Servian delegate, M. Militchevits, wrote to his friends at Belgrade that the magnificence of St. Petersburg was "like a dream;" and, indeed, the reception the Slavonians met with might have intoxicated cooler and more experienced brains than theirs. "People ran up the staircase," says the "Invalide Russe," "up to the fifth story of the hotel, peered into every room, had a long look at each of the Slavonians, descended into the street with countenances that seemed to say, 'I have seen them!' and went away after having accomplished this duty of adoration."

Although the Russian Government was careful to declare that the congress had no political object, it was of course impossible for a number of Slavonians, one-half of whom were declared Panslavist agitators, and the other half filled with so unbounded an admiration and attachment for Russia that they were already Panslavists at heart, to meet in the ancient capital of the Czars without talking over their political hopes and plans. Already at Warsaw, M. Shaffarik, the nephew of the celebrated Czech antiquarian, proposed at an official banquet, amid immense applause, a toast to "the glory and greatness of the Russian nation, created by God himself the defender and protector of the Slavonic nationality." At St. Petersburg another banquet was given, at which the Minister of Public Instruction presided, and the most popular Russian poets of the day recited verses composed for the occasion. Here, too, the passages which were most

applauded were those which alluded to the establishment of a political connection between Russia and the Slavonic nations. M. Tiouttscheff, in a poem full of fierce denunciation of the enemies of Russia, declared that "the West is disturbed, it is trembling with fear at the sight of the whole Slavonic family for the first time exclaiming, in the presence of its friends and enemies; 'Behold us! Our lord is here,—his justice is strong, his power is just; the name of the Czar-liberator will soon cross the Russian frontier.'" This idea was carried still further by the other poets who were present. M. Maikoff exclaimed that "the work of the ages is now accomplished; a new era is about to arise; the angels are already forging the cross of the basilica of St. Sophia;" and M. Kroll prophesied that "the day will come when, in front of Constantinople, the enemy will recollect the glorious shield of Oleg, and the bells sounding from the heights of St. Sophia will celebrate the union of all the Slavonians." These sentiments were enthusiastically cheered by the Slavonic deputation. One of its principal members, Dr. Polith, having made a long speech in which he maintained that Russia was not only a Russian power, but also a "Panslavonic" power, that her mission is "the liberation of the east of Europe," and that the Eastern Slavonians expect her to fulfil this mission, "in which both her honour and her power are engaged," the Russians were so delighted that they tossed the unfortunate orator several times in the air,—that being, in accordance with an ancient custom, the highest honour which a Russian can render to his guest.*

At Moscow the same wishes and hopes were repeated with even more precision, and an important suggestion was made, and accepted almost unanimously, with regard to one of the principal obstacles to the Panslavist idea,—the want of a universal Slavonic language. This want was felt at the very first meeting of the congress, when the delegates, after several fruitless efforts, found it impossible to make themselves intelligible to the Russians unless they spoke German. It was therefore proposed that the Slavonic language of the future should be the Russian, as that of the most numerous and powerful of the Slavonic nations. This suggestion was made by the emperor himself in the audience he gave at St. Petersburg to his "born brothers," as he called the members of the deputation, and was afterwards taken up and fully approved at the dinner given to the Slavonians by the University of Moscow. It is now being practically carried out in Bohemia and the Slavonic countries of the south-east; the Russian language is being taught at the universities and principal schools, and Russian masters, grammars, and prayer-books, are in great request.

Such were the principal incidents of the Moscow Congress,—an event which will undoubtedly leave its mark on the history of our time. It was the first Panslavist demonstration that had ever been

* This curious ceremony is called the "katchat."

permitted in Russia, and it is one of the most obvious and important of the many recent signs which indicate that Russia is preparing for another move in the direction of Constantinople. But it must not be supposed that the enthusiasm and unanimity which prevailed at the congress really represented the feeling of the nations which took part in it. We have already seen that the Ruthenians and Czechs joined the congress not out of love for Russia, but out of spite to Austria; and all the delegates, with the exception of those from Bohemia, were men of little ability or influence in their own country. The truth is, that in the Slavonic nations the feeling of patriotism is much stronger than the feeling of race. Each of them has some pet national theory which is utterly irreconcilable with the idea of its absorption in a great Slavonic empire. Thus the political ideal pursued by the Czechs is "the crown of St. Venceslaus;" by the Croats, the "triune kingdom,"—Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia; and by the Servians, the empire of their national hero, Stephen Doushan. Still there is a very active, if small, philo-Russian party in each of these countries, which is amply sufficient, as is shown by the example of Poland, for the purposes of the aggressive policy of the Czars; and their patriots would do well to take to heart the wise advice given, unhappily too late, to that unfortunate nation by a Hungarian politician: "*Propter lenta consilia, privata commoda, occulta odia, periit Hungaria. Cave, tibi, Polonia!*"

But although much may be done by Slavonic patriots to disarm the Pan Slavist propaganda by avoiding internal dissensions and steadfastly opposing all foreign influence, it is only a strong and united Power in the east of Europe that can effectually act as a bar to those Russian designs of which Pan Slavism is but the mask. Not that Russia could now march an army into Turkey, as she did in 1853. Such a step would be sheer madness at a time when her country is desolated by famine and she is totally unprepared for a great war. Her Government is pursuing a slower and much safer policy, in gradually precipitating the destruction of the Turkish empire by the hands of its Christian subjects,—an event which must happen, sooner or later, in the natural course of things. There can be no doubt that the constant incursions of armed men into Bulgaria to form "insurrections" which obtain no support in the country itself, the menacing attitude towards the Porte lately maintained by Servia, the pressing demands of Montenegro, and the proposed declaration of the independence of Roumania, are directly traceable to Russian influence. It is satisfactory to observe that these machinations have for the present been stopped by the united remonstrances of England, France, and Austria,—and, which is much more important, by the disapproval of Prussia. But no amount of diplomatic action can prevent the Christians of Turkey from wishing for independence, or Russia from encouraging and promising to protect them; and in a few years, when the Russian railways are

completed and the Russian army is provided with breech-loaders, if another disagreement between France and Prussia should make the latter Power more tractable in the Eastern question, Russia may not be so unwilling to cut that question with her sword as she is at present. There is but one State which, in such a case, could prevent a European war, and that is Austria,—not, however, the Austria of to-day, with her thoughts still resting regretfully on her German past, with a German minority ruling a Slavonic majority,—but a federal Austria, having a strong central Government, yet at the same time giving full development to the national tendencies of the various countries of which it is composed. We have a modern example of such a State in Switzerland; and history shows that the federal system of government is peculiarly adapted to the Slavonic race. In Poland, at a time when she was one of the most powerful States in Europe, Poles, Prussians, Lithuanians, and Ruthenians all lived together under a system of this kind, each nationality having its own diet for the administration of its local affairs, and the free use of its own language and customs, while the affairs of the State were transacted in a central diet at Warsaw. Nor did this system prevent a vigorous foreign policy, for it prevailed during the most glorious period of Polish history, and was in full action when the Polish king, Sobieski, saved Austria from the Turks. And now it is hardly too much to say that the safety of Austria again depends on her seeking the support of federalism. The only part of her dominions, on this side of the Leitha, in which the people are contented with her rule, is her German provinces,—those provinces which must, sooner or later, be absorbed in the rising tide of German unity. In Hungary, steps are at length being taken to remove Slavonian discontent; but in the other territories inhabited by Slavonians the people still cry out loudly against the preference given to German institutions, German officials, and even the German language, and complain with justice of the Germans of the empire having been allowed a relatively larger number of deputies in the Reichsrath than any of the other nationalities. It is only by removing these grievances, and frankly accepting her position as a pre-eminently Slavonic Power, that Austria can obtain the attachment of the populations on which, after all, her very existence must eventually depend. By so doing she would not only consolidate her power at home, but secure herself against foreign aggression. The Slavonians of Turkey would naturally be attracted to the great and friendly Slavonic State thus formed on their frontier, despotic Russia would have no chance against so formidable a competitor for their favour as liberal and federal Austria, and the false and pernicious dream of Panslavism would then vanish at once and for ever from the field of European politics.

ABOUT HORSE-RACING.

II.

Few men of reflection or observation can fail to perceive that the seventh decade of the nineteenth century is likely to exercise no less potential an influence upon the destinies of English horse-racing than the Gulf Stream produces upon the climate of the British Islands. The ten years intervening between 1860 and 1870 have already been illustrated by their production of many two-year-olds and three-year-olds, which, in all that constitutes a racehorse, have never been surpassed in the long and splendid annals of the British Turf. It has been given to few lovers of horseflesh, though their connection with the Turf may have extended over four, five, or even six decades of years, to gaze upon two such magnificent sires as *Gladiator* and *Blair Athol*, both of them winners of the Derby, both of them winners of the St. Leger. To institute a comparison between two such horses, with a view to arriving at a verdict pronouncing one to be superior to the other, was obviously an absurdity; but the emulation awakened between Count Lagrange and Mr. Jackson procured for all persons assembled at Doncaster last September the opportunity of scanning two such animals as had not appeared in juxtaposition upon the same ground since the memorable Tuesday* when *Touchstone* defeated the poisoned Plenipotentiary in the St. Leger of 1834. In spite, however, of the performances, breeding, size, power, and comeliness of these two monarchs of the Turf, there would be little difficulty in finding racing men to maintain that each of them has been equalled, if not surpassed, by other racehorses which the last decade has produced. *St. Albans* and *Tim Whiffler*, *Lord Lyon* and *Achievement*, *Friponnier* and *Lady Elizabeth*, would not be left without eager assertors of their claims to be considered at least the equals of *Gladiator* and *Blair Athol*. Be this as it may, it cannot be pretended at the first blush that the decadence of the Turf, of which we hear so much, is very far advanced, when the last eight years have, in addition to many other excellent horses, been signalised by the production of eight such animals as *St. Albans*,

* The Doncaster St. Leger, established in 1778, was always run on a Tuesday until 1807, in which year the day was altered to Monday, and so it remained until 1826, when it was again altered to Tuesday. Another alteration was made in 1845, when the day was changed to Wednesday, and it has continued to be run on that day ever since.

Tim Whiffler, Blair Athol, Gladiateur, Lord Lyon, Achievement, Friponnier, and Lady Elizabeth.

Be it, however, remarked that the fame of these flyers,—at least of such of them as have already completed their racing careers,—is based upon their two-year-old and three-year-old performances. Let us go through the list seriatim. St. Albans never appeared in public after the year 1860, which conferred upon him immortality at three years old as the winner of the Chester Cup and St. Leger. Tim Whiffler having, as a three-year-old, won the Chester, Goodwood, and Doncaster Cups in 1862, not to mention many other lesser races, was unable, when as a four-year-old he opposed Buckstone for the Ascot Cup in 1863, to make a better fight of it than is implied by running a dead heat. In the deciding heat he was beaten easily by his three-year-old opponent. Blair Athol ran only in his third year. Gladiateur ran but twice at four years old. Lord Lyon's renown was gained by his victories as a three-year-old, was not improved by his performances as a four-year-old, and we hazard little in predicting that it will not be augmented by his prowess as a five-year-old or subsequently. Of Achievement, Friponnier, and Lady Elizabeth it is as yet too early to speak. But it is an undeniable fact that the seventh decade of this century has hitherto produced no such cup horses as have been famous in story during the six decades which preceded it. In the sixth decade, for instance, Fisherman, Rataplan, and Teddington achieved victories which cannot be matched during the last eight years. Fisherman started 119 times, and won 69 times. Rataplan appeared as a starter 71 times, and as a winner 42 times; and Teddington secured for himself the reputation of being the best two-year-old, the best three-year-old, the best four-year-old, and the best five-year-old in England from the years 1850 to 1853 inclusive. In the fifth decade of the century, the names of mature horses whose achievements eclipse those of Fisherman, Rataplan, or Teddington, are abundantly found. It is but necessary to mention Charles XII., Beeswing, Alice Hawthorn, the Hero, Chanticleer, Van Tromp, the Flying Dutchman, Canezon, Hyllus, inter alios, to prove that the fifth decade has little reason to dread comparison with the sixth or seventh. The fourth decade,—that is to say, the years from 1830 to 1840,—is fertile in great names. Among them we find Fleur-de-lis, Priam, Glencoe, Rockingham, Lanercost, Hornsea, Harkaway, Touchstone, Tomboy, Don John, Plenipotentiary, and many more. Going backwards from 1830 to 1800, the Turf antiquarian will have no difficulty in proving that stoutness in horses and the growth of the century are in the inverse ratio to each other. Whereas the number of speedy and short-running horses and mares has been constantly growing from 1830 downwards, the number of stayers and stout-runners rapidly increases as we recede from 1830 upwards. In fact,—to sum up the whole truth in a few words,—in proportion

as two-year-old races and T.Y.C. handicaps have increased, the animals that can raise a gallop over the Beacon Course at four, five, and six years old have sensibly diminished, until the breed threatens to become extinct altogether. As for aged racehorses that can win cups at seven, eight, or nine years old,* they seem to have passed away from these islands, and to belong to a species as irrecoverable as the great bustard or the hollow-sounding bittern,—as incompatible with our climate as the tropical birds and fishes, of which the fossil remains found in Great Britain are still the great perplexity of the Royal Society.

But, painful as it may be to a true lover of the Turf to note the signs of the times, it is impossible to deny that, be the decline in the stamina and endurance of the modern thoroughbred what it may, the deterioration in the owners of the racehorse is still more marked and deplorable. During the whole of the eighteenth, and during the first four decades of the nineteenth century, nothing was more common than for prime ministers, ministers of state, and royal dukes to be the owners of racehorses. But since the death of Lord Palmerston, and the secession of Lord Derby and General Peel from active participation in Turf pursuits, we seem to have fallen upon times which forbid any politician who writes Right Honourable before his name to own a Derby favourite. The impure atmosphere which has long pervaded the Turf, and which led the Queen, influenced by her husband, to withdraw her countenance and interest from her people's favourite national pastime, warns all aspiring men in public life that the ownership of racehorses is now-a-days a *diminutio capitis*. The late Lords Eglinton and Herbert, the late Duke of Richmond and Lord George Bentinck, forswore the Turf, and suspended active connection with it, when they took to politics. Mr. Disraeli, describing Lord George Bentinck, in the Library of the House of Commons, receiving the intelligence that Surplice had won the Derby, records that the success of a colt which he had himself bred, and which was the son of his favourite and invincible Crucifix, wrung from the proud and unyielding patrician "a superb groan." Alone among our great statesmen, Lord Palmerston, who, whatever else he may have been, was all over an Englishman, maintained the same connection with the Turf in his eightieth which he had commenced before his fortieth year. But the withdrawal of Lord Derby's black jacket and of General Peel's purple and orange from many a racecourse upon which, twelve or fifteen years ago, few colours more frequently caught the judge's eye, is interpreted by the unthinking public as an admission on the part of these two

* Becswing won the Doncaster Cup four times: as a four-year-old in 1837, as a seven-year-old in 1840, as an eight-year-old in 1841, and as a nine-year-old in 1842. Between 1837 and 1842 she also won the Newcastle Cup six times.

veteran statesmen that to be the proprietor of an Orlando or a Canezou is incompatible with the dignity expected from a grave councillor of state. Even the secession of the Duke of Beaufort, who, although never a cabinet minister, kept up, as being simultaneously Master of the Horse and owner of Vauban and Gomera, some connection between the Turf and official life, is regarded, in these days of depression among racing men, as a serious blow and sore discouragement. In fact, for the first time during the nineteenth century, we seem to be on the brink of an epoch when the death or retirement of some half-dozen owners will leave Epsom, Newmarket, and Goodwood to be frequented solely by nameless professional racing men. The last few years have deprived us of the Duke of Bedford, the Marquis of Exeter, the Earl of Eglinton, the Earl of Chesterfield, Mr. Greville, Sir Charles Monck, Viscount Clifden, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gully, and many more. When to this list shall be added the names of the Earl of Glasgow, the Earl of Zetland, Admiral Rous, Sir Joseph Hawley, and the Duke of Newcastle, who will there be left to maintain the lustre of the British Turf, and to be the owner of the Flying Dutchmen, Voltigeurs, and Rosicrucians of the future?

Without indulgence in unseemly or extravagant croaking, these and other similar thoughts may well fill the genuine lover of this noble pastime with foreboding and dismay. There is little enough to be said or written which will avail to arrest the decay, both in men and horses, to which no sensible man can pretend to be blind. Like all other doctors, we have our own nostrum for abating the decline in the racehorse's stamina and endurance,—a nostrum which we shall presently do our best to enforce. As for alluring young noblemen and gentlemen of character, wealth, and position back to a pursuit which, if deprived of their continued countenance, will inevitably languish until it takes rank by the side of steeple-chasing,—this is too grave a task to be undertaken in such a fugitive essay as this. But before advancing remedies and discussing nostrums, let us first consider whether the Turf is really worthy of the pre-eminence which it has so long enjoyed above all other pastimes, and which seems justly to entitle it to be called the national sport of England.

There is no difficulty in proving that horse-racing is the oldest of our popular pastimes. The only other British sports which can claim to be regarded as in some degree its co-equal seem to us to be fox-hunting, shooting, and cricket. The history of none of these three can be traced so far back as that of horse-racing. The fox only began to be the quarry pursued by country squires and by their square solid hounds and heavy Flemish horses towards the commencement of the last century. Queen Elizabeth, a great patroness of the chase, confined herself to hawking, and hunting the stag. No reader of the "*Fortunes of Nigel*" can have forgotten the incomparable passage in which King James I. is described urging forward his favourite

hounds, Bash and Battie, in pursuit of "a hart of aught tines, the first of the season," and finding himself alone, and suddenly confronted with young Lord Glenvarloch, whom his fears converted into a threatening assassin. In the middle of the seventeenth century the fox was regarded as vermin. Oliver St. John, when speaking to the Long Parliament, compared Strafford to a fox, which, unlike the stag or hare, deserved no law or pity. "This illustration," observes Lord Macaulay, "would be by no means a happy one if addressed to country gentlemen of our time; but in St. John's days there were not seldom great massacres of foxes, to which the peasantry thronged with all the dogs that could be mustered; traps were set, nets were spread, no quarter was given, and to shoot a female with cub was considered as a feat which merited the gratitude of the neighbourhood." Fox-hunting came into fashion with the first years of the eighteenth century, and increased rapidly in favour until the Squire Westerns and country gentlemen of George II.'s reign came to regard it as their natural diversion. If any man desires to note the advance which the science of fox-hunting,—for such it has now become,—has made within a century, let him compare the accounts of a run, as described in Sir Walter Scott's "Rob Roy," or in Fielding's "Tom Jones," with those which now appear in Mr. Whyte Melville's "Market Harborough," or in his "Brookes of Brydlemere."

Very learned treatises have been written by antiquarians on the origin of fire-arms. The hand-gun, which seems somewhat to have resembled a modern walking-stick, was improved, in the reign of Henry VI., by the adoption of a priming-pan. Next in order followed the stocked gun, which was succeeded in time by the match-lock and wheel-lock. The first was fired with a lighted match brought into contact with the priming by a spring-trigger. The wheel-lock was fired by a wheel which passed rapidly over the edge of a bit of flint, and was considered in the reign of Queen Elizabeth to be an invention of no slight value. It proved to be worthless as a sporting weapon. The first fowling-piece which seems at all to have been worthy of the name, was the flint-lock, introduced about the year 1692, in the reign of William III. In one of Addison's most delightful papers in the "Spectator," Will Wimble is spoken of as a marvel, because he could shoot a bird on the wing. For about a century and a quarter the flint-lock fowling-gun and musket held their own against all rivals. All the great battles of the last century, as well as all those which gained immortality for the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon I., were fought with the flint-lock musket. Shooting game, as a science, had no existence before the introduction of the flint-lock, and cannot be said to have been perfected until the third decade of the present century, when the percussion-gun came into general use. It cannot, therefore, be pretended that the antiquity of shooting is very great. Chroniclers of cricket and its doings have not been

wanting who have endeavoured to establish its identity with club-ball, a game played in the fourteenth century. But they would have difficulty, we imagine, in satisfying readers like the late Sir George Cornwall Lewis that cricket, as now played, can be shown to have existed before the middle of the last century.

The antiquity of horse-racing, in substantially the same shape which it now wears, is far greater than even racing men of reading and education have been in the habit of supposing. Without following the authors of some treatises upon the Turf into their elaborate disquisitions as to the evidences that the Romans, after their subjugation of Britain, brought over their own breed of running horses to these islands, we are justified in believing that horse-racing was in vogue among the Saxons, from the fact that Hugh the Great, father of Hugh Capet of France, sent a present to King Athelstan of several German racehorses. There is also further evidence that horses famous for their speed were transmitted to this monarch from many parts of the Continent; and we read that in the year 980 a law was promulgated by him, enacting that no horses should be exported from Great Britain except as royal presents. But the earliest authentic evidence of horse-races having been celebrated in this country is furnished by the old chronicler, Fitz-Stephen, who wrote in the reign of Henry II.,—1154 to 1189,—and who describes what would in these days be designated as the Smithfield meeting of 1168. As we read the translation of the old annalist's words describing a trial of speed between horses which took place seven centuries ago, it is with difficulty that we can persuade ourselves that we have not Bell's Life or the Sporting Magazine before us, and that we are not perusing the performances of animals got by Stockwell or Trumpeter. "The horses," he tells us, "are not without emulation; they tremble and are impatient, and are continually in motion. At last, the signal once given, they start, devour the course, and hurry along with unremitting swiftness. The jockeys, inspired with the thought of applause and the hope of victory, clap spurs to their willing horses, brandish their whips, and cheer them with their cries." Similarly we learn, upon the authority of Thomson's "Illustrated History of Great Britain," that the sports of the common people at this time were bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and horse-racing, "which were particularly practised in London in the twelfth century." With more or less distinctness the thread of Turf history is traced down to the reign of Henry VIII., who is reported to have been a great admirer of horses, and to have imported sires from Turkey, Naples, Spain, and Flanders, with a view to increasing the speed of our English breed. Many laws were enacted in this reign for improving the size and strength of the horse. In emulation of her father, Queen Elizabeth was much given to equestrian display, and her reign introduces us to the first English veterinary treatise upon the management of horses which the shelves

of the British Museum can boast.* But it was not until James VI. of Scotland and I. of England succeeded Elizabeth upon the throne that the Turf was recognised as a national institution. In his reign laws were for the first time passed with a view to the regulation of horse-races; and such was the partiality for the sport displayed by King James's Scotch subjects,—the “forbears” of the late Earl of Eglinton, the present Earl of Glasgow, and Mr. Merry,—that a statute was enacted, at the King's instance, ordaining that if any Scotchman won more than one hundred marks within twenty-four hours, the excess should be declared the property of the poor.

We have thus traced in outline the narrative of Turf history from the days of King Athelstan, the Saxon, who might presumably be called the author or father of English racing, down to the times of King James I., who, by his legislation, first placed horse-racing upon a permanent basis. This latter sovereign is commonly but erroneously spoken of in popular histories of the Turf as the first English monarch who openly patronised and encouraged a sport which, from his day downwards, has continually grown in public favour. The support accorded to horse-racing by James I. was continued by his grandson, Charles II., who repaired and enlarged his grandfather's residence, commonly called the Palace at Newmarket, and added to the stud-book many mares imported from the Levant, which figure in old pedigrees as “royal mares” down to the present day. Little as it might be expected during an age steeped in vice and profligacy, a grave attempt was made in this reign to impose legislative restraint upon “deceitful, disorderly, and excessive gaming.” Once already during the present century has this Act of Charles II. been invoked in the celebrated *Qui Tam* actions of 1843-44, which afforded Lord George Bentinck so rare an opportunity for displaying his tenacity of purpose and ingenuity in unravelling a tangled skein of mystery and intrigue. Nor, when the language of this Act of 1664 is studied by Turf reformers in 1868, will there be many sober persons found to deny that the salutary warnings of the seventeenth might well be repeated and proclaimed aloud in the nineteenth century. Its preamble sets forth that all games and exercises should only be used as innocent and moderate recreations;—that, if used in any other fashion, they promote idleness and encourage dissolute living, “to the circumventing, deceiving, cousening, and debauching of many of the younger sort, to the loss of their precious time, and to the utter ruin of their estates and fortunes, and withdrawing them from noble and laudable employment and exercises.” It concludes, after other provisions, with the following notable words:—“And for the better avoiding and preventing of all excessive and immoderate playing and

* “How to Chuse, Ride, Trayne, &c., Horses, by Jervaise Markham; with a Chapter added on the Secrets of Training and Dieting the Horse for a Course, which we commonly call Running Horses.” Published in 1599.

gaming for the time to come, be it further enacted that if any person shall, after the date aforesaid, play at any of the said games or pastimes whatsoever, other than with or for ready money, or shall bet on the side or hands of such as do play thereat, and shall lose any sum or sums, or thing or things, so played for, exceeding the sum of one hundred pounds, at any one time or meeting, upon tick or credit or otherwise, and shall not pay down the same at the time when he or they shall lose the same, the party or parties who lose the said monies or things above the sum of one hundred pounds shall not in that case be bound to pay the same, but the contracts, judgments, statutes, recognizances, mortgages, bonds, bills, promises, covenants, and other acts, deeds, and securities whatsoever, given for satisfaction of the same, shall be utterly void and of none effect; and that the person or persons so winning the said monies shall forfeit and lose treble the value of all such sums of money so won, the one moiety of said forfeit to go to our said sovereign, and the other moiety to such persons as shall prosecute or sue for the same within one year next after the time of such offence being committed."

One other conspicuous "Act to restrain and prevent the excessive increase of Horse Races" was passed in the thirteenth year of George II., and seems not unworthy of notice here. Its preamble states that "horse-racing for small prizes or sums of money hath contributed very much to the encouragement of idleness, to the impoverishment of many of the meaner sort of the subjects of this kingdom; and the breed of strong and useful horses hath been much prejudiced thereby." The Act provides that from and after the 24th of June, 1740, no person should enter or start any horse for any prize of money, except such horse was *bonâ fide* his own property, and that no person should enter or run more than one horse for a race. Also, that no prize or sum of money shall be run for of less value than £50, except at Newmarket, and Black Hambleton in Yorkshire. It was also enacted that no horses should run for any prize unless they carried the following weights:—Five-year-olds, 10 stone; six-year-olds, 11 stone; and seven-year-olds, 12 stone. Now, it will doubtless be remembered by some who may chance to read these words, that upon the 16th of February, 1860, Lord Redesdale introduced to the House of Lords a measure entitled the "Light Weight Racing Bill." He proposed that after January 1, 1861, no horse should run for any racing prize carrying less than 7 stone weight, under a penalty of forfeiture of the horse so running, and of £200. The measure came on to be read a second time on June the 12th, and Lord Redesdale found himself confronted by a petition from the Jockey Club, presented and supported by the Earl of Derby. The petitioners submitted that "all regulations respecting horse-racing are better intrusted to the authority which has hitherto made rules for the encouragement of this great national amusement, and

that the proposed Bill, should it become law, would have a prejudicial effect."

It is far from our desire to maintain that either of the Houses of Parliament is better qualified to frame laws for the regulation of horse-racing than that mysterious and inscrutable Vehmgericht, the Jockey Club. Ever since the birth of this corporate racing senate during the reign of George II., the whole responsibility of the legislation with respect to horse-racing, and to the government of the sporting community, has devolved upon this elected and conventional body. For a century and a quarter the enactments of our Turf legislators have been cheerfully obeyed by their promiscuous subjects. But it has been well observed by a recent thoughtful writer, that "it may be taken for granted that if ever a future historian shall write the decline and fall of the English Turf, one of the reasons assigned for its decay will be, that it was behind the rest of the age in liberal progress, and was badly governed by its chief representatives." Nothing is more unreservedly admitted by every member of the Jockey Club who is capable of one moment's serious thought than that active and coercive enactments are now needed to rehabilitate the Turf, and to revive the declining powers of endurance in the English race-horse. Lord Derby, with his wonted fluency of expression and felicity of language, gave utterance in 1860 to the sentiments which animated his Jockey Club colleagues. But although the deterioration, both in racing men and horses, is far more marked and incontrovertible a fact in 1868 than it was in 1860, no attempt has yet been made by the Jockey Club to devise any of those remedies which they cannot but feel to be necessary, and of which, as we have shown, they declined acceptance eight years ago at the hands of Lord Redesdale, or of any other extra-Jockey Club authority.

We have quoted, at greater length than the space at our command justifies, two Acts of Parliament, passed with a view to improving the breed of horses and the morals of racing men at a period anterior to the existence of the Jockey Club. No member of that Club, however arrogant and exclusive, will pretend to deny that in both these legislative Acts the sound sense and judgment of their framers are abundantly apparent. It is the fashion of Jockey Club authorities to allege that they take no cognizance of betting transactions, and that any attempt to purify the atmosphere of the Turf, so far as regards the enforcement of punctuality in settling, and other cognate subjects, would for them be an act *ultra vires*, and beyond their jurisdiction. If this be so, we cannot but remark that in Charles II.'s and George II.'s reigns the House of Commons showed itself superior to the mock delicacy which now sways the Jockey Club, and capable of passing laws which, if enforced to-day, would be of no slight advantage to the Turf and its best interests. But even if the Jockey Club shall continue to ignore betting, and refuse to take cognizance

of its many disputes, sophistries, and abuses, or if they prefer to delegate such considerations to a committee selected from their own ranks,—as is said to be now the desire of Admiral Rous,—we submit that the abated endurance of the thoroughbred and the entire disappearance of aged horses from the racecourses of Great Britain are facts that they cannot ignore. In our concluding remarks we propose to return to this subject. In the meantime, having traced the thread of Turf history from Athelstan the Saxon down to the establishment of the Jockey Club in George II.'s reign, we have a few words to say as to the traditions of some few of our historical race meetings, and as to the courses which have in some instances been trodden for more than three hundred years by an almost unbroken succession of high-mettled racers.

Foremost in point of antiquity among the races of Great Britain stands the Tradesman's Cup at Chester. It is a well-established fact that a horse-race for the prize of a silver bell was instituted at Chester in 1511, and was decided upon that same "Rood-eye," or Island of the Cross, which was once the Campus Martius of the Chester youth, who here displayed their activity and strength in mock fights and other military spectacles, and which is the present racecourse. The amusements soon assumed another form, and the mimic war was succeeded by horse-racing, which has continued to be the occasional diversion of the citizens to the present period.* In 1609 the bell was converted into three silver cups, and in 1628 the three cups were combined in "One faire Silver Cupp, of about the value of eight pounds." We are not in a position to assert that every year between 1511 and 1868 has witnessed a race over the Roodee for the said Tradesman's Cup; but that the Chester Cup of to-day is identical with the race established in Henry VIII.'s time admits of no dispute. It may not unreasonably be doubted whether many of the owners of Chester Cup winners within the last twenty-five years were aware that St. Lawrence, or Nancy, or Malton, or Mounseer had been successful in a race four times as old as the Epsom Derby or the Doncaster St. Leger. But the declining interest in the Chester Cup which the last twelve years have witnessed may be rekindled, if the antiquity of the race shall awaken some pride in sporting men, and shall arouse Mr. Topham, the well-known clerk of the course at Chester, to renewed exertions.

It must be confessed that with the exception of the Tradesman's Cup and the Dee Stakes, the Chester race-meetings of to-day possess few attractions. The proximity of the Dee Stakes to the Derby, which it usually precedes by less than a month, lends an artificial interest to the race, but upon more than one occasion the horse that subsequently won the Derby has suffered defeat round the punch-bowl course of Chester. For two-year-old races, Chester, as becomes its hoary

* From "*Topographical Beauties of England and Wales*," vol. ii. p. 233.

antiquity, has never been famous. And we much fear that, in spite of the historical interest of the scene, with its circular little race-course overlooked on the one side by the grave old walls of the Roman town, and on the other by the staring railway viaduct, the representative of modern civilisation, Chester races are doomed to experience a progressive decline, and to pale their ineffectual fires before the attractions of other meetings blessed with finer natural courses.

Next in antiquity to Chester comes the capital of that sporting county, in regard to which it is said that "every Yorkshireman takes as naturally to the pigskin as the Kentish lad to the cricket-ball, or the duckling to water." In his "Post and Paddock," the Druid tells us of a Devonshire man who used not long ago to make a St. Leger pilgrimage every year, travelling both ways on foot, and "who accounted for this strange whim on the grounds that 'his grandmother was Yorkshire-born.'" Horse-racing, as it appears from Camden's "Britannia," published in 1590, was practised about that date in the forest of Galtres, to the east of the city of York. In the great frost of 1607 a horse-race was run upon the frozen river Ouse. In more recent times the races were held upon Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings; but the river having been much swollen, and the course overflowed in 1790, it was agreed thenceforth that the races should be run upon the new course laid out upon Knavesmire by Alderman Telford; nor is it necessary to announce to racing men that here they have been celebrated ever since. As a mark of the interest which ministers of the Crown once took in horse-racing, it may not be uninteresting to repeat that when the great patronage accorded to races on Knavesmire necessitated the erection of a grand-stand, the Marquis of Rockingham, better known in political history as "Burke's Prime Minister," headed the subscription list. It is singular that, great as is the antiquity of the York meeting, no record can be found of races having been run over Doncaster Town Moor at an earlier date than 1708. York and Doncaster, and especially the latter, have, as it seems to us, been more famous for their long than for their short races, and for the extraordinary interest in the noble animals displayed by every Yorkshire artisan and peasant, whom the prowess of a Beeswing, a Surplice, a Flying Dutchman, or a West Australian has attracted to the side of the white rails which have witnessed so many momentous finishes.

In the value of the prizes contended for, and the assemblage of great masses of spectators, Newmarket compares ill with most of our other principal racecourses. At the same time, no true lover of this magnificent sport would for a moment hesitate to declare that Newmarket is the head-quarters of the racing community. With its traditions reaching back to the reign of James I., but not earlier,—consecrated by the memories of a thousand historical matches, such as those between Hambletonian and Diamond, Filho da puta and Sir

Joshua, Beehunter and Clincher, Teddington and Mountain Deer, Cineas and Barbatus, Julius and Lady Elizabeth, Friponnier and Xi, and many more,—identified with the achievements in the saddle against time of such once famous, but now almost forgotten, equestrians as Miss Pond, Mr. Jennison Shafto, Mr. Woodcock, and Mr. Osbaldestone,—Newmarket, with its multitudinous racing associations, is the shrine at which every true lover of the Turf pays his vows with no less devotion than the Mahomedan displays as he turns his waking eyes in the direction of the minarets of Mecca. It would be presumptuous to assign to Newmarket Heath greater praise in respect of its modern two-year-old struggles, or of its ancient four-mile heats over the Beacon. Each of these two styles or phases of racing has its own peculiar merits, and if we are constrained to pronounce that the excess of two-year-old racing now-a-days has rung the knell of the stout and lusty runner of the last century, it must be confessed that, as year succeeds year, fresh two-year-olds are continually coming out which seem to eclipse the fleetness of their historical predecessors. Old frequenters of the Heath are not wanting who will tell you that there is not in our days the same electric thrill of interest about a really great horse when he makes his first appearance in public, as that which exercised its magnetic influence over the spectators a generation ago. Let us turn for a moment to the record of two of the most magnificent specimens of the British racehorse that ever looked through a bridle,—Plenipotentiary, winner of the Derby in 1884; and Bay Middleton, winner of the same race in 1886. Each of them made his first appearance in the Craven Meeting at Newmarket, and each of them at the age of three years. It was the fate of Plenipo in his first race to have for his only antagonist Lord Jersey's Glencoe, supposed, before he met his conqueror, to be one of the speediest milers ever stripped on Newmarket Heath. When Lord Jersey reconnoitred Plenipo before the race, he pronounced him to be a great bullock, more fit for Smithfield Market than for competition with Glencoe. Under this impression, his orders to Jem Robinson were to go off at score, and cut his opponent down by pace. What happened in the race had best be narrated in Jem Robinson's words:—“I came the first half-mile, according to orders, as hard as I could lick, but when I looked round there was the great bullock cantering close by my side.” Bay Middleton, in his first race for the Riddlesworth Stakes, in the Newmarket Craven of 1886, was opposed by five antagonists, to whom he had no difficulty in showing his heels. His next appearance was for the 2,000 Guineas, which he won, and in the Derby at Epsom he cantered in first, followed by three horses, Gladiator, Venison, and Slane, who, though outstripped by him in fleetness, have proved themselves, as the sires of Sweetmeat, Alarm, and Sting, no unworthy rivals at the stud to the progenitor of the Flying Dutchman.

Our diminishing space warns us to linger no longer among the memories of Newmarket, or to narrate how the July and Chesterfield Stakes,—which have introduced to the public so many flyers destined, like Crucifix, the Flying Dutchman, and Taddington, subsequently to achieve immortality,—were the first two-year-old races in England established by the authority of the Jockey Club. It remains for us to notice that long before the great celebrity now attaching to Epsom Races was conferred upon them by the institution of “the Derby,” this healthy little village in Surrey had achieved fame by reason of its fine bracing air and excellent medicinal waters. Epsom Races, like those at Newmarket, owe their origin to James I., who was not unfrequently a visitor to the place, occupying upon these occasions the palace, as it is called, of Nonsuch. It is not unworthy of record that the language used by Lord Palmerston, when moving the usual Derby adjournment of the House of Commons in 1860, would not have been as acceptable to the contemporaries of Pepys as to our modern representatives of the people. In his “Diary” of July 25, 1663, Pepys remarks that, “having intended to go this day to Banstead Downs to see a famous race, I sent Will to get himself ready to go with me; but I hear it is put off, because the Lords do sit in Parliament to-day.” Contrasting Pepys’ entry with Lord Palmerston’s words, “To adjourn over the Derby Day is part of the unwritten law of Parliament, and I am sure that Her Majesty’s Government do not wish to ask the House to depart from so wholesome a custom,”—it would appear that in rigid attention to their parliamentary duties the Lords of 1663 compare favourably with the Commons of 1860. But it must be confessed that the legislative bodies of two centuries ago were exposed to no such temptation as the Derby race offers in the seventh decade of the nineteenth century. It will be sufficient to substantiate the interest of each recurrence of London’s great festival by saying that in every part of the world the Derby Day at Epsom is spoken of by Englishmen as the one great and characteristic sight which every foreigner who visits England should not fail to see. Other meetings there are, such as those at Ascot and Goodwood, which may surpass Epsom and Newmarket in fashionable estimation. But it would be as impossible to estrange from Newmarket the affections of genuine lovers of horse-racing as it is to persuade the London citizen out for a holiday that any other racecourse in England can possess such attractions for him as his own beloved downs at Epsom upon a fine Derby Day.

Such then, and thus far descended, is that noble national sport which, however liable to abuse, has grown with England’s growth during its acknowledged term of existence, extending back over more than nine hundred years. To urge that, because vices and impurities have attached to it, the whole institution of horse-racing ought to be swept away, is equivalent to arguing that a ship ought to be scuttled

in mid-ocean because barnacles have clung to her bottom. We are emphatically of opinion that there are no evils connected with the Turf which the Jockey Club are not strong enough to grapple with, if they gird them honestly to the task, and are no respecters of persons. The first improvement which it seems desirable that they should endeavour to inaugurate is a reduction in the multitude of race-gatherings. From the beginning of February until the end of November, scarcely a week passes without its one or more race-meetings. Every one must have remarked how large a proportion of the multitudinous races thus contended for consists of handicap races for distances ranging between a quarter of a mile and a mile. Scarcely less numerous are the two-year-old spins. It seems to us undeniable that we owe the disappearance from our racecourses of the Beeswings, Alice Hawthorns, and Fishermen of the past solely to that system of Turf management which prematurely taxes the strength of our thoroughbreds, by forcing them all to stand severe training at two years old. Here is a vicious practice with which the Jockey Club is fully competent to deal. What is there to prevent their enacting that no two-year-old shall appear in public earlier in the year than the July meeting at Newmarket? "The July" was the first two-year-old race ever established in Great Britain by the Jockey Club. Why should they not decree that it shall be the first race in each successive year in which two-year-olds shall be stripped for public competition? We are well aware of the jealousies which such a decision will awaken in the breasts of the managers of all race-meetings anterior in the year to July. But we submit that the vitality, if not the very existence, of the Turf depends upon some coercive or restrictive legislation of this nature. Nothing is so easy as for the Jockey Club to present petitions to Parliament deprecating interference with the laws of horse-racing on the part of members of either of our legislative Houses. But such petitions necessarily imply that the Jockey Club is both able and willing itself to legislate with a view to securing and promoting the true interests of the Turf. Let them, in conclusion, take home to their hearts the following weighty words of a modern writer:—"There is no fear of the interests of the Turf ever being seriously affected as long as those who hold the position of its chief guardians make judicious use of their own powers, keep themselves beyond reproach by their own line of conduct, and act in a strict spirit of equity in regard to others."

PAUL GOSSLETT'S CONFESSIONS.

CONFESSION THE SECOND—AS TO LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

"IN DOUBT."

THE door into the ante-room where I was waiting stood half-open, and I heard a very imperious voice say, "Tell Mr. Gosslett it is impossible,—quite impossible! There are above three hundred applicants, and I believe he is about the least suitable amongst them." A meek-looking young gentleman came out after this; and, closing the door cautiously, said, "My lord regrets extremely, Mr. Gosslett, that you should have been so late in forwarding your testimonials. He has already filled the place, but if another vacancy occurs, his lordship will bear your claims in mind."

I bowed in silent indignation, and withdrew. How I wished there had been any great meeting,—any popular gathering,—near me at that moment, that I might go down and denounce, with all the force of a wounded and insulted spirit, the insolence of office and the tyranny of the place-holder! With what withering sarcasm I would have flayed those parasites of certain great houses who, without deserts of their own, regard every office under the Crown as their just prerogative! Who was Henry Lord Scatterdale that he should speak thus of Paul Gosslett? What evidences of ability had he given to the world? What illustrious proofs of high capacity as a minister, that he should insult one of those who, by the declared avowal of his party, are the bone and sinew of England? Let Beales only call another meeting, and shall I not be there to expose these men to the scorn and indignation of the country? Down with the whole rotten edifice of pampered menials and corrupt place-men,—down with families patented to live on the nation,—down with a system which perpetuates the worst intrigues that ever disgraced and demoralised a people,—a system worse than the corrupt rule of the Bourbons of Naples, and more degrading than——

"Now, stoopid!" cried a cabman, as one of his shafts struck me on the shoulder, and sent me spinning into an apple-stall.

I recovered my legs, and turned homewards to my lodgings in a somewhat more subdued spirit.

"Please, sir," said a dirty maid-of-all-work, entering my room after me, "Mrs. Mechim says the apartment is let to another gentleman

after Monday, and please begs you have to pay one pound fourteen and threepence, sir."

"I know, I know," said I, impatiently.

"Yes, sir," replied the smutty face, still standing in the same place.

"Well, I have told you I know all that. You have got your answer, haven't you?"

"Please yes, sir, but not the money."

"Leave the room," said I, haughtily; and my grand imperious air had its success; for I believe she suspected I was a little deranged.

I locked the door to be alone with my own thoughts, and opening my writing-desk, I spread before me four sovereigns and some silver. "Barely my funeral expenses," said I, bitterly. I leaned my head on my hand, and fell into a mood of sad thought. I wasn't a bit of a poet. I couldn't have made three lines of verse had you given me a million for it; but somehow I bethought me of Chatterton in his garret, and said to myself, "Like him, poor Gosslett sunk, famished in the midst of plenty,—a man in all the vigour of youth, able, active, and energetic, with a mind richly gifted, and a heart tender as a woman's." I couldn't go on. I blubbered out into a fit of crying that nearly choked me.

"Please, sir," said the maid, tapping at the door, "the gentleman in the next room begs you not to laugh so loud."

"Laugh!" burst I out. "Tell him, woman, to take care and be present at the inquest. His evidence will be invaluable." As I spoke I threw myself on my bed, and fell soon after into a sound sleep.

When I woke it was night. The lamps were lighted in the street, and a small, thin rain was falling, blurring the gas flame, and making everything look indistinct and dreary. I sat at the window and looked out, I know not how long. The world was crape-covered to me; not a thought of it that was not dark and dismal. I tried to take a retrospect of my life, and see where and how I might have done better; but all I could collect was, that I had met nothing but ingratitude and injustice, while others, with but a tithe of my capacity, had risen to wealth and honour. I, fated to evil from my birth, fought my long fight with fortune, and sank at last, exhausted. "I wonder will any one ever say, 'Poor Gosslett?'" I wonder will there be,—even late though it be,—one voice to declare, 'That was no common man! Gosslett, in any country but our own, would have been distinguished and honoured. To great powers of judgment he united a fancy rich, varied, and picturesque; his temperament was poetic, but his reasoning faculties asserted the mastery over his imagination?' Will they be acute enough to read me thus? Will they know,—in one word,—will they know the man they have suffered to perish in the midst of them?" My one gleam of comfort was the unavailing

regret I should leave to a world that had neglected me. "Yes," said I bitterly, "weep on, and cease not."

I made a collection of all my papers,—some of them very curious indeed,—stray fragments of my life,—brief jottings of my opinions on the current topics of the day. I sealed these carefully up, and began to bethink me whom I should appoint my literary executor. I had not the honour of his acquaintance, but how I wished I had known Martin Tupper. There were traits in that man's writings that seemed to vibrate in the closer chambers of my heart. While others gave you words and phrases, he gave you the outgushings of a warm nature,—the overflowings of an affectionate heart. I canvassed long with myself whether a stranger might dare to address him, and prefer such a request as mine; but I could not summon courage to take the daring step.

After all, thought I, a man's relatives are his natural heirs. My mother's sister had married a Mr. Morse, who had retired from business, and settled down in a cottage near Rochester. He had been "in rags,"—I mean the business of that name,—for forty years, and made a snug thing of it; but, by an unlucky speculation, had lost more than half of his savings. Being childless, and utterly devoid of affection for any one, he had purchased an annuity on the joint lives of his wife and himself, and retired to pass his days near his native town.

I never liked him, nor did he like me. He was a hard, stern, coarse-natured man, who thought that any one who had ever failed in anything was a creature to be despised, and saw nothing in want of success but an innate desire to live in indolence, and be supported by others. He often asked me why I didn't turn coalheaver? He said he would have been a coalheaver rather than be dependent upon his relations.

My aunt might originally have been somewhat softer-natured, but time and association had made her very much like my uncle. Need I say that I saw little of them, and never, under any circumstances, wrote a line to either of them?

I determined I would go down and see them, and not waiting for morning nor the rail, that I would go on foot. It was raining torrents by this time, but what did I care for that? When the ship was drifting on the rocks, what mattered a leak more or less?

It was dark night when I set out; and when day broke, dim and dreary, I was soaked thoroughly through, and not more than one-fifth of the way. There was, however, that in the exercise, and in the spirit it called forth, to rally me out of my depression, and I plodded along through mud and mire, breasting the swooping rain in a far cheerier frame than I could have thought possible. It was closing into darkness as I reached the little inn where the cottage stood, and I was by this time fairly beat between fatigue and hunger.

"Here's a go!" cried my uncle, who opened the door for me. "Here's Paul Gosslett, just as we're going to dinner."

"The very time to suit him," said I, trying to be jocular.

"Yes, lad, but will it suit us? We've only an Irish stew, and not too much of it, either."

"How are you, Paul?" said my aunt, offering her hand. "You seem wet through. Won't you dry your coat?"

"Oh, it's no matter," said I. "I never mind wet."

"Of course he doesn't," said my uncle. "What would he do if he was up at the 'diggins'? What would he do if he had to pick rags as I have, ten, twelve hours at a stretch, under heavier rain than this?"

"Just so, sir," said I, concurring with all he said.

"And what brought you down, lad?" asked he.

"I think, sir, it was to see you and my aunt. I haven't been very well of late, and I fancied a day in the country might rally me."

"Stealing a holiday,—the old story," muttered he. "Are you doing anything now?"

"No, sir. I have unfortunately nothing to do."

"Why not go on the quay then, and turn coalheaver? I'd not eat bread of another man's earning when I could carry a sack of coals. Do you understand that?"

"Perhaps I do, sir; but I'm scarcely strong enough to be a coal-porter."

"Sell matches then,—lucifer-matches!" cried he, with a bang of his hand on the table, "or be a poster."

"Oh, Tom!" cried my aunt, who saw that I had grown first red, and then sickly pale all over.

"As good men as he have done both. But here's the dinner, and I suppose you must have your share of it."

I was in no mood to resent this invitation, discourteous as it was, for I was in no mood to resent anything. I was crushed and humbled to a degree that I began to regard my abject condition as a martyr might his martyrdom.

The meal went over somewhat silently; little was spoken on any side. A half-jocular remark on the goodness of my appetite was the only approach to a pleasantry. My uncle drank something which by the colour I judged to be port, but he neither offered it to my aunt nor myself. She took water, and I drank largely of beer, which once more elicited a compliment to me on my powers of suction.

"Better have you for a week than a fortnight, lad," said my uncle, as we drew round the fire after dinner.

My aunt now armed herself with some knitting apparatus, while my uncle, flanked by a smoking glass of toddy on one side and the "Tizer" on the other, proceeded to fill his pipe with strong tobacco, puffing out at intervals short and pithy apothegms about youth being

the season for work and age for repose,—under the influence of whose drowsy wisdom, and overcome by the hot fire, I fell off fast asleep. For a while I was so completely lost in slumber that I heard nothing around. At last I began to dream of my long journey, and the little towns I had passed through, and the places I fain would have stopped at to bait and rest, but nobly resisted, never breaking bread nor tasting water till I had reached my journey's end. At length I fancied I heard people calling me by my name, some saying words of warning or caution, and others jeering and bantering me; and then quite distinctly,—as clearly as though the words were in my ear,—I heard my aunt say—

“I'm sure Lizzy would take him. She was shamefully treated by that heartless fellow, but she's getting over it now; and if any one, even Paul there, offered, I'm certain she'd not refuse him.”

“She has a thousand pounds,” grunted out my uncle.

“Fourteen hundred in the bank; and as they have no other child, they must leave her everything they have, when they die.”

“It won't be much. Old Dan has little more than his vicarage, and he always ends each year a shade deeper in debt than the one before it.”

“Well, she has her own fortune, and nobody can touch that.”

I roused myself, yawned aloud, and opened my eyes.

“Pretty nigh as good a hand at sleeping as eating,” said my uncle, gruffly.

“It's a smart bit of a walk from Duke Street, Piccadilly,” said I, with more vigour than I had yet assumed.

“Why, a fellow of your age ought to do that twice a week just to keep him in wind.”

“I say, Paul,” said my aunt, “were you ever in Ireland?”

“Never, aunt. Why do you ask me?”

“Because you said a while back that you felt rather poorly of late, —low and weakly.”

“No loss of appetite, though,” chuckled in my uncle.

“And we were thinking,” resumed she, “of sending you over to stay a few weeks with an old friend of ours in Donegal. He calls it the finest air in Europe; and I know he'd treat you with every kindness.”

“Do you shoot?” asked my uncle.

“No, sir.”

“Nor fish?”

“No, sir.”

“What are you as a sportsman? Can you ride? Can you do anything?”

“Nothing whatever, sir. I once carried a game-bag, and that was all.”

“And you're not a farmer nor a judge of cattle. How are you to pass your time I'd like to know?”

"If there were books, or if there were people to talk to——"

"Mrs. Dudgeon's deaf,—she's been deaf these twenty years; but she has a daughter. Is Lizzy deaf?"

"Of course she's not," rejoined my aunt, tartly.

"Well, she'd talk to you; and Dan would talk. Not much, I believe, though; he an't a great fellow for talk."

"They're something silent all of them, but Lizzy is a nice girl, and very pretty,—at least she was when I saw her here two years ago."

"At all events, they are distant connections of your mother's; and as you are determined to live on your relations, I think you ought to give them a turn."

"There is some justice in that, sir," said I, determined now to resent no rudeness, nor show offence at any coarseness, however great it might be.

"Well, then, I'll write to-morrow, and say you'll follow my letter, and be with them soon after they receive it. I believe it's a lonely sort of place enough,—Dan calls it next door to Greenland; but there's good air, and plenty of it."

We talked for some time longer over the family whose guest I was to be, and I went off to bed, determined to see out this new act of my life's drama before I whistled for the curtain to drop.

It gave a great additional interest besides to my journey to have overheard the hint my aunt threw out about a marriage. It was something more than a mere journey for change of air. It might be a journey to change the whole character and fortune of my life. And was it not thus one's fate ever turned? You went somewhere by a mere accident, or you stopped at home. You held a hand to help a lady into a boat, or you assisted her off her horse, or you took her in to dinner; and out of something insignificant and trivial as this your whole life's destiny was altered. And not alone your destiny, but your very nature; your temper, as fashioned by another's temper; your tastes, as moulded by others tastes; and your morality, your actual identity, was the sport of a casualty too small and too poor to be called an incident.

"Is this about to be a turning-point in my life?" asked I of myself.

"Is Fortune at last disposed to bestow a smile upon me? Is it out of the very depth of my despair I'm to catch sight of the first gleam of light that has fallen upon my luckless career?"

CHAPTER II.

THE REV. DAN DUDGEON.

My plan of procedure was to be this. I was supposed to be making a tour in Ireland, when, hearing of certain connections of my mother's family living in Donegal, I at once wrote to my Uncle Morse for an introduction to them, and he not only provided me with a letter accrediting me, but wrote by the same post to the Dudgeons to say I was sure to pay them a visit.

On arriving in Dublin I was astonished to find so much that seemed unlike what I had left behind me. That intense preoccupation, that anxious eager look of business so remarkable in Liverpool, was not to be found here. If the people really were busy, they went about their affairs in a half-lounging, half-jocular humour, as though they wouldn't be selling hides, or shipping pigs, or landing sugar hogsheads, if they had anything else to do;—as if trade was a dirty necessity, and the only thing was to get through with it with as little interruption as possible to the pleasanter occupations of life.

Such was the aspect of things on the quays. The same look pervaded the Exchange, and the same air of little to do, and of deeming it a joke while doing it, abounded in the law courts, where the bench exchanged witty passages with the bar; and the prisoners, the witnesses, and the jury fired smart things at each other with a seeming geniality and enjoyment that were very remarkable. I was so much amused by all I saw, that I would willingly have delayed some days in the capital; but my uncle had charged me to present myself at the vicarage without any unnecessary delay, so I determined to set out at once.

I was not, I shame to own, much better up in the geography of Ireland than in that of Central Africa, and had but a very vague idea whither I was going.

"Do you know Donégäl?" asked I of the waiter, giving to my pronunciation of the word a long second and a short third syllable.

"No, your honour, never heard of him," was the answer.

"But it's a place I'm asking for,—a county," said I, with some impatience.

"Faix, may be it is," said he, "but it's new to me all the same."

"He means Donegäl," said a red-whiskered man with a bronzed, weather-beaten face, and a stern, defiant air, that invited no acquaintanceship.

"Oh, Donegäl," chimed in the waiter. "Begorra! it wouldn't be easy to know it by the name your honour gav' it."

"Are you looking for any particular place in that county?" asked the stranger in a tone sharp and imperious as his former speech.

"Yes," said I, assuming a degree of courtesy that I thought would be the best rebuke to his bluntness; "but I'll scarcely trust

myself with the pronunciation after my late failure. This is the place I want;" and I drew forth my uncle's letter and showed the address.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" cried he, reading aloud. "'The Reverend Daniel Dudgeon, Killyrotherum, Donegal.' And are you going there? Oh, I see you are," said he, turning his eyes to the foot of the address. "'Favoured by Paul Gosslett, Esq.;" and you are Paul Gosslett."

"Yes, sir, with your kind permission, I am Paul Gosslett," said I, with what I hoped was a chilling dignity of manner.

"If it's only my permission you want, you may be anything you please," said he, turning his insolent stare full on me.

I endeavoured not to show any sensitiveness to this impertinence, and went on with my dinner, the stranger's table being quite close to mine.

"It's your first appearance in Ireland, I suspect," said he, scanning me as he picked his teeth, and sat carelessly with one leg crossed over the other.

I bowed a silent acquiescence, and he went on. "I declare that I believe a Cockney, though he hasn't a word of French, is more at home on the Continent than in Ireland." He paused for some expression of opinion on my part, but I gave none. I filled my glass, and affected to admire the colour of the wine, and sipped it slowly, like one thoroughly engaged in his own enjoyments.

"Don't you agree with me?" asked he, fiercely.

"Sir, I have not given your proposition such consideration as would entitle me to say I concur with it or not."

"That's not it at all!" broke he in, with an insolent laugh; "but you won't allow that you're a Cockney."

"I protest, sir," said I, sternly, "I have yet to learn that I'm bound to make a declaration of my birth, parentage, and education to the first stranger I sit beside in a coffee-room."

"No, you're not;—nothing of the kind;—for it's done for you. It's done in spite of you, when you open your mouth. Didn't you see the waiter running out of the room with the napkin in his mouth when you tried to say Donegal? Look here, Paul," said he, drawing his chair confidentially towards my table. "We don't care a rush what you do with your H's, or your W's either; but, if we can help it, we won't have our national names miscalled. We have a pride in them, and we'll not suffer them to be mutilated or disfigured. Do you understand me now?"

"Sufficiently, sir, to wish you a very good night," said I, rising from the table, and leaving my pint of sherry, of which I had only drunk one glass.

As I closed the coffee-room door, I thought,—indeed, I'm certain,—I heard a loud roar of laughter.

"Who is that most agreeable gentleman I sat next at dinner?" asked I of the waiter.

"Counsellor MacNamara, sir. Isn't he a nice man?"

"A charming person," said I.

"I wish you heard him in the coort, sir. By my conscience, a witness has a poor time under him! He'd humbug you if you was an archbishop."

"Call me at five," said I, passing up the stairs, and impatient to gain my room and be alone with my indignation.

I passed a restless, feverish night, canvassing with myself whether I would not turn back and leave for ever a country whose first aspect was so forbidding and unpromising. What stories had I not heard of Irish courtesy to strangers,—Irish wit and Irish pleasantry! Was this, then, a specimen of that captivating manner which makes these people the French of Great Britain? Why, this fellow was an unmitigated savage!

Having registered a vow not to open my lips to a stranger till I reached the end of my journey, and to affect deafness rather than be led into conversation, I set off the next day, by train, for Derry. True to my resolve, I only uttered the word "beer" till I arrived in the evening. The next day I took the steamer to a small village called Cushnagorra, from whence it was only ten miles by a good mountain-road to Killyrotherum bay. I engaged a car to take me on, and at last found myself able to ask a few questions without the penalty of being cross-examined by an impertinent barrister, and being made the jest of a coffee-room.

I wanted to learn something about the people to whose house I was going, and asked Pat accordingly if he knew Mr. Dudgeon.

"Troth I do, sir, well," said he.

"He's a good kind of man, I'm told," said I.

"He is indeed, sir; no better."

"Kind to the poor, and charitable?"

"Thru for you; that's himself."

"And his family is well liked down here?"

"I'll be bound they are. There's few like them to the fore."

Rather worried by the persistent assent he gave me, and seeing that I had no chance of deriving anything like an independent opinion from my courteous companion, I determined to try another line. After smoking a cigar and giving one to my friend, who seemed to relish it vastly, I said, as if incidentally, "Where I got that cigar, Paddy, the people are better off than here."

"And where's that, sir?"

"In America, in the State of Virginia."

"That's as thru as the Bible. It's elegant times they have there."

"And one reason is," said I, "every man can do what he likes with his own. You have a bit of land here, and you daren't plant

tobacco ; or if you sow oats or barley, you mustn't malt it. The law says : ' You may do this, and you shan't do that ;' and is that freedom, I ask, or is it slavery ? ”

“ Slavery,—devil a less,” said he, with a cut of his whip that made the horse plunge into the air.

“ And do you know why that's done ? Do you know the secret of it all ? ”

“ Sorra a bit o' me.”

“ I'll tell you, then. It's to keep up the Church ; it's to feed the parsons that don't belong to the people ;—that's what they put the taxes on tobacco and whiskey for. What, I'd like to know, do you and I want with that place there with the steeple ? What does the Rev. Daniel Dudgeon do for you or me ? Grind us,—squeeze us,—maybe, come down on us when we're trying to scrape a few shillings together, and carry it off for tithes.”

“ Shure and he's a hard man ! He's taking the herrins out of the net this year,—for every ten herrins he takes one.”

“ And do they bear that ? ”

“ Well, they do,” said he, mournfully ; “ they've no spirit down here ; but over at Muggle-na-garry they put slugs in one last winter.”

“ One what ? ”

“ A parson, your honour ; and it did him a dale o' good. He's as meek as a child now about his dues, and they've no trouble with him in life.”

“ They'll do that with Dudgeon yet, maybe ? ” asked I.

“ With the Lord's blessing, sir,” said he, piously.

Satisfied now that it was not a very hopeful task to obtain much information about Ireland from such a source, I drew my hat over my eyes and affected to doze for the remainder of the journey.

We arrived at length at the foot of a narrow road impassable by the car, and here the driver told me I must descend and make the rest of my way on foot.

“ The house wasn't far,” he said ; “ only over the top of the hill in front of me,—about half-a-quarter of a mile away.”

Depositing my portmanteau under a clump of furze, I set out, drearily enough I will own. The scene around me for miles was one of arid desolation. It was not that no trace of human habitation, nor of any living creature, was to be seen, but that the stony, shingly soil, totally destitute of all vegetation, seemed to deny life to anything. The surface rose and fell in a monotonous undulation, like a great sea suddenly petrified, while here and there some greater boulders represented those mighty waves which, in the ocean, seem to assert supremacy over their fellows.

At last I gained the crest of the ridge, and could see the Atlantic, which indented the shore beneath into many a little bay and inlet ; but it was some time ere I could distinguish a house which stood in a

narrow cleft of the mountain, and whose roof, kept down by means of stones and rocks, had at first appeared to me as a part of the surface of the soil. The strong wind almost carried me off my legs on this exposed ridge, so, crouching down, I began my descent, and after half-an-hour's creeping and stumbling, I reached a little enclosed place, where stood the house. It was a long, one-storied building, with cow-house and farm-offices under the same roof. The hall-door had been evidently long in disuse, since it was battened over with strong planks, and secured besides against the north-west wind by a rough group of rocks. Seeing entrance to be denied on this side, I made for the rear of the house, where a woman beating flax under a shed at once addressed me civilly, and ushered me into the house.

"His riv'ence is in there," said she, pointing to a door, and leaving me to announce myself. I knocked, and entered. It was a small room, with an antiquated fireplace, at which the parson and his wife and daughter were seated,—he reading a very much-crumpled newspaper, and they knitting.

"Oh, this is Mr. Gosslett. How are you, sir?" asked Mr. Dudgeon, seizing and shaking my hand; while his wife said, "We were just saying we'd send down to look after you. My daughter Lizzy, Mr. Gosslett."

Lizzy smiled faintly, but did not speak. I saw, however, that she was a pretty, fair-haired girl, with delicate features and a very gentle expression.

"It's a wild bit of landscape here, Mr. Gosslett, but of a fine day, with the sun on it and the wind not so strong, it's handsome enough."

"It's grand," said I, rather hesitating to find the epithet I wanted.

Mrs. D. sighed, and I thought her daughter echoed it, but as his reverence now bustled away to send some one to fetch my trunk, I took my place at the fire, and tried to make myself at home.

A very brief conversation enabled me to learn that Mr. Dudgeon came to the parish on his marriage, about four-and-twenty years before, and neither he nor his wife had ever left it since. They had no neighbours, and only six parishioners of their own persuasion. The church was about a mile off, and not easily approached in bad weather. It seemed, too, that the bishop and Mr. D. were always at war. The diocesan was a Whig, and the parson a violent Orangeman, who loved loyal anniversaries, demonstrations, and processions, the latter of which came twice or thrice a year from Derry to visit him, and stir up any amount of bitterness and party strife; and though the Rev. Dan, as he was familiarly called, was obliged to pass the long interval between these triumphant exhibitions exposed to the insolence and outrage of the large masses he had offended, he never blinked the peril, but actually dared it; wearing his bit of orange ribbon in his button-

hole as he went down the village, and meeting Father Lafferty's scowl with a look of defiance and insult fierce as his own.

After years of episcopal censure and reproof, administered without the slightest amendment,—for Dan never appeared at a visitation, and none were hardy enough to follow him into his fastness,—he was suffered to do what he pleased, and actually abandoned as one of those hopeless cases which time alone can clear off and remedy. An incident, however, which had befallen about a couple of years back, had almost released the bishop from his difficulty.

In an affray, following on a twelfth of July demonstration, a man had been shot, and though the Rev. Dan was not in any degree implicated in the act, some imprudent allusion to the event in his Sunday's discourse got abroad in the press, and was so severely commented on by a young barrister on the trial, that an inhibition was issued against him, and his church closed for three months.

I have been thus far prolix in sketching the history of those with whom I was now to be domesticated, because once placed before the reader, my daily life is easily understood. We sat over the fire nearly all day, abusing the Papists, and wondering if England would ever produce one man who could understand the fact that unless you banished the priests and threw down the chapels there was no use in making laws for Ireland.

Then we dined, usually on fish and a bit of bacon, after which we drank the glorious, pious, and immortal memory, with the brass money, the wooden shoes, and the rest of it,—the mild Lizzy herself being "told off" to recite the toast, as her father had a sore throat and couldn't utter; and the fair, gentle lips, that seldom parted save to smile, delivered the damnatory clause against all who wouldn't drink that toast, and sentenced them to be "rammed, jammed, and crammed," as the act declares, in a way that actually amazed me.

If the peasant who drove me over to Killyrotherum did not add much to my knowledge of Ireland by the accuracy of his facts or the fixity of his opinions, the Rev. Dan assuredly made amends for all these shortcomings; for he saw the whole thing at a glance, and knew why Ireland was ungovernable, and how she could be made prosperous and happy, just as he knew how much poteen went to a tumbler of punch; and though occasionally despondent when the evening began, as it drew towards bedtime and the decanter waxed low, he had usually arrived at a glorious millennium, when every one wore an orange lily, and the whole world was employed in singing "Croppies lie down."

CHAPTER III.

THE RUN AWAY.

I SUPPOSE I must be a very routine sort of creature, who loves to get into a groove and never leave it. Indeed, I recognise this feature of my disposition in the pleasure I feel in being left to myself, and my own humdrum way of diverting my time. At all events, I grew to like my life at Killyrotherum. The monotony that would have driven most men to despair was to me soothing and grateful.

A breezy walk with Lizzy down to the village after breakfast, where she made whatever purchases the cares of household demanded, sufficed for exercise. After that I wrote a little in my own room,—short, jotting notes, that might serve to recall, on some future day, the scarcely tinted surface of my quiet existence, and occasionally putting down such points as puzzled me,—problems whose solution I must try to arrive at with time and opportunity. Perhaps a brief glance at the pages of this diary, as I open it at random, may serve to show how time went over with me.

Here is an entry. [Friday, 17th November.—Mem., to find out from D. D. the exact explanation of his words last night, and which possibly fatigue may have made obscure to me. Is it Sir Wm. Vernon or the Pope who is Antichrist?

Query: also, would not brass money be better than no halfpence? and are not wooden shoes as good as bare feet?

Why does the parish clerk always bring up a chicken when he comes with a message?

Lizzy did not own she made the beefsteak dumpling, but the maid seemed to let the secret out by bringing in a little amethyst ring she had forgotten on the kitchen table. I wish she knew that I'd be glad she could make dumplings. I am fond of dumplings. To try and tell her this.

Mrs. D. suspects Lizzy is attached to me. I don't think she approves of it. D. D. would not object if I became an Orangeman. Query, what effect would that have on my future career? Could I be an Orangeman without being able to sing the "Boyne Water?" for I never could hum a tune in my life. To inquire about this.

Who was the man who behaved badly to Lizzy? And how did he behave badly? This is a very vital point, though not easy to come at.

18th.—Lizzy likes, I may say loves me. The avowal was made this morning, when I was carrying up two pounds of sugar and one of soap from the village. She said, "Oh, Mr. Gosslett, if you knew how unhappy I am!"

And I laid down the parcel, and taking her hand in mine, said, "Darling, tell me all!" and she grew very red and flurried, and said,

"Nonsense, don't be a fool! Take care Tobias don't run away with the soap. I wanted to confide in you; to trust you. I don't want to——" And there she fell a-crying, and sobbed all the way home, though I tried to console her as well as the basket would permit me. Mem.—Not to be led into any tendernesses till the marketing is brought home. Wonder does Lizzy require me to fight the man who behaved badly? What on earth was it he did?

A great discovery coming home from church to-day. D. D. asked me if I had detected anything in his sermon of that morning which I could possibly call violent, illiberal, or uncharitable. As I had not listened to it I was the better able to declare that there was not a word of it I could object to. "Would you believe it, Gosslett," said he,—and he never had called me Gosslett before,—"that was the very sermon they arraigned me for in the Queen's Bench; and that mild passage about the Virgin Mary, you'd imagine it was murder I was instilling. You heard it to-day, and know if it's not true. Well, sir," continued he, after a pause, "Tom MacNamara blaguarded me for twenty minutes on it before the whole court, screeching out, 'This is your parson! this is your instructor of the poor man! your Christian guide! your comforter! These are the teachings that are to wean the nation from bloodshed, and make men obedient to the law and grateful for its protection!' Why do you think he did this? Because I wouldn't give him my daughter,—a Papist rascal as he is! That's the whole of it. I published my sermon and sent it to the bishop, and he inhibited me! It was clear enough what he meant; he wanted to be made archbishop, and he knew what would please the Whigs. 'My lord,' said I, 'these are the principles that placed the Queen on the throne of this realm. If it wasn't to crush Popery he came, King William crossed the Boyne for nothing.'"

He went on thus till we reached home; but I had such a headache from his loud utterance, that I had to lie down and sleep it off.

Monday, 31st.—A letter from Aunt Morse. Very dry and cold. Asks if I have sufficiently recovered from my late attack to be able to resume habits of activity and industry? Why, she knows well enough I have nothing to engage my activity and industry, for I will not be a coalheaver, let uncle say what he likes. Aunt surmises that possibly some tender sentiment may be at the bottom of my attachment to Ireland, and sternly recalls me to the fact that I am not the possessor of landed property and an ancient family mansion in a good county. What can she mean by these warnings? Was it not herself that I overheard asking my uncle, "Would not he do for Lizzy?" How false women are! I wish I could probe that secret about the man that behaved ill: there are so many ways to behave ill, and to be behaved ill by. Shall I put a bold face on it, and ask Lizzy?

Great news has the post brought. Sir Morris Stamer is going out Lord High Commissioner to the Ionian Islands, and offers to take me as private sec.

It is a brilliant position, and one to marry on. I shall ask Lizzy to-day.

Wednesday, all settled;—but what have I not gone through these last three days! She loves me to distraction; but she'll tell nothing, —nothing till we're married. She says, and with truth, "confidence is the nurse of love." I wish she wasn't so coy. I have not even kissed her hand. She says Irish girls are all coy.

We are to run away, and be married at a place called Articlane. I don't know why we run away; but this is another secret I'm to hear later on. Quiet and demure as she looks, Lizzy has a very decided disposition. She overbears all opposition, and has a peremptory way of saying, "Don't be a fool, G.!"—she won't call me Paul, only G.,—"and just do as I bade you." I hope she'll explain why this is so,—after our marriage.

I'm getting terribly afraid of the step we're about to take. I feel quite sure it was the Rev. Dan who shot the Papist on that anniversary affair; and I know he'd shoot me if he thought I had wronged him. Is there any way out of this embarrassment?

What a headache I have! We have been singing Orange songs for four hours. I think I hear that odious shake on the word "ba-a-ttle," as it rhymes to "rat—tle," in old Dan's song. It goes through my brain still; and to-morrow at daybreak we're to run away! Lizzy's bundle is here, in my room; and Tom Ryan's boat is all ready under the rocks, and we're to cross the bay. It sounds very rash when one comes to think of it. I'm sure my Aunt Morse will never forgive it. But Lizzy, all so gentle and docile as she seems, has a very peremptory way with her; and as she promises to give me explanations for everything later on, I have agreed to all. How it blows! There has not been so bad a night since I came here. If it should be rough to-morrow morning, will she still insist on going? I'm a poor sort of sailor at the best of times; but if there's a sea on, I shall be sick as a dog! And what a situation,—a sea-sick bridegroom running off with his bride! That was a crash! I thought the old house was going clean away. The ploughs and harrows they've put on the roof to keep the slates down perform very wild antics in a storm.

I suppose this is the worst climate in Europe. D. D. said yesterday that the length of the day made the only difference between summer and winter; and, oh dear! what an advantage does this confer on winter.

Now to bed,—though I'm afraid not to sleep;—amid such a racket and turmoil, rest is out of the question. Who knows when, where, and how I shall make the next entry in this book? But, as Mr.

Dudgeon says when he finishes his tumbler, "Such is life! such is life!"

I wonder will Lizzy insist on going on if the weather continues like this? I'm sure no boatman with a wife and family could be fairly asked to go out in such a storm. I do not think I would have the right to induce a poor man to peril his life, and the support of those who depend upon him, for my own,—what shall I call it?—my own gratification,—that might be for a picnic;—my own,—no, not happiness, because that is a term of time and continuity;—my own—There goes a chimney, as sure as fate! How they sleep here through everything! There's that fellow who minds the cows snoring through it all in the loft overhead; and he might, for all he knew, have been squashed under that fall of masonry. Was that a tap at the door? I thought I heard it twice.

Yes, it was Lizzy. She has not been to bed. She went out as far as the church rock to see the sea. She says it was grander than she could describe. There is a faint moon, and the clouds are scudding along, as though racing against the waves below; but I refuse to go out and see it all the same. I'll turn in, and try to get some sleep before morning.

I was sound asleep, though the noise of the storm was actually deafening, when Lizzy again tapped at my door, and at last opening it slightly, pushed a lighted candle inside, and disappeared. If there be a dreary thing in life, it is to get up before day of a dark, raw morning, in a room destitute of all comfort and convenience, and proceed to wash and dress in cold, gloom, and misery, with the consciousness that what you are about to do not only might be safer and better undone, but may, and not at all improbably will, turn out the rashest act of your life.

Over and over I said to myself, "If I were to tell her that I have a foreboding,—a distinct foreboding of calamity;—that I dreamed a dream, and saw myself on a raft, while waves, mountain high, rose above me, and depths yawned beneath,—dark, fathomless, and terrible,—would she mind it? I declare, on my sacred word of honour, I declare I think she'd laugh at me!

"Are you ready?" whispered a soft voice at the door; and I saw at once my doom was pronounced.

Noiselessly, stealthily, we crept down the stairs, and, crossing the little flagged kitchen, undid the heavy bars of the door. Shall I own that a thought of treason shot through me as I stood with the great bolt in my hands, and the idea flashed across me, "What if I were to let it fall with a crash, and awake the household?" Did she divine what was passing in my head, as she silently took the bar from me, and put it away?

We were now in the open air, breasting a swooping nor'-wester that chilled the very marrow of my bones. She led the way through

the dark night as though it were noonday, and I followed, tumbling over stones and rocks and tufts of heather, and falling into holes, and scrambling out again like one drunk. I could hear her laughing at me too;—she who so seldom laughed; and it was with difficulty she could muster gravity enough to say she hoped I had not hurt myself.

We gained the pier at last, and, guided by a lantern held by one of the boatmen, we saw the boat bobbing and tossing some five feet down below. Lizzy sprang in at once, amidst the applauding cheers of the crew, and then several voices cried out, "Now, sir! Now your honour!" while two stout fellows pushed me vigorously, as though to throw me into the sea. I struggled and fought manfully, but in vain. I was jerked off my legs, and hurled headlong down, and found myself caught below by some strong arms, though not until I had half sprained my wrist, and barked one of my shins from knee to instep. These sufferings soon gave way to others, as I became sea-sick, and lay at the bottom of the boat, praying we might all go down, and end a misery I could no longer endure. That spars struck me, and ballast rolled over me; that heavy-footed sailors trampled me, and seemed to dance on me, were things I minded not. Great waves broke over the bows, and came in sheets of foam and water over me. What cared I? I had that death-like sickness that makes all life hideous, and I felt I had reached a depth of degradation and misery in which there was only one desire,—that for death. That we succeeded in clearing the point which formed one side of the bay was little short of a miracle, and I remember the cheer the boatmen gave as the danger was passed, and my last hope of our all going down left me. • After this, I know no more.

A wild confusion of voices, a sort of scuffling uproar, a grating sound, and more feet dancing over me, aroused me. I looked up. It was dawn; a grey murky streak lay towards the horizon, and sheets of rain were carried swiftly on the winds. We were being dragged up on a low shingly shore, and the men,—up to their waists in water,—were carrying the boat along.

As I looked over the gunwale, I saw a huge strong fellow rush down the slope, and breasting the waves as they beat, approach the boat. Lizzy sprang into his arms at once, and he carried her back to land triumphantly. I suppose at any other moment a pang of jealousy might have shot through me. Much sea-sickness, like perfect love, overcometh all things. I felt no more, as I gazed, than if it had been a bundle he had been clasping to his bosom.

They lifted me up, and laid me on the shingle.

"Oh, do, Tom; he is such a good creature!" said a voice which, low as it was, I heard distinctly.

"By all that's droll! this is the Cockney I met at Morrisson's!" cried a loud voice. I looked up; and there, bending over me, was

Counsellor MacNamara, the bland stranger I had fallen in with at Dublin.

"Are you able to get on your legs," asked he, "or shall we have you carried?"

"No," said I, faintly; "I'd rather lie here."

"Oh, we can't leave him here, Tom; it's too cruel."

"I tell you, Lizzy," said he, impatiently, "there's not a minute to lose."

"Let them carry him, then," said she, pleadingly.

I mildly protested my wish to live and die where I lay; but they carried me up somewhere, and they put me to bed, and they gave me hot drinks, and I fell into, not a sleep, but a trance, that lasted twenty odd hours.

"Faix! they had a narrow escape of it," were the first intelligible words I heard on awaking. "They were only just married and druv off when old Dan Dudgeon came up, driving like mad. He was foaming with passion, and said if he went to the gallows for it, he'd shoot the rascal that abused his hospitality and stole his daughter. The lady left this note for your honour."

It went thus:—

"DEAR MR. GOSSLETT,

"You will, I well know, bear me no ill-will for the little fraud I have practised on you. It was an old engagement, broken off by a momentary imprudence on Tom's part; but as I knew he loved me, it was forgiven. My father would not have ever consented to the match, and we were driven to this strait. I entreat you to forgive and believe me

"Most truly yours,

"LIZZY MACNAMARA."

I stole quietly out of Ireland after this, and got over to the Isle of Man, where I learned that my patron had thrown up his Ionian appointment, and I was once again on the world.

SPIRITUAL WIVES.

UNDER the above title Mr. Hepworth Dixon has produced a book which we honestly wish had remained unwritten. Such being the estimate that we place upon the work in question, it may be asked why we desire to call attention to this ill-advised production? Our answer is, that we would very gladly have passed over the subject in silence. Unfortunately, Mr. Dixon occupies a sufficiently high position in literature to secure for a work professing to give startling disclosures on the subject of spiritual matrimony a degree of attention which would not be accorded to the works of less well-known writers. Holding as we do that the crude theories propounded by Mr. Dixon are calculated to do much harm, to introduce a tone of thought which should not be encouraged amongst English men and women, and to throw discredit on our national reputation for good sense, good taste, and common decency abroad, we cannot in duty refrain from doing what lies in our power to check the growth of a new species of literature of which *Spiritual Wives* is only too likely to set an example.

The genuine and unquestionable success which attended the *New America* seems to have inspired Mr. Dixon with the ambition to produce a sensation of still more startling character. Sequels are almost invariably failures; and *Spiritual Wives* forms no exception to the common rule. Whatever may be the success of the book in a commercial point of view, it will not add to the literary reputation of its author. It has all the defects, the lack of order and arrangement, the careless slipshod writing, the total absence of discrimination between the relative value of facts, which characterised its predecessor; and it has neither the brightness nor the vigour which redeemed the gross faults of the *New America*. The two large volumes which bear the catch-penny title of *Spiritual Wives* consist of a number of disjointed essays and narratives, the only connection between which is to be found in their more or less direct bearing on the subject of mystic relations between the sexes. Encouraged by the success of his *Revelations of Mormon Life*, Mr. Dixon appears to have hunted in all directions for disclosures of a similar nature. In the course of his researches he came across three stories, not, indeed, of a very novel kind,—for their substance had long been familiar to persons who took an interest in such questions,—but, little known to the general public, from the fact that the

character of their main incidents excluded them from admission into ordinary reading circles. To dress up these narratives in such a way as to render them available for home consumption without depriving them of the flavour of impropriety that constituted their attraction, was the task which the author seems to have set before himself.

For some reason or other which we do not pretend to explain, it was obviously deemed advisable to bring out the book with extreme precipitation, many of the earlier chapters having been confessedly written within a few days of publication. The materials, in consequence, fell short, and the three narratives of the Ebel lawsuit at Königsberg, of the Agapemone in Somersetshire, and of George Cragin's matrimonial experiences, which, if repeated simply and succinctly, might have formed an interesting, though not very edifying volume, only furnished matter for half the requisite number of pages. Under these circumstances, Mr. Dixon has diluted his somewhat meagre materials with a mass of second-rate newspaper correspondents' descriptions, and has eked out his space by throwing in a series of mediocre essays on Fourier, and Owen, and Swedenborg, and other advanced thinkers. Altogether he has produced a work which cannot lay claim to any philosophical value, though possibly the suggestive character,—for we can use no milder word,—of the topics it discusses, and the manner of their discussion, may secure for it an attention not accorded to more deserving treatises.

Our objection, however, to *Spiritual Wives* is not based upon its literary defects. Our grievances are of a more serious character. In the first place, Mr. Dixon, by the necessities of his position, is compelled to deal not altogether honestly with his readers. If it was worth while to make Oneida Creek and the Agapemone matters for grave and serious controversy,—a postulate which we altogether deny,—the persons called to enter on the controversy should in common fairness have been placed in possession of the true nature of the peculiar institutions which find favour in these communities. Yet no book which could hope to find a circulation out of Holywell Street could venture to explain clearly and intelligibly what the nature of these institutions is in sober truth; and therefore the judgment that any ordinary reader would form from the perusal of this apology for spiritual matrimony is necessarily one-sided and imperfect. In the same way Mr. Dixon's critics are placed at a disadvantage. The details which he has shrunk from giving we are equally unable to state in print; and yet, unless they are so stated, the gravamen of our accusation cannot be fully appreciated. This much we can say, that nobody can form any opinion as to what the Perfectionists really teach and practise unless he has access to materials to which Mr. Dixon has studiously avoided all allusion. In the course of last season there came over to London a certain Mr. Noyes, Jun., the son, we believe, of the founder of the Oneida Creek Brotherhood. The

attention created by the account of this obscure sect, published in the *New America*, had led the members of the community to imagine that their views might meet with more attention in this country than had been conceded them in the United States; and Mr. Noyes, Jun., was the delegate chosen to make the real character of the Perfectionist persuasion known to the British public. What success his mission met with we are not able to say. All we know is, that he called on various men of letters in London, and presented them with a pamphlet published at the Printing Press of Oneida Creek, and purporting to be the official exposition of the New Evangel taught by Father Noyes. For very obvious reasons, this pamphlet was intended for private circulation only. All we can venture to state in these pages is, that the pamphlet explained in the very plainest of plain words the exact nature of the relations between the sexes which are taught and enforced at Oneida Creek; and that it justified, by an elaborate scriptural theory, libidinous practices which common decency,—to say nothing of morality, and still less of religion,—has universally condemned. The general nature of the Oneida theory can be stated more easily than the exact character of their practices. The Perfectionists profess to hold the doctrine of verbal inspiration in its strictest sense. We read in Holy Writ that the first Christians “had all things in common.” The converts to the Gospel after Noyes interpret community of goods as applying to everything human beings enjoy. They claim no exclusive property in anything, not even in the conjugal affections of man and wife. The deductions that may logically be drawn from these tenets are obvious enough; and if the official report to which we allude is to be believed, these logical deductions are carried out most rigidly into execution. How the practice of free love is combined at Oneida Creek with a rigid adherence to Malthusian doctrines is a question which we are precluded from approaching. Persons well acquainted with German may find some clue to the solution of the problem by perusing Professor Sach’s statement with regard to the sect of the Ebelians, given at the end of *Spiritual Wives*.

Mr. Dixon would doubtless agree with us in admitting that the fact that certain sects are addicted to immoral and revolting practices constitutes no reason why they should be deemed worthy of public attention. His plea would be that these same sects have manifested an amount of religious zeal and genuine fervour difficult to reconcile with the notion of their being composed of mere common hypocrites. Undoubtedly the one remarkable part of Mr. Noyes’ manifesto was the mixture of a sort of religious asceticism with an open and avowed disregard of all moral restraints. No candid reader could peruse the pamphlet without seeing that though the chief apostle might be,—and probably was,—a vulgar impostor, yet that he had based his influence over his converts on a genuine, if perverted, enthusiasm; and that

though it was certain the Oneida Creek community would degenerate,—if it had not already degenerated,—into an abode of unbridled sensuality, yet that it owed its existence to an intense yearning on the part of its dupes and devotees for some closer communion with God than they could find in the established creeds, either of the Old World or the New.

To solve the problem suggested by this apparent contradiction is, we presume, the professed object of the work under notice. Mr. Dixon's ambition, if we understand him rightly, is to explain the manner in which the dogma of spiritual marriage has been evolved from genuine outbursts of ascetic zeal. For the ordinary reader, as we have already stated, the interest of the solution is marred by the fact that the conditions of the problem cannot be clearly explained. After the account given in the book before us of the mode in which Brother Prince initiated his disciples into the mystery of the Incarnation in the billiard-room of the Agapemone, it may seem incredible that there should be any details connected with these topics which Mr. Dixon should shrink from exposing. But yet we can truly say that even after perusing *Spiritual Wives*, the real nature of spiritual matrimony, as practised at Königsberg and Oneida Creek, can only be understood by those who can read between the lines by the light of Noyes' pamphlet and Sach's statement. Even, however, with the help of these keys, we have to a great extent to construct for ourselves the theory which Mr. Dixon desires to put forward. As far as we can form an opinion, we should say that the author had collected a number of materials with some idea of forming from them an exhaustive work on the subject of what may be termed morbid manifestations of the religious instincts. But, for some cause or other, the original design was abandoned, the materials were all thrown higgledy-piggledy together, and furnished with sensational headings; while the work of literary joinery was conducted so carelessly, that the fundamental idea cannot be followed without difficulty. In fact, taking the book at its best, *Spiritual Wives* can only be considered as a sort of "*Mémoires pour servir*" for the formation of a real history of the free-love developments of religious mania.

As far then as we can understand, not what Mr. Dixon says, but what we suppose he meant to have said if he had taken the trouble to work out his own ideas, we should conceive that his theory amounts to something of the following kind. All religious revivals are initiated, in the first instance, by men of high aspirations, of pure character, and of genuine zeal. Ever and anon, when society has become sceptical and prosperous, when civilisation has been developed to the pitch of luxury, when religious zeal has waxed faint, and faith grown feeble, there rises up some zealot, or enthusiast, or prophet, as you may choose to call him,—a man for the most part of low birth, humble education, and intense energy, who calls on

his fellow-sinners to take up their cross. Such an appeal is seldom made altogether in vain. Deep implanted in human nature, at any rate in the nature of Christian men, there lies the conviction that this world is not everything,—that there is something beyond for which, if you could but find it, it is worth while to forsake all and follow the heaven-sent leader. And among Teutonic, or as Mr. Dixon, for some inscrutable reason, loves to call them, Gothic races, the idea of self-sacrifice is an inseparable portion of these protests against Sadducean scepticism. However the creeds of these new prophets of an old Gospel may vary in other respects, they one and all agree in regarding the abnegation of self as the path which leads heavenwards. The neophytes, in the first fervour of their new-born zeal, long to sacrifice the very things that they count nearest and dearest; and the same impulse which led the hermits of old into the Thebaid, which called monasteries and nunneries into being, teaches them that the normal relations between men and women constitute an almost inseparable obstacle to that complete detachment of their souls from earthly thoughts and cares which they deem essential to salvation. Actuated by such convictions, the new believers commence their career by a programme which, in one form or other, amounts to a declaration of absolute chastity. The early converts, in the first outburst of enthusiasm, are sincere in their professions. The celestial passion for the time supersedes all terrestrial ones. Gradually, however, in obedience to the inevitable laws of nature, while the separation of the believers from the ordinary ties of humanity increases their religious excitement, this excitement in its turn stimulates the indelible instincts which tend to associate men and women together. The lines with which the Chorus of Mystics closes the last part of Goethe's *Faust*—

“Das Unbeschreibliche
Hier ist es gethan,
Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan,”—

describe the process by which the original asceticism becomes modified. The attraction of the Eternal Womanly proves irresistible. Platonic love, mystic affinity, spiritual communion, soul marriage, or whatever may be the term adopted,—the result is the same. The saints, though they still profess to eschew carnal passions, and to a great extent do fulfil their professions, yet permit themselves to enter on relations of a quasi-matrimonial kind. Beginning with the kiss of peace, they go on from innocent liberties to liberties that are not innocent. The close degree of intimacy created by the common fervour of an exaggerated and morbid enthusiasm, the artificial excitement of an unnatural life, all tend to increase the ardour of these peculiar connections, which are not restrained by the ordinary rules of society, or regulated by the restraints which influence the children

of this world. At last nature conquers. The zeal dies away, the passion remains. The system which was honestly designed to elevate the saints above mortal infirmities becomes a mere cloak for licentiousness; and free love, after the fashion of Oneida Creek, is evolved from Revivalist Asceticism.

Such we gather to be the lesson which Mr. Dixon intended to have deduced from his researches, if he had allowed himself time to work out his conclusion. Such, at any rate, is the lesson which, granting his facts, would seem to us to follow from them. In his opinion, as we imagine, the Mormons, the Shakers, the Perfectionists, the Agapemonists, the Ebelians, and all the other sects of the Antinomian type to which he alludes, owed their origin to bona fide manifestations of religious zeal, and have degenerated rather by the action of general causes than by the intentional depravity of their leaders. Whatever may be the truth of this theory in other respects, we agree with it so far that we hold the conventional hypocrites of the stage, the Tar-tuffes and Mawworms,—the men who deliberately assume the garb of religion in order the better to gratify their animal passions,—to be amongst the rarest specimens of human depravity.

Of the strange medley of sketches which Mr. Dixon has patched together in illustration of his theory, the one which bears most closely on the subject under discussion is the story of Mary Cragin and her husband. Much of it is told in the words of the chief actors; and it is therefore comparatively free from the exuberance of diction which often disfigures Mr. Dixon's own writing. Briefly, the story may be told thus :—George Cragin was a young man, of a New England family, in humble life. Brought up on the strictest Puritan principles, he fell away for a time from his faith; but after a short career of dissipation of no very advanced order, he was converted by a revivalist preacher. Cragin, we should infer from his confessions, was a man of great natural piety, of not very powerful intellect, and of very earnest, if undisciplined zeal. At an early age he fell desperately in love with a young woman in his own rank of life, gifted with extreme personal beauty and deep religious feelings. After some hesitation, arising from religious scruples on the part of the woman, Cragin's suit was accepted, and he and Mary Johnson were married in due form in a Presbyterian chapel. On the man's side, the love felt towards his wife was an overwhelming, almost a servile one. The wife, we should gather, felt esteem rather than any deep love for her husband. Indeed, she appears to have been a woman of the Elizabeth of Hungary type, whose religious aspirations were too absorbing to admit of her throwing her whole heart and soul into an earthly passion. The young couple had no children; and religious topics occupied their minds to the exclusion of all others. Mrs. Cragin especially was constantly troubled by religious doubts as to her own salvation, and could find no positive assurance of being one of the

elect, in the teaching of any of the sects whose doctrines she studied. While in this state of mind, she fell in with the writings of the Perfectionists, and caught eagerly at their cardinal tenet that the Second Coming has already arrived, and that those who have once made themselves one with Christ can never sin or fall from grace. While residing at New York, she became acquainted with one of the Evangelists of the Oneida Church, and was admitted into the Perfectionist body. Her husband, who had no will of his own and a very tender conscience, embraced the new creed, as he would have embraced Buddhism if his wife had become convinced of its truth. Then commenced one of the most cruel trials to which mortal soul has ever been subjected even in the annals of religious fanaticism. Her new spiritual directors taught Mrs. Cragin that, in order to detach her soul from the things of this life, she must put away her exclusive attachment to her husband. To her, whose heart was set on things above, the lesson was, perhaps, not difficult; to him, whose whole soul was wrapped up in the wife of his bosom, it was one very hard to learn. Those who care to study the details of one of the most repulsive narratives which has ever come under our notice may learn them from Mr. Dixon. We can only give the merest outline of the story.

The new converts, whom their change of creed had reduced to absolute want, were invited, or rather ordered, to live in the house of a leading member of the Perfectionist community, the Rev. Abraham Smith, who resided in an out-of-the-way district of the State of New York. Poor Cragin himself was employed as a farm-labourer and domestic drudge; his wife was honoured with the especial attention of her host and pastor. Smith's religious influence over the woman, and over her husband through her, was unbounded. Mrs. Cragin was coerced or seduced into sharing Smith's bed and becoming his spiritual wife, or carnal mistress, whichever term we choose to adopt; while her husband, though his heart was breaking, bore the humiliation with silent submission, because he deemed the fact of his wife's being called against her wishes to surrender herself with his own knowledge to the embraces of another, was a trial imposed on him from above in order to wean his heart from earthly bonds, and prepare it for complete absorption into the Saviour. At last, the conduct of the Reverend Abraham,—he being at the time a married man of mature age,—grew matter for public scandal, and the neighbours began to talk ominously of tar and feathers. Unfortunately for the interests of abstract justice, these designs were never carried into practice. Father Noyes,—who, though he may possess the innocence of the dove, unites to it the wisdom of the serpent,—deemed that the scandal required his intervention. By his instructions the connection between Smith and his guests was broken up, and the Cragins were removed to Oneida Creek, where they lived and died. Mrs. Cragin,—so Mr. Dixon assures us,—became the "vital

soul" of the community, and therefore, we must presume, entered heartily into the peculiar relations enjoined upon its members. As an essential part of these relations, according to Mr. Noyes' statement, consists in the young women of the community being submitted, like Susannah, to the attentions of the Elders, and being expected, unlike Susannah, not to repulse their suit, we can only hope that Mr. Cragir, after the fashion of some other husbands in his position, found upon trial that it was only *le premier pas qui coûte*.

Told as we have repeated it, the story of the Cragins is unpleasant enough; told with all the sanctimonious phraseology with which it is clothed in Mr. Dixon's narrative, it is simply repulsive. Yet of the three principal motives which form the staple of *Spiritual Wives*, this one is by far the least offensive, and has the most direct bearing on the subject-matter of the work. Still, after all, we are at a loss to determine what object the author proposed to himself by the recital of these stories. We can hardly imagine that Mr. Dixon is so grossly ignorant of the physiology of mania as not to be aware that this intermingling of religious fanaticism with unbridled sensuality is one of the commonest forms of mental aberration. The annals of any large lunatic asylum could probably furnish instances of delirium not less extraordinary than those which have provided Mr. Dixon with a text on which to hang his theory. How far the contemplation of these morbid manifestations of human passion is either wholesome or desirable we do not now care to inquire. Ever since mankind has begun to occupy itself with religious considerations, there have been instances of individuals and communities who have carried fanatic zeal to a point where it degenerated into license. If there is one step only from the sublime to the ridiculous, there is also but one narrow interval between an enthusiasm that soars above the level of ordinary humanity and a depravity which grovels below the level of common vice and wickedness. The subject is one on which students of psychology may dwell with advantage, but which the world at large would do better to leave unstudied. What remnant of honest faith, what atom of genuine zeal, there may still survive amidst the degradation of the Agapemone or of Oneida Creek, it is not for us to determine. For persons addicted to such practices as Mr. Dixon describes, or rather suggests without describing, we should say there are but two fitting receptacles; and those are a lunatic asylum or a house of correction. We certainly are no advocates for persecution of any kind. We would grant to every one the utmost license of thought, or want of thought, on all religious questions. If people like to believe that they are the Third Person of the Trinity, or that they are in direct communion with the unseen world, or that they are elect and incapable of committing sin, we have not the slightest disposition to dispute the correctness of their theories. But the moment they pretend that their faith justifies them in committing outrages on outward decency, public morality, and common

law, we would have them treated exactly as we should treat other offenders who committed like sins under ordinary circumstances. If it can be shown that their minds are so deranged that they are not fairly to be held responsible for their actions, we would lock them up as dangerous lunatics. If, on the other hand, it should appear that they were sane in the ordinary sense of the word sanity, we should try how far imprisonment and hard labour might not be efficacious in stopping the peculiar manifestations of their religious belief. Not many weeks ago there was a case tried before a London police court which, properly dressed up, might have been added with advantage to the phenomena described in *Spiritual Wives*. A respectable woman walking home through the streets was knocked down and grossly insulted by a scoundrel. The offender had a Bible under his arm, and was an itinerant street preacher. On being placed in the dock, the plea put forward in his behalf was that he was labouring at the time under strong religious excitement from the influence of his own preaching,—that seeing the woman dressed in white, he took her for an angel, and was therefore irresistibly impelled to assault her. No evidence was brought forward to show that the man was mad. At any rate, rightly or wrongly, the presiding magistrate determined he was in his sound mind; and thereupon committed him to the House of Correction for an aggravated assault. We confess that we should like to see similar treatment dealt out to the Agapemomists, the Perfectionists, and all other sects which outrage public decency by their practices, and attempt to justify their conduct under the plea of religion. The persons who took part in the unholy mysteries which, if Mr. Dixon's account be correct, formed part of the religious rites celebrated by the Ebélians at Königsberg, and by the disciples of Brother Prince at Taunton, were mad or sane. In the former case, they were fit inmates for Bedlam or St. Luke's; in the latter, they were equally well fitted for Pentonville or Portland. From this dilemma we confess that we can see no escape possible.

There is no doubt that every form of insanity, however loathsome or degrading, is a proper study for medical writers. In like manner, all descriptions of vice, however repulsive, deserve the attention of social reformers. And when vice and madness are so closely allied together as they seem to have been in the cases which Mr. Dixon dwells upon so fondly, these instances of human eccentricity have a peculiar interest for students of psychology. But we are utterly unable to see what benefit ordinary unphilosophical readers are expected to derive from the contemplation of the subjects touched upon in *Spiritual Wives*. Mr. Dixon, we presume, would plead that these facts illustrate the growth of an extraordinary development of the religious instincts of our time, and therefore demand the attention of all thinking men. Even granting the cogency of the argument,—

which we do not,—we dispute the facts on which it is sought to be established. We allow that Mormonism is an important and noteworthy manifestation of the progress of religious thought, and therefore we should be indebted to any writer who studied the subject gravely and carefully; nor should we blame him if, in order to describe the true character of the new faith, he entered upon details of a painful character. In Mr. Dixon's *New America*, the account of the Church at Utah, though disfigured by flippancy and lack of method, was still really valuable as a contribution to the knowledge of an important subject. But Agapemonists, and Perfectionists, and Ebelians stand on an entirely different footing from Mormons. In a certain general sense, any development of religion, however insignificant, tends to illustrate the religious tendencies of the age. Just in the same way, the progress of modern science is illustrated by the fact that a man of some intelligence wrote a grave essay a few years ago to prove that the earth does not revolve round the sun. But to argue that a knowledge of the Agapemone is necessary to the due appreciation of the religious development of our time, is about on a par with the declaration that no man could appreciate the true condition of modern science unless he paid due attention to the theories of the eccentric sciolist to whom we have just alluded.

Now, Mr. Dixon is a great deal too well acquainted with both England and America, whatever may be the state of his acquaintance with regard to Germany, not to be fully aware that neither the Agapemone nor Oneida Creek deserves a place amidst important religious phenomena in either country. We are forced, therefore, to the conclusion that he has wilfully exaggerated the religious importance of these obscure sects, in order to furnish himself with an excuse for writing, and his readers with an excuse for reading, about matters which otherwise would be excluded from the domain of ordinary literature. Anybody who had thought fit to describe, as plain matters of fact, how Mrs. Cragin used to leave her husband's bed in order to share that of Mr. Smith; how the Ebelian neophytes were brought to restrain their carnal desires by being permitted to gaze upon the more or less naked charms of the unrobed priestesses, till, like St. Anthony, they grew callous to temptation; how Brother Prince celebrated the dogma of the Incarnation by a spectacle so revolting that it would not have been tolerated in the lowest resorts of profligacy,—could have only reckoned on securing the perusal of a very limited class of readers. But, by throwing a veil of morbid sentimentalism over these disclosures, by ascribing to them a fictitious importance as manifestations of a noteworthy religious movement, Mr. Dixon has introduced his work into decent society. We do not do Mr. Dixon the injustice to suppose that this was his deliberate purpose. We acquit him of any deliberate purpose whatever, except of being

anxious to produce a book which should be read, and of having failed to perceive that in his New America he had reached the extreme limits to which the class of disclosures that constituted the chief interest of the work could decently be carried.

We say frankly that we cannot recommend *Spiritual Wives* to our readers. We would much sooner have left it entirely unnoticed; but as it is likely, from the author's name and reputation, to have a considerable circulation, we deem it the duty of honest criticism to raise a protest against both its subject-matter and the manner in which that matter is discussed. It is emphatically not a book for family reading; and we can only hope that great portions of it will be practically unintelligible to most of its lady-readers. Mr. Dixon has chosen to write on subjects which, at the very best, can only be rendered inoffensive by an excessive delicacy of touch, not to be reckoned amidst the author's many literary merits; and in consequence he has produced a book which, in our judgment, had much better have been left unwritten. We cannot doubt that the public will share our opinion. If unhappily we should prove to be mistaken in our estimate of the public taste, we can only urge that many works which have hitherto been excluded from drawing-room tables, or even from study shelves, had better be removed at once from the Index Expurgatorius of English literature.

THE BALLAD OF SQUIRE CURTIS.

A VENERABLE white-hair'd man,
A trusty man and true,
Told me this tale, as word for word
I tell this tale to you.

Squire Curtis rode with his wife through the woods,
Far and far away ;
"The dusk is drawing round," she said,
"I fear we have gone astray."

He spake no word, but lighted down,
And tied his horse to a tree ;
Out of the pillion he lifted her ;
" 'Tis a lonely place," said she.

Down a forest-alley he walk'd,
And she walk'd by his side ;
"Would Heaven we were at home !" she said,
"These woods are dark and wide."

He spake no word, but still walk'd on ;
The branches shut out the sky ;
In the darkest place he turn'd him round—
" 'Tis here that you must die."

Once she shriek'd, and never again ;
He stabb'd her with his knife ;
Once, twice, thrice, and every blow
Enough to take a life.

A grave was ready ; he laid her in ;
He fill'd it up with care ;
Under the brambles and fallen leaves,
Small sign of a grave was there.

He rode for an hour at a steady pace,
Till unto his house came he ;
On face or clothing, on foot or hand,
No stain that eye could see.

He boldly call'd to his serving-man,
As he lighted at the door :
"Your Mistress is gone on a sudden journey,—
May stay for a month or more.

"In two days I shall follow her ;
Let her waiting-woman know."

"Sir," said the serving-man, "my Lady
Came in an hour ago."

The Ballad of Squire Curtis.

Squire Curtis sat him down in a chair,
And moved neither hand nor head.
In there came the waiting-woman,
"Alas the day!" she said.

"Alas! good sir," says the waiting-woman,
"What aileth my Mistress dear,
That she sits alone without sign or word?
There is something wrong, I fear.

"Her face was as white as any corpse,
As up the stair she pass'd;
She never turn'd, she never spoke;
And the chamber-door is fast.

"She's waiting for you." "A lie!" he shouts,
And up to his feet doth start;
"My wife is buried in Brimley Holt,
With three wounds in her heart."

They search'd the forest by lanthorn-light,
They search'd by dawn of day;
At noon they found the bramble-brake,
And the pit where her body lay.

They carried the murdered woman home,
Slow walking side by side.
Squire Curtis was hang'd upon gallows-tree,
But he told the truth ere he died.

Thus spoke the trusty ancient man,
With hair as white as snow,
As from his wife the tale he heard,
Full fifty years ago.

"Her father, sir, in early days,
Dwelt nigh to Curtis Hall,
And many folk could well avouch
What once did there befall.

"A tablet o'er our church's door
His name and surname tells,—
John Jebb,—churchwarden in the year
We got our peal of bells."

W. A.

THE ITALIAN ACADEMIES.

It may perhaps be proper to explain to some portion of the readers of a popular English magazine that the subject of the following paper has no connection with the more important topic of contemporary Italian education. The academies in question were not places for the education of young persons of either sex ; nor had they any special connection with the universities which Italy still possesses in large numbers, and of which she did in past days possess yet more. The English reader, however, will not have forgotten that—

“ Hoar Plato walked his olived Academe.”

And the remembrance of that line may serve to suggest to such English reader some more tolerably accurate notion of the sense in which the word has been used in Italy. The Italian academies were, in short, societies established for the enjoyment rather than for the acquirement of intellectual and literary culture. And in our own social system they are more closely represented by our learned bodies and our printing clubs than by any other phase of our own intellectual life.

They exercised in their day, however, a far more powerful and ubiquitous influence on the intellectual life of Italy than any or all such institutions as those I have mentioned ever did or could exercise on our own larger and infinitely more varied and many-sided national culture. The Society of Antiquaries is greatly influential among those addicted to antiquarian learning ; the Geological is all in all to the geologist ; and so on. But it cannot be imagined that if all such societies were suddenly extinguished, the great stream of the literary life of England and national English culture would be very seriously injured, much less totally dried up, by such a disaster,—though the special pursuits represented by them would undoubtedly suffer. But in Italy the academies in their day may be said not so much to have influenced as to have constituted and comprised the entire intellectual culture of the nation. With the exception of the strictly professional learning needed for the professional pursuit of law, physic, or divinity, all literary culture was pursued in and by means of these bodies. The exception of the three professional branches of learning which has been made is necessitated by the fact that there were other and more important constituted bodies in and by means of which the learning needed for those professions might be acquired, and under the

authority of which they were practised,—the universities and the ecclesiastical seminaries. But it is not meant that even these branches of culture were uninfluenced by the academies. And it would probably be found impossible to name any university professor, any ecclesiastic of literary pretension, any lawyer who has left the vestige of a name, any physician who had the smallest pretence of being a cultivated man, who was not a member of some one or more of these academies, and the tone and bent of whose mind and taste were not mainly formed by their influence.

I have said that such and so great was the influence of the Italian academies in their day. That day consisted mainly of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. The earliest notice of any institution of the kind records, in the words of a certain annalist of the city of Forli, printed by Muratori in his great collection, that “*Jacobus Allegrettus Forlivensis poeta clarus agnoscitur, . . . qui Arimini novum constituit Parnassum.*” Jacopo Allegretti of Forli, who was admitted to be a famous poet, founded in Rimini a new Parnassus, i.e., an academy for the cultivation of poetry. And this was in the last twenty years of the fourteenth century. On the other hand, there are plenty of academies still existing,—perhaps it can hardly be said flourishing,—in many of the cities of Italy to the present day. So that the period of national life over which the history of the academies extends might be said to embrace five, instead of the three centuries to which their “day” has been above restricted. The period, however, during which they exercised the paramount influence which we have attributed to them, and which makes it appear still to be worth while to occupy a little space and time in giving an English reader some account of them, may be confined as above to the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Previously to that time they were comparatively few in number; and subsequently to that time the intellectual life of the nation, though feeble and still weak, has begun to draw the stronger nutriment necessary for a more virile growth from larger and deeper sources, and has been rapidly escaping from the influences of which we have been speaking.

It may be taken for granted, we suppose, that the literature and intellectual life of a nation are really and very profoundly influenced by other causes besides the shaping and guiding force of the leading minds of each generation. Of course it is in one sense influenced by all that influences the general existence of the nation. But we mean that it may be assumed that institutional arrangements, made for the express purpose of shaping and influencing national culture and national taste, are really to a certain degree efficient towards the purpose for which they are intended; that, for instance, even Shakspeare would have, in all probability, written in some respect differently from what he did write, if there had existed in his day an

English academy, with a given number of chairs filled by the big-wigs of the literature of the day ; that Rabelais, again, under similar circumstances, would also have written differently from what he did write ; and that Racine would probably have addressed his contemporaries in a somewhat different style, had there existed no such institution in his day. There will, of course, always be men whose nature will prompt them to withdraw themselves from the sphere of any such influence,—men who will prefer that their tombstones should bear inscriptions akin to that of the French wit who worded his own epitaph,—

“ *Ci git Piron, qui ne fut rien !
Pas même académicien !* ”

But such men will not probably possess the greatest minds of their time. And though it may be true that the greatest minds may be the least liable to be crushingly moulded by any external force which can be brought to bear upon them, it is not probably the case that they are the least likely to be in any degree affected by such institutions as those of which we are speaking.

Now our England has, throughout all the course of its intellectual life, been without any such means of æsthetic influence or guidance. It is a speciality of our own and a peculiarity that it should have been so. And few will probably doubt that the results of such absence may be very unmistakably traced throughout the course of our literature, though people will differ in opinion as to the regretability or non-regretability of such results. A great French authority,—no less a man than M. Guizot,—has declared somewhere,—in his admirable “ *History of Civilisation*,” we believe,—that no Englishman can write a book,—i.e., can write it properly, *secundum artem*. And it may probably be assumed that our academy-trained neighbours would be inclined to see in our literary efforts generally the same lamentable absence of the results of such taste and training as only academies can supply. But lately voices to the same effect have been heard among ourselves. And it must be owned that there is much in the current English literature of the day which might well tempt those who have faith in the virtues of authority to wish that the effect of such authority might be brought to bear upon our writers.

The question, therefore, as to the operation of academies,—what they can do, and what they can't do,—and, more specially still, what they may be with probability expected to do,—becomes invested with a somewhat greater interest than might attach to the mere examination of a portion of literary history, however curious. The Italian academies unquestionably were very actively operative in the controlling, guiding and fashioning the forms and spirit of Italian literature during three or more centuries.

It will not be uninteresting to see what and of what nature their operation and influence in this sort were.

It is needless to detain the reader by saying a word of the great co-operating causes which brought about that awakening of human intelligence which has been called the "renaissance." This phase of European history has become now as a household word. It is sufficient to say that the movings of this "renaissance" were felt rather earlier and more powerfully in Italy than elsewhere, as might be expected from the relative position she then held in the scale of civilisation. The multiplication of the academies of which we have to speak was among the first-fruits of the new movement. It was to be expected, and everybody knows, that Italy was foremost among the nations to be sensible of the new awakening. But there was a special and curious characteristic of the new movement of mind in Italy which is not so generally known. The mental movement in Italy, in the fifteenth century, was essentially an anti-Christian movement. There were various causes why this should have been the case. But the principal of these seems to have been the fact that the new learning, the new culture, and the new literature were Pagan learning, Pagan culture, and Pagan literature. The same, it may be urged, was the fact as regards the other nations of Europe. But they received the new ideas through the modifying medium of a national temperament and an idiosyncrasy of a character widely and radically different from those of the race of which these ideas had been the product and the heritage; whereas the temperament and idiosyncrasy of the Italians were identical with those of their Pagan forefathers. The old ideas came to their minds as wheels run down into old and accustomed ruts. These ideas were far more essentially and fundamentally natural to the peoples of the old Italian soil than ever the Christian ideas which had been forced into their places had been. And thus it came to pass that the whole of the cultivated portion of the body social in Italy became at once Pagan to all intents and purposes at the first touch of the new learning.

And the first of the academies that we meet with after the establishment of Jacopo Allegretti's "Parnassus" in Rimini,—which preceded it by nearly a hundred years,—is eminently illustrative of this truth. This first of the academies, with the above unimportant exception, was, though by no means one of the most durably influential, perhaps the most historically famous of any of them. It was that founded at Florence, under the auspices of the first Cosmo de' Medici, for the study and re-establishment of the Platonic philosophy.

In the year 1489 the council which had been assembled by Pope Eugenius IV. for the purpose of endeavouring to reconcile the Western and Eastern Churches was sitting in Florence. And the occasion had brought together a very large and remarkable assem-

blage of the most learned men of Europe, and indeed, also, from the extra-European seats of learning, which had at that time not yet set in utter darkness. The munificent and learning-loving Cosmo received and entertained such guests with eagerness and with the most princely welcome. And among conversations busied rather with the speculations of Plato than with any of the abstrusely puerile points in dispute between the rival churches, the idea of a Platonic Academy was conceived.

"The great Cosmo," says Marsiglio Ficino, in the dedicatory epistle prefixed to his edition of Plotinus, "at the time when the council between the Greeks and the Latins was held at Florence, in the days of Pope Eugenius, heard a Greek philosopher named Gemistus, and surnamed Pletone, who discoursed like another Plato on the opinions of that illustrious philosopher. And he was so excited and warmed by hearing him, that he forthwith formed the idea of an academy, to be put in execution at a subsequent opportune time. And while he was maturing the execution of this design in his mind, he cast his eyes upon me, the son of Ficino his physician, then still a child, and destined me for so great an undertaking, and educated me for it."

But it was under the fostering care of Cosmo's grandson, Lorenzo the Magnificent, that the Platonic Academy rose to its highest pitch of splendour and fame. "There was not a man of any pretension to learning in Florence," says Tiraboschi, "who was not anxious to be numbered among the Academicians. . . And because in turning the leaves of the works of the ancient Platonists they found record of the solemn banquets with which Plato was wont to celebrate the day of his birth, which was also that of his death,—that is, the 18th of November,*—and with which the Platonists for a long time used to honour that day, Lorenzo determined that similar banquets should be renewed." These festive, no less than learned meetings used to take place generally at the Villa of Corezzi, sometimes at that equally the property of Lorenzo at Fiesole, as long as he lived. Both these historical mansions are now the property of Englishmen.

After Lorenzo's death Bernardo Rucellai became the chief patron of the Academy, and its meetings were generally held in the celebrated gardens still extant, and still bearing the same name in Florence. There Machiavelli read his discourses on Livy to his fellow academicians; and there, when the complexion of the times became such that even academical pursuits took a political hue and significance, he was arrested, with others, by the agents of Medicean tyranny. The reader will probably not have forgotten the description of a festive gathering in those storied gardens in the pages of Romola.

The Platonic Academy is said by Tiraboschi to have rendered essential service to literature, not by having brought back to life the

* This is an error.

opinions of the ancient philosophers, "which," says the Modenese librarian, "are but dreams," and still less by the puerile superstitions to which many of the academicians abandoned themselves, but by the translation and diffusion of the works of Plato, which were due to their labour. And though there is reason to think that from the very earliest days of this celebrated Academy the festal character of its meetings was to the full as strongly marked a feature of them as any learned labours, it cannot be denied that there were ripe scholars among them, and that the union and co-operation of these may have done much to advance the pursuit of classical learning. The great patron himself, Lorenzo the Magnificent, was a poet, as well as a dilettante philosopher. And those who have ever had the curiosity to look into his "*Canti Carnacialeschi*," or Carnival Songs, which were sometimes recited at these learned meetings, will perhaps not be disposed to rate very highly the contributions to the study and progress of philosophy, whether Platonic or other, which assemblies of such a character were likely to produce. Much about the same time the learned Greek, Cardinal Bessarion, who was raised to the purple by Eugenius IV., instituted an Academy in his palace at Rome for the study of the ancient philosophy.

And shortly afterwards, under Paul II., the well-known Pomponius Leta became the founder of another, the more special scope of which was the culture of the belles-lettres. But for some reason which is not very clear, the unlucky members of this society incurred the anger and suspicion of the unlearned and morose pontiff, and were thrown into prison and subjected to torture. They were accused, it seems, among other things, of impiety and irreligion. And it is curious to find, among the charges urged against them in support of this accusation, the allegation that they made a practice of changing their names, dropping those which had been assigned to them at the baptismal font, and assuming in place of them Pagan appellations, "as though," say their accusers, "they were ashamed to bear the names of Christian saints and martyrs, and wished, by throwing them off, to indicate that they severed themselves from the fellowship of the Christian Church." Their own account of the matter was, that they assumed for academic purposes the classical names of the poets, historians, and statesmen of ancient times as an incentive to the imitation of their literary and intellectual excellencies. It is difficult to say whether the accusation or the justification were the more absurd; the simple truth being, that the notion of calling each other "*Flaccus*," "*Catullus*," or "*Menander*," was the very innocent puerility of grown-up children playing at classicality in their cups.

But the imprisonment and torture with which the harmless silliness was visited under the suspicious, morose, and unclassical Paul II., were very far from having the effect of deterring others from similar practices; for in all the swarming academies which sprung up in a

subsequent generation, the practice of taking an academical name formed one of the leading diversions of the game.

Much about the same time, under the more genial favour and protection of King Alfonso, the *Accademia del Pontano* was established at Naples by Antonio Panormita. Lorenzo Valla, Gioviano Pontano, Sannazzaro, Galateo, Parrasio, and many others, since well known in the republic of letters, were members of this academy; and they all, undeterred by the gloomy savagery of Pope Paul, adorned themselves with classical names.

The last of the academies which were founded during that fifteenth century was that of Aldus Manutius, the great Venetian editor and publisher. Aldus laboured much during many years to establish this institution on a firm and durable basis. He did succeed in assembling round him a knot of several of the most renowned scholars of the day, —Marco Musuro, Pietro Bembo, afterwards raised to the purple, and many others whose names are less well known on the other side of the Alps. And the special object to which the labours of the Aldine academy were to be directed was of a more practical and real-work-like kind than was the case with most of its fellows, for its scope was the preparation of those celebrated editions of classical authors which have made the name of the founder a household word in all lands. It is very curious to those who know the name of Lucretia Borgia only by the general nature of the reputation she has left behind her, to find the great scholar and editor, who was anxious to secure her patronage for his academy when she was in her latter days Duchess of Ferrara, writing to her that he hopes she will help him in the establishment of it, since “you tell me that there is nothing you desire more than always to merit the approbation of Immortal God, and to be of use to mortals, as well those now living as those henceforward to be born; and to leave behind you when you die something that shall testify that you have not lived without the highest glory.”

Florence, Rome, Naples, Venice, had thus their academies before the end of the fifteenth century. From the beginning of the sixteenth, the rage for establishing such societies became so universal that, by the end of that century, scarcely a city of Italy was to be found without its academy. All the larger cities had many. Bologna had more than thirty! The literary history of Rome itself onumerates a much greater number. The Roman Academy, which alone among these, with the exception, perhaps, of the “*Arcadia*” founded by Crescimbeni towards the end of the seventeenth century, acquired sufficient renown for its name to have become known beyond the Alps, arose after all out of that ill-starred society founded by Pomponius Leta, and persecuted by Pope Paul II. But its resuscitation took place in milder and more genial times. Leo X. was just the Pope under whom such societies would flourish. A dilettante liking for literature and literary men, such as was produced by the possession

of sufficient cultivation in his own person to make him find it more amusing to have such about him than mere theologians, an entire and thorough preference for the classical tastes, ideas, habits, and views of life which were then in fashion, over the dry scholastic pedantries, the ascetic theories and austere practices of mediæval sacerdotal Christianity, the "geniality" of temperament which led him to exclaim on his elevation to St. Peter's chair: "Well! since God has given us the Papacy, let us enjoy it!"—all this made Leo X. exactly the prince for dilettante convivial academicians. Those, accordingly, were the palmy days of the Roman academy. Those were the days in which a bishop,—Sadoletto of Carpentras,—writing to a cardinal,—Bembo,—implored him not to read such trash as the Epistles of the New Testament, as such studies would infallibly injure his Latin style!

No doubt those Roman meetings were pleasant enough. The subjects of learned discussion which occupied these "*doctissimi viri*" do not by any means seem to have been always, or mostly, of a grave nature. A Latin letter of the time from one of these academicians to another begs him to hurry up to Rome to be present at a meeting, "if you would laugh as never Democritus laughed! For Savoia is to treat of cosmetics and the Cyprian powder!" In another letter from Sadoletto to Angelo Colucci, a "*coltissime poeta*" and noted *Mæcenas*, in whose house the academy used often to meet, the bishop reminds his friend of "the old times when we used to meet so often, the days when '*erat ætas nostra ad omnem alacritatem animique hilaritatem longe aptior*,'—of the festivals, sometimes in your gardens outside the city wall, sometimes in mine on the Quirinal, or in the Coliseum, or on the bank of the Tiber, where, after familiar feasts, made exquisite not by rich sauces, but by abundant Attic salt, poems were recited, or speeches made, to the infinite delight of us all, because the excellence of the highest culture was conspicuous in them, and yet every word was impressed with festivity and hilarity." The good bishop goes on to mention a great number of their old associates, many of them then "gone over to the majority," and touches on the special qualities of each. He evidently in those later days, living at remote Carpentras, when St. Peter's chair had come to be occupied by a stupid Dutch barbarian, calling himself Adrian VI., who fancied that bishops ought to reside on their sees instead of enjoying academical suppers on the banks of the Tiber, often sadly recalled the old halcyon days when a pope of a different sort made life in Rome a kind of literary carnival. For we have other letters of his to other friends,—some to his brother Bishop of Aquino, recalling the quips and quirks and jesting,—"*dulces Corycii iracundias, et gratas ineptias Donati*,"—which used to enliven the academic evenings. Another letter of the time tells how, at one such meeting, the wine had been sent by the post from Naples;—how

some of the guests equalled their cups to the number of the Muses ; —and how, at the end of the supper, Marco of Lodi sang Dante's "Per me si va nella Città Solente," while Pietro Polo touched the lyre. The writer goes on to enumerate the guests, naming several bishops among them.

Good Tiraboschi, the mild douce Modenese "abâte," after describing these good old times, and remarking that, "in thus reciting to each other their poems, in the interchange of pleasant jests and agreeable chat, the academicians passed happily their days and nights," says that it is impossible to read of such happy times without a gentle sensation of envy.

The pursuits of the Roman Academy were not, it will have been seen, of a very severe or repellently erudite description. But it may be safely assumed that the calibre of mind ordinarily to be met with among its members was very far superior to that which formed the general material out of which the swarms of the academies in every Italian city were formed in the subsequent century. Tiraboschi enumerates and gives an account of one hundred and sixty-nine of these. But he has restricted himself to those of whom there was something more or less to be said. Had he been content to enumerate a mere catalogue of names, or to have simply followed in the steps of his more omnivorous predecessor Quadrio, he might have made the number very much greater. The names of many of them are of the strangest absurdity. "The Kindled,"—"The Trusted,"—"The Courageous,"—"The Excited,"—"The Elevated,"—"The Laborious,"—"The Industrious,"—"The Ingenious,"—and such-like, are among the most reasonable designations. There are in good number such as,—"The Panting Ones,"—"The Apathetic,"—"The Argonauts,"—"The Thirsty,"—"The Stupefied,"—"The Lubbarly,"—"The Enchained,"—"The Dissonant,"—"The Dubious,"—"The Fantastic,"—"The Frozen Ones,"—"The Imperfect,"—"The Petrified,"—"The Incapable,"—"The Incurioues,"—"The Untamed,"—"The Unfruitful,"—"The Inflamed,"—"The Nameless,"—"The Unquiet,"—"The Insipid,"—"The Senseless,"—"The Unstable,"—"The Intricate,"—"The Melancholy,"—"The Neglected,"—"The Occult,"—"The Oplosophists,"—"The Obscure,"—"The Obtuse,"—"The Idle,"—"The Rude,"—"The Savage,"—"The Serener,"—"The Unornamented,"—"The Lost,"—"The Solitary,"—"The Thoughtless,"—"The Irregular,"—"The Stupefied,"—"The Dark,"—"The Moist,"—"The Humorous,"—"The Uniform,"—and many others bearing appellations equally strange and unaccountable. By far the greatest number of them were devoted to the cultivation of the "belles-lettres;" and "poetry," by courtesy so called, was the especial form of amene literature which they most affected, especially after the end of the sixteenth century. In almost all of them the "academicians" assumed academical names, often as absurdly chosen as the

most absurd of the titles of the institutions to which they belonged. By these names they were invariably known among each other, and on the title-pages of their numerous publications. So that it is an intricate portion of the task of the Italian literary historian to attribute the works of writers so published to their rightful authors.

Every one of these societies adopted a device or bearing, after the fashion of an heraldic cognizance; and an immense deal of labour, thought, and far-fetched ingenuity was expended on the selection of these. Very active debates and correspondence were carried on upon this subject. It would be easy to collect the titles of a whole library of books written on this special topic;—on the device of this or that academy;—on the history of such devices generally;—on the rules and principles which ought to guide people in the selection of such. Then the mania for these devices became so general that there was not a man or a woman belonging to the classes which formed the societies of the Italian cities who did not adopt a device of his or her own. The academies were consulted on the choice of these. The quantity of correspondence carried on upon the subject is hardly credible, or the amount of “strenuous idleness” wasted on it. Scores of letters have been written on the momentous subject, and volumes of them printed. The happy phrase of Horace, borrowed in the above sentence, describes with admirable fitness the whole business and existence of these innumerable academies. “*Strenua nos exercet inertia*” might have been the most apt “device” and motto for all or any of them.

Such a legend would have figured forth also the producing cause of this noticeable phase of the national life, as well as the manner of its existence. “*Dolce far niente*” will not, after all, get through the whole four-and-twenty hours even in the loveliest of climates and under the sweetest skies. What were all these good people to do? The innumerable abati, cavalieri, marchesi, monsignori, professori, who having the modest amount of means needed for living in perfect leisure in a cheap country, and in a state of society all of whose ways, habits, and conventionalities rendered large expenses unnecessary, had absolutely the whole of their time upon their hands. It was a state of society eminently adapted for the production and multiplication of poor gentlefolks content with their leisure and their small means. Celibacy, from causes too obvious to need mentioning, was very common. Younger sons and brothers, by the usages of society, found bit and sup and a garret in the palazzo of the estated head of the family. Small ecclesiastical preferments were innumerable. Innumerable also were the genteel hangers-on of princes and cardinals, in all sorts of capacities, none of which were held to be disreputable, and to most of which positions some pretence of a tincture of literature was recognised as a potent recommendation. Genteel poverty was not disgraceful, nor was it shunned. Of real productive work there was little to be done, and the doing of that little was for the

most part held to be incompatible with the position of a gentleman. What were all these people, who swarmed in every one of the hundred fair cities of Italy, to do with themselves and their hours? They were all people of education and culture according to notions of their time and clime. There were no Squire Westerns in the land;—no classes who, though occupying social positions which exempted them from the necessity of labour, were nevertheless but little more educated than the tillers of the soil, because they loved to pass their lives in invigorating amusements, the pursuit of which needed no intellectual culture. There were no country gentlemen. City life was the sole and exclusive life of the classes who lived without labour. And modern Italian society has grown to be what it is, for better or for worse, altogether unfashioned by any of those numberless and infinitely important influences which the habits and practice of open-air and country amusements have brought to bear on our own. Whether this were for better or for worse, few Englishmen will doubt or care to question. And there is not, perhaps, any one more encouraging symptom about the present condition of Italian life and prospects than the fact that many Italians are beginning to be of a similar opinion.

All this, however, would lead us into a wide and interesting field of discussion too far away from the immediate object of this paper. It is sufficient for our present purpose to note that all the classes and all the individuals of whom we have been speaking, were wholly dependent on intellectual amusement of some sort for the means of disposing of all the long train of smiling, shining hours which were not filled by eating, drinking, or sleeping. All were “educated.” Education, such as it was, was held in honour, and was easily attained. The real enthusiasm which had hailed the revival of learning, and the real admiration which had been accorded to the truly learned and laborious men who had inaugurated that revival, caused the amusement of playing at learning to be held in esteem during more than one subsequent century. Universities covered the land. Professors swarmed in every city. Many, no doubt, earned their bread by intellectual pursuits in a manner which implied real labour; but the masses,—the producers and members of the numberless academies,—having no call to this, only “delighted” in literature;—were “dilettanti,” and impressed a meaning on the term which we all know.

If space and time were somewhat less fatally unelastic, it might be worth while to give the English reader a few specimens of the literary products of some of these academies and academicians; but it would require several pages, which can be much better filled, to do so. The reader must, therefore, refer for himself to Crescimbeni,—whose own wonderfully watery milk-and-water is among the most vigorous of Italian academical poetry,—or to some other of the numberless collections which still cumber the much-enduring shelves of great libraries.

Or, if he prefer it, he may trust to our word for it, that it is difficult for the English brain to conceive an uninterrupted Sahara of fribbledom so desolate, so inane, so utterly and intensely stale, flat, and unprofitable as is presented by the printed produce of the academies. It is almost all verse, or criticisms on verse, in some degree salted to the palates of those for whom it was written, by a vast amount of quarrelling, partisan-fighting, and mutual abuse;—fighting not only between individual and individual, but between academy and academy, which became far more amusing. And anecdotes of such warfare,—not unamusing even yet, and even here, as curious indications of a state of social life, very different from any that England has ever seen,—might be collected from the cart-loads of tomes which record these battles and forgotten warriors, were it not for the inexorable conditions above alluded to.

There is one, however, among the Italian academies which deserves a more particular mention, both because it has obtained a celebrity co-extensive with the cultivation of European literature, and because its object, its labours, and the result of them, cannot be in any wise included in the remarks which we have made on the mass of its contemporary societies. Of course we allude to the famous *Accademia della Crusca*.

This academy was founded in Florence by a knot of Florentine citizens of scholastic and literary tastes in the year 1582. The English reader would not recognise the names of them, and would not remember them for five minutes. Fame's trumpet is not long enough for such purpose, or at all events is terribly overcharged with confusing sounds.

The scope and object of this academy, as every reader knows, were to constitute itself the guardian and preserver of the purity of the Italian language. And in the pursuit of this object it has laboured with much and real zeal. The academy published its first "*Vocabolario*" in 1612, in one volume; and from time to time many other augmented and improved editions, up to that in six volumes in 1786.

The work it has done has been real and successful. It did succeed in establishing itself, and getting itself recognised as the one standard authority on all questions of the purity of Italian diction from one end of the peninsula to the other. Its leading members were real workers. It did not altogether escape the infection of puerility and frivolity which were the main characteristics of its time and country. These tastes showed themselves in the selection of its title. "*Crusca*" means bran. The device on the title-page of its publications is a blotting-machine. Its motto, "*Il più bel fior ne coglie*,"—"It gathers the finest flower,"—has reference to the same conceit. Of course the allusion to the special business of the society is intelligible enough. All these grave and learned dictionary-makers adorned themselves with fancy names, and sat in a hall fitted with all sorts of allusive

devices and furniture. They did, however, make themselves the admitted arbiters of the Italian tongue; they did produce a very excellent dictionary of the language; they did succeed in their design of "preserving the purity" of the language. And they did occupy a position in the literary world of Europe for a long series of years, which would render a paper devoted to the history of this academy even yet not uninteresting to English readers.

But we must content ourselves on the present occasion with a few remarks on the nature and the result of the success which attended on its efforts. It was the only one among the Italian academies which attained to a position of authority throughout Italy. The *Accademia della Crusca* really did this, and produced a powerful effect on the literature of the country, which only such an authoritative position could have enabled it to produce.

What was the nature of this influence?

Preserving the "purity" of the language meant preserving it from innovations, from neologisms, from "barbarisms." It meant taking care that the writers of one century should express their thoughts exactly in the same language in which those of a preceding century had expressed their thoughts. Thoughts which could not be so expressed were condemned not to be expressed with any literary approbation or authority at all. And those who best understand what the functions of literature are, and what is the influence of language on the operations of the mind, will best appreciate the extent of the power which was then exercised for the prevention of such thoughts from being thought. Writers who had to express themselves in the unaltered language of their forefathers had to think as their forefathers thought;—to let their minds run in the same ruts.

This too made literature "safe," theologically and politically. Princes, ecclesiastical and lay, liked academies much, as soon as they came to understand the nature of them. They made the playing at "culture" and literary pursuits a very harmless pastime for the subjects of paternal rulers.

The Italian mind was stationary and stagnant during a couple of centuries. They were the centuries during which academies multiplied and flourished in every city. And the special operation and influence of the most authoritative and successful of them all contributed in a degree, proportioned to its success, to this stagnation.

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER AS HE IS.

BY A DRAGOON ON FURLOUGH.

"GENERAL PEEL's coppers," as the increment to the soldier's pay bestowed at the instance of the late Secretary for War is somewhat irreverently designated in the ranks, have borne wondrous fruits. It would be strange if they had not. The General himself has no doubt plenty of experience of the raw material out of which soldiers are made, and, questionless, he and Charles Street took sweet counsel together regarding the merits of the scheme. The twopenny increase has been conceived in the true recruiting-sergeant spirit. When the candidate for the Queen's uniform is nibbling at the shilling, the recruiting department knows right well how the hook ought to be baited. Recounted advantages in the shape of gratuitous clothing, diminished barrack damages, increased rations, and shortened drill-hours, would fall unheeded on the ear of a fellow who knows no more about the internal economy of a barrack life than he does of the inner life of the House of Commons. The way to tickle him is to give the recruiting-sergeant the power to make a bigger mouthful of the daily pay which will accrue to him if he bites. In these degenerate days, ribbons and glory, and the chance of dying a field-marshal, no longer are cogent arguments. "What is the pay?" is the cardinal question with the wide-awake young England recruit of 1868. It was certainly a profound knowledge of the idiosyncrasy of the intending recruit which dictated this addition to the soldier's pay, as the means of filling up the terrible gaps in the ranks which existed some eighteen months ago. The scheme has prospered mightily. Between it and the bad times the army is now nearly full. Several regiments are above their strength. Only two cavalry regiments are at present, I believe, open to recruits, and many infantry regiments are also closed.

This being the case, I was very much surprised, coming on furlough to London the other day, when I happened to fall across a manifesto put forth by the Horse Guards, professing to recount the great and manifold advantages enjoyed by "young men who serve her Majesty as soldiers." With an army very close on its full strength now, and with recruits being turned away from Charles Street every day, I wondered, and I wonder now, what purpose this document was designed to subserve. It cannot be intended for circulation throughout our barrack-rooms with the view of producing profound content-

ment with their lot among those who are already soldiers. The real facts of the case are too well known there; and besides, it is a waste of time to angle for caught fish. If it be addressed to men who may have an idea of joining the service, it is, under present circumstances, an obvious superfluity, apart altogether from the question of the fidelity of its representations. If, again, it be meant for the public eye, with the intent of setting the minds of thinking men at rest on the condition of the private soldier, it must be characterised as an attempt to earn credit under pretences many of which, on examination, will be found to be fallacious. Not that for a moment I would be understood as charging the writer of the document with deliberate bad faith. There is a studied tone of moderation pervading it which impresses one with the belief that the writer is anxious to be within the mark, and to state the case fairly; and, in this view, I am not without hope that the comments hereafter made in the interest of the private soldier, and written from the stand-point of the private soldier, may assist the officer in question to a new view on some of the articles of his circular.

In quoting it verbatim, prior to noticing the separate assertions it contains, I would premise that it is impossible entirely to avoid technicalities, and that I must necessarily enter into details which may be caviare to the civilian reader; but the interest of the subject will, with all honest men, stand as my excuse. The manifesto in question ran as follows:—

“The Advantages given to Young Men who serve her Majesty as Soldiers.

“1. A soldier, from his first joining the army, receives, besides his lodgings, food, and clothing, a weekly sum, quite at his own disposal, of two shillings and sixpence, or more.

“2. After three years' service, if his conduct be good, he further increases that sum by sevenpence a week, and again in every successive five years.

“3. If the soldier should qualify himself, he will be before long promoted, and thereby receive further remuneration.

“4. When sick, he has good medical advice, with every comfort.

“5. After twelve years he can leave the service.

“6. After the first eight years' service, should he feel inclined, he may give notice of his wish to remain twenty-one years as a soldier; and if permitted by his commanding officer to enter into such further engagement, he will from that date receive an additional penny a day.

“7. After the soldier has completed twenty-one years' service he is discharged with a pension for life.

“8. During the time of his service he has the advantage of school instruction, reading and recreation rooms, and outdoor games.

“9. The usual periods of service abroad are so arranged that the

soldier has an intermediate period of home service, and these changes enable him to see something of the world, and give him an interest in his profession.

"10. In short, the soldier has the advantage, if he conduct himself well, of being well cared for, sufficiently paid, and at the end of his time provided with a subsistence; besides receiving a distinguishing medal, showing his sovereign's approbation of his having done his duty well and faithfully to his country.

"No labouring man, and very few workmen, can feel sure of greater advantages than these now held out to the good soldier, especially as regards the three important items of lodging, food, and clothing.

"(Signed)

W. PAULET, A.G.

"Horse Guards,

"24th October, 1867."

The statement in Article 1, as regards the soldier's pay, is a very moderate one. The infantry man, whose pay is the lowest in the service, has three shillings and sixpence per week after he has paid for his rations; and thus the circular-writer gives off a shilling per week to cover kit charges, barrack damages, and all other deductions, a sum which, in the experience of every reasonably careful soldier, is abundance and to spare. The fact that the two-and-sixpence, put down as the weekly minimum clearance, is really below that minimum, bears out the belief that the writer has desired to state his case as fairly as possible. Nevertheless, this offhand way of putting it gets rid in a very summary style of a variety of aggravating questions as to deductions from full pay for under-clothing, the insufficiency of the present ration, the badness of barrack accommodation, and others. The private soldier never can tell to-day what his to-morrow's pay will be. A heedless captain at a kit inspection may order him a new article of under-clothing when the old one is still very decent; a dull morning may impair the brightness of his jacket, and down goes his name for a new one beyond the power of remonstrance. On the subject of rations, the mischief has always been that the question as regards sufficiency or the reverse has invariably been addressed to old soldiers. Their reply is always in the affirmative, for the double reason that they hanker after more money rather than more food, with a shrewd eye to beer; and that the existing ration has really, through custom, become enough for them. If the recruit were questioned, he would give another answer. Where does the greater part of his pay go for the first year after he joins? To the canteen, to buy bread and cheese and other substantials. In process of time, however, probably under able tuition, he finds out that a penny spent in beer satisfies the appetite very nearly as well as twopence invested in bread and cheese; and by-and-by he comes to invest all his spare pence in beer, when the ration becomes quite sufficient for him. Then, as regards the item of "lodgings," there is great scope for the barrack-

room being made more comfortable. It is almost always overcrowded; except in new barracks, the ventilation is uniformly bad; where there is no gas, the lighting is wretched in the extreme; the allowance of fuel is far from liberal; and it might be a question whether the barrack department might not accord a suitable supply of crockery ware, instead of leaving the troops to the casual offerings of the old women who collect the scraps and potato-peelings for pig-feeding purposes. These questions, however, and others, are blinked with no little skill by the offhand statement in the article referred to.

"2. After three years' service, if his conduct be good, he further increases that sum by sevenpence a week, and again in every successive five years."

This is perfectly true, but the good-conduct pay is plagiarily precarious. Any punishment over seven days' pack-drill forfeits it, and in the absence of any penal code, a commanding officer can impose any punishment he pleases for any offence the most trivial. I have known a man lose his "ring" for three hours' absence, and also for that curious crime, "dumb insolence." Another man, whose sergeant-major puts in a good word for him, gets off with a reprimand or a trivial punishment for a like offence. In the Guards, I believe, there is a sort of bye-law, the operation of which is, that a man is sentenced to an hour's pack-drill for every hour he is absent. This is a step at least toward the establishment of a penal code; but in line regiments the punishments for offences not thought deserving of a court-martial are entirely arbitrary, and the commanding officer has practically an unlimited discretionary power. It is hardly safe for the soldier to reckon on his good-conduct pay in calculating his income.

"3. If the soldier should qualify himself, he will be before long promoted, and thereby receive further remuneration."

The chief point is, What constitutes the qualification? Without question a great many men are deservedly promoted from the ranks. But there are some men who will never gain a grade, no matter how they try. A man may be barely ugly enough to be rejected by the recruiting officer, and yet may be too ugly ever to be anything beyond a private, no matter how deserving a soldier he may be. A good figure is, perhaps rightly so, an indispensable passport to the stripes. But no one acquainted with the matter will maintain for a moment that personal qualifications, either bodily or mental, constitute the sole basis upon which our system of promotion is founded. The colour-sergeant of an infantry company or the sergeant-major of a cavalry troop has necessarily, and no doubt properly, immense influence with their respective captains; and the captain's good word, again, is paramount with the colonel as regards promotion from the ranks. Now in every company and troop there are fellows who strive to recommend themselves to their non-commissioned superior by a sedulous system of abject toadyism. They fetch and carry for him;

they act as his spies and talebearers ; they curry favour with him in an endless variety of ways. If they are scholars, they write up his books. If physical efforts are their forte, they empty pails and ash-buckets and fetch water and coals for his wife. As a result, when the captain asks him to point out a good man for promotion, what is more natural than that he should be ready with the name of his toady ? And so many a man gets promotion who would never wear the stripes if it were not for back-stairs influence. What soldier does not know the meaning of the term, "an adjutant's corporal ?" The adjutant in most regiments has risen from the ranks. Many are thoroughly conscientious and sterling men ; but many too are within the reach of certain influences. A box or two of game or country-produce from a soldier's friend to an accessible adjutant will often work extraordinary miracles in the way of smoothing the road to non-commissioned rank. Premising that I am ready, if guaranteed against the results of a court-martial for the heinous crime of writing for the press, to give real names and clear proof in every case I particularise, I may allude to a case of this nature which, among others, came under my own observation. The illegitimate son of a gentleman of position in the black country joined a cavalry regiment. His father was anxious to see him promoted, and sent frequent presents to the adjutant of the corps. The lad was a very poor soldier, and was so self-willed that he was frequently in collision with the non-commissioned officers of his troop. These were strong arguments against according him the desired promotion. At length the adjutant received an invitation to visit the father. He went for a week, and a few days after he returned the lad was read out corporal. His after-career was not flattering to the adjutant's discretion, for he was summarily discharged not long after to avoid the slander of a trial for disgraceful conduct. A young Irishman joined a dragoon regiment in Dublin. He was a mere lad, and a very silly one to boot ; but his father, a considerable landed proprietor, had excellent shooting on his estate. The captain of the troop for which the young fellow was drawn, by some curious coincidence, became very intimate with the senior, and his gun did considerable execution among the Irish squire's covers and lea-lands. Strange to say, the son was made corporal in the middle of the shooting-season, and at seventeen he was in command of men who had as many years' service. There are very few soldiers who cannot recount cases of a like nature.

Reverting to the example of the Guards once more, I am given to understand that in them there exists a certain system of competitive examination for non-commissioned rank, for which any man whose character is good may enter. It would be invidious, as well as subversive of the oligarchical power and responsibility on which the discipline of a regiment is mainly based, were the discretionary power to promote, within certain defined limits, to be withheld from its com-

manding officer. Yet some modification of the plan in vogue in the Guards would be productive of the happiest results, both as a stimulus to men to qualify for proving themselves deserving of promotion through the medium of an examination, and also in the way of keeping down the monopoly of arbitrary recommendation vested in subordinate officers.

But supposing that a man wears the stripes after having legitimately earned them, he is not always the most enviable of soldiers. There is a period of probation for him, in which he only enjoys "lance" rank. While he is in this position he does full non-commissioned officer's duty, but receives not a fraction of additional pay. He incurs many necessary expenses, which he has to defray out of private's pay if he be a "lance" corporal, and out of corporal's pay if he be a "lance" sergeant. In the latter case he is really to be pitied, for he has to join the sergeants' mess, and when he has paid his contribution to it he is poorer than the poorest private. The patriarch served a long time for his wife, but then Laban was a rogue; the British nation has surely no wish to be included in the same category, and might well give "lance" non-commissioned officers something at least to cover their expenses out of pocket.

Again, it is puzzling to know on what grounds a man who is made sergeant is compelled to renounce his good-conduct pay. While he is corporal he wears the rings and draws the pence; the moment the third stripe goes on his arm he forfeits both. Thus the soldier who, after long years of faithful service in the ranks, obtains tardy promotion, is put on a level with the jackanapes who puts his foot on the ladder of promotion the moment he has done with recruit's drill.

There is yet another anomaly to be noticed in connection with the non-commissioned officers of the British army. The navvy who has been pushed into a foreman's place, if he does not like it, may resign, and take up the spade and pickaxe again without necessarily blemishing his character. I believe there is a rule against a bishop giving up his diocese, and going back to his quiet country rectory again, should he wish to do so; and the sergeant is like the bishop. The soldier who is once made a non-commissioned officer cannot resign the stripes at his mere will, and go back into the ranks. The sense of responsibility may be burdensome to him; he may feel overweighted by the duties of his new sphere; but it is not permitted to him to obtain relief by the simple process of going back whence he sprung. He is bound to his rank indissolubly, unless he chooses to get rid of it through the sentence of a court-martial. He is compelled to commit himself, and be formally reduced by court-martial, before he can escape from a position which he may feel a false one. Now a court-martial, even if it entails no further punishment than the loss of the stripes, is always a blot on a man, and it destroys his chance of obtaining a medal for meritorious conduct. Surely it is a mis-

take to force a man to be guilty of an offence before he can resign a position which he may find on trial to be distasteful, or for which he may feel himself unsuited.

No allusion is made here to the remote chance which exists of the non-commissioned officer obtaining a commission. So long as the purchase system remains in force, the boon is one of a very problematical nature. The young soldier who mounts the ladder rapidly, and obtains a commission while yet in his heyday, owes his promotion, at least in peace time, almost invariably to the exertions of influential friends; and the influence which has availed to push him forward thus far is, for the most part, available still further in the shape of a suitable allowance, and the wherewithal to purchase higher grades. For him who obtains a commission as the reward of a lengthened period of non-commissioned service, the step in rank, putting him as it does in a false position, is too often the very opposite of a boon. From being, as the principal non-commissioned officer of his regiment, respected and self-respecting,—the cock, so to speak, of the regimental dunghill,—he becomes, if he would retain his integrity, a sour, pinched, poverty-bitten cornet or ensign, without the hope of rising higher save by a lucky death vacancy. If he is more accommodating to circumstances, he becomes the hungry jackal, and too often the butt of the young swells of the mess-room, willing to submit to be jeered at,—made a contemptuous convenience of for the sake of certain crumbs which fall from the table of the opulent young sprigs of quality. Many a time, doubtless, especially if he be a married man, does he wish himself out of his incongruous position, back into his sergeant-major's jacket again. Then he was somebody. Now he is nobody.

"4. When sick, he has good medical advice, with every comfort."

On this point there is room for considerable divergence of opinion. That within the last ten years there has been a marked amelioration in the sanitary arrangements, and in the nursing and diet departments of military hospitals, is happily beyond question. But it is matter for grave doubt whether the skill of the rank and file of the army medical officers has improved in the due ratio corresponding to the advance of medical science in the civilian world. It may be well to write plainly on this matter. A private soldier is hardly in a position to generalise on such a topic as this; and I shall feel surer of my ground if I write solely of what has come under my own personal observation. So far then as this extends during a lengthened period of service, my experience of army surgeons prompts me to divide them into four classes. First, able but careless men. Secondly, plodding careful men, who are obsolete and incapable. Thirdly, incapables, who unite carelessness with incapacity. Fourthly, able men, who are likewise careful and earnest;—and this last class form a minority as compared with any of the others. Perhaps the simplest way to

illustrate the several peculiarities of these various classes is to detail a case or two of which I am personally cognizant, and in corroboration of which I can adduce proof.

A man went one morning to a regimental hospital complaining of stricture of the urethra. The surgeon in charge admitted him. This gentleman was a proved able medical man, but he seldom spent more than twenty minutes per day in the hospital. His hobby was to hunt every day of the week with a stud consisting of two screws, and he used to run into the hospital in the morning in full hunting costume, and bustle round the wards in a hurry to get to the cover side in time. He took no steps to discover the seat of this patient's disease by means of instruments, prescribed tinct. ferri sesquichlor., and in a fortnight discharged him to his duty. The man was no better. He stuck to his work for some time, but was compelled through increasing distress again to resort to the hospital. This time the assistant surgeon of the regiment was in charge, an example of Class 4. He used instruments to advantage, and the man was on the high road to cure, when the officer went on a month's leave. A substitute then entered on the scene, a specimen of Class 8, both incapable and careless. He stigmatised the soldier as a malingerer, and peremptorily discharged him from hospital. The poor fellow returned to his duty and went on a long march to another station, but, utterly unable to continue a soldier, had to seek the hospital a third time. He was now becoming a nuisance, so without any pretence at curative efforts his name was put down on the invaliding list; and until the board should sit he was allowed to vegetate in hospital without any treatment. In course of time he went up before the invaliding board, a farce of investigating his condition was enacted, and his discharge papers were signed. In his hearing one of the three wisemen composing the board remarked that his case was hopeless, and that he would not survive many months; while another contended that a cure was practicable through the media of caustic-tipped instruments, and quiescent recumbency for months;—a method exploded forty years ago. The discharged man came straight to a London hospital. A simple operation cured him radically in a fortnight, and he was discharged as well as ever he was in his life, with an offer on the part of the civilian surgeon to pay his expenses to visit his late regiment in order that he might exhibit himself to the gentlemen who had invalided him.

A young roughrider sprained his ankle jumping from a horse, and was carried to hospital. The swelling was great, and the surgeon who attended him,—an example of Class 2,—shook his head and waited for it to subside. Day after day, week after week, did he come and gaze helplessly on the "luxation," till at length the young fellow, who was sick of inaction, applied for a "sick furlough," and went to a civilian infirmary. The distinguished surgeons there told

him they could do nothing for him. It was, he was informed, but a simple dislocation, but the socket of the joint had filled up with cartilage, and he was hopelessly lame for life. The once smart young roughrider is now a limping potboy at a Hoxton public-house.

A man went into hospital with an eruption on the head and face. For months he remained undergoing a variety of treatments, changed on an average once a week. He got no better, but rather worse. At last, in despair, he adopted a unique course. He wrote to London for a certain little book, the production of a surgeon to a West End skin-disease infirmary, which advocates the exhibition of arsenic in almost all disorders of this type. This tome he bluntly presented to the military surgeon, who took it with wonderfully good grace. Next morning the man was on liquor pot. arsenitis, and in three months he was cured. An epidemic of skin disease broke out shortly after in the regiment, which was wholly cured by this medicine; and the enterprising private who sent his half-crown to the London bookseller was reckoned a public benefactor. But for years arsenic has been an acknowledged specific in certain classes of skin disorders, and surely an ignorance of the fact did not argue much for the endeavours of the army surgeon to keep abreast of the times.

The subject of pensions to men invalided while the term of their service is yet incomplete naturally occurs in this connection. These are both very small in amount, and the principle on which they are allocated seems faulty as well as ill-defined. The man whose case is mentioned above as discharged incurable from stricture received sixpence a day for six months, notwithstanding he had several years' good service, was to all appearance utterly incapacitated from earning a livelihood, and that the origin of his disorder was distinctly attributable to the horse exercise of a dragoon. The roughrider had, I believe, eightpence a day for three years. Such a case as the latter was surely deserving of a life-pension. The basis on which invaliding pensions are assigned is,—so far as I can understand it, reasoning from results, personal character, and length of service,—irrespective altogether of the nature of the origin of the disease under which the invalid is suffering. Surely this is an erroneous principle. The man whose disease is attributable to acts of his own,—as a large proportion, unfortunately, of the private soldier's are,—or which is the "act of God," to which he would have been equally liable in civilian life, ought not to have a claim to rank on equal terms with him whose incapacity accrues by reason of disease incurred "in and by the service;"—that is, having an origin distinctly traceable to military causes. Among the latter fall to be included not only injuries, such as kicks and falls from horses, hernia in the dragoon, and all accidents not the result of carelessness, but also angina pectoris traceable to the pressure of the knapsack, bronchial affections arising from exposure to night duties, and so on. Tho

technical phrase, "in and by the service," ought to be the watchword of every invalid pension board, taking, of course, into consideration character and length of service. At present the two latter seem to be the governing influences, if, indeed, it can be said that any governing influence exists at all.

"5. After twelve years' service he can leave the army."

It is something irresistibly comic to find inserted in the midst of a list of the boons which make the lot of the private soldier such an enviable one, the quaint announcement that he is at liberty to forego them all, and throw up his profession in the prime of his life, as a sort of crowning advantage. Just as if one were to write a book recounting the delights of human existence, which should culminate in the words, "And the best of it is, there is no law against committing suicide." However, the veracity of the assertion is unquestionable. The mischief is, the "can" cuts two ways. The soldier may, indeed, of his free will terminate his engagement at the expiry of twelve years; but then, too, the army authorities can terminate it for him against his will. He may have spent and been spent in the service till his twelfth year is up, and then, because he is unfit for further service, he may be turned adrift without so much as thanks. If he be medically unfit at the expiry of twelve years, he goes away without the temporary pension he would have been entitled to had he become so in the third or fourth year of his service. Nay, there is frequently much ingenuity manifested in keeping a "done" man hanging on till his full time is up, rather than invalid him in his tenth or eleventh year with a temporary pension. The economy is ludicrously fallacious, for it is obvious that an inefficient drawing full pay in the service costs the country more than the value of his pension; but the plan keeps down the pension-roll, and is habitually in use. Surely, if a man is willing to "take on" again for a second term at the expiry of his first, and is debarred from doing so by medical unfitness, provided that unfitness results "in and by the service," he should be held to be entitled to something more than an empty congé.

"6. After the first eight years' service, should he feel inclined, he may give notice of his wish to remain twenty-one years as a soldier, and if permitted by his commanding officer to enter into such further engagement, he will from that date receive an additional penny a day."

Whoever invented this device knew the private soldier to the backbone. He is not prone to re-inlist on the expiry of his twelve years, if we wait till then before we ask him. He wants to go and see the world outside the barracks, and, knowing that to-morrow he will be free to do so, the blandishments of the colonel and adjutant fall unheeded on his ear. But get at him with good arguments while he has yet four years to serve. Perhaps he is on short pay, and the

additional penny proffered is a strong temptation. Essentially the reverse of a prospective man, he argues thus:—"I may be dead before my four years are up, or a thousand things may happen. Four years are a long look forward, and this present penny is a tangible consideration." So he clenches the bargain. There is intense acuteness in the device, but it is quite legitimate; and the Horse Guards are to be congratulated on the marked success which has crowned their astuteness.

"7. After the soldier has completed twenty-one years' service, he is discharged with a pension for life."

Under this head falls to be noticed an incidental hardship which is creating much discontent in cavalry regiments. Prior to a warrant issued on, I think, the 1st of June, 1866, the cavalry soldier's full term of service was twenty-four years, in two equal portions of twelve years. At that date the second period was shortened to nine years, making the complement twenty-one years; and all cavalry soldiers whose first term of service was then unexpired were at liberty to re-engage for the shorter period. The warrant was only prospective, and had no retrospective effect. Now, let us assume that two men, Bill Bridoon and Jack Martingale, enlisted in the month of May, 1851. Honest Bridoon soldiers along steadily, never loses a day, and completes his period of service in the month of May, 1868. He has taken on again on the old Act, and,—untouched by the operation of the new warrant,—has to complete a second period of twelve years, which will end in May, 1875. Martingale, again, is a bad lot,—deserts and is recaptured, spends months in jail, and, in fine, has lost three years and one month's service ere his first term is completed. Thus,—having to make up the lost service,—it is not finished till the month of June, 1866, when the rascal is within the scope of the new warrant, triumphantly re-enlists for the shorter period of nine years, and becomes entitled to his pension with but twenty-one years' good service on the very day honest Bridoon can claim his, after his twenty-four years' uninterrupted good conduct. Suppose, again, my first term of service expired on the 31st day of May, 1866. If I re-engaged, I must have done so for twelve more years; whereas my chum, whose first term of service did not expire till one day later, might have re-engaged for the shorter period of nine years, and thus would become entitled to his life-pension three years before me. In the former of these cases a positive premium is given on bad conduct; in the latter a hardship is certainly involved. Were the terms of the warrant alluded to amended so as to have at least a modified retrospective effect, the arrangement would be hailed as a great boon in all our cavalry regiments.

There is nothing to be said upon Articles 8 and 9. Article 10 is chiefly recapitulatory, and demands little comment, although there might be a difference of opinion as to the nature of the "subsistence"

derivable from one shilling and a penny per day, which is the maximum pension of the private soldier.

In the concluding remarks of the circular, "No labouring man, and very few workmen, can feel sure of greater advantages than those now held out to the good soldier, especially as regards the three important items of lodgings, food, and clothing," would lie the pith of the whole question, providing the soldier and "the labouring man and workman" were on an even keel. But are they? I put out of view in the comparison the off-chance which the soldier risks of being made a live target of. The civilian is indeed amenable to the vicissitudes of trade, and may be hard put to it when times are bad; but then he is open to all the advantages of the rebound. He can marry when he pleases, and have a home of his own, "wi' a' his bairns aboot him," as the Scotch song says. When he has earned his wages, he has no centurion perpetually saying to him, "Do this," so that he must do it. He may rise beyond the sphere he was born to; he may shift his quarters at discretion; he may emigrate if he sees a chance; he is essentially a free Briton;—and if he comes to the worst, he can still enlist. It is engrafted into the very core of the soldier's life that he shall not be for one moment a free agent. His bread may be certain and his cup secure; but they have not the sweet flavour imparted by a man's working for his own hand. Let optimists and Utopians say what they will, the private soldier, except when the joy-bells are ringing for victory, is still a social pariah in the homes of merry England. I have tried it and know it. The red-jacket, with a spark of sensitiveness, feels bitterly every day the truth of what I write. Your citizen will throw him a glass of ale, and put a few half-pitying, half-contemptuous questions to him while he drinks it; but will he dream of taking him into the bosom of his family? To be just, the fault may lie at the soldier's door; but the fact stands, and ought to go in the scale when a balance is being taken. Then, where is the soldier's privacy? Were I not on furlough now, under what circumstances should I be writing this article,—if, indeed, the undertaking were a practicable one at all? A fellow might be howling a "blue" song at my ear; a couple might be engaged in a lively wrestling match in my immediate rear; while another man would probably be cleaning a pair of spurs on the common form, and the jar would not conduce to an improvement in my caligraphy. Talk of the soldier's "home!" If he is single, it is Bedlam; if he is married, it is hell. But I put the latter hypothesis out of view altogether. The man who marries in the service, as the arrangements for married couples are now constituted, insults manhood and outrages womanhood. The comparison between the life of the soldier and that of the civilian must not be wholly based on a pounds-shillings-and-pence estimate, or even on the "three important items of lodgings, food, and clothing."

PHINEAS FINN, THE IRISH MEMBER.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WILLINGFORD BULL.

PHINEAS left London by a night mail train on Easter Sunday, and found himself at the Willingford Bull about half an hour after midnight. Lord Chiltern was up and waiting for him, and supper was on the table. The Willingford Bull was an English inn of the old stamp, which had now, in these latter years of railway travelling, ceased to have a road business,—for there were no travellers on the road, and but little posting,—but had acquired a new trade as a dépôt for hunters and hunting men. The landlord let out horses and kept hunting stables, and the house was generally filled from the beginning of November till the middle of April. Then it became a desert in the summer, and no guests were seen there, till the pink coats flocked down again into the shires.

“How many days do you mean to give us?” said Lord Chiltern, as he helped his friend to a devilled leg of a turkey.

“I must go back on Wednesday,” said Phineas.

“That means Wednesday night. I’ll tell you what we’ll do. We’ve the Cottesmore to-morrow. We’ll get into Tailby’s country on Tuesday, and Fitzwilliam will be only twelve miles off on Wednesday. We shall be rather short of horses.”

“Pray don’t let me put you out. I can hire something here, I suppose?”

“You won’t put me out at all. There’ll be three between us each day, and we’ll run our luck. The horses have gone on to Empingham for to-morrow. Tailby is rather a way off,—at Somerby; but we’ll manage it. If the worst comes to the worst, we can get back to Stamford by rail. On Wednesday we shall have everything very comfortable. They’re out beyond Stilton and will draw home our way. I’ve planned it all out. I’ve a trap with a fast stepper, and if we start to-morrow at half-past nine, we shall be in plenty of time. You shall ride Meg Merriles, and if she don’t carry you, you may shoot her.”

“Is she one of the pulling ones?”

“She is heavy in hand if you are heavy at her, but leave her mouth alone and she’ll go like flowing water. You’d better not ride more in a crowd than you can help. Now, what’ll you drink?”

They sat up half the night smoking and talking, and Phineas

learned more about Lord Chiltern than than ever he had learned before. There was brandy and water before them, but neither of them drank. Lord Chiltern, indeed, had a pint of beer by his side from which he sipped occasionally. "I've taken to beer," he said, "as being the best drink going. When a man hunts six days a week he can afford to drink beer. I'm on an allowance,—three pints a day. That's not too much?"

"And you drink nothing else?"

"Nothing when I'm alone,—except a little cherry-brandy when I'm out. I never cared for drink;—never in my life. I do like excitement, and have been less careful than I ought to have been as to what it has come from. I could give up drink to-morrow, without a struggle,—if it were worth my while to make up my mind to do it. And it's the same with gambling. I never do gamble now, because I've got no money; but I own I like it better than anything in the world. While you are at it, there is life in it."

"You should take to politics, Chiltern."

"And I would have done so, but my father would not help me. Never mind, we will not talk about him. How does Laura get on with her husband?"

"Very happily, I should say."

"I don't believe it," said Lord Chiltern. "Her temper is too much like mine to allow her to be happy with such a log of wood as Robert Kennedy. It is such men as he who drive me out of the pale of decent life. If that is decency, I'd sooner be indecent. You mark my words. They'll come to grief. She'll never be able to stand it."

"I should think she had her own way in everything," said Phineas.

"No, no. Though he's a prig, he's a man; and she will not find it easy to drive him."

"But she may bend him."

"Not an inch;—that is if I understand his character. I suppose you see a good deal of them?"

"Yes,—pretty well. I'm not there so often as I used to be in the Square."

"You get sick of it, I suppose. I should. Do you see my father often?"

"Only occasionally. He is always very civil when I do see him."

"He is the very pink of civility when he pleases, but the most unjust man I ever met."

"I should not have thought that."

"Yes, he is," said the Earl's son, "and all from lack of judgment to discern the truth. He makes up his mind to a thing on insufficient proof, and then nothing will turn him. He thinks well of you,—would probably believe your word on any indifferent subject without thought of a doubt; but if you were to tell him that I didn't get drunk every night of my life and spend most of my time in thrashing

policemen, he would not believe you. He would smile incredulously and make you a little bow. I can see him do it."

"You are too hard on him, Chiltern."

"He has been too hard on me, I know. Is Violet Effingham still in Grosvenor Place?"

"No; she's with Lady Baldock."

"That old grandmother of evil has come to town,—has she? Poor Violet! When we were young together we used to have such fun about that old woman."

"The old woman is an ally of mine now," said Phineas.

"You make allies everywhere. You know Violet Effingham, of course?"

"Oh yes. I know her."

"Don't you think her very charming," said Lord Chiltern.

"Exceedingly charming."

"I have asked that girl to marry me three times, and I shall never ask her again. There is a point beyond which a man shouldn't go. There are many reasons why it would be a good marriage. In the first place, her money would be serviceable. Then it would heal matters in our family, for my father is as prejudiced in her favour as he is against me. And I love her dearly. I've loved her all my life,—since I used to buy cakes for her. But I shall never ask her again."

"I would if I were you," said Phineas,—hardly knowing what it might be best for him to say.

"No; I never will. But I'll tell you what. I shall get into some desperate scrape about her. Of course she'll marry, and that soon. Then I shall make a fool of myself. When I hear that she is engaged I shall go and quarrel with the man, and kick him,—or get kicked. All the world will turn against me, and I shall be called a wild beast."

"A dog in the manger is what you should be called."

"Exactly;—but how is a man to help it? If you loved a girl, could you see another man take her?" Phineas remembered of course that he had lately come through this ordeal. "It is as though he were to come and put his hand upon me, and wanted my own heart out of me. Though I have no property in her at all, no right to her,—though she never gave me a word of encouragement, it is as though she were the most private thing in the world to me. I should be half mad, and in my madness I could not master the idea that I was being robbed. I should resent it as a personal interference."

"I suppose it will come to that if you give her up yourself," said Phineas.

"It is no question of giving up. Of course I cannot make her marry me. Light another cigar, old fellow."

Phineas, as he lit the other cigar, remembered that he owed a certain duty in this matter to Lady Laura. She had commissioned him to

persuade her brother that his suit with Violet Effingham would not be hopeless, if he could only restrain himself in his mode of conducting it. Phineas was disposed to do his duty, although he felt it to be very hard that he should be called upon to be eloquent against his own interest. He had been thinking for the last quarter of an hour how he must bear himself if it might turn out that he should be the man whom Lord Chiltern was resolved to kick. He looked at his friend and host, and became aware that a kicking-match with such a one would not be pleasant pastime. Nevertheless, he would be happy enough to be subject to Lord Chiltern's wrath for such a reason. He would do his duty by Lord Chiltern; and then, when that had been adequately done, he would, if occasion served, fight a battle for himself.

"You are too sudden with her, Chiltern," he said, after a pause.

"What do you mean by too sudden?" said Lord Chiltern, almost angrily.

"You frighten her by being so impetuous. You rush at her as though you wanted to conquer her by a single blow."

"So I do."

"You should be more gentle with her. You should give her time to find out whether she likes you or not."

"She has known me all her life, and has found that out long ago. Not but what you are right. I know you are right. Only you can't alter a man's nature. If I were you, and had your skill in pleasing, I should drop soft words into her ear till I had caught her. But I have no gifts in that way. I am as awkward as a pig at what is called flirting. And I have an accursed pride which stands in my own light. If she were in this house this moment, and if I knew she were to be had for asking, I don't think I could bring myself to ask again. But we'll go to bed. It's half-past two, and we must be off at half-past nine, if we're to be at Exton Park gates at eleven."

Phineas, as he went upstairs, assured himself that he had done his duty. If there ever should come to be anything between him and Violet Effingham, Lord Chiltern might quarrel with him,—might probably attempt that kicking encounter to which allusion had been made,—but nobody could justly say that he had not behaved honourably to his friend.

On the next morning there was a bustle and a scurry, as there always is on such occasions, and the two men got off about ten minutes after time. But Lord Chiltern drove hard, and they reached the meet before the master had moved off. They had a fair day's sport with the Cottesmore; and Phineas, though he found that Meg Merriles did require a good deal of riding, went through his day's work with credit. He had been riding since he was a child, as is the custom with all boys in Munster, and had an Irishman's natural aptitude for jumping. When they got back to the Willingford Bull he felt pleased with the day and rather proud of himself. "It wasn't fast, you know," said Chiltern, "and I don't call that a stiff country.

Besides, Meg is very handy when you've got her out of the crowd. You shall ride Bonebreaker to-morrow at Somerby, and you'll find that better fun."

"Bonebreaker? Haven't I heard you say he rushes like mischief?"

"Well, he does rush. But, by George! you want a horse to rush in that country. When you have to go right through four or five feet of stiff green wood, like a bullet through a target, you want a little force, or you're apt to be left up a tree."

"And what do you ride?"

"A brute I never put my leg on yet. He was sent down to Wilcox here, out of Lincolnshire, because they couldn't get anybody to ride him there. They say he goes with his head up in the air, and won't look at a fence that isn't as high as his breast. But I think he'll do here. I never saw a better made beast, or one with more power. Do you look at his shoulders. He's to be had for seventy pounds, and these are the sort of horses I like to buy."

Again they dined alone, and Lord Chiltern explained to Phineas that he rarely associated with the men of either of the hunts in which he rode. "There is a set of fellows down here who are poison to me, and there is another set, and I am poison to them. Everybody is very civil, as you see, but I have no associates. And gradually I am getting to have a reputation as though I were the devil himself. I think I shall come out next year dressed entirely in black."

"Are you not wrong to give way to that kind of thing?"

"What the deuce am I to do? I can't make civil little speeches. When once a man gets a reputation as an ogre, it is the most difficult thing in the world to drop it. I could have a score of men here every day if I liked it,—my title would do that for me;—but they would be men I should loathe, and I should be sure to tell them so, even though I did not mean it. Bonebreaker, and the new horse, and another, went on at twelve to-day. You must expect hard work to-morrow, as I daresay we shan't be home before eight."

The next day's meet was in Leicestershire, not far from Melton, and they started early. Phineas, to tell the truth of him, was rather afraid of Bonebreaker, and looked forward to the probability of an accident. He had neither wife nor child, and nobody had a better right to risk his neck. "We'll put a gag on 'im," said the groom, "and you'll ride 'im in a ring,—so that you may wellnigh break his jaw; but he is a rum un, sir." "I'll do my best," said Phineas. "He'll take all that," said the groom. "Just let him have his own way at everything," said Lord Chiltern, as they moved away from the meet to Pickwell Gorse; "and if you'll only sit on his back, he'll carry you through as safe as a church." Phineas could not help thinking that the counsels of the master and of the groom were very different. "My idea is," continued Lord Chiltern, "that in hunting you should always avoid a crowd. I don't think a horse is worth riding that

will go in a crowd. It's just like yachting ;—you should have plenty of sea-room. If you're to pull your horse up at every fence till somebody else is over, I think you'd better come out on a donkey." And so they went away to Pickwell Gorse.

There were over two hundred men out, and Phineas began to think that it might not be so easy to get out of the crowd. A crowd in a fast run no doubt quickly becomes small by degrees and beautifully less ; but it is very difficult, especially for a stranger, to free himself from the rush at the first start. Lord Chiltern's horse plunged about so violently, as they stood on a little hill-side looking down upon the cover, that he was obliged to take him to a distance, and Phineas followed him. "If he breaks down wind," said Lord Chiltern, "we can't be better than we are here. If he goes up wind, he must turn before long, and we shall be all right." As he spoke an old hound opened true and sharp,—an old hound whom all the pack believed,—and in a moment there was no doubt that the fox had been found. "There are not above eight or nine acres in it," said Lord Chiltern, "and he can't hang long. Did you ever see such an uneasy brute as this in your life ? But I feel certain he'll go well when he gets away."

Phineas was too much occupied with his own horse to think much of that on which Lord Chiltern was mounted. Bonebreaker, the very moment that he heard the old hound's note, stretched out his head, and put his mouth upon the bit, and began to tremble in every muscle. "He's a great deal more anxious for it than you and I are," said Lord Chiltern. "I see they've given you that gag. But don't you ride him on it till he wants it. Give him lots of room, and he'll go in the snaffle." All which caution made Phineas think that any insurance office would charge very dear on his life at the present moment.

The fox took two rings of the gorse, and then he went,—up wind. "It's not a vixen, I'll swear," said Lord Chiltern. "A vixen in cub never went away like that yet. Now then, Finn, my boy, keep to the right." And Lord Chiltern, with the horse out of Lincolnshire, went away across the brow of the hill, leaving the hounds to the left, and selected, as his point of exit into the next field, a stiff rail, which, had there been an accident, must have put a very wide margin of ground between the rider and his horse. "Go hard at your fences, and then you'll fall clear," he had said to Phineas. I don't think, however, that he would have ridden at the rail as he did, but that there was no help for him. "The brute began in his own way, and carried on after in the same fashion all through," he said afterwards. Phineas took the fence a little lower down, and what it was at which he rode he never knew. Bonebreaker sailed over it, whatever it was, and he soon found himself by his friend's side.

The ruck of the men were lower down than our two heroes, and there were others far away to the left, and others, again, who had

been at the end of the gorse, and were now behind. Our friends were not near the hounds, not within two fields of them, but the hounds were below them, and therefore could be seen. "Don't be in a hurry, and they'll be round upon us," Lord Chiltern said. "How the deuce is one to help being in a hurry?" said Phineas, who was doing his very best to ride Bonebreaker with the snaffle, but had already begun to feel that Bonebreaker cared nothing for that weak instrument. "By George, I should like to change with you," said Lord Chiltern. The Lincolnshire horse was going along with his head very low, boring as he galloped, but throwing his neck up at his fences, just when he ought to have kept himself steady. After this, though Phineas kept near Lord Chiltern throughout the run, they were not again near enough to exchange words; and, indeed, they had but little breath for such purpose.

Lord Chiltern rode still a little in advance, and Phineas, knowing his friend's partiality for solitude when taking his fences, kept a little to his left. He began to find that Bonebreaker knew pretty well what he was about. As for not using the gag rein, that was impossible. When a horse puts out what strength he has against a man's arm, a man must put out what strength he has against the horse's mouth. But Bonebreaker was cunning, and had had a gag rein on before. He contracted his lip here, and bent out his jaw there, till he had settled it to his mind, and then went away after his own fashion. He seemed to have a passion for smashing through big, high-grown ox-fences, and by degrees his rider came to feel that if there was nothing worse coming, the fun was not bad.

The fox ran up wind for a couple of miles or so, as Lord Chiltern had prophesied, and then turned,—not to the right, as would best have served him and Phineas, but to the left,—so that they were forced to make their way through the ruck of horses before they could place themselves again. Phineas found himself crossing a road, in and out of it, before he knew where he was, and for a while he lost sight of Lord Chiltern. But in truth he was leading now, whereas Lord Chiltern had led before. The two horses having been together all the morning, and on the previous day, were willing enough to remain in company, if they were allowed to do so. They both crossed the road, not very far from each other, going in and out amidst a crowd of horses, and before long were again placed well, now having the hunt on their right, whereas hitherto it had been on their left. They went over large pasture fields, and Phineas began to think that as long as Bonebreaker would be able to go through the thick grown-up hedges, all would be right. Now and again he came to a cut fence, a fence that had been cut and laid, and these were not so pleasant. Force was not sufficient for them, and they admitted of a mistake. But the horse, though he would rush at them unpleasantly, took them when they came without touching them. It might be all right yet,—unless

the beast should tire with him; and then, Phineas thought, a misfortune might probably occur. He remembered, as he flew over one such impediment, that he rode a stone heavier than his friend. At the end of forty-five minutes Bonebreaker also might become aware of the fact.

The hounds were running well in sight to their right, and Phineas began to feel some of that pride which a man indulges when he becomes aware that he has taken his place comfortably, has left the squad behind, and is going well. There were men nearer the hounds than he was, but he was near enough even for ambition. There had already been enough of the run to make him sure that it would be a "good thing," and enough to make him aware also that probably it might be too good. When a run is over, men are very apt to regret the termination, who a minute or two before were anxiously longing that the hounds might pull down their game. To finish well is everything in hunting. To have led for over an hour is nothing, let the pace and country have been what they might, if you fall away during the last half mile. Therefore it is that those behind hope that the fox may make this or that cover, while the forward men long to see him turned over in every field. To ride to hounds is very glorious; but to have ridden to hounds is more glorious still. They had now crossed another road, and a larger one, and had got into a somewhat closer country. The fields were not so big, and the fences were not so high. Phineas got a moment to look about him, and saw Lord Chiltern riding without his cap. He was very red in the face, and his eyes seemed to glare, and he was tugging at his horse with all his might. But the animal seemed still to go with perfect command of strength, and Phineas had too much work on his own hands to think of offering Quixotic assistance to any one else. He saw some one, a farmer, as he thought, speak to Lord Chiltern as they rode close together; but Chiltern only shook his head and pulled at his horse.

There were brooks in those parts. The river Eye forms itself thereabouts, or some of its tributaries do so; and these tributaries, though small as rivers, are considerable to men on one side who are called by the exigencies of the occasion to place themselves quickly on the other. Phineas knew nothing of these brooks; but Bonebreaker had gone gallantly over two, and now that there came a third in the way, it was to be hoped that he might go gallantly over that also. Phineas, at any rate, had no power to decide otherwise. As long as the brute would go straight with him he could sit him; but he had long given up the idea of having a will of his own. Indeed, till he was within twenty yards of the brook, he did not see that it was larger than the others. He looked round, and there was Chiltern close to him, still fighting with his horse;—but the farmer had turned away. He thought that Chiltern nodded to him, as much as to tell him to go on. On he went at any rate. The brook, when he came

to it, seemed to be a huge black hole, yawning beneath him. The banks were quite steep, and just where he was to take off there was an ugly stump. It was too late to think of anything. He stuck his knees against his saddle,—and in a moment was on the other side. The brute, who had taken off a yard before the stump, knowing well the danger of striking it with his foot, came down with a grunt, and did, I think, begin to feel the weight of that extra stone. Phineas, as soon as he was safe, looked back, and there was Lord Chiltern's horse in the very act of his spring,—higher up the rivulet, where it was even broader. At that distance Phineas could see that Lord Chiltern was wild with rage against the beast. But whether he wished to take the leap or wished to avoid it, there was no choice left to him. The animal rushed at the brook, and in a moment the horse and horseman were lost to sight. It was well then that that extra stone should tell, as it enabled Phineas to arrest his horse and to come back to his friend.

The Lincolnshire horse had chested the further bank, and of course had fallen back into the stream. When Phineas got down he found that Lord Chiltern was wedged in between the horse and the bank, which was better, at any rate, than being under the horse in the water. "All right, old fellow," he said, with a smile, when he saw Phineas. "You go on; it's too good to lose." But he was very pale, and seemed to be quite helpless where he lay. The horse did not move,—and never did move again. He had smashed his shoulder to pieces against a stump on the bank, and was afterwards shot on that very spot.

When Phineas got down he found that there was but little water where the horse lay. The depth of the stream had been on the side from which they had taken off, and the thick black mud lay within a foot of the surface, close to the bank against which Lord Chiltern was propped. "That's the worse one I ever was on," said Lord Chiltern; "but I think he's gruelled now."

"Are you hurt?"

"Well;—I fancy there is something amiss. I can't move my arms, and I catch my breath. My legs are all right if I could get away from this accursed brute."

"I told you so," said the farmer, coming and looking down upon them from the bank. "I told you so, but you wouldn't be said." Then he too got down, and between them both they extricated Lord Chiltern from his position, and got him on to the bank.

"That 'un's a dead 'un," said the farmer, pointing to the horse.

"So much the better," said his lordship. "Give us a drop of sherry, Finn."

He had broken his collar-bone and three of his ribs. They got a farmer's trap from Wissindine and took him into Oakham. When there, he insisted on being taken on through Stamford to the Willingford



“But you Irish fellows always ride.”

Phineas Finn. Chap. xxiv. Page 112.

Bull before he would have his bones set,—picking up, however, a surgeon at Stamford. Phineas remained with him for a couple of days, losing his run with the Fitzwilliams and a day at the potted peas, and became very fond of his patient as he sat by his bedside.

“That was a good run though, wasn't it?” said Lord Chiltern as Phineas took his leave. “And, by George, Phineas, you rode Bone-breaker so well, that you shall have him as often as you'll come down. I don't know how it is, but you Irish fellows always ride.”

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. TURNBULL'S CARRIAGE STOPS THE WAY.

WHEN Phineas got back to London, a day after his time, he found that there was already a great political commotion in the metropolis. He had known that on Easter Monday and Tuesday there was to be a gathering of the people in favour of the ballot, and that on Wednesday there was to be a procession with a petition which Mr. Turnbull was to receive from the hands of the people on Primrose Hill. It had been at first intended that Mr. Turnbull should receive the petition at the door of Westminster Hall on the Thursday; but he had been requested by the Home Secretary to put aside this intention, and he had complied with the request made to him. Mr. Mildmay was to move the second reading of his Reform Bill on that day, the preliminary steps having been taken without any special notice; but the bill of course included no clause in favour of the ballot; and this petition was the consequence of that omission. Mr. Turnbull had predicted evil consequences, both in the House and out of it, and was now doing the best in his power to bring about the verification of his own prophecies. Phineas, who reached his lodgings late on the Thursday, found that the town had been in a state of ferment for three days, that on the Wednesday forty or fifty thousand persons had been collected at Primrose Hill, and that the police had been forced to interfere,—and that worse was expected on the Friday. Though Mr. Turnbull had yielded to the Government as to receiving the petition, the crowd was resolved that they would see the petition carried into the House. It was argued that the Government would have done better to have refrained from interfering as to the previously intended arrangement. It would have been easier to deal with a procession than with a mob of men gathered together without any semblance of form. Mr. Mildmay had been asked to postpone the second reading of his bill; but the request had come from his opponents, and he would not yield to it. He said that it would be a bad expedient to close Parliament from fear of the people. Phineas found at the Reform Club on the Thursday evening that members of the House of Commons were requested to enter on the Friday by the door

usually used by the peers, and to make their way thence to their own House. He found that his landlord, Mr. Bunce, had been out with the people during the entire three days;—and Mrs. Bunce, with a flood of tears, begged Phineas to interfere as to the Friday. “He’s that headstrong that he’ll be took if anybody’s took; and they say that all Westminster is to be lined with soldiers.” Phineas on the Friday morning did have some conversation with his landlord; but his first work on reaching London was to see Lord Chiltern’s friends, and tell them of the accident.

The potted peas Committee sat on the Thursday, and he ought to have been there. His absence, however, was unavoidable, as he could not have left his friend’s bed-side so soon after the accident. On the Wednesday he had written to Lady Laura, and on the Thursday evening he went first to Portman Square and then to Grosvenor Place.

“Of course he will kill himself some day,” said the Earl,—with a tear, however, in each eye.

“I hope not, my Lord. He is a magnificent horseman; but accidents of course will happen.”

“How many of his bones are there not broken, I wonder?” said the father. “It is useless to talk, of course. You think he is not in danger.”

“Certainly not.”

“I should fear that he would be so liable to inflammation.”

“The doctor says that there is none. He has been taking an enormous deal of exercise,” said Phineas, “and drinking no wine. All that is in his favour.”

“What does he drink, then?” asked the Earl.

“Nothing. I rather think, my Lord, you are mistaken a little about his habits. I don’t fancy he ever drinks unless he is provoked to do it.”

“Provoked! Could anything provoke you to make a brute of yourself? But I am glad that he is in no danger. If you hear of him, let me know how he goes on.”

Lady Laura was of course full of concern. “I wanted to go down to him,” she said, “but Mr. Kennedy thought that there was no occasion.”

“Nor is there any;—I mean in regard to danger. He is very solitary there.”

“You must go to him again. Mr. Kennedy will not let me go unless I can say that there is danger. He seems to think that because Oswald has had accidents before, it is nothing. Of course I cannot leave London without his leave.”

“Your brother makes very little of it, you know.”

“Ah;—he would make little of anything. But if I were ill he would be in London by the first train.”

"Kennedy would let you go if you asked him."

"But he advises me not to go. He says my duty does not require it, unless Oswald be in danger. Don't you know, Mr. Finn, how hard it is for a wife not to take advice when it is so given?" This she said, within six months of her marriage, to the man who had been her husband's rival!

Phineas asked her whether Violet had heard the news, and learned that she was still ignorant of it. "I got your letter only this morning, and I have not seen her," said Lady Laura. "Indeed, I am so angry with her that I hardly wish to see her." Thursday was Lady Baldock's night, and Phineas went from Grosvenor Place to Berkeley Square. There he saw Violet, and found that she had heard of the accident.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Finn," she said. "Do tell me;—is it much?"

"Much in inconvenience, certainly; but not much in danger."

"I think Laura was so unkind not to send me word! I only heard it just now. Did you see it?"

"I was close to him, and helped him up. The horse jumped into a river with him, and crushed him up against the bank."

"How lucky that you should be there! Had you jumped the river?"

"Yes;—almost unintentionally, for my horse was rushing so that I could not hold him. Chiltern was riding a brute that no one should have ridden. No one will again."

"Did he destroy himself?"

"He had to be killed afterwards. He broke his shoulder."

"How very lucky that you should have been near him,—and again, how lucky that you should not have been hurt yourself."

"It was not likely that we should both come to grief at the same fence."

"But it might have been you. And you think there is no danger?"

"None whatever,—if I may believe the doctor. His hunting is done for this year, and he will be very desolate. I shall go down again to him in a few days, and try to bring him up to town."

"Do;—do. If he is laid up in his father's house, his father must see him." Phineas had not looked at the matter in that light; but he thought that Miss Effingham might probably be right.

Early on the next morning he saw Mr. Bunce, and used all his eloquence to keep that respectable member of society at home;—but in vain. "What good do you expect to do, Mr. Bunce?" he said, with perhaps some little tone of authority in his voice.

"To carry my point," said Bunce.

"And what is your point?"

"My present point is the ballot, as a part of the Government measure."

"And you expect to carry that by going out into the streets with all the roughs of London, and putting yourself in direct opposition to the authority of the magistrates? Do you really believe that the ballot will become the law of the land any sooner because you incur this danger and inconvenience?"

"Look here, Mr. Finn; I don't believe the sea will become any fuller because the Piddle runs into it out of the Dorsetshire fields; but I do believe that the waters from all the countries is what makes the ocean. I shall help; and it's my duty to help."

"It's your duty, as a respectable citizen, with a wife and family, to stay at home."

"If everybody with a wife and family was to say so, there'd be none there but roughs, and then where should we be? What would the Government people say to us then? If every man with a wife and family was to show himself in the streets to-night, we should have the ballot before Parliament breaks up, and if none of 'em don't do it, we shall never have the ballot. Ain't that so?" Phineas, who intended to be honest, was not prepared to dispute the assertion on the spur of the moment. "If that's so," said Bunce, triumphantly, "a man's duty's clear enough. He ought to go, though he'd two wives and families." And he went.

The petition was to be presented at six o'clock, but the crowd, who collected to see it carried into Westminster Hall, began to form itself by noon. It was said afterwards that many of the houses in the neighbourhood of Palace Yard and the Bridge were filled with soldiers; but if so, the men did not show themselves. In the course of the evening three or four companies of the Guards in St. James's Park did show themselves, and had some rough work to do, for many of the people took themselves away from Westminster by that route. The police, who were very numerous in Palace Yard, had a hard time of it all the afternoon, and it was said afterwards that it would have been much better to have allowed the petition to have been brought up by the procession on Wednesday. A procession, let it be who it will that proceeds, has in it, of its own nature, something of order. But now there was no order. The petition, which was said to fill fifteen cabs,—though the absolute sheets of signatures were carried into the House by four men,—was being dragged about half the day, and it certainly would have been impossible for a member to have made his way into the House through Westminster Hall between the hours of four and six. To effect an entrance at all they were obliged to go round at the back of the Abbey, as all the space round St. Margaret's Church and Canning's monument were filled with the crowd. Parliament Street was quite impassable at five o'clock, and there was no traffic across the bridge from that hour till after eight. As the evening went on, the mob extended itself to Downing Street and the front of the Treasury Chambers, and before the night was over all the board-

ings round the new Government offices had been pulled down. The windows also of certain obnoxious members of Parliament were broken, when those obnoxious members lived within reach. One gentleman who unfortunately held a house in Richmond Terrace, and who was said to have said that the ballot was the resort of cowards, fared very badly;—for his windows were not only broken, but his furniture and mirrors were destroyed by the stones that were thrown. Mr. Mildmay, I say, was much blamed. But after all, it may be a doubt whether the procession on Wednesday might not have ended worse. Mr. Turnbull was heard to say afterwards that the number of people collected would have been much greater.

Mr. Mildmay moved the second reading of his bill, and made his speech. He made his speech with the knowledge that the Houses of Parliament were surrounded by a mob, and I think that the fact added to its efficacy. It certainly gave him an appropriate opportunity for a display which was not difficult. His voice faltered on two or three occasions, and faltered through real feeling; but this sort of feeling, though it be real, is at the command of orators on certain occasions, and does them yeoman's service. Mr. Mildmay was an old man, nearly worn out in the service of his country, who was known to have been true and honest, and to have loved his country well,—though there were of course they who declared that his hand had been too weak for power, and that his services had been naught;—and on this evening his virtues were remembered. Once when his voice failed him the whole House got up and cheered. The nature of a Whig Prime Minister's speech on such an occasion will be understood by most of my readers without further indication. The bill itself had been read before, and it was understood that no objection would be made to the extent of the changes provided in it by the liberal side of the House. The opposition coming from liberal members was to be confined to the subject of the ballot. And even as yet it was not known whether Mr. Turnbull and his followers would vote against the second reading, or whether they would take what was given, and declare their intention of obtaining the remainder on a separate motion. The opposition of a large party of Conservatives was a matter of certainty; but to this party Mr. Mildmay did not conceive himself bound to offer so large an amount of argument as he would have given had there been at the moment no crowd in Palace Yard. And he probably felt that that crowd would assist him with his old Tory enemies. When, in the last words of his speech, he declared that under no circumstances would he disfigure the close of his political career by voting for the ballot,—not though the people, on whose behalf he had been fighting battles all his life, should be there in any number to coerce him,—there came another round of applause from the opposition benches, and Mr. Daubeney began to fear that some young horses in his team might get loose from their

traces. With great dignity Mr. Daubeney had kept aloof from Mr. Turnbull and from Mr. Turnbull's tactics ; but he was not the less alive to the fact that Mr. Turnbull, with his mob and his big petition, might be of considerable assistance to him in this present duel between himself and Mr. Mildmay. I think Mr. Daubeney was in the habit of looking at these contests as duels between himself and the leader on the other side of the House,—in which assistance from any quarter might be accepted if offered.

Mr. Mildmay's speech did not occupy much over an hour, and at half-past seven Mr. Turnbull got up to reply. It was presumed that he would do so, and not a member left his place, though that time of the day is an interesting time, and though Mr. Turnbull was accustomed to be long. There soon came to be but little ground for doubting what would be the nature of Mr. Turnbull's vote on the second reading. "How may I dare," said he, "to accept so small a measure of reform as this with such a message from the country as is now conveyed to me through the presence of fifty thousand of my countrymen, who are at this moment demanding their measure of reform just beyond the frail walls of this chamber? The right honourable gentleman has told us that he will never be intimidated by a concourse of people. I do not know that there was any need that he should speak of intimidation. No one has accused the right honourable gentleman of political cowardice. But, as he has so said, I will follow in his footsteps. Neither will I be intimidated by the large majority which this House presented the other night against the wishes of the people. I will support no great measure of reform which does not include the ballot among its clauses." And so Mr. Turnbull threw down the gauntlet.

Mr. Turnbull spoke for two hours, and then the debate was adjourned till the Monday. The adjournment was moved by an independent member, who, as was known, would support the Government, and at once received Mr. Mildmay's assent. There was no great hurry with the bill, and it was felt that it would be well to let the ferment subside. Enough had been done for glory when Mr. Mildmay moved the second reading, and quite enough in the way of debate,—with such an audience almost within hearing,—when Mr. Turnbull's speech had been made. Then the House emptied itself at once. The elderly, cautious members made their exit through the peers' door. The younger men got out into the crowd through Westminster Hall, and were pushed about among the roughs for an hour or so. Phineas, who made his way through the hall with Laurence Fitzgibbon, found Mr. Turnbull's carriage waiting at the entrance with a dozen policemen round it.

"I hope he won't get home to dinner before midnight," said Phineas.

"He understands all about it," said Laurence. "He had a good

meal at three, before he left home, and you'd find sandwiches and sherry in plenty if you were to search his carriage. He knows how to remedy the costs of mob popularity."

At that time poor Bunce was being hustled about in the crowd in the vicinity of Mr. Turnbull's carriage. Phineas and Fitzgibbon made their way out, and by degrees worked a passage for themselves into Parliament Street. Mr. Turnbull had been somewhat behind them in coming down the hall, and had not been without a sense of enjoyment in the ovation which was being given to him. There can be no doubt that he was wrong in what he was doing. That affair of the carriage was altogether wrong, and did Mr. Turnbull much harm for many a day afterwards. When he got outside the door, where were the twelve policemen guarding his carriage, a great number of his admirers endeavoured to shake hands with him. Among them was the devoted Bunce. But the policemen seemed to think that Mr. Turnbull was to be guarded, even from the affection of his friends, and were as careful that he should be ushered into his carriage untouched, as though he had been the favourite object of political aversion for the moment. Mr. Turnbull himself, when he began to perceive that men were crowding close upon the gates, and to hear the noise, and to feel, as it were, the breath of the mob, stepped on quickly into his carriage. He said a word or two in a loud voice. "Thank you, my friends. I trust you may obtain all your just demands." But he did not pause to speak. Indeed, he could hardly have done so, as the policemen were manifestly in a hurry. The carriage was got away at a snail's pace;—but there remained in the spot where the carriage had stood the makings of a very pretty street row.

Bunce had striven hard to shake hands with his hero,—Bunce and some other reformers as ardent and as decent as himself. The police were very determinate that there should be no such interruption to their programme for getting Mr. Turnbull off the scene. Mr. Bunce, who had his own ideas as to his right to shake hands with any gentleman at Westminster Hall who might choose to shake hands with him, became uneasy under the impediments that were placed in his way, and expressed himself warmly as to his civil rights. Now, a London policeman in a political row is, I believe, the most forbearing of men. So long as he meets with no special political opposition, ordinary ill-usage does not even put him out of temper. He is paid for rough work among roughs, and takes his rubs gallantly. But he feels himself to be an instrument for the moment of despotic power as opposed to civil rights, and he won't stand what he calls "jaw." Trip up a policeman in such a scramble, and he will take it in good spirit; but mention the words "*Habeas Corpus*," and he'll lock you up if he can. As a rule, his instincts are right; for the man who talks about "*Habeas Corpus*" in a political crowd will generally do more harm than can be effected by the tripping up of any constable. But these

instincts may be the means of individual injustice. I think they were so when Mr. Bunce was arrested and kept a fast prisoner. His wife had shown her knowledge of his character when she declared that he'd be "took" if any one was "took."

Bunce was taken into custody with some three or four others like himself,—decent men, who meant no harm, but who thought that as men they were bound to show their political opinions, perhaps at the expense of a little martyrdom,—and was carried into a temporary stronghold, which had been provided for the necessities of the police, under the clock-tower.

"Keep me, at your peril!" said Bunce, indignantly.

"We means it," said the sergeant who had him in custody.

"I've done no ha'porth to break the law," said Bunce.

"You was breaking the law when you was upsetting my men, as I saw you," said the sergeant.

"I've upset nobody," said Bunce.

"Very well," rejoined the sergeant; "you can say it all before the magistrate, to-morrow."

"And am I to be locked up all night?" said Bunce.

"I'm afraid you will," replied the sergeant.

Bunce, who was not by nature a very talkative man, said no more; but he swore in his heart that there should be vengeance. Between eleven and twelve he was taken to the regular police-station, and from thence he was enabled to send word to his wife.

"Bunce has been taken," said she, with something of the tragic queen, and something also of the injured wife in the tone of her voice, as soon as Phineas let himself in with the latch-key between twelve and one. And then, mingled with, and at last dominant over, those severer tones, came the voice of the loving woman whose beloved one was in trouble. "I knew how it 'd be, Mr. Finn. Didn't I? And what must we do? I don't suppose he'd had a bit to eat from the moment he went out;—and as for a drop of beer, he never thinks of it, except what I puts down for him at his meals. Them nasty polico always take the best. That's why I was so afeard."

Phineas said all that he could to comfort her, and promised to go to the police-office early in the morning and look after Bunce. No serious evil would, he thought, probably come of it; but still Bunce had been wrong to go.

"But you might have been took yourself," argued Mrs. Bunce, "just as well as he." Then Phineas explained that he had gone forth in the execution of a public duty. "You might have been took, all the same," said Mrs. Bunce, "for I'm sure Bunce didn't do nothing amiss."

CHAPTER XXVI.

“ THE FIRST SPEECH. ”

ON the following morning, which was Saturday, Phineas was early at the police-office at Westminster looking after the interests of his landlord ; but there had been a considerable number of men taken up during the row, and our friend could hardly procure that attention for Mr. Bunce's case to which he thought the decency of his client and his own position as a member of Parliament were entitled. The men who had been taken up were taken in batches before the magistrates ; but as the soldiers in the park had been maltreated, and a considerable injury had been done in the neighbourhood of Downing Street, there was a good deal of strong feeling against the mob, and the magistrates were disposed to be severe. If decent men chose to go out among such companions, and thereby get into trouble, decent men must take the consequences. During the Saturday and Sunday a very strong feeling grew up against Mr. Turnbull. The story of the carriage was told, and he was declared to be a turbulent demagogue, only desirous of getting popularity. And together with this feeling there arose a general verdict of “ Serve them right ” against all who had come into contact with the police in the great Turnbull row ; and thus it came to pass that Mr. Bunce had not been liberated up to the Monday morning. On the Sunday Mrs. Bunce was in hysterics, and declared her conviction that Mr. Bunce would be imprisoned for life. Poor Phineas had an unquiet time with her on the morning of that day. In every ecstasy of her grief she threw herself into his arms, either metaphorically or materially, according to the excess of her agony at the moment, and expressed repeatedly an assured conviction that all her children would die of starvation, and that she herself would be picked up under the arches of one of the bridges. Phineas, who was soft hearted, did what he could to comfort her, and allowed himself to be worked up to strong parliamentary anger against the magistrates and police. “ When they think that they have public opinion on their side, there is nothing in the way of arbitrary excess which is too great for them. ” This he said to Barrington Erle, who angered him and increased the warmth of his feeling by declaring that a little close confinement would be good for the Bunces of the day. “ If we don't keep the mob down, the mob will keep us down, ” said the Whig private secretary. Phineas had no opportunity of answering this, but declared to himself that Barrington Erle was no more a Liberal at heart than was Mr. Daubeny. “ He was born on that side of the question, and has been receiving Whig wages all his life. That is the history of his politics ! ”

On the Sunday afternoon Phineas went to Lord Brentford's in Portman Square, intending to say a word or two about Lord Chiltern,

and meaning also to induce, if possible, the Cabinet Minister to take part with him against the magistrates,—having a hope also, in which he was not disappointed, that he might find Lady Laura Kennedy with her father. He had come to understand that Lady Laura was not to be visited at her own house on Sundays. So much indeed she had told him in so many words. But he had come to understand also, without any plain telling, that she rebelled in heart against this Sabbath tyranny,—and that she would escape from it when escape was possible. She had now come to talk to her father about her brother, and had brought Violet Effingham with her. They had walked together across the park after church, and intended to walk back again. Mr. Kennedy did not like to have any carriage out on a Sunday, and to this arrangement his wife made no objection.

Phineas had received a letter from the Stamford surgeon, and was able to report favourably of Lord Chiltern. “The man says that he had better not be moved for a month,” said Phineas. “But that means nothing. They always say that.”

“Will it not be best for him to remain where he is?” said the Earl.

“He has not a soul to speak to,” said Phineas.

“I wish I were with him,” said his sister.

“That is, of course, out of the question,” said the Earl. “They know him at that inn, and it really seems to me best that he should stay there. I do not think he would be so much at his ease here.”

“It must be dreadful for a man to be confined to his room without a creature near him, except the servants,” said Violet. The Earl frowned, but said nothing further. They all perceived that as soon as he had learned that there was no real danger as to his son’s life, he was determined that this accident should not work him up to any show of tenderness. “I do so hope he will come up to London,” continued Violet, who was not afraid of the Earl, and was determined not to be put down.

“You don’t know what you are talking about, my dear,” said Lord Brentford.

After this Phineas found it very difficult to extract any sympathy from the Earl on behalf of the men who had been locked up. He was moody and cross, and could not be induced to talk on the great subject of the day. Violet Effingham declared that she did not care how many Bunces were locked up; nor for how long,—adding, however, a wish that Mr. Turnbull himself had been among the number of the prisoners. Lady Laura was somewhat softer than this, and consented to express pity in the case of Mr. Bunce himself; but Phineas perceived that the pity was awarded to him and not to the sufferer. The feeling against Mr. Turnbull was at the present moment so strong among all the upper classes, that Mr. Bunce and his brethren might have been kept in durance for a week without commiseration from them.

"It is very hard certainly on a man like Mr. Bunce," said Lady Laura.

"Why did not Mr. Bunce stay at home and mind his business?" said the Earl.

Phineas spent the remainder of that day alone, and came to a resolution that on the coming occasion he certainly would speak in the House. The debate would be resumed on the Monday, and he would rise to his legs on the very first moment that it became possible for him to do so. And he would do nothing towards preparing a speech;—nothing whatever. On this occasion he would trust entirely to such words as might come to him at the moment;—ay, and to such thoughts. He had before burdened his memory with preparations, and the very weight of the burden had been too much for his mind. He had feared to trust himself to speak, because he had felt that he was not capable of performing the double labour of saying his lesson by heart, and of facing the House for the first time. There should be nothing now for him to remember. His thoughts were full of his subject. He would support Mr. Mildmay's bill with all his eloquence, but he would implore Mr. Mildmay, and the Home Secretary, and the Government generally, to abstain from animosity against the populace of London, because they desired one special boon which Mr. Mildmay did not think that it was his duty to give them. He hoped that ideas and words would come to him. Ideas and words had been free enough with him in the old days of the Dublin debating society. If they failed him now, he must give the thing up, and go back to Mr. Low.

On the Monday morning Phineas was for two hours at the police-court in Westminster, and at about one on that day Mr. Bunce was liberated. When he was brought up before the magistrate, Mr. Bunce spoke his mind very freely as to the usage he had received, and declared his intention of bringing an action against the sergeant who had detained him. The magistrate, of course, took the part of the police, and declared that, from the evidence of two men who were examined, Bunce had certainly used such violence in the crowd as had justified his arrest.

"I used no violence," said Bunce.

"According to your own showing, you endeavoured to make your way up to Mr. Turnbull's carriage," said the magistrate.

"I was close to the carriage before the police even saw me," said Bunce.

"But you tried to force your way round to the door."

"I used no force till a man had me by the collar to push me back; and I wasn't violent, not then. I told him I was doing what I had a right to do,—and it was that as made him hang on to me."

"You were not doing what you had a right to do. You were assisting to create a riot," said the magistrate, with that indignation which a London magistrate should always know how to affect.

Phineas, however, was allowed to give evidence as to his landlord's character, and then Bunce was liberated. But before he went he again swore that that should not be the last of it, and he told the magistrate that he had been ill-used. When liberated, he was joined by a dozen sympathising friends, who escorted him home, and among them were one or two literary gentlemen, employed on those excellent penny papers, the *People's Banner* and the *Ballot-box*. It was their intention that Mr. Bunce's case should not be allowed to sleep. One of these gentlemen made a distinct offer to Phineas Finn of unbounded popularity during life and of immortality afterwards, if he, as a member of Parliament, would take up Bunce's case with vigour. Phineas, not quite understanding the nature of the offer, and not as yet knowing the profession of the gentleman, gave some general reply.

"You come out strong, Mr. Finn, and we'll see that you are properly reported. I'm on the *Banner*, sir, and I'll answer for that."

Phineas, who had been somewhat eager in expressing his sympathy with Bunce, and had not given very close attention to the gentleman who was addressing him, was still in the dark. The nature of the *Banner*, which the gentleman was on, did not at once come home to him.

"Something ought to be done, certainly," said Phineas.

"We shall take it up strong," said the gentleman, "and we shall be happy to have you among us. You'll find, Mr. Finn, that in public life there's nothing like having a horgan to back you. What is the most you can do in the 'Ouse? Nothing, if you're not reported. You're speaking to the country;—ain't you? And you can't do that without a horgan, Mr. Finn. You come among us on the *Banner*, Mr. Finn. You can't do better."

Then Phineas understood the nature of the offer made to him. As they parted, the literary gentleman gave our hero his card. "Mr. Quintus Slide." So much was printed. Then, on the corner of the card was written, "*Banner Office, 187, Fetter Lane.*" Mr. Quintus Slide was a young man, under thirty, not remarkable for clean linen, and who always talked of the "'Ousc." But he was a well-known and not undistinguished member of a powerful class of men. He had been a reporter, and as such knew the "'Ouse" well, and was a writer for the press. And, though he talked of "'Ouses" and "horgans," he wrote good English with great rapidity, and was possessed of that special sort of political fervour which shows itself in a man's work rather than in his conduct. It was Mr. Slide's taste to be an advanced reformer, and in all his operations on behalf of the *People's Banner* he was a reformer very much advanced. No man could do an article on the people's indefeasible rights with more pronounced vigour than Mr. Slide. But it had never occurred to him as yet that he ought to care for anything else than the fight,—than the advantage of having a good subject on which to write slashing articles. Mr. Slide was an energetic but not a thoughtful man; but in his thoughts on politics,

as far as they went with him, he regarded the wrongs of the people as being of infinitely greater value than their rights. It was not that he was insincere in all that he was daily saying ;—but simply that he never thought about it. Very early in life he had fallen among "people's friends," and an opening on the liberal press had come in his way. To be a "people's friend" suited the turn of his ambition, and he was a "people's friend." It was his business to abuse Government, and to express on all occasions an opinion that as a matter of course the ruling powers were the "people's enemies." Had the ruling powers ceased to be the "people's enemies," Mr. Slide's ground would have been taken from under his feet. But such a catastrophe was out of the question. That excellent old arrangement that had gone on since demagogues were first invented was in full vigour. There were the ruling powers and there were the people,—devils on one side and angels on the other,—and as long as a people's friend had a pen in his hand all was right.

Phineas, when he left the indignant Bunce to go among his friends, walked to the House thinking a good deal of what Mr. Slide had said to him. The potted peas Committee was again on, and he had intended to be in the committee-room by twelve punctually ; but he had been unable to leave Mr. Bunce in the lurch, and it was now past one. Indeed, he had, from one unfortunate circumstance after another, failed hitherto in giving to the potted peas that resolute attention which the subject demanded. On the present occasion his mind was full of Mr. Quintus Slide and the People's Banner. After all, was there not something in Mr. Slide's proposition ? He, Phineas, had come into Parliament as it were under the wing of a Government pack, and his friendships, which had been very successful, had been made with Ministers, and with the friends of Ministers. He had made up his mind to be Whig Ministerial, and to look for his profession in that line. He had been specially fortified in this resolution by his dislike to the ballot,—which dislike had been the result of Mr. Monk's teaching. Had Mr. Turnbull become his friend instead, it may well be that he would have liked the ballot. On such subjects men must think long, and be sure that they have thought in earnest, before they are justified in saying that their opinions are the results of their own thoughts. But now he began to reflect how far this ministerial profession would suit him. Would it be much to be a Lord of the Treasury, subject to the dominion of Mr. Ratler ? Such lordship and such subjection would be the result of success. He told himself that he was at heart a true Liberal. Would it not be better for him to abandon the idea of office trammels, and go among them on the People's Banner ? A glow of enthusiasm came over him as he thought of it. But what would Violet Effingham say to the People's Banner and Mr. Quintus Slide ? And he would have liked the Banner better had not Mr. Slide talked about the 'Ouse.

From the committee-room, in which, alas ! he took no active part in reference to the potted peas, he went down to the House, and was present when the debate was resumed. Not unnaturally, one speaker after another made some allusion to the row in the streets, and the work which had fallen to the lot of the magistrates. Mr. Turnbull had declared that he would vote against the second reading of Mr. Mildmay's bill, and had explained that he would do so because he could consent to no Reform Bill which did not include the ballot as one of its measures. The debate fashioned itself after this speech of Mr. Turnbull's, and turned again very much upon the ballot,—although it had been thought that the late debate had settled that question. One or two of Mr. Turnbull's followers declared that they also would vote against the bill,—of course, as not going far enough ; and one or two gentlemen from the Conservative benches extended a spoken welcome to these new colleagues. Then Mr. Palliser got up and addressed the House for an hour, struggling hard to bring back the real subject, and to make the House understand that the ballot, whether good or bad, had been knocked on the head, and that members had no right at the present moment to consider anything but the expediency or in expediency of so much Reform as Mr. Mildmay presented to them in the present bill.

Phineas was determined to speak, and to speak on this evening if he could catch the Speaker's eye. Again the scene before him was going round before him ; again things became dim, and again he felt his blood beating hard at his heart. But things were not so bad with him as they had been before, because he had nothing to remember. He hardly knew, indeed, what he intended to say. He had an idea that he was desirous of joining in earnest support of the measure, with a vehement protest against the injustice which had been done to the people in general, and to Mr. Bunce in particular. He had firmly resolved that no fear of losing favour with the Government should induce him to hold his tongue as to the Buncean cruelties. Sooner than do so he would certainly "go among them" at the Banner office.

He started up, wildly, when Mr. Palliser had completed his speech ; but the Speaker's eye, not unnaturally, had travelled to the other side of the House, and there was a Tory of the old school upon his legs,—Mr. Western, the member for East Barsetshire, one of the gallant few who dared to vote against Sir Robert Peel's bill for repealing the Corn Laws in 1846. Mr. Western spoke with a slow, ponderous, unimpressive, but very audible voice, for some twenty minutes, disdaining to make reference to Mr. Turnbull and his politics, but pleading against any Reform, with all the old arguments. Phineas did not hear a word that he said ;—did not attempt to hear. He was keen in his resolution to make another attempt at the Speaker's eye, and, at the present moment was thinking of that, and of that only. He did not

even give himself a moment's reflection as to what his own speech should be. He would dash at it and take his chance, resolved that at least he would not fail in courage. Twice he was on his legs before Mr. Western had finished his slow harangue, and twice he was compelled to reseal himself,—thinking that he had subjected himself to ridicule. At last the member for East Barset sat down, and Phineas was conscious that he had lost a moment or two in presenting himself again to the Speaker.

He held his ground, however, though he saw that he had various rivals for the right of speech. He held his ground, and was instantly aware that he had gained his point. There was a slight pause, and as some other urgent member did not reseal himself, Phineas heard the president of that august assembly call upon himself to address the House. The thing was now to be done. There he was with the House of Commons at his feet,—a crowded House, bound to be his auditors as long as he should think fit to address them, and reporters by tens and twenties in the gallery ready and eager to let the country know what the young member for Loughshane would say in this his maiden speech.

Phineas Finn had sundry gifts, a powerful and pleasant voice, which he had learned to modulate, a handsome presence, and a certain natural mixture of modesty and self-reliance, which would certainly protect him from the faults of arrogance and pomposity, and which perhaps might carry him through the perils of his new position. And he had also the great advantage of friends in the House who were anxious that he should do well. But he had not that gift of slow blood which on the former occasion would have enabled him to remember his prepared speech, and which would now have placed all his own resources within his own reach. He began with the expression of an opinion that every true reformer ought to accept Mr. Mildmay's bill, even if it were accepted only as an instalment,—but before he had got through these sentences, he became painfully conscious that he was repeating his own words.

He was cheered almost from the outset, and yet he knew as he went on that he was failing. He had certain arguments at his fingers' ends,—points with which he was, in truth, so familiar that he need hardly have troubled himself to arrange them for special use,—and he forgot even these. He found that he was going on with one platitude after another as to the benefit of reform, in a manner that would have shamed him six or seven years ago at a debating club. He pressed on, fearing that words would fail him altogether if he paused ;—but he did in truth speak very much too fast, knocking his words together so that no reporter could properly catch them. . But he had nothing to say for the bill except what hundreds had said before, and hundreds would say again. Still he was cheered, and still he went on ; and as he became more and more conscious of his failure there

grew upon him the idea,—the dangerous hope, that he might still save himself from ignominy by the eloquence of his invective against the police.

He tried it, and succeeded thoroughly in making the House understand that he was very angry ;—but he succeeded in nothing else. He could not catch the words to express the thoughts of his mind. He could not explain his idea that the people out of the House had as much right to express their opinion in favour of the ballot as members in the House had to express theirs against it ; and that animosity had been shown to the people by the authorities because they had so expressed their opinion. Then he attempted to tell the story of Mr. Bunce in a light and airy way, failed, and sat down in the middle of it. Again he was cheered by all around him,—cheered as a new member is usually cheered,—and in the midst of the cheer would have blown out his brains had there been a pistol there ready for such an operation.

That hour with him was very bad. He did not know how to get up and go away, or how to keep his place. For some time he sat with his hat off, forgetful of his privilege of wearing it ; and then put it on hurriedly, as though the fact of his not wearing it must have been observed by everybody. At last, at about two, the debate was adjourned, and then as he was slowly leaving the House, thinking how he might creep away without companionship, Mr. Monk took him by the arm.

“Are you going to walk ?” said Mr. Monk.

“Yes,” said Phineas ; “I shall walk.”

“Then we may go together as far as Pall Mall. Come along.” Phineas had no means of escape, and left the House hanging on Mr. Monk’s arm, without a word. Nor did Mr. Monk speak till they were out in Palace Yard. “It was not much amiss,” said Mr. Monk ; “but you’ll do better than that yet.”

“Mr. Monk,” said Phineas, “I have made an ass of myself so thoroughly, that there will at any rate be this good result, that I shall never make an ass of myself again after the same fashion.”

“Ah !—I thought you had some such feeling as that, and therefore I was determined to speak to you. You may be sure, Finn, that I do not care to flatter you, and I think you ought to know that, as far as I am able, I will tell you the truth. Your speech, which was certainly nothing great, was about on a par with other maiden speeches in the House of Commons. You have done yourself neither good nor harm. Nor was I desirable that you should. My advice to you now is, never to avoid speaking on any subject that interests you, but never to speak for above three minutes till you find yourself as much at home on your legs as you are when sitting. But do not suppose that you have made an ass of yourself,—that is, in any special degree. Now, good-night.”

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"May I give him your love?"

Phonetic Funn. Chap. xxx. Page 253.

SAINT PAULS.

MAY, 1868.

ALL FOR GREED.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TRIAL.

Nor only the letter came, but the Admiral himself brought it, and at this point nothing could be clearer than the defence. Martin Prévost's letter to Raoul was dated the 18th of October, the day before his death, and ran thus;—

“MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

“I have well considered your request, and I have decided to grant it. Here are the two thousand francs for which you seem to have such pressing need. You most likely exaggerate the use they will be of to you; if not, I shall be glad to have helped you, and if they do serve you, and you repay me, you will have taught me that a kindness is not always thrown away. Hitherto I have found that it did no good whatever, either to the doer or the receiver.

“Yours truly,

“MARTIN PRÉVOST.”

The Juge d'Instruction was so vexed that he tried several means of neutralising the effect of this document;—suggested that it might be forged! but its authenticity was immediately proved. Then he flatly declared that it did not diminish the probability of the prisoner's guilt, for that he might, having received these two thousand francs, have murdered old Prévost in order to obtain more.

Raoul had been forced to avow a part of the real truth, and to admit that this sum of two thousand francs was given to M. Léon Duprez that he might speculate with it! This was tortured into a heavy charge against him, and he was denounced as one of these adventurers of our age, who will “do anything to get money!”

Raoul now confessed that when the sum confided to Léon Duprez

was lost, his position became—to himself—intolerable, for he was no longer indebted to a man who, remembering the service rendered to his own mother by Madame de Morville, requited it voluntarily by a service to the latter's son; he stood indebted to Monsieur Richard Prévost, a man he scarcely knew, and had no particular reason to like, and he could not even reveal the circumstance of the debt owing to the uncle. "I had but one thing for ever before my eyes," said Raoul; "the necessity for saving every sou of my salary, in order one day to be able to relate the facts to Monsieur Richard while returning him his money." In order to do this he had deprived himself of the very necessities of life, and this was his simple reason for taking at night a fourteen miles' walk across the country instead of paying the three francs to the diligence from the station.

Not only did the magistrate refuse to admit this explanation, but it was evident that the avowals of pecuniary embarrassment to which,—however humiliating they were,—Raoul was obliged to have recourse, prejudiced his examiners still more against him. He was, by his own showing, extremely poor, therefore, argued the French judicial mind, capable of anything! It would take a vast deal now to make out his innocence. The Admiral,—who discovered his nephew's real position in all its details for the first time,—behaved admirably, and assured Richard Prévost that the money owing to his uncle should be refunded in a week, the time to write to Paris and go through the formalities of getting the sum cashed through the Post Office. This did something, but still other circumstances were not got rid of; and one fresh circumstance had occurred which looked very ugly indeed for Monsieur de Morville.

It was proved by two or three witnesses that the letter R was written over and over by the Breton between, or by the side of the P's and M's. They were great big capital letters. They were existent on the 25th of April,—the day of the St. Marc,—and they were non-existent on the morning of the 27th, when the Maire went up to la Chapelle à Prosper. Now, a dozen persons remembered Raoul's presence at the fête of the 25th, and his being one of the group to whom the son of the Juge de Paix told the story of the "large capital R's," after which the Maire had said he would go up and "see the whole with his own eyes."

But, worse again than this, a farm labourer who was coming across from Jouzy in the middle of the night of the 26th, and who took the short cut by the path leading near Prosper's shed, was surprised by seeing some one rubbing very hard at the board where the Breton's "images" were known to be drawn. He thought it was the bûcheron himself, and went nearer, but it was not him, it was a bourgeois, and he wore a straw hat.

"Was it like the one the prisoner usually wore?" asked the juge.

"Well;—" the witness couldn't say, "but he rather thought it

was!" It was bright moonlight, but he only saw the man's back. Witness was in a great hurry, for he was going to see his wife who was in service at D——; and who was ill, and he had to be back again at Jouzy by seven or eight o'clock in the morning. This again told sadly against Raoul. Evidently the letters meant Prosper and Morel, and Raoul and Morville; the thing was as clear as day, and all further interrogatories now were time wasted, so at least the judge opined; and he made out the committal of both prisoners, who were both despatched to the Central Jail of the Department, situate in the Chef Lieu.

Six weeks passed by, and towards the middle of June the case was to come on. The Chef lieu du Département was a small town, and could scarcely house all the people who flocked to it to be present at the trial. Besides that, a large number of the principal inhabitants of D—— were forced to attend as witnesses. The Vêrancour family, the Curé, Richard Prévost, the doctor, the Maire, in short most of the notables of D—— had to take up their quarters for a few days, at all events, at the assize town.

The acte d'accusation was made out with an unmistakable animus against Raoul, whilst the Breton was treated as a wretched, weak-witted, superstitious tool in the younger man's hands; and after the trial had lasted three days the impression touching Monsieur de Morville's culpability had not been removed. Monsieur le Curé's persuasion of his innocence had never varied from the moment the letter from old Prévost was found sending him the two thousand francs. He scouted all idea of his not being loudly pronounced guiltless, and obliged poor Vévette to share his belief, and to preserve strength enough to hide her own secret from her father and sister.

It was a lovely June evening, and Félicie and Vévette were sitting at the open window of their little salon in the hotel of the "Armes de Bretagne," when the doctor came in. "Well," cried Vévette, eagerly, "to-day's 'audience' seems to have been very favourable! Papa's testimony, he thinks, produced a real effect. What a shame it is to keep on torturing a man in such a way when they know he is innocent, and that he must be acquitted!"

"Doctor," said Félicie, more calmly, "you look uneasy; has anything fresh occurred? The trial lasted long to-day."

"Yes," rejoined the doctor, "something has happened that is unpleasant. The testimony of the man, Colin Mercier, who saw some one rubbing at the black board behind Prosper's chapel, but did not see who it was, might be got over, for Monsieur Raoul had probability on his side when he said that it would have been a most extraordinary fact that he should be up in the woods at one o'clock in the morning instead of being quietly at home in his bed; but——"

"So then it was at one o'clock in the morning the man was seen rubbing out those great big R's?" interrupted Vévette, with an accent of contempt.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "but that is not all. Raoul's argument was destroyed. For unhappily at eleven o'clock on that very same night Raoul was met by Daniel Leroux, the farrier, coming down the lane from the church at D——, and after exchanging a bon soir with him, Daniel saw him walk on towards the high road and cross it."

"Mon Dieu!" cried Félicie, with a vivacity unusual in her, "Mon Dieu! this is dreadful."

"It is very perplexing," added the doctor thoughtfully, "for this time, you see, he was recognised."

"What did Raoul say to that?" asked Félicie, with anxiety.

"He turned white as a sheet, I am sorry to say, and absolutely refused to answer one other question."

"The case stands thus, then," observed Vévette, who had neither stirred nor spoken; "at one o'clock on the night of the 26th to the 27th, Raoul is now supposed to have been seen erasing those initial letters which point at him, and at eleven on that night he was positively spoken to on the road. That is a strong case against him," she added slowly, and with a curious intensity of look and tone.

"It is so," rejoined the doctor.

Vévette seemed absorbed in her reflections. "As he is not guilty," she said after a pause, and as if speaking to herself, "there is a murderer somewhere,—but who is it?"

"Probably old Prosper alone," remarked the doctor, "and all the rest is in his imagination; but the case is a bad one for Monsieur Raoul, for, unluckily, when you come to have to do with justice, innocence and acquittal are not the same thing."

"And Raoul might be condemned?" said Vévette.

"You take it quietly!" retorted Félicie; "but it is a most horrible thing. And the question is of the life of a man we have known all our lives,—a man of our own class, too!"

"Human life is an awful thing before God, be it whose it may!" murmured Vévette, and there was a solemnity about her that must have struck her two companions had they not been too busy with their own thoughts.

Vévette sat still and silent till the doctor rose to go, and then she rose too, and left the room. It was twilight now, and the moon was just heaving herself slowly up behind the towers of the cathedral. It was a glorious evening. The next morning was the fourth day of the trial, and at ten o'clock as usual the judges took their seats upon the bench. The court was crowded, as it had been on each day. The windows had to be opened on account of the heat, and a long ray of bright sunlight streamed in, and fell upon the crucifix at the extreme end of the long low hall, and just at the President's back.

The prisoners were brought in, and, accompanied by the gendarmes, took their places on the seats allotted for the accused. The Breton looked as he had done all along, a perfect type of illuminated stupidity,

if you can conceive the two things going together. Half of the time he was on his knees, with his bony hands clasped together on his breast, or busy telling a big chaplet of wooden beads, with his wandering eyes glaring out of his gaunt head, casting mute appealing glances at the crucifix. In Raoul there was a great change ; a fearful change since the previous day ; so said those who had been present at the last audience. He was frightfully pale, and there was an air of stern despair about him that chilled those who gazed.

Just as the President was about to declare the day's sitting open, an usher of the court was observed to put a letter into his hands. The judge read it apparently with great attention, and then, as he seated himself, said ;—"In virtue of our discretionary powers we admit Mademoiselle Geneviève de Vêrancour to depose to a fact which bears upon the present so important and so complicated trial. Let her come forward."

At these words Raoul started back as though he had been shot, and leant against the wooden partition which separated the dock from the public. Through the crowd there ran one of those quivering vibrations familiar to all who know the magnetic impulses of crowds, and this was followed by a deathlike stillness, as through the parting waves of the human sea two figures passed, preceded by the usher of the court. It was the silence of awe. Vêvette, simply attired in a plain grey stuff gown, with a little white bonnet, and black veil, came forward, leaning upon the arm of the Curé for support.

"Collect yourself, and do not be alarmed," said the President kindly, as the Curé took off the veil from the sweet face of the girl, who at that moment seemed to have fainted. "Let a chair be brought for the witness."

But she had recovered herself already. "I can stand," she said, in a low but audible tone, and she came one step on, resting her left hand upon the Curé's stout right arm. "I am quite ready."

"Your name, age, and domicile ?" asked the President, with an expression which was almost paternal in spite of his august and terrible functions.

"Marie Angélique Anne Geneviève de Vêrancour ; seventeen last March ; resident at the Château de D——," was the reply, in a low but firm voice.

"You have a deposition to make which Monsieur le Curé of D—— tells us is of great importance to the case under examination ; is that so ?"

The girl trembled convulsively, made a hurried sign of the cross, and as though, at the last moment, losing all her courage, clasped her hands in agony, and turning to the priest, ejaculated ;—"Oh, mon père !"

Raoul dropped upon both knees, buried his head upon his arms crossed upon the bar, and groaned audibly. White, as though every

drop of blood had left her, stiff as though she were a corpse risen out of her coffin, Vévette now stood forward, and in a voice, the singularly penetrating tones of which will be remembered to their dying day by all who heard them, she spoke thus. "Monsieur le President, on the night of the 26th to the 27th of April last, at one o'clock after midnight, Monsieur Raoul de Morville was with me in the pavilion of the garden belonging to my father's house,—the pavilion, the entrance to which is through the door in the so-called 'Rampart,' opening into the lane leading to the church. At a little before twelve he first came into the pavilion, where I had been waiting for him since a little past ten. It was a good deal past one when he left. This, I affirm upon oath."

There ran a hushed murmur through the crowd like the whisper of the awakening wind through leafy trees. Every individual ear and eye were strained towards Mademoiselle de Vêrancour, every individual breath was held. "God in heaven bless the girl!" suddenly burst from the lips of the poor Admiral, down whose bronzed cheeks the tears trickled unconsciously. "She is a hero!"

The President imposed silence on the public, and saying it was necessary to resist all emotion, proceeded with his formal interrogatory. When he asked the accused what he had to say to the statement of the last witness, Raoul raised his head, and cast an involuntary look of such passionate love at Vévette that it stirred the soul of every man and woman there, and then, lowering his eyes to the ground, "Mademoiselle de Vêrancour," said he, "was my dead sister's friend; we have all been brought up together as brother and sisters; she has wished to save my life; but I cannot admit the truth of her depositions."

But at this Vévette rose up, lovingly indignant. All shame was gone, and all girlish indecision. The woman was there fighting for her love, and stepping forward to the table in front of the bench, on which were laid the written accusations, she spoke again. "Monsieur le President," she said, in a clear, sweet voice that rang through the court, "I ask permission to make a detailed statement of facts. We shall see whether Monsieur de Morville will deny what I have to assert. It is true we were brought up together as brother and sister; but we grew to be more; and we had sworn to each other to be one day man and wife. Monsieur de Morville's object in life was to earn honourably what would render it possible for him to ask my father for my hand. I did not know of the hopes he had had of a quicker realisation of this wish. I knew that his uncle the Admiral had obtained for him a position in Paris. When the father of Monsieur de Morville fell suddenly ill, and he returned to D—— on leave, I saw at once that he was very unhappy, and I feared—I can't say what; for I had but one fear, lest something should separate us. We had no means of meeting save in secret, and that was extremely diffi-

cult. He was to return to Paris in a few days ; I was too wretched ! I could not bear it ! I wrote to him and told him to come to the pavilion in the garden at ten or half-past ten at night, where I would meet him. I was sure every one would be gone to bed by that time, and that I could go out without being perceived. I was in the pavilion before half-past ten, and I waited. I heard every hour and half hour strike ;—half-past nine, then ten, then half-past, then eleven, and then half-past eleven ; and then at last he came, and we talked long of all our hopes and fears. It was likely to be our last meeting for we could not say how long ; and we were, and we are, all in the whole world to each other ! At last one o'clock struck ! Everybody knows what a loud deep bell our parish church has. You can hear it miles distant. When I heard that I was frightened, and told him it was time for him to go. We spoke a few more last words and then we parted, and when I got up the terrace steps and went through the dining-room window, the half-hour after one was striking. Ask Monsieur de Morville if he can deny that !” she added, a smile of absolute triumph curling her fevered lips. “ Ask him for the few lines I wrote him. He will have certainly kept them !”

“ Accused, what have you to say ?” repeated the President.

But Raoul was powerless ; crushed by both despair and joy. To have the intensity of poor Vévette's love for him thus proved, and at the same time to feel that were she his wife the next day it would not, in public esteem, restore the bloom to her honour ; this was too much, and coming after so much misery it utterly vanquished him. He had covered his face with his hands, and was sobbing like a child. There were few in the crowd who were not weeping too, at sight of these two poor young lovers, who were trying so hard to see which should sacrifice most to the other.

At last, Monsieur de Morville stood up, and, with quivering features, said, “ Monsieur le President ! I appeal to you not as a judge, but as a man. I cannot answer ! You feel that I have nothing to say !”

“ Then I have !” exclaimed Mademoiselle de Vêrancour, and, turning towards the prisoner—

“ Raoul !” she cried, “ remember that the worst is told. On your life hangs my life, and my honour can only be retrieved by our love. Raoul, for the love of God, and for my sake, speak, and tell all the truth !”

There was a pause, during which you heard how each man held his breath, and then, with downcast eyes and singular embarrassment, Raoul confirmed all that Vévette had said.

“ When did you receive the witness's letter ?” was asked of him.

“ About eight o'clock, at the café. I had but just the time to run across the fields to La Morvillière, speak to Brigitte,—my father's old servant,—make her believe I was gone to bed, and then steal out of the house by the back way, and walk back again to D——. It takes

a good hour and a quarter to go from D—— to our house, and it was striking eleven when I turned into the lane that skirts the kitchen garden of the Château. I stopped to see that there was no one near, and I heard footsteps. I walked down the lane, and Daniel Leroux, the farrier, passed. He said good-night to me, and I answered his greeting. The last stroke of eleven was striking then. I immediately went on. Instead of going to the gate that opens into the garden, I went past it, walked right by Leroux, keeping before him till I reached the high road, there I crossed, and went straight into the woods, watching to see him out of sight. He took to the right hand up the road towards his own house, and when I no longer feared to be seen, I came out from the trees, re-crossed the road, ran down the lane, opened the gate, and in the pavilion found Vè—Mademoiselle Geneviève waiting. All she has said is true," he concluded in an almost inaudible voice. At this moment Raoul's innocence was the innate conviction of every human being present; but there was still a great deal to be elucidated.

"How did you contrive to get your note given to Monsieur de Morville?" inquired the President.

"I gave it to Mère Jubine's daughter Louison," replied Vévette, blushing deeply.

"At what hour?"

"At about four."

"Did you tell her to deliver it directly?"

"Yes; at once, without any delay."

Louise Jubine, who was amongst the witnesses, and had already deposed to some minor detail, was recalled. She was a very fine looking girl, rather over-dressed for her station.

After the preliminary questions, all of which she answered in confirmation of Vévette's deposition, the President addressed her. "If you received that note at four, with charge to deliver it at once, why did you only give it to the accused at past eight?"

Louison hung her head, grew scarlet, twisted her cap-strings round her fingers, and said she had "rather not reply."

"But you must reply," retorted the Judge, sternly. "You are upon oath, and if you don't answer truly, I will send you to prison."

Louison trembled all over, but when the question was again put she stammered out,—

"Because, before taking it to Monsieur Raoul, I gave it to Monsieur Richard Prévost." A strange murmur arose from the crowd at this announcement.

"Why did you do this?" inquired the Judge. "Tell the whole truth, girl, or beware of the consequences."

"Because," she answered, with a little less difficulty, "Monsieur Richard had told me, ever since Monsieur Raoul's return from Paris, always to tell him everything that went on between Monsieur Raoul

and the Château, and particularly whatever concerned Monsieur Raoul and Mademoiselle Vévette."

"And you were so intimate with Monsieur Richard that you implicitly obeyed all his commands?" added the Judge.

The girl put her handkerchief to her face, and her reply was inaudible. Monsieur Richard was now called as a witness and sworn in. He looked ghastly. He said the heat and his long-continued state of ill health made him quite faint. The President ordered a chair to be brought for the witness. When the question was put to him, WHY he had given to Louise Jubine the directions she had stated, he said he was absolutely ignorant of the whole thing, and that Louison had invented the entire story. And so saying, he attempted to make light of it, and smile, but his lips stuck to his teeth as though they were gummed, and the smile wouldn't come.

All this time the bûcheron had remained immovable, muttering his prayers, telling his beads, and gazing at the crucifix. "Prosper Morel!" said the President, "do you still persist in declaring that Raoul de Morville was not your accomplice?"

"I don't know him!" reiterated the old man, with a gesture of impatience. "I have said so all along.

"Then who was your accomplice?"

"I will not answer that," mumbled the woodcutter. "I murdered my master. Let me go to my doom in peace. Let me go to my expiation!"

"Prosper Morel!" suddenly exclaimed the Curé, in a loud, solemn tone, and the prisoner rose to his feet mechanically, and stood stiff, as a soldier at "attention." "Prosper Morel!" he repeated, "I told you to distrust your own heart, and to beware of revenge; but the truth must out. You must speak, for your silence will cause a second murder to be committed."—The Breton shook and shrunk into himself.—"Prosper Morel! as you hope at your last hour for forgiveness from Him,"—and the priest stretched forth his arm and pointed at the figure of Christ over the tribunal,—"*tell the whole truth now! The innocent must be saved. Who was it tempted you to murder Martin Prévost?*"

The old man clutched his beads with a tighter grasp, and as though compelled by a power he dared not resist. "Monsieur Richard!" he said, in a hollow tone, and then took to telling his beads again, as though he were telling them for his very soul.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SENTENCE.

THE whole situation was altogether changed by the arrest and imprisonment of Richard Prévost, which ensued immediately on Prosper's

confession. After the first few preliminary questions had been put to the woodcutter and to his newly-discovered accomplice, the proceedings of that day were suddenly brought to a close, and the trial was suspended for two or three days, while a fresh act of indictment was made out, which placed Monsieur Richard by the side of the other two prisoners, accused of the murder of his uncle, Martin Prévost. During this short lapse of time poor Vévette had other terrible battles to fight; but nothing daunted her now, and she fought all her enemies stoutly,—even her father and sister. As might be supposed, Mademoiselle Félicie's virtuous resentment passed all description, and she was for adopting the most stringent measures. The Vicomte had decreed the immediate removal of his erring child to her convent at Poitiers, in spite of the protests and supplications of the Curé of D——. The Admiral proposed that a first cousin of his own, an elderly widow lady, inhabiting a country house in the environs of the Chef Lieu, and proverbial for the severity of her morals and piety, should take charge of Mademoiselle de Vérancour till her marriage with Monsieur de Morville. "She shall never marry him," had replied the Vicomte.

When this was repeated to Vévette, she merely sat down and wrote a note to her father, of which she sent a copy to her sister also. It only contained these words;—"You have forced me into rebellion, when all I asked was humbly to implore your pardon. Marry Raoul I will. I would have married him at the foot of the scaffold. If any obstacle be put in the way of this union, and of my possibility of doing my duty and ensuring his happiness, I will proclaim the betrothal of my sister to Richard Prévost in all its details. I am driven to this. I would rather die than do it, but I will not sacrifice Raoul." The answer to this was, that the unnatural and abandoned girl might do what she chose, and go whither she listed; that her father cast her off, and desired never again to hear her name.

Félicie's secret was saved, and the Admiral, accompanied by the Curé, placed Vévette under the care of the Baronne de Préville, who for the time being promised to be as a mother to her.

The trial was resumed three days after its suspension, and in the corner of the seat devoted to the accused was now seated Monsieur Richard, a miserable object truly; so wizened and shrivelled that twenty years seemed to have passed over him; and as he sat, with his head propped upon a pillow, he perpetually smelt at a bottle of eau-de-Cologne, and seemed for ever trying to persuade himself that, rich as he was, no harm could in the end come to him. His defence of himself was so utterly weak and silly, he so evidently broke down the instant he was seized in the pitiless machinery of legal investigation, that morally his guilt was plain at once, and—said the technical men—"he deprived the case of all its interest from the outset."

Raoul's position was now a totally altered one, and his whole bearing

showed it. He knew his innocence was triumphantly proved, and he could afford to feel, if not pity for the two wretched men between whom he stood, at all events awe at what was likely to be the judgment for their crime. The aspect of old Prosper had also undergone a change. All traces of insanity had disappeared, but a terrible war was being waged by the Breton between his gratified revenge and his strong desire not to imperil his immortal soul. Every now and then a glance of tiger-like fierceness shot out from his eyes, and went scorching over his fellow-culprit, to be suddenly stoned for by convulsive mutterings of prayers.

The story told by Prosper Moral was simply this ;—His master had, upon the last complaint made against him by the Maire for poaching, discharged him with such exceeding harshness, that he had vowed to be revenged. Besides, he had no earthly means of gaining his bread ; and he was frightened past all reasoning by the prospect of dying of hunger in a ditch. Well ; his old master gave him a respite, and consented to keep him on “for this once ;” but he, Prosper, did not forgive his master, and his fright endured, for he felt he might be sent adrift at any hour. Of this state of his mind “Monsieur Richard,” as he always called him, took advantage ; and only a very few days after old Prévost had agreed to give the bûcheron another trial, the young man tempted him to his fall.

The following was the mode of perpetration of the deed :—On the night of the 18th of October the bûcheron, who was lying in wait in the kitchen garden just beyond the courtyard, was introduced by Richard Prévost into the latter’s own room, while Madame Jean was giving his supper to Nicholas down in the kitchen. Nothing could be easier, and concealment was perfect. Monsieur Richard pretexted one of his feverish headaches ;—said good-night to his uncle,—who was, as usual, busy with accounts,—and retired to his own room, where he had concealed Prosper.

The only little circumstance that was at all out of the common way was elicited from Madame Jean in her testimony as to what had occurred on that night. Monsieur Richard, she said, invariably slept without a night-light, having on a table by his bed-side a candle and a plentiful supply of lucifer-matches. On the night of the 18th, however, he said he should like a night-lamp, for that the pain in his head was so severe that he might, perhaps, not have strength to strike a light, should he want one during the night. A lamp was accordingly placed on the chimney-piece, and prevented Richard Prévost from being in the dark, all alone with the future murderer of his uncle.

The bûcheron’s description of the hours that then elapsed was that he himself had slept a good part of the time, but that, whenever he woke up, he saw Monsieur Richard in his arm-chair, sitting up reading by the light of the little lamp. About five o’clock, he said, the atmo-

sphere grew chilly, and Monsieur Richard shivered very much, and got up and took a bottle from a cupboard, and gave him,—Prosper Morel,—a glass of something to drink, which made him feel reckless of anything or anybody. It was neither brandy nor rum ;—he knew the taste of both ; it was a white liquor, very strong, but very bitter. Monsieur Richard then softly opened his door, beckoned Prosper on, and they crossed over the passage to the lumber-room, where, with the implements the Breton had in his pockets, they, without making the least noise, took out the window-pane. That done,—which was the work of a quarter of an hour,—they went back into Monsieur Richard's room, and waited till Madame Jean should have got up and gone out to mass, and Nicholas have set forth on the errand to the post-office which Monsieur Richard knew had been given him over-night. A few minutes before half-past six the house was empty of every one save Martin Prévost. When they heard the house-door close on Madame Jean, Monsieur Richard unlocked his room-door, let out Prosper Morel, and, pointing with his finger to the room upstairs, whispered these words ; “ Whatever ready money there is in the caisse shall be yours.”

“ And then I went upstairs and did it,” said the old man ; “ and when all was over I stamped three times on the floor,—as we had agreed I should do ;—and Monsieur Richard came up, but he only came to the door. He would not come in. He pointed to a small deal box standing on the drawers. I brought it to him. Then he said I must empty the large open drawer of the caisse, over which ‘Monsieur’ had been standing when I struck him. I did so. He put, as I have already stated, all the gold and notes and pocket-books into the deal box, and gave it to me, and then, too, he showed me the shoes, and I shut ‘Monsieur’s’ door, and we went downstairs, and I got away.” The bûcheron said he supposed Monsieur Richard had gone to bed directly after he had seen him,—Prosper,—safely on the other side of the courtyard.

To all this Richard Prévost opposed only the weakest system of defence, and so utterly miserable was his whole attitude, that upon the face of the eminent barrister appointed to defend him, and lured down from Paris at a moment's notice, and at almost the cost of his own weight in gold, you might read the blankest disappointment, and something nearly akin to disgust. His sagacity, however, quickly told him that on his own client could he rest no hopes of success ; but that on the eccentricity of the Breton's character must depend his last chance of obtaining a mitigation of his client's fate. So he endeavoured to prove the absolute madness of the woodcutter, and built the entire system of the defence on the fact of Prosper having been the only murderer, and all the rest being simply hallucination. But this did not now suit the old man's humour : he had been brought to tell the whole story, and now that it was told, he strenuously

resisted every attempt to impugn the thorough accuracy of his depositions.

"I was discharged by the Juge d'Instruction as innocent," said he. "I had nothing more to fear. I was free! If the truth, and the fear of God's justice had not driven me to it, I needed never to be where I now am. For the first few weeks after the deed, I did not seem to mind it much,—only I did not like seeing anything that reminded me of 'Monsieur.' I lived up yonder, only coming down into D—— to church. But I took to getting sleepless at nights; and in all my dreams, when I did sleep, I saw my old master, and he pursued me and haunted me. He said he could not get up, and I have sometimes felt him crawling about my feet, and catching hold of them, and asking me to help him to get up. . . . Well, then, the judgment of God came, and on All Souls'-day of last year He put it into Monsieur le Curé's mouth to say the words that were to save my soul. Since then you know all. I have no more to say. I murdered my master, and now, for the love of our dear Lord Jesus, let me go to my doom; let me expiate what I have done, and secure the salvation of my soul!" Beyond this he would not go, but every one felt he had told the truth, and all the rhetoric of the French bar would have been powerless to alter their conviction.

When the presiding Judge put it to the jury whether the three accused were guilty of the murder of Martin Prévost, those twelve wise citizens returned to the box after a five minutes' absence, and their foreman gave as a verdict that, as to the accused De Morville, not so much as a shade of suspicion rested upon him; that, as to the other two, they found Richard Prévost and Prosper Morel guilty of the wilful murder of Martin Prévost, but with "extenuating circumstances!"

Whether these wonderful "circumstances," inseparable, as it would now seem, from the verdict delivered upon every difficult case in France, were really attributable to the complications of the trial itself, which passed the understanding of the jury, or to the eloquence of the defendant's counsel, was never known.—That eloquent pleader said the whole was owing to him, and he was paid in proportion.

The sentence was, of course, penal servitude for life.

When the sentence was passed, Richard Prévost had fainted, and had to be carried away apparently lifeless, and the Breton dropped his heads from his hands, and stood transfixed. When the gendarmes touched him and forced him to move, he clasped his hands as if in agony, and went his way between the two guardians of the law, muttering the "*De profundis*" over and over, with the convulsive ardour of sheer despair.

CHAPTER XXV.

CONCLUSION.

DURING the few days that the bûcheron remained in prison previous to his removal to his permanent place of detention, he was quite inconsolable, and inaccessible even to the arguments of the Curé who attended him constantly. His one fixed idea being that the sacrifice of blood was alone valuable, and that by his death alone could he expiate his crime, Prosper regarded himself as doomed to eternal punishment through the unbelief of his judges. The notion that, from sheer impiety, the earthly umpires of his fate had refused to help him to the salvation of his soul, so filled the Breton with rage, that every now and then he gave it vent in the most fiercely gloomy denunciations against all his countrymen in general, but in particular against those of the spot where he had sinned and been sentenced. It was of no use that the Curé sought to persuade him that, by submission, he might expiate his crime; and that the long-enduring silent horrors of penal servitude might be turned to an even better account than death. It was all of no use. Death was his chimera,—his passion,—and he despaired because he had been deprived of it.

The two last days, however, of his stay in prison he had become more calm, had quietly partaken of his prison fare; and, when told that four-and-twenty hours later he would be “translated” to his final destination, he had asked pardon of his jailer for all the trouble he had given him. When his cell was opened the next morning he was found dead. He had hung himself.

The means by which he achieved his end were not easy. Dressing himself in his upper clothing, he had taken off his shirt and twisted it into a thick rope. He had contrived to draw his bed under the kind of square loophole which served him as a window, and heaping table and chair upon the bed, had been able to reach to the iron bars, round which he managed to knot his newly-invented cord. The rest was not difficult. It merely required the overthrow of the chair and table. Both were found upon the ground. The old man had accomplished his purpose, and had carried out what he believed to be the Law. In his dark superstitious mind the fact of the punishment constituted everything, and in his craving to be redeemed by paying the price of blood, he wholly lost sight of the sin of self-murder.

As to Richard Prévost, it was impossible to execute his sentence, for he never left his bed again, and lingered two months in the jail-infirmiry. He shrunk from the Curé of D——, but longed for doctors, for he fancied they could make him live; and he loved life so dearly! It was all one that life was to be infamy. It was life!—That it was to be poverty, labour, silence, solitude,—no matter; it was to be life!—To go on breathing, feeding, sleeping, and waiting for the

next day! Dr. Javal came from Cholet, and examined him, and said there was no need for him to die; and Richard caught at this, and would have kissed Dr. Javal's hands; and the old doctor from D——, with a queer sort of expression on his face, observed, that there might be no need for him to die, but that the great difficulty was that, somehow or other, he couldn't live. "People will die sometimes," said he, "although we think they ought to remain alive." After passing through a species of typhus-fever, and jaundice, and then a low fever that resembled ague, Richard Prévost was obliged to hear that he had not many days to live, and that he had better wind up his accounts with the other world. This announcement terrified him less than had been supposed, for his strength was so exhausted that the tight grip itself with which he had held life was relaxing, and he would probably let existence go without any very great struggle.

And so it was. When "the time came," he had no longer any power left wherewith to retain what he had ceased to be able to use, or, indeed, to comprehend. He sent to St. Philbert for the Abbé le Roy, and confessed to him. The strong piety, the robust faith of the Curé of D—— were too much for him; he dreaded them, and foresaw comfort in the small practices and small prayers, in the medals, beads, and images of the narrow-minded priest of St. Philbert. He wanted some one to hush-up his conscience and tell him "not to be afraid;" and this he got. The Abbé le Roy, indeed, called his end an edifying one; and, from the way in which he spoke of it, very nearly ran the risk of inspiring naughty boys with the notion that crime was a fine thing if it necessarily brought about such sweet humility in the departing criminal. Richard Prévost confessed. Yes, confessed everything! and did not seem to find any particular hardship therein.

When all was told, of course the Abbé le Roy impressed upon his penitent the necessity of making public whatever was not of a private nature in his confession; so that, while the name of Félicie was never guessed at by a living creature, the details of the crime Richard had instigated were fully revealed. Every word the Breton had spoken was strictly true. Richard Prévost had tempted him to murder the old man, and the murder was committed precisely as Prosper Morel had stated. The one thing alone about which Richard really did seem to care was Raoul de Morville's forgiveness, which, of course, was generously granted. He said he could not withstand what the circumstances of Raoul's letter prompted him to do; and once that letter in the hands of the Juge d'Instruction, things took their own course, and Richard Prévost believed himself safe.

He had heard with terror of the "capital R's" drawn by Prosper amongst his other figures, and resolved to invent some means of destroying them;—for he thought they indicated an intention on

Prosper's part to accuse him. He had naturally kept watch on Raoul, —and enlisted Louison for that purpose into his service ;—for he never knew what might occur ; and when he read Vévette's note to the latter, he,—Richard,—felt certain that there must be two or three hours in the night for the employment of which Raoul could never account. By this he profited ; stole out of his own house by the back way, went up to the bûcheron's shed, found him asleep, effaced all trace of the fatal letters, and believed no one had seen him ; but persuaded himself that, had any one done so, it would be easy to turn suspicion towards Monsieur de Morville.

When Richard Prévost had ended his terrible confession, the Abbé le Roy began to indulge in descriptions of the various and irresistible forms which "the demon" takes in order to lead men astray ; and by sheer force of habit, he warned his penitent, as if there were any further opportunities of transgression lying before him. Above all, he was hard upon Satan, for having assumed the shape of the unwitting, and so pious, and well brought up Mademoiselle Félicie ! "It is always thus !" said he ; "it is by that most unholy, most abominable of all passions, love, that the demon plots the fall of men. If you had not been driven to madness by your unhappy uncle's refusal to allow you to aspire to the object of your choice, you would never——"

The dying man stopped him. "Pardon, mon père," he whispered, laying his cold clammy fingers on the priest's arm, "I am innocent there ;—quite innocent ; it was not for Mademoiselle Félicie ; I could have done without her ! but I saw that my uncle might live a long time, and that I might die before he did even ; that, at best, I should probably be long past my youth when I got his money ; and that seemed to me so very, very sad, so unjust, that it became unbearable ; and I was tempted, as I have told you. Indeed, that is the truth, the entire truth. Not Mademoiselle Félicie ! no, no ! I really could have done without her !" And that was the truth, and the Abbé le Roy was glad that it was so.

And so the cause of sin was not love, but greed. Impatience ! impatience to enjoy !

One person,—the only one from whom no secret could be kept,—fully confirmed Richard Prévost's statement, and that person was Madame Jean. "Seigneur Jésus !" said she, when the priest of St. Philbert talked with her over her deceased young master. "I should never have suspected Monsieur Richard of loving any one. I won't swear that he was capable of becoming a saint for money, but I would have sworn that he was incapable of committing a crime for love !" Now Madame Jean herself did, four weeks after Richard Prévost's demise, marry the Brigadier de Gendarmerie, and she gave as a reason that, "you couldn't tell whom to trust !" which enigmatical sentence was interpreted by the evil-minded into meaning that

Madame Jean was afraid, if she did not marry the gendarme, of being murdered by him in order that he might steal her money.

As to Mademoiselle Félicie, her situation became promptly a satisfactory one,—which was gratifying, considering what a practical, right-thinking, meritorious young person she was, with so well-regulated a mind! “All in such perfect equilibrium,” said the public. She went, immediately after the trial, to stay at Tours, with the worldly-minded relative who had been in the habit of sending her and her sister Paris newspapers. There she completely enslaved a stout, good-looking, middle-aged colonel, almost as well-born as he was intellectually common-place, and possessed of fortune sufficient to render the post of mistress of his house an agreeable one. With him Félicie de Vérancour contracted a marriage which was a model for all proper and sensible marriages between well-born people. No hint of her so nearly becoming Madame de Châteaubréville with the thousands a year of the then unsuspected criminal to spend, and for which, had the position been achieved, the whole department would have courted her;—no hint of this will ever, believe me, get abroad. Félicie will always, as she does now, go into that society which deems itself the best, and in it she will continue to be esteemed and honoured, being at the same time only just enough pitied, to prevent her being envied, for her close connection with that blameable young woman her sister, whom, to the end of time, Félicie will with a shudder of mourning virtue style “that unfortunate creature!”

And what of Vévette? No opposition of any kind being offered by the Vicomte, the necessary formalities were accomplished, and Raoul and Vévette became man and wife, the ceremony being performed by the Curé of D——, and the Admiral being the chief witness. The Curé made them no discourse upon the occasion, he only blessed them from the depths of his very heart, and solemnly told them to be all in all to each other.

The Admiral immediately offered a home to Raoul and his wife, until he could find some employment for the former. They all proceeded to Paris, taking with them Monsieur de Morville the elder, whose unconscious state saved him from all the miseries which had fallen on those nearest to him. The Admiral's means were not large, but he was respected, and had influence. He soon obtained for his nephew the post of vice-consul in one of the Spanish Republics of South America. It was an unhealthy place, where no man of any value would go, but where, if he could contrive to preserve life, fortune might be honestly made by a clever enterprising man. Of course Raoul accepted, and so did Vévette, and they went forth together hand in hand, serene and grave, trustful in Providence, and convinced that total unselfishness alone, and passionate devotion to another, can sweeten the solemnity of life.

In the world they left behind them, both were severely judged.

After the first emotion was over, the public unanimously condemned poor Vévette, and the masculine part of the community were angrily taken to task by all their female relatives if they allowed an expression of interest or compassion for her to escape them. "What an example for Julie or Marie, or Catherine or Louise!" That was the argument used, and it never failed of its effect; and the brow-beaten male, whenever it was applied to him, hung his head and felt small; and so poor Vévette came to be regarded everywhere as a black, black sheep, and in one heart only, in that of the Curé of D——, will she for ever remain a "ewe lamb."

If in ten or fifteen years Monsieur and Madame de Morville,—as is very possible,—return from their tropical exile wealthy, and with the renown of excellent services attaching to Raoul's name, they will be what is termed "well received," and perform the irksome function which is described as "going everywhere," but "Society" will be on its guard against any intimate adoption of them; and the institution called in France *La Famille* will regard them as a menace, for Pater and Mater-families will cordially unite in holding up their hands at sight of this erring couple, who, not content with loving, went and married for love.

That is the real crime; the mere love is to be got over. Here and there a broken heart—voilà tout! No much harm therein; but to go marrying for love;—oh! no!

"What would become of us all," would cry Society in France, "if the matrimonial association were once to be established on the all-for-love principle!"

THE IRISH CHURCH DEBATE.

THERE are manifestly two points of view, distinctly different one from the other, under which the great debate on the Irish Church Establishment is regarded by the public; that, namely, which does in truth affect the Irish Church, and that which touches the position of her Majesty's Ministers. We will frankly acknowledge that, in our opinion, those two views of what was to be achieved by the debate were as distinctly visible to the eyes of Mr. Gladstone and his supporters as they are to those of the public; and we are disposed even to go somewhat further than this in our agreement with certain supporters of the existing Government, and to acknowledge that, of the two causes for the debate which we have stated, that which we have named the first may probably have been regarded by those who originated and conducted the debate as being, on the special occasion in question, only subsidiary to the other. It is, indeed, natural that this should have been so in the minds of all eager and earnest politicians. Whether the Irish Church Establishment shall stand or fall is doubtless a matter of much more moment than the life or death of any ministry. But the life of the Irish Church did not depend on the debate, whereas the life of the ministry did. The position of the Irish Church is a political question than which none at the present moment can be of greater moment, not only in reference to the condition of Ireland, but in regard to the condition of men's minds on the subject of all Church matters,—whether the Church is to be or is not to be subordinate to parliamentary discretion as to its status in these dominions. But we may assert that the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment was a foregone conclusion in the minds of all liberal politicians before this debate was commenced or planned; and we may perhaps venture to express our opinion that it has been almost equally a foregone conclusion in the minds of those who are not liberal, and who would defend the Irish Church to the last gasp of their eloquence and the last nib of their pen if such defence were any longer feasible. Men have known that the Irish Church Establishment was doomed. It was but the other day that an Irish bishop whispered in our ears that, if this or that had been done, the Establishment would have been saved for another ten years! That was the opinion of an earnest friend,—but of a friend who knew that it was dying. The Irish Church has been as a tree dead and waiting the axe, of which men have said, now for many days, that it should no longer cumber the

ground. But we in England are slow in such movements. A tree must be very dead indeed,—absolutely dead,—before we raise the axe against it. And when it be thus dead, the cutting of it down becomes to us always a matter of party contest. And then, the thing to be done being a certainty,—a foregone conclusion,—the spirit with which it is done depends upon the need for a party fight rather than on the merits of the thing for which we are fighting.

We insist upon this at the present moment because a complaint of factious opposition has been raised against Mr. Gladstone and his supporters,—not only by Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues, whence it was natural that such accusation should come,—but by Liberals also, such as Earl Grey, in his letter to Mr. Bright, who has seemed on this occasion to ignore the necessity for party fighting in the British Parliament. When has such fighting not been necessary? Is there a man living who knew aught of what was doing in 1866, and who did not know that the Reform debates were a debate for power,—a fight as to which party should sit on which side of the House of Commons? The question in debate may be one of more or less urgency. The debate on a corn-law, when a people is starving, is one of absolute urgency; and in such a case factious opposition,—an opposition conducted for party purposes,—would be incredibly wicked. Consequently the opposition to Sir Robert Peel when he was about to repeal the corn-laws at the time of the Irish famine was not factious, was not a party opposition. The men who divided against him in the House of Commons were the small remnant of the House who still believed in the corn-laws as being good for the country at large. The debate on the old Reform Bill, when London was in arms and the country thoroughly aroused, was one of such urgency that party opposition was no longer possible; and therefore, in 1831, party opposition was at an end. But subsequent Reform Bills have been different in their nature, and have been fair subjects for party fights. The same may now be said of the Irish Church. The condition of Ireland is of all public matters the most urgent at the present moment, and the Church Establishment in Ireland is no doubt the salient point in Irish matters. Nevertheless it cannot be held that because Fenianism has been more or less rampant, therefore the Irish Church Establishment must be abolished now, on the spur of the moment,—as it was necessary to abolish the corn-laws when the people were dying. But for that very reason,—because the urgency is less,—the question is one fit for a party contest.

We wonder whether Earl Grey had forgotten, when in his letter to Mr. Bright he deprecated Mr. Gladstone's movement, that the country is keen to know who are to be its rulers,—is specially anxious to know who is to be its chief ruler. When men who at heart are moderate, and who wish to be reasonable in their political aspirations, talk of measures as being all-important as in opposition to men, they

seem to forget that the comfort and utility and easy working of all government depend very greatly on the trust of those who are governed in the men who govern them. We may say that if Lord Westmeath and Mr. Whalley were put up to lead in the Lords and in the Commons, the country would be very uneasy, even though the two Houses should submit themselves to such leaders. We all know that the Houses would not so submit themselves, and that such leading is impossible. But the argument is the same in reference to Mr. Disraeli and Lord Malmesbury,—or to Mr. Gladstone and Lord Russell. This leadership of which we speak is matter of extreme moment to the country at large. Our Prime Minister is to us our ruling spirit for the time. To a man whose political feelings are hot within him, it is a matter of daily anxiety that the leader in whom he believes should be the leading man. And to such a man, when he believes also that his own party possesses an undoubted majority, not only in the House of Commons, but in the country, it comes to be an absolute wrong, an injury that afflicts him hourly, that he, having found the way to be in sympathy with the majority of his countrymen, should be subject to the rule of those who are excluded from such sympathy.

Of course the question remains, as to the side in politics to which the sympathy of the majority belongs. It is open to argument that Mr. Disraeli is the minister who, of all ministers possible in England, is and would be the most popular and the most trusted. In opposition to such argument there is the only fact to which we can trust for showing us that he is not so regarded. He does not command a majority of the House of Commons. During the two last sessions of Parliament he and his party have enjoyed ascendancy, although, as has been well known, the majority of the House of Commons have sat on the benches opposite to him. How and why this has been so we will not now repeat. We trust that the stories of the Cave and the Tea-room may form episodes in Parliamentary history from which the historian may be able to draw useful lessons. But we maintain that it had become especially necessary, not simply for the good of Mr. Gladstone and his immediate followers, but for the sake of the liberal side in English politics generally, that it should be ascertained before a general election took place what is the state of the present House,—so that constituencies might know what men would follow what leaders. We think that the country is not content to be ruled by Mr. Disraeli. We think that the country would be content to be ruled by Mr. Gladstone. We acknowledge readily that this is a matter of opinion, in which we may be wrong or right. Whether we are wrong or right nothing but a general election can show. But we feel quite certain that the liberal leaders in the House were right in taking the earliest possible opportunity of showing us what was the relative strength of the two parties in the House at the present moment.

Measures, not men, would be a very good cry, if we could have our measures direct from Heaven; but, seeing that we have to look to men for our measures,—not only for such great measures as those which the country can carry even against a party in power, and which come up perhaps once in twenty years, but also for those small measures which, though they do not stir our pulses, are by their frequency of equal importance to us,—seeing that these things must be in the hands of our Parliamentary leaders, we are above all things anxious that Parliament should be led by men in whom we have confidence. To take gifts from Greeks, to expect good things from unwilling donors, to look for real reform from a party of politicians who do not,—who cannot,—love reform, is not satisfactory. We, the Liberals, have fought our Parliamentary battles badly of late. We acknowledge so much. We have been stiff-necked, too confident in our power and numbers, impatient of control, awkward, and forgetful of old Parliamentary lessons. Of these faults Mr. Disraeli has enjoyed the results, and we acknowledge that we grudge them to him. We do not think that the country intended that he should be its Prime Minister, and we do think that the sooner he ceases to be so the better the country will like it. That being a plain and important issue, to be tried only by one process,—by a process known and common,—we regard the charge of factious fighting in the late debate as fatuous and beside the mark. We desire to be factious, if it be factious to support that faction or side in politics which is supported by a decided majority of our countrymen, and to strive by all fighting that is fair and constitutional to place that side or faction in the position which it is entitled to hold.

No doubt such issue may be raised on a matter that is unworthy, or in a manner that is unfair. In all such battles it should be the object of the political party that is struggling for victory to achieve something beyond party victory,—something with the victory, something that shall help the good cause. We have always thought that a proposition to the House of Commons for a vote of want of confidence in ministers should, if possible, be avoided as being in itself barren. It may become expedient that the issue shall be tried after this barren fashion;—but in that it is barren, it is to be regretted. The House of Commons in its great struggles moves necessarily so slowly, and its strength for work is consumed for so long a period by the energy wanted for a good stand-up fight, that it is always well that something should be done in the fighting; some evil thing brought nearer to its grave, some good thing assisted towards its birth; some progress done beyond that of deciding who are to be the doers. Can any one deny that such was achieved in the debate which went on from the 80th of March to the 8rd of April? We have been told over and over again that it was the duty of Mr. Gladstone, if he desired that the liberal side of the House should try a fall with

the Government, to move for a vote of want of confidence. He has moved for such a vote, and has carried it; but he has also, at the same time, taken, not the first,—by no means the first,—but the chief and most efficacious step towards a great reform. It is vain to say that because the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment may probably not be carried in this session,—may possibly not be carried by this Parliament,—that therefore the movement will have been futile, and that nothing will have been done. Do we not all know how these things go, and how great is the efficacy of a decision given by a full House of Commons after a prolonged debate? Does not every note we hear, whether of triumph or of wailing, tell us that the blow has been stricken, and that the thing is accomplished, whether it be for good or for evil? Does any existing clerical commoner now look forward to become a peer as an Irish bishop? Is there a hope left on the one side, or a fear on the other? Do men doubt now that any new Queen's speech made by this Government or by that would recommend to Parliament the "settlement" of the question of the Irish Church? And yet we are told that because this debate has taken place in a moribund Parliament, that it has been of itself nothing, and that its purpose has simply been that of faction. The position of the Irish Church had become the question of the day, and it was necessary that it should be decided. And there was another question,—whether Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues were so supported by the House of Commons as to enable them to carry on the Government. That also has been decided. The very largeness of the majority by which these questions have been answered has in itself been the strongest proof of the propriety of the issue which has been raised.

But there has been another accusation made against the opposition;—that the question of the disestablishment of the Irish Church has been introduced to the House with indecent haste. "This question," said Mr. Disraeli, "having been brought before the House and the country somewhat suddenly, as all will admit, the Government had to consider what was the proper mode in which to encounter it." He tells us again, immediately afterwards, that the question has been brought forward "under circumstances, as it appears to us, of precipitation," and that it is a question "which attracts and even alarms the public and the House." He speaks afterwards of the want of intimation that the subject was to be brought forward, and is aghast that Parliament should be invited to repeal the solemn muniments of the Act of Union at eight days' notice. Of all accusations this is really the most absurd. For years past the public have been prepared for the coming measure by speeches in Parliament, by newspaper articles, by pamphlets, and by that long system of preparatory skirmishing, without which no great political or ecclesiastical change has a chance of finding itself carried in

England. The note of warning has been sounded daily for the last ten years, till it has grown to be a conviction in the mind of every man that the disestablishment of the Irish Church is simply a question of time. And we would ask Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues whether it has generally been considered the duty of an opposition to give notice of their movements to the Government, as it is the undoubted duty of the Government to give notice to Parliament of the measures which they intend to propose? The details of all great measures must come before our Parliament from the hands of Government,—as must the details of this measure before it can become law,—and it is of course essential that such details shall have the consideration, not only of members of Parliament, but also of the public, before they can be passed and placed in the book of statutes. But we have never heard that any such duty rested on the opposition. If the proposition of any independent member be too crude, the ready answer is in the refusal of the House to be burdened at length with hearing it. But to complain of precipitancy in regard to a proposition which has been before the country for many years, and for accepting which a large majority of the House of Commons shows itself to be prepared, does appear to be somewhat vain.

There has, too, been much throwing of unnecessary stones. When such stones come from glass-houses, how can they be efficacious for any hostile purpose? Some letter of Mr. Gladstone's was quoted by Mr. Hardy, from which it was apparent that Mr. Gladstone, when he wrote it, three years since, did not think that the Irish Church question would receive its solution so quickly as it now appears likely that it will do. What the letter really was no one, it seems, knows, as it has not been seen, nor is it forthcoming. Mr. Gladstone, however, owns that some such letter was written, and that since the writing of it he has changed his opinion. Have no statesmen changed their opinions in other matters? Did Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Hardy feel a matured confidence in household suffrage three years before they introduced the measure to Parliament? Was there no precipitancy there?—precipitancy even on the part of Government? Were we prepared by the occupants of the Treasury Bench for household suffrage, by a long and cautious notice, before they asked the House to assent to it? There was not even eight days' notice before the House was told what it was to expect. We think but little of such charges of inconsistency against statesmen, knowing that all useful politicians must have elastic minds, capable of continued and ever fresh education,—of varying capacity, indeed, in this matter,—and that no leader in Parliament can afford to nail his colours to the mast. But such charges made from one side must be answered by recrimination from the other. Whose patience could suffice to endure in silence charges of inconsistency from Mr. Hardy, and of bitterness of invective from Mr. Disraeli?

We assert, too, in reply to that accusation of suddenness, that the whole of this session and much of the work of former sessions have been the customary preludes to the proposition which has been before the House, and to the resolutions which are now to be moved in Committee. Mr. Maguire brought the whole state of Ireland before the House of Commons as soon after the meeting of Parliament as it was possible, and then, also, there was a long debate. We think that the upshot of that debate was by no means favourable to Mr. Maguire's assertions. It seemed to us at that time that the speech of Mr. Lowe, though it was characterised by that tone of contempt for the masses of the people which has now become the plainest mark of the man, was in essentials nearer to the truth than any other then made. Mr. Maguire, no doubt, carried with him in the debate a large section of the Liberal party; but he did not succeed, even with the aid of the Liberal party, in proving that Ireland is suffering much wrong,—other than that which is incidental to this Church question. There was some slight movement of public opinion at the time; but it could not be shown that American Fenianism was proof of any general discontent in Ireland. The English people could not be made to believe that facilities for emigration,—in other words, an opened pathway from the crowded old world to the free wealth of a world that is still new,—constituted an injury either to those who went or to those who remained behind. Rents punctually paid, wages rising throughout the country, and a people refusing to rebel when rebellion was brought to their door, were not symptoms of hardship or of discontent. Two Irish Secretaries in two successive sessions had brought forward, but had failed, from want of urgency in the matter, to carry out, certain measures for protecting tenants in the outlay of capital on their holdings. That of the Tory Irish Secretary, then Lord Naas, now Earl Mayo, was the better proposition of the two, as it would have enabled the tenant to claim compensation for certain improvements made even without the landlord's sanction; whereas that of Mr. Fortescue confined such claims to improvements to which the landlord had given his assent. The unreasonableness, we may almost say the absurdity, of those who in their endeavour to prescribe for the material grievances of Ireland have gone much beyond such moderate propositions as these, is the strong proof that no greater measures of relief are needed. We need only allude to the prescription for Irish malady which has been offered to us by a man so great as Mr. Mill, and to the manner in which that prescription has been treated by Lord Dufferin, to show the point which men will reach when they attempt to find for a nation or for a people a royal road to prosperity.

Nothing but industry will make prosperity. Free land,—land absolutely free,—will not affect it. No tyranny, we may almost say no evil rule, can crush it, while industry is true to itself. Ireland is entitled to be ruled justly; and it is undoubtedly the object of

English law-makers to do her justice. She has been injured by evil laws,—though we much doubt whether the injury so inflicted has been as efficient in producing her state of poverty as men suppose. There remains the one grievance of the Irish Church,—no less a grievance in that it is but little felt by the mass of the people themselves,—and for the honour of the British Parliament, if not for the relief of Ireland, it is necessary that that grievance should be removed.

The late debate must be regarded as indicating the evil, and as calling for its removal, and not as containing in any way propositions for its remedy. "I do not think," said Mr. Gladstone, "that it would become me, either at the present moment or at any subsequent stage of the debate which may or may not follow, to make myself responsible in all its important and complex details for a plan which shall have for its aim to give effect to my purpose." Had Mr. Gladstone been in power when he made his proposition, or had any suggestion respecting the Irish Church come from the present Government, it would of course have been necessary that the details of a remedial measure should be given. In so vast a matter such details must come from the Treasury Bench. Parliament is now committed to the dis-establishment of the Irish Church, and is so committed that we are entitled to demand that there shall be men on the Treasury Bench who will prepare such details. Regarding the matter in this light, and with Mr. Disraeli's bold assurance still ringing in our ears that he, as long as he shall remain Prime Minister, will oppose to the utmost of his ability the attempt that is being made; with Mr. Hardy's assertion before us that the present Government will as a whole offer every opposition to such a resolution as that which has been under consideration, we think it certain that the present Ministry must resign on this question. That they should do so without an appeal to the country,—though such appeal can hardly serve them,—is not perhaps to be expected; and that they should have recourse to a general election before the Reform Bills for the three kingdoms are in operation is most undesirable. For these reasons, and in this way, the measure may be staved off for yet another year. There will probably be twelve more months given for consideration of the necessary details. But that a substantial measure shall be proposed in the next session for the complete severance of Church and State as far as Ireland is concerned, the country should now be able to regard as certain. It is impossible to anticipate that a new House of Commons should be assembled so different from the present House as not to stultify itself,—and damnify itself,—should it venture to show a disregard for a decision arrived at by a majority of 56,—and by a division in which 600 members voted.

We have said that Mr. Gladstone was bound to avoid details in making his proposition from the Opposition benches. He fell, after all, into the fault of committing himself to too many details, of

indicating too minutely his own views of the manner in which the property of the Irish Church Establishment should be applied. With that wealth of thought and redundancy of words which are at the same time his strength and his failing, he could not restrain himself from an endeavour to explain that the Protestants of Ireland would after all lose but little. As the whole endowment is proposed to be taken from the Church, this seemed to be so paradoxical and inexplicable, that he was obliged in his reply to have recourse to close calculations to make that intelligible which he had said in his opening speech. We could wish that all this had been omitted. It is not to be desired that the Protestants of Ireland should be reconciled to the loss of their endowment and their establishment by arguments tending to prove to them that they will lose little or nothing. In such a matter the "*fiat justitia*" is without full expression of a determination to bear the consequences is not enough to satisfy the minds of men. Even though the skies should fall on us in the shape of ultra-Protestant wrath, let justice be done. We are told,—most unjustly told,—but told from all sides, that Ireland is our Poland, that we crush Ireland, misrule Ireland, drive the Irish out of Ireland by our cruelty,—and now this fact of an Irish Protestant Church Establishment in a Roman Catholic country is the one great injury that is thrown in our teeth by those who accuse us. It is of that that Frenchmen, Russians, and Americans speak, when they tell us that we, too, have our Poland. The Irish themselves, indeed, are always speaking of something else. Some legislation that shall make land cheaper to them is what they desire;—and land will be made cheaper for them if by legislation we can cause their property in their own labour and capital to be more secure. But it is of the Protestant Irish Church Establishment that the nations are talking when they accuse us of misruling Ireland. It is that injustice, that anomaly, that wonderful remnant of the cruelty of ascendancy, that prevents us from going forth and showing that our hands are clean. If this be so, do not let us gloss over what we are doing by some legerdmain of arithmetic intended to prove that we can take away from the Irish Protestant Church all that it possesses, and yet leave it nearly as rich as it was before. No one will believe in the trick of conjuring. An Irish bishop, who has given his daughters in marriage to Irish curates, will know that it is not so for him. The Irish squire who is bringing up his second son for the Church will know that it is not so for him. The Protestant clergy of Ireland,—whose solicitude for the future welfare of Ireland is general, though they may be mistaken in the mode in which they show their care,—will not be reconciled to a measure which to them will be as the coming of the day of doom, by calculations made to prove that the life interest of incumbents on their livings and glebes is equal to half the money value of the permanent patronage of the living. And even if there be use in such calculations,

the time for them had not come when Mr. Gladstone opened his case. It was, we think, premature to suggest to Irish Protestant expectants that their expectations could ever be realised, while as yet no measure had been prepared, when no primary principles on which to found a measure had been stated. It was vain to try to sweeten the draught, to gild the pill, to hide the dagger's point. Mr. Gladstone's speech was so conclusive in its reasoning, and so true in its deductions, that it needed no such assistance, and could be made less distasteful by no such promises.

The strongest argument against the disestablishment of the Irish Church is that which Mr. Gladstone suggested and answered at the close of his speech ;—"I know there is a feeling in this matter which it is difficult to get over. There are many who think that to lay hands on the National Church Establishment of a country is a profane and unhallowed act. I respect that feeling ; I sympathise with it. I sympathise while I feel it my duty to overcome and repress it. . . . What is the Church Establishment but an appropriation of public property, an appropriation of the fruits of labour and of skill to certain purposes ? And unless those purposes be fulfilled, that appropriation cannot be fulfilled." Who does not feel some touch of regret, some pang of a pained sentiment, in dealing ruthlessly, and in dooming to destruction that which is held to be useful, holy, and almost divine by so many good men ? The idea of the bloated Irish rector, who hunts and drinks and is indifferent, is a fallacy altogether. We believe that the Protestant clergymen of Ireland are, as a class, pious, sincere, and energetic men,—whose scope of energy has, however, been so contracted as to fill them with small prejudices. They have thought that their power of preaching and their power of prayer would be efficacious to turn the population of Ireland from the religion of Rome to their own. They have had their chance, and have failed. They have preached and they have prayed sincerely, but without effect. An ascendant Church is not a Church prone to make converts. They have failed altogether, having made,—so to say,—no converts. They do not fulfil the purposes for which these endowments and establishments have been given to them. They are not the pastors and instructors of the people,—and, as the ministers of an endowed and established Church, they must go. But they who are most keen for their departure cannot but weep over their overthrow.

If, however, this sorrow does not restrain us, if respect for this feeling can be overcome, we shall surely find no difficulty in conquering that other repugnance of which so much has been made during the debate by the gentlemen who have pleaded on behalf of the Government,—that, namely, which would deter us from laying our unhallowed hands on the Act of Union. If anything be clear to us, it is this, that what the lawmakers of a people have done, the lawmakers of a people can undo. This, we think, is so manifest,

that it would hardly have required the perspicuity of Mr. Coleridge's arguments to prove the position, had it not been that the Treasury Bench, in the poverty of its means of opposition, had insisted so frequently on the solemnity of those Acts of Parliament on the strength of which the Irish Church has been established. There are many things which Parliament cannot do. It cannot add to or detract from the faith which a people feels in a Church Establishment. When therefore Parliament proposes, for certain reasons, to deal with and to put an end to such an establishment, though we sympathise most thoroughly with the sufferers, we have no sympathy for those who base their plea for a stay of the proceeding of Parliament on the fact, that that which it is proposed to alter was done by Parliament. We hear of the solemnity of the Union, and again we hear of the venality of those by whom the Union was achieved. Neither the solemnity of the Act of Union, if it was specially solemn, nor the venality of its supporters can matter anything in these days. Let the Act of those days have been passed by means of what worst corruption may have been possible, it was not the less law. And any portion of that law is capable of repeal, whenever it is found to be unfitted for national purpose. We confess, that we cannot enter into the feelings of those who have based their endeavours to enlist the convictions of the public on the side of the Irish Church upon the specially sacred character of the Act of Union. Any argument founded on the solemnity of the Act of Union is less worthy of respectful attention than was that used by George III., and by George IV., when they pleaded their Coronation Oaths as their excuse for opposing their ministers, the parliament, and the people. The answer to the two excuses is the same; but in the latter case we can understand the strength of a mistaken personal conviction. In the former case there is nothing to which even a soft heart can affix a sympathetic feeling.

We remember no opening political debate on any important matter which has given a promise of speedy success so effectual and assuring as that which has now been conveyed to us in regard to this reform of the Irish Church. We demur altogether when Mr. Disraeli tells us that the question is new, that the mention of it is precipitate, and a debate on it premature after eight days' notice; but it certainly is true that when we were thinking of it, and writing of it, and talking of it last year, and even in the early weeks of this year, we did not anticipate so speedy a release from the one great wrong of Ireland as that which we think we now see within our reach. It is not only the large majorities in the division which give us this assurance, or the strength of argument which has been used on that which we think to be the right side. A parliamentary majority may come from a parliamentary faction, and may be reversed by the more powerful decision of the country; and arguments which appear to us to have

been the stronger may have been the weaker. In the mind of a thoughtful man the strongest of his own convictions are ever somewhat weakened by the strength of those put forward by an adequate opponent. Though he believes much in himself, he believes also, to some extent, in his adversary,—till he finds that his adversary has no longer self-confidence of his own. Our present assurance of success comes from the fact that our adversary very manifestly has no longer such self-confidence. We may say that in the present Cabinet three separate sets of opinion on this question of the Irish Church Establishment have plainly shown themselves. There are the convictions of those who heartily sympathise in that feeling which will make the disestablishment of the Irish Church to be, as we have said, like the crash of doom to its closest adherents. These men are thoroughly genuine, and it may be that by the honesty of their convictions they will be sent to the wall. And there are those to whom governing is a profession, whose convictions on such matters as this are naturally not strong, but who are coerced by the circumstance of their position into a present professional support of the Irish Church. They will be clever enough probably at some future time to throw off from themselves the evil effects of their present opposition; and will, not improbably, at some period which will be far from remote, take glory in the disendowment of the Irish Church, as they have taken glory in free trade and in parliamentary reform. These gentlemen never hurt themselves; but their convictions, necessarily, have but little weight. But there is a third party in the Cabinet, which, bound as it is, and bound as any such party must be, by the necessities of government, to co-operate with the Cabinet as a whole, still plainly shows,—has shown in this instance very plainly,—its own idiosyncrasies and its own convictions. These are the men,—perhaps as useful as any in the State,—who, having been born and bred and educated amidst the convictions of British Conservatism, gradually learn to widen their sympathies and to enlarge their political boundaries. They are the Tories who were useful to us yesterday, and who will be the Liberals whom we may hope to trust to-morrow.

It is not necessary that we should name those who constitute the two first-named sections of the present Government, or even designate their leaders. But of the third section,—that section which we delight to find strongly represented in a Tory Government,—we need not scruple to say that Lord Stanley is the head and front. Soon after we had received our first accurate knowledge of the resolution which Mr. Gladstone purposed to move respecting the Irish Church we learned that it was the intention of Lord Stanley to move an amendment,—practically to this effect,—that though it must be confessed that the Irish Church does demand Reform, the question of that Reform should not be brought on so as to embarrass the Government in this Parliament. We do not lay any stress at all on the reports

which at once became current in town to the effect that such an amendment from the lips of Lord Stanley proved clearly that there was a difference of opinion in the Cabinet. It did seem that of all Mr. Disraeli's adherents in the Cabinet Lord Stanley would have been the last he would have chosen to take this bull by the horns and to answer Mr. Gladstone by any amendment really purposing to support the Irish Church against that gentleman's attacks; but if we might allow ourselves to suppose that Lord Stanley had expressed himself as unable to meet Mr. Gladstone's resolution with a direct negative,—unable not to admit with more or less of perspicuity of language that the present position of the Irish Church was one which could not be supported,—we could in such case understand that Mr. Disraeli should desire his somewhat obstructive follower to take his own bent and make what he could out of an amendment of his own. We could even admire Mr. Disraeli's ingenuity in this,—as we have admired it so often in other political emergencies. But the secrets of the Cabinet should be secrets; and, though it is only human that men should guess at what is done amidst the councils of the gods, we will admit that no solid argument can be founded on such guesses. The speech, however, of Lord Stanley in which he moved his amendment is a fact before us;—and what is the purport of that speech? It contains no word to show that the speaker thinks that he can defend either the endowment or the State establishment of the Irish Church. This is the gist of Lord Stanley's speech, given in his own words:—"We affirm two propositions . . . namely, that some modification, be it what it may, in the status of the Irish Church establishment is to all appearance inevitable; the other . . . that the question is one for the future and not for the present Parliament to settle." Is that the expression of a man nailing the colours of the Irish Church to his mast, and showing himself ready to die, politically, in their defence? Is it not rather the expression of one who knows that those colours can no longer be carried on high, but who is desirous of postponing their downfall,—no doubt with an honest conviction as to the public expediency of such postponement, towards the forming of which the natural bias of a seat in the Cabinet may have had its full weight? If this be so, then we say that we may claim Lord Stanley, and with Lord Stanley that portion of the present Government which we regard as most essential for the service of the country, as being on our side in this matter. So supported, we can trust our convictions without that drawback which is incidental to them when we hold them in opposition to an adversary in whom we believe. Mr. Disraeli did indeed make a vehement, but most ineffectual struggle to prove that his colleague's amendment was compatible with that nailing of his colours to the mast, which he found himself compelled to promise in compliance with the wishes of his ultra-Protestant supporters. "What!" said he, "could we venture to assert that nothing in the Irish Church requires change? If it were our

opinion that the condition of the Church in Ireland was susceptible of beneficial changes, how could we, without exposing ourselves to the grossest misrepresentation of our views, have met the motion with a direct negative?" This is ingenious enough. But who is there sufficiently dull not to understand the difference between Mr. Disraeli's denial of a wrong, and Lord Stanley's admission of a wrong? If our characters be assailed,—if we be told that we are plunderers, liars, and what not, we do not defend ourselves, nor do our steadfast friends defend us by acknowledging that perhaps we plunder a little, perhaps we lie a little; but that we will listen to rebuke, and endeavour to amend ourselves. They who so speak of us accuse us rather than defend us,—as Lord Stanley has accused the Irish Church. They who would really defend us, do so with something of that generous violence of enthusiasm which has been displayed by some of Lord Stanley's colleagues, but which has certainly not been shown by Lord Stanley.

In these remarks we have said nothing of those evils by the acknowledged existence of which the Irish Church Establishment has been doomed. It would be vain to repeat again and again the stories of parishes with thirty,—twenty,—ten,—five Protestants,—with one,—or perhaps not even with one Protestant, to justify the existence of a parson. The very contradictions to the statements made have proved their truth. When whole columns are written by the staunch defenders of the Establishment to exhibit the falseness of a statement declaring that the parish of A has only three Protestants, whereas it is well known to have four, and that B has three, whereas it has been said to have none, need any one seek further evidence?

Nor have we attempted to indicate the fashion in which the details of the disestablishment should be arranged. Possession of office, access to Government records, and that statecraft which comes partly from official tradition, and partly from the contiguity of various minds exercised in the labours of government are necessary before a solution of the difficulty can be reached. We, ourselves, would rob the people of Ireland of nothing which they now possess. We would add the regium donum and the Maynooth Grant to the entire property of the Establishment, and let the whole be divided among Church Protestants, Presbyterians, and Roman Catholics. according to their population,—believing that the Roman Catholics would ultimately receive the gift. But we say again, that all schemes as to such details must be crude till they have been sifted by the experience of the executive.

These things will no doubt be debated in the Committee which is now about to sit, and gradually we shall come to have a clear idea of the manner in which the Irish Church may be disestablished. When that has been done, there will no longer be any plea on which Ireland may be stigmatised as the Poland of England.

YACHTING.

A FEW years since the wildest Anglo-maniac among our gallant neighbours would have thought and spoken of going to sea for pleasure, as the Latin poet sang of the first man who trusted his life to a "frail skiff." There exists, however, in these latter days a "Society of Paris Sailing Club," presided over by a French commodore, and consisting of some thirty-two vessels, from one to thirty tons; and, with scarcely an exception, all these yachts belong to French owners. Whether Commodore Benôit Champy's tiny squadron disport themselves on the lower reaches of the Seine, or tempt, from time to time, the rougher waters of the Channel, we cannot tell, but it is pleasant to observe that French sport is no longer limited to the Turf. Nor is it at Paris only, that the sport of Yachting has found French disciples. At Cannes (almost, it is true, a British colony) we find established "*Le Cercle Nautique de la Méditerranée*," with a French commodore and vice-commodore, and some twenty-four small craft, owned, with only six or seven exceptions, by Frenchmen. Probably here, too, the original impulse came from England, or rather from English yachtsmen cruising in the Mediterranean; but it is not the less gratifying to note that both these French clubs, at Paris and at Cannes, are principally composed of native yachtsmen. The "*Imperial Yacht Club*" of St. Petersburg owes its foundation to the Grand Duke Constantine, himself a sailor, and a frequent visitor to the Isle of Wight, where, a true descendant of Peter the Great, he has doubtless appreciated the national importance to a maritime State of a sport so favourable to the science of naval architecture, and to the employment of the population of the coasts, as yachting. Of the twelve vessels, all of considerable tonnage, belonging to the St. Petersburg Club, six are owned by members of the Imperial family. The Emperor's yacht, called after our Queen, was built at Cowes. Russia is not an essentially maritime State; nor are the majority of the wealthy classes in Russia in the habit of seeking the seaside, except for baths, gaieties, or the climate. Yachting in Russia is, in short, an English institution. Russian yachts come from English yards. The Royal Swedish Yacht Club is no doubt a more genuinely national institution. It counts thirty craft of various tonnage, and is under the patronage of Prince Oscar, who, both as a sailor and a poet, can appreciate the merits and the charms of the sport. The Swedes are admirable yacht-builders, as the *Sverige* and the *Aurora Borealis*

have taught us. Among our Swedish yachting brethren there are, however, one or two unmistakably English names, as there are also in the Royal Netherlands Yacht Club, and indeed in all foreign Yacht Clubs of our acquaintance. But in justice to our Scandinavian comrades, we must remember, that if they have borrowed yachting from England, it is from their Scandinavian ancestors that the peaceful English sea-rovers of the nineteenth century fetch their birth. And our jolly Dutch neighbours, who spend as much genius and energy in literally keeping their heads above water as some other nations do in maintaining their rank as Great Powers, are certainly no mere imitative yachtsmen. To their powers at sea our own naval history bears ample witness. As pleasure-sailors, Dutchmen are entitled at least to the merit of having given us a word, which many yachtsmen never succeeded in spelling correctly. Dutchmen certainly built the first "yachts," though Dutch yachting may have originally been a somewhat sleepy sport, if indeed it consisted in towing and being towed sluggishly up and down a canal in a sort of cut-down Noah's ark. Some antiquarians have ascribed to the Venetians—those Dutchmen of the Adriatic, as a Hollander might call them—the honour of having invented this amusement. It may be so. But to all intents and purposes of our present paper, which deals with yachting as an organized national sport, there can be no question that it belongs to the British Isles. The gentlemen at ease, who, on either side of the Atlantic, go down to the sea for pleasure, and not for business, or profit, or duty, will be found, with very few exceptions, to combine in their blood the great kindred elements of the Saxon and the Scandinavian ancestry. It is to the Pagan pirates from the Saxon coasts and to the Slayers of the North, of the ninth and tenth centuries, and to the "Brethren of the Coast" of the Tudor times, that the harmless yachtsman, who is now hauling his beautiful craft off the mud in the Medina, owes the passion that urges him afloat.

In claiming for yachting as a "national sport" of the British Islanders a certain distinction, we are not insisting on the obvious fact that it is absolutely free from those parasitical industries or vices of gambling and betting which unfortunately degrade so many of our land sports, and even our fresh-water aquatics. We do not mean to say that yacht-racing has wholly escaped those sharp practices and crooked arts which have wrested the noble sport of horse-racing from its original purpose as an encouragement to the breeding of the finest and fleetest animals of the purest blood. We shall have occasion to touch presently upon some analogous corruptions which have grown into the customs and usages of yacht-racing, but which, we are happy to believe, are already tending to disappear rather than to increase. But it has certainly escaped that widespread popular demoralization which notoriously surrounds and

infests every racing-stable in the kingdom, and has created a new and disreputable profession, fruitful in crime and misery. From these diseased excrescences Yachting, even in the limited sense of yacht-racing, is, perhaps by the essentially natural conditions and circumstances of the pursuit, singularly free. We do not exalt the practice of yacht-sailing to the rank of a virtue on this account. The absence of corrupting influences and habits is to its credit, no doubt, but it is only to its credit as the absence of some vices is to the credit of early youth or of old age. A man may be ruined by yachting, if in order to keep a yacht he lives beyond his income. But he cannot be ruined by yachting as many a racing man is ruined by the Turf. Yachting, like any other amusement, may lead a man into many ways of mischief; but the mischief will neither be the fault of the yacht, nor of the pleasure and sport of cruising. Yachting must always be a select, if not an aristocratic, sport; and the more sea-going it is, the manlier, the healthier, the more unexceptionable it becomes. One obvious reason for the comparative innocence of yachting is, that it takes a man away from the "world," breathes into his lungs the purest air, and brings him into close communion with the serenity, the simplicity, the power, and the repose of Nature. Varily, the sea-life returns the love of its adepts with usury. It strengthens and braces their limbs, steadies their nerves, clears their brains, refreshes their spirits, cools and calms their tempers, appeases and consoles their hearts, renovates every fibre in their moral and physical frames.

Another sufficient reason for the comparative selectness of yachting is, that a sea-going yachtsman must, in the most exact sense of the word, have a "stomach" for the sport. Now, a sea-going stomach is,—happily, perhaps,—by no means universal, even among Great Britons, who, as Captain Marryat used to insist, should be, one and all, more or less sailors. This previous question of a stomach will always limit the number of active sporting yachtsmen,—more effectually than that other previous question of an income sufficient to buy, fit out, and keep a yacht afloat for four months of the year. Probably in no country in the world,—excepting always the United States,—can there be found so many sea-going stomachs as in the United Kingdom. But it must not be forgotten that in no seas throughout the surface of the globe are finer opportunities and excuses for sea-sickness to be found than in the waters of Great Britain and Ireland. Here some unfortunate migratory reader, who has made a voyage to Australia and back in a Blackwall liner, or some soldier who has been boxed up for ninety days in a transport, or some man of business who has crossed the "Pond" half-a-dozen times in one of the magnificent Cunard steamers, interrupts us with a protest. "You know," he says, "I'm never sick. But I most cordially accept Dr. Johnson's definition of life at sea,—'a prison, with the chance of being drowned.' Intolerable monotony,—a dull,

insuperable sense of discomfort and uneasiness, even under the most favourable conditions of weather, and with the pleasantest passengers." To such a protest we can only reply, as the monk of the Camaldoli did to the too-enthusiastic tourist, "*Così passando!*" Three months in a packet-ship may well be weary work; ten days in a steamer, with an engine always thumping, and a deadly-lively mob of intimate strangers always in your way, may well be a purgatorial infliction. But, in a vessel of your own,—in a floating home with a choice of companions of congenial tastes and equal temper,—with the faces about you of your own ship's company,—honest fellows who, "ever with a frolic welcome take the thunder or the sunshine,"—with your own times and seasons for sailing and staying at anchor, your own pick of ports to visit or to pass, yachting is what the monastic life appeared to the tourist, rather than what it was to the old monk's life-long experience.

The yachting world is perhaps more heterogeneously composed than any other of our numerous sporting confederations. From a Lord Chancellor to a fashionable music-master, all sorts and conditions of men belong to it. Parliament and Downing Street, the Stock Exchange, the clergy, the bar, the medical profession, the army and navy, the civil service, the fine arts, literature, commerce, Manchester, and country squires, may all be found side by side in the club lists. Some of the boldest riders and best shots are the most adventurous and devoted of yachtsmen. All the three kingdoms are represented in the sport. We take pleasure in recording that in the history of yachting, the first in point of date, and certainly not the second in all the qualities that ennoble the sport, stands Ireland. No better or braver yachtsmen than Irishmen; no heartier or more hospitable shipmates; no stauncher or more thorough seagoing vessels than those that hail from the Cove of Cork and the Bay of Dublin. Their home is on the blue water, and their daily cruising-ground is on the edge of soundings. Among no set of men, let us confess, are there more eccentric characters, or more strongly-marked varieties of species, than among the yachtsmen of the United Kingdom. For example, there is the man who keeps a yacht as a sort of Greenwich dinner afloat, en permanence; there is the man who keeps a yacht as a racing-machine; the man who keeps a yacht like a man-of-war; the man who keeps a yacht as what the Chinese would call a "family boat;" the man who buys a yacht for a single cruise in the Mediterranean or the Baltic, and sells her on his return, and never goes yachting again; the man who keeps a yacht because he loves the sea, and the freedom and quiet of a sea life; the man who keeps a yacht as a trawler; the man who keeps a yacht for the love of seamanship, and who is his own sailing-master; the man who keeps a yacht, and never stirs beyond the Isle of Wight; the man who goes round to all the regattas, and never enters for a match; the

pert little London cockney who, as poor Albert Smith depicted him, sleeps in a chest in Margate harbour, within a few yards of a comfortable hotel, dresses like the hero of a nautical drama at the Surrey, and,—to do him justice,—knows how to handle the pack-thread, the walking-stick, and the pocket handkerchiefs of his own morsel of a cutter, which he thinks as big as a line-of-battle ship;—and we know not how many other originals.

Let us show as briefly as possible in what a noble national sense yachting, as an organised sport, deserves most honourable mention. We are not writing about such acrobatic vanities as “canoe” sailing, which is to yachting what circus-riding is to fox-hunting,—however worthy of admiration, as a somewhat self-conscious exhibition of personal daring and endurance, such imitations of the aquatic sports of our ancient British forefathers may be.

In 1867 there were thirty-one yacht clubs in the United Kingdom,—and, with two exceptions, sea-going yacht squadrons,—bearing the Admiralty warrants; and about 1,740 yachts, of which 240 only were under twelve tons’ admeasurement. The total tonnage of these yachts amounted to about 55,700 tons. Allowing one man for every ten tons, we find here a force of 5,700 men,—and boys,—employed in the yachting service. The Royal Thames Yacht Club,—it is the grant of the Admiralty warrant that confers the title of “Royal,”—stands first on the list in date of establishment, the Royal Western of the sister island comes second, and the Royal Cork third. But in justice to our gallant Irish brethren it should be recorded that the Royal Cork is probably the oldest yacht club in the world. It was established as long ago as 1720, although it was not until 1827 that the “Old Cork Water Club” was re-christened the Royal Cork Yacht Club. The earliest record of the Royal Yacht Squadron of England,—as it is now called,—is that of a meeting held in 1815 at the Thatched House Tavern, at which Earl de Grey presided, in the capacity, we suppose, of commodore. The seal of the R.Y.S. bears date 1812, in which year we may assume the original Club was established. But this distinguished society, which is now regarded by all as the headquarters of the yachting world, comes only tenth on the list, according to the date of its Admiralty warrant, having been preceded in this privilege by the Royal Thames, the Royal Northern,—of Scotland,—the Royal Western,—of Ireland,—the Royal Cork, the Royal Eastern,—of Scotland,—the Royal Western,—of England,—the Royal Southern,—of England,—the Royal St. George’s,—of Ireland,—and the Royal London. The Admiralty warrant confers much more than a title; it constitutes, in fact, the “pleasure navy” of the United Kingdom; it gives the yachts, at home and abroad, a distinct rank second only to that of men-of-war; permits them to carry one or other of the ensigns of the fleet; exempts them from the payment of tonnage dues in British and foreign ports,—local dues on going into

basins or private harbours of course excepted; enables yacht-owners to remove their furniture or property from place to place in the United Kingdom without coasting license, to deposit wine and spirits in the Customs warehouses on arrival from foreign ports free of duty, until reshipped for another voyage; and authorises the yachts to take up man-of-war moorings, and their boats to go alongside and land company at the King's sally-port at Portsmouth, and similar landing-places of her Majesty's ships'-boats at the other naval ports. All the foreign Powers of Europe have granted the like privileges in their ports to the yachts of the United Kingdom bearing the Admiralty warrant. No yacht on hire is allowed to carry the colours of the club, or to enjoy the privileges of the Admiralty warrant; and any infringement of the local laws and customs in foreign ports forfeits the warrant, and entails expulsion from the club. When the Admiralty first recognised the public policy of granting their warrants to yacht clubs, no doubt it was not only a privilege that was conceded, but a certain responsibility that was intended to be enforced.

Some yachtsmen, as we have said, happen to be of an eccentric turn, and a little apt to kick up their heels and sing "Rule Britannia" a little too loudly in foreign waters. We have heard of an owner of a long, low, black schooner, who had a taste for chasing strange merchantmen when he got well into blue water, more especially in hazy weather, in the grey light of the dawn, or the shadowy gloaming. He would suddenly round to and hoist the black flag with death's head and cross-bones, and crowd his bulwarks with an effective row of fierce red caps; and then, as suddenly, turn on his heel and bear away. There might be no great harm in such antics, but among our seventeen or eighteen hundred active yachtsmen there may possibly be British subjects of wild and unruly disposition, perfectly capable of getting the flag of their country into scrapes, and perhaps of offending the susceptibility of a foreign government by some silly freak, and upon these exceptional characters the responsibility of bearing the Admiralty warrant exerts, perhaps, a salutary restraint.

The crews of these 1,740 yachts come from all parts of the kingdom; principally, it seems, from the Isle of Wight, which even in the time of Queen Elizabeth was a royal yachting station. In the days of Queen Bess there were twenty-nine royal yachts,—that is, vessels in her Majesty's service employed for conveying great personages of State,—always stationed at Cowes. A yacht was understood, in those days, to be a small ship with one deck, carrying from eight to ten guns, and averaging from 80 to 160 tons.

The principal yacht seamen of our day come from Cowes, Bembridge, St. Helens, and Yarmouth,—Isle of Wight,—from Portsmouth, Southampton, Lympington, Poole, Dartmouth, Plymouth, and the fishing villages adjoining these two latter ports. There are some, too, from Gravesend, and other places on the Thames and the coast of

Essex. The Cowes men are considered to be, in many respects, the best for yacht-racing; but otherwise there undoubtedly exists among the most influential yachtsmen an objection, too probably founded on experience, to Cowes men. Many of them are said to be lazy, insubordinate, and insolent. Our own impression is, that the Cowes yacht sailors are for the most part a superior class of men in smartness and intelligence, and in general character, if properly treated,—that is, if placed under a strict and firm, but judicious sailing-master, and kept at a proper distance by the owner of the yacht. But there are obvious disadvantages in shipping a whole crew from any one place, and in taking a sailing-master and a crew from the same port. It becomes an effort of will to get away from a port where your whole ship's company reside. The sailing-master finds it difficult to maintain his authority over men who, as an Eton boy would say, "know him at home." And a Cowes sailing-master is rather apt to be on too friendly terms with the tradesmen who fit out and "find" the yachts in everything that is necessary or superfluous. In short, a Cowes crew have some of the defects of the servants' hall. But, taken singly, we believe a Cowes yacht sailor to be above the average of his class, and a certain proportion of Cowes men to be very valuable elements in a crew, which should always be mixed. What becomes of these yacht seamen from October to May? Well; there are usually from twenty to thirty yachts cruising in the Mediterranean in the winter; some with a whole family,—children and nurses,—on board. But how do the crews of the yachts that are laid up on the mud all the winter obtain a livelihood? Many of the men who have been employed in racing-yachts all the summer remain idle all the winter, as the crews of racing-yachts get an increase of pay on the days when the yacht is engaged in a race. Many of the Isle of Wight men (from St. Helens and Bembridge) take to fishing and to pilot-boats during the winter. The Portsmouth men are pretty generally watermen, and return to that occupation when the yachting season is over. It should be added that there are first-class yachtsmen from Harwich and the Essex coast who are oyster-dredgers, and who like to return home in August or September. Some of the Southampton men may be found perhaps in the great packet steamers out of the yachting season, but we should say that, as a rule, few of the five or six thousand men engaged every summer in the yachting service engage themselves for distant voyages in the winter. A few yacht-owners,—especially naval men,—prefer to employ man-of-war's men as more amenable to discipline, and less disposed to give themselves fine gentlemen airs, than the Isle of Wight men. Yet it may be questioned whether seamen accustomed to the discipline of men-of-war are the best personnel for a yacht: seamen who have only served in square-rigged ships are undoubtedly not the fittest for small fore-and-aft rigged

craft. A sailing-master who had only served in square-rigged ships would be absolutely run away with by one of these cutters or schooners which a Cowes man can put through all the figures of a skating-match; and, in short, as we once heard an old hand say, "make her do everything but speak." It has been suggested that every owner of a yacht bearing the Admiralty warrant should,—by a general concert of all the Royal Clubs,—undertake to employ no man who had not joined the Royal Naval Reserve. Of course the Admiralty could not take the initiative in suggesting such a condition. But it would certainly be a fair and honourable recognition, on the part of yachtsmen, of the privileges they enjoy in consideration of the services they are supposed to render to the nation. Nor, we think, could yacht sailors, although perhaps more than any other class of seamen averse to service in a man-of-war, decline employment on terms which would involve no real hardship or interference with their liberty, while their value as yacht sailors would be sensibly enhanced, and the country would receive a reinforcement of superior and available seamen, sufficient in an emergency to take a flying squadron to sea.

Many of those fine and roomy schooners which, as we write, are getting ready for their summer cruising, belong to owners who seldom, if ever, transgress beyond the sheltered waters of the Solent. Many never go beyond Cherbourg, or the Channel Isles, or the western ports. Some years ago one of the largest cutters in the squadron used to stand over to the north shore every afternoon, lay to for lunch, and then approach within a convenient distance of the Club-house, and proceed with great deliberation to order her owner's dinner by signal. Another yacht, the very largest of the whole squadron, and one of the best fitted and handled, belonging to one of the smartest practical yachtsmen afloat, was scarcely ever known to sail outside the Needles, or to make a longer cruise than from Cowes harbour to Southampton and back. She was reported, indeed, to have once gone over to Cherbourg, but no one believed it; she was once heard of at Falmouth, but that was held to be an extravagant fable. To be sure, she had a staff of domestic servants and babies on board, a boudoir, a nursery, and two "companions" which were perfect easy staircases, four-post beds, and, in short, all the comforts of a country house. But, if there are conspicuously home-staying yachts, there are also cruisers that have "sailed beyond the sunset and the paths of all the western stars," doubled the Hope and the Horn, encountered and defied the icy gales of the Polar seas. Five-and-twenty years ago the Wanderer schooner was astonishing the natives of the South Sea Islands. In 1841 Mr. Brooke made his memorable expedition to Borneo in the Royalist, and founded a kingdom. Need we cite the Corsair cutter, a famous cup-winner in her time? She defeated the Talisman cutter, in a match from Cowes, round

the Eddystone and back in a gale of wind, by four minutes, and is now, we believe, an ornament of Australian waters. The Albatross cutter went out to Sydney, and so did the Chance schooner. The Themis schooner returned a year or two ago from a voyage round the world. The famous Marquis of Waterford visited New York in his brig, the Charlotte; and, the story goes, jumped overboard in a gale of wind in the Atlantic, for a wager. The *Alerte* cutter, which has lately been lengthened by her builders at Gosport, is remembered at the Antipodes. The *St. Ursula* schooner fetched New York in thirty days from the Clyde. There are more British burgees than British pendants in the Mediterranean every winter; and, if proof were wanting that the same spirit animates the fighting and the pleasure navy of Great Britain, and that our yachts are not the butterflies of a summer hour, we might recall the service of a schooner of the R.Y.S. on the coast of Syria, when, in the absence of a man-of-war to protect the Christians, she anchored as close to the shore as her draught of water would permit, and, with her little deck guns run out and double-shotted, saved the Christian population of a Syrian village from massacre.

In the Baltic, every summer sees a fleet of British yachts hovering round the coasts of Norway, while the owners are salmon-fishing in the fiords. The late Sir Hyde Parker, in the *Louisa* schooner, was, we believe, the first to set the example. He has been followed (among others) by Mr. Graves, M.P., Commodore of the Royal Mersey Club, who published a most agreeable account of his cruise in the *Ierne*; by Lord Dufferin, whose delightful "Letters from High Latitudes" made the *Foam* for ever famous, as the first British yacht that ever showed her colours at Spitzbergen; by Mr. Rathbone, Mr. Lamont, Mr. Brassey; and last, but not least, by the little *tenton Romp*, which frisked one fine morning into a Swedish harbour. These instances are enough to show that our Transatlantic kinsmen performed no unprecedented exploit, when they crossed the Atlantic in the *Sylvie*, the *America*, the *Gipsy*, the *Henrietta*, the *Fleetwing*, and the *Vesta*. If we are disposed to smile at some owners of big schooners who seldom venture out as far as the chops of the British Channel, we may take comfort in knowing that many of our American friends, who hail from the "Elysian Fields," are bantered by their countrymen for their very moderate cruises up and down the Bay of New York. But it is fair to remark, that out of the forty schooners and sloops of which the New York Yacht Squadron is composed, a very fair proportion have done more than any yachts afloat to sustain the character of a sport of all others most congenial to the energy and enterprise of the Anglo-Saxon family. We shall neither exaggerate nor undervalue the importance of the visits of the American yachts to our waters, when we say, that the easy victory of the *America* schooner in the Solent over eight

English cutters and seven schooners in August, 1857, was well won, though not quite on equal terms. The *America* was a vessel of 208 tons, O.M.; length over all 100 feet; draught of water aft 10 feet; beam 23 feet. She had crossed the Atlantic under reduced spars and sails, and made a tolerably comfortable passage of it. But she was built all for racing, and the English yachts that sailed against her were about as fit to contend with her, as a roadster with a winner of the Two Thousand. From the moment when she came into English hands, and had her bulwarks raised, and was converted into an ordinary English yacht, her glory as a cup-winner departed. She was beaten in the following year by the old *Arrow* cutter, and by the *Mosquito* cutter, the latter, it is true, a racer all over, but an excellent sea boat into the bargain.

The American schooner *Gipsy*, which had beaten the celebrated *Maria* sloop yacht in a breeze, and was considered by her builders twenty-five per cent. faster than the *America*, was sold in England, and handsomely beaten in a private match by Mr. Weld's *Alarm*. Both the *America* and the *Gipsy* were built for racing only, and, though they crossed the Atlantic, were not adapted to the ordinary service of an English yacht. It is no reproach to a vessel to observe, that she could only win in certain hands. Some horses are only good to win when ridden by certain jockeys. The Americans did their English yachting brethren great service in showing them a longer, a finer, and a bolder bow,—the bow of the *America* was almost that of a Japanese boat;—and in teaching them to lace their mainsails to the boom, to make their canvas to stand as flat as a board, and to set their masts up without a "rake." The necessity for lacing, however, is now in a great degree superseded by the new patent "graduated" sails. The three American yachts, which sailed a match from New York to Cowes in the mid-winter of 1866, would certainly have found many dangerous competitors in a match in the British Channel. These schooners were not like the *America*, mere racing craft; their sea-going qualities were tested to the utmost at every point in the course of a stormy Atlantic passage, and were found not unequal to the strain. Handled, as they were, with admirable skill and courage, they fully deserved all the honours they received. They are vessels of much greater power, however, than their reputed tonnage represents. According to the English system of admeasurement, they would show a much higher register. Their spars and sails were such as only a vessel of extraordinary power could carry with safety. In a gale of wind there is scarcely an English yacht that could beat them. In light winds, and a time race over a short course, their powerful qualities would probably be of little avail against yachts more lightly rigged and ballasted. But British yachtsmen would do well to note, that the Americans made the Atlantic passage under comparatively easy sail, and that, of the

three rivals, the winner of the stakes was the most cautiously and snugly sailed. In their internal fittings, comfort was certainly sacrificed, in some measure, to racing considerations. Nor does this detract from the merits of the craft. There is a possibility, we hear, though not, we fear, a probability, of a match being made to New York from Ryde. One spirited yachtsman—a member of the Royal London—has put down his name for £500 towards a prize. We should be glad to see such a match contested by some of our crack schooners. It would teach them the folly of “carrying on,” and persuade our yacht-builders and owners to trust more to trim and shape and seamanship than to excessive spars and driving canvas, and a dead weight of lead or iron ballast laid along from floor to keel to counteract the “tophamper.” On all accounts, it would be creditable to English yachtsmen to respond to the generous challenge of their kinsmen beyond the Atlantic by appearing in the Bay of New York with their racing-flags at the fore.

About a quarter of a century ago an active and zealous member of the R.Y.S., who owned a fine sea-going cutter of the old school, proposed to sail a match against all the world round the British Islands. His offer was treated as a joke; but it pointed at least in the right direction, as a protest against the then prevailing habit of keeping yachts for racing only, and without reference to sea-going capabilities. In those days an evil analogous to that which still afflicts the Turf flourished in the yachting world, and produced similar effects. The practice of running two-year olds, and of training for high speed for short distances, has resulted, if we are to believe the most trustworthy testimony, in deteriorating the breed of useful horses in this country,—that is, of hunters, roadsters, and carriage horses. In like manner the production of a class of vessels good for racing only, and utterly unfit for any other purpose, threatened to deprive yachting of all its substantial merits as a national sport. Yachts without a bulkhead or any cabin fittings were sent round the coast to all the regattas under the charge of a special sailing-master and a scratch crew. These cup-hunters were worn and torn to pieces by this usage, and good for nothing except to race, and race, and race again, while yachts which stood no chance in a sailing-match under such conditions were fulfilling admirably all the purposes of seaworthy and sea-going craft. It is highly praiseworthy on the part of the sailing committees of the leading clubs that they should have seen the error of this invidious distinction between racing and sea-going vessels, and have resolved to put an end to a most injurious system. There is, unfortunately, as yet, no permanent and general committee of reference, analogous to the Jockey Club, and composed of flag officers of the Royal Yacht Clubs, to draw up and interpret a code of rules and regulations applicable to all yacht-racing, and enforced by all clubs bearing the Admiralty warrant, for the summary settlement of all

disputes. This is a desideratum which we hope will be supplied ere long, thanks to the efforts of the most eminent yachtsmen, particularly of the present Commodore and Vice-Commodore of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, who have always insisted on sea-going trim for all matches within their command. Already, we would fain believe, the days are past and gone when, in a race, men were stowed away below to run over from side to side of the yacht as she lay over on either tack, to trim her as she turned, because every pound of ballast had been shelled out to lighten her. The bad practice of shifting or trimming ballast has been decisively condemned by nearly all the leading clubs of the three kingdoms. There is, however, a diversity of opinion, not so much upon the practice itself as upon the means of preventing it. One of the great difficulties of prevention is the want of uniformity in the rules of the various clubs. It appears to us that a simple rule forbidding yachts engaged in a match to carry more than their proper complement of hands,—one for every ten tons,—would meet the case. All hands would thus be wanted on deck, and none could be spared below. Each vessel might be required to send a representative on board another to certify that the rules of the race were strictly observed. Occasionally difficulties arise in a contest which only a central board of reference, applying a carefully-considered code of rules, can adjust. For example, it was once an almost universally accepted sailing regulation that yachts could not anchor during a race without forfeiting the prize. Some years since, in a match on the Thames, a coal-smack came bearing down upon the winning yacht, and the latter, eager not to lose an inch of the way, and trusting in vain that the huge barge would put her helm up, held on her course until, to save herself from a collision, she was compelled to drop her kedge. Notwithstanding this mishap, the famous little *Phantom* got her anchor up, and was off again the moment the danger was passed, and, still leading, held on her way, rounding the flag-buoy nine minutes before the *Mystery*, gaining on her every mile to the end of the race, and finally winning in a canter. A protest was entered when her owner claimed the cup, because he had dropped his kedge, though she was winning easy from first to last, and only anchored for a moment to avoid destruction. Here was a case in which a general Committee of Reference would have quashed a most unreasonable protest, and assigned the cup to the unquestionable winner. The New York Yacht Club, whose sailing regulations appear to be most carefully drawn, permits anchoring during a race, and it can hardly be doubted that the permission is, on the whole, judicious; although, in the case of a drifting match in a dead calm with a strong tide running, the reason for forbidding a contesting yacht to anchor is obvious enough. Some other questions have lately been under consideration of the Sailing Committees, such as the restrictions upon canvas and spars in match-sailing. Opinions

are much divided on these points. Some would insist on racing yachts being restricted to "all plain sail;" others demand unlimited liberty of canvas. Without presuming to speak dogmatically on the subject, we would take the liberty to suggest the possibility of fixing a happy medium between the pedantry of restriction to all plain sail only, and the extravagant devices in the shape of "spinnakers" and other cockney contrivances which are often practised in the Thames. Of the two extremes of license or restriction, we think the former the less objectionable. Wetting sails, or "skeeting," appears to us a practice that may fairly be left to the discretion of each yacht. In these and other respects, more particularly as to boats to be carried by yachts in a race, and the deposit of a true model of each vessel with the Secretary of the Club before she can be entered for any regatta, the sailing regulations of the New York Yacht Club are evidently framed with care and judgment. The principles enforced in yacht-racing, it should not be forgotten, are apt to affect the whole character of yachting as a national sport. We should not regret any regulations which would tend to the reduction in ordinary cruising of both spars and canvas. The complaint of all good sailing-masters of crack yachts now is that they are overballasted, over-canvased, over-sparred. Reduce the sails and the sticks, and there is no need of a lead lining to the keelson to make the yacht stiff enough in a sea-way. Reduce the heavy ballast and the spars at once, and the wear and tear of the vessel will be proportionately decreased, and, with the wear and tear, the continued necessity for repairs on the patent slip. Yachts, like men-of-war, seldom come to grief in a sea-way, because they are admirably found and handled; but, like men-of-war, they wear out rapidly because they are torn to pieces by excessive spars, and by the yachtsman's proverbial love of "carrying on," as if a vessel could be driven faster by dragging her lee quarter through the sea.

There can be no doubt of the progressive improvement in yacht-building during the last twenty years. Cutters like the *Hebe*, the *Ganymede*, the *Aurora*,—which were considered prodigies of speed and beauty in their day, would appear to the present generation of yachtsmen as antiquated as the *Great Harry* among the Channel fleet. These goodly old tubs, with their bluff bows and flat floors, possessed qualities not to be despised even in our time, and not always found in the faster and more elegant craft of a later date. They were stiff, weatherly, safe, powerful, and comfortable vessels, fit for any service, not absolutely dull sailers on a wind, and, with their sheets eased off the least bit, speedy enough to sail round and round a square-rigged ship under a press of canvas, as if she were at anchor. Perhaps they plunged rather heavily in a short confused Channel loup, but they would lay to in the heaviest gale "like a duck," and run before the fiercest following sea without taking a painful of water on

deck. They steered like a boat, and on short tacks in smooth water behaved with all the nimbleness and alertness of the airiest of waltzers in a crowded ball-room. To the yachts of to-day, they were what the race-horses of two generations back were to the favourites for this year's Derby,—slower for short distances, less fine about the legs, but stouter, more serviceable, and more enduring. As roadsters or teamsters of the sea, they were unexceptionably sure-footed, safe, and clever goers. To judge from a specimen,—lately exhibited in a Club-house,—of the timbers of a schooner yacht, purchased the other day by one of the most experienced of our yachtsmen, we should not hesitate to add that these vessels of the old school were built with a solidity and a sincerity which are now as rarely to be found in the construction of our yachts as in the walls of our town houses. Nor must it be supposed that there was no such thing as racing-power in the yachts of that ancient epoch. Happily we can appeal to two survivors of the pre-American period to rebuke the conceit of an age which is apt to fancy it has nothing to learn from its grandfathers. Look at the old Alarm and the old Arrow, both designed by that immortal yachtsman, the late Mr. Weld. The Arrow was built more than six-and-thirty years ago. After her defeat by the Pearl,—a famous cutter of that period, belonging to the Marquis of Anglesey,—Mr. Weld laid her up on the mud, in disgrace, and built the Alarm, as a cutter. Neither as a cutter, nor under her later rig as a schooner, could the Alarm find her equal, on either side of the Atlantic, while she remained in Mr. Weld's hands. Her victories were as many as the matches she sailed in. The Arrow, after languishing some years, was bought by Mr. Chamberlayne, who lengthened her bow. She defeated the America in splendid style, and has only been beaten by a younger sister of her own,—the Lulworth, a cutter some twenty-two tons smaller, and designed also by Mr. Weld. In 1863 she defeated the Phryne, a cutter then just launched by one of the ablest and most successful of our yacht-builders, and which has since become renowned for her achievements.

There is, we fear, considerable faultiness in the materials of which yachts are built at present, and if yacht-builders were exposed to the searching criticisms of a committee on the Naval Estimates, some damaging exposures might be made of the state of a yacht's timbers after two years' service. But we are bound to express our belief that, if unsound timber is put into a yacht, the owner has often himself to thank for the purchase of a bad article. There is no warranty of the soundness of a yacht's timbers, as of the wind and limb of a horse. Nine out of ten yachtsmen build or buy their vessels in the dark. They seldom, if ever, take the trouble to have the vessel rigorously and systematically inspected while she is on the builder's slip. Perhaps they leave this duty of inspection to the future sailing-master, who is a native of the place, and who cannot be expected to quarrel with the

builder. Probably, in most cases, they would not be much the wiser if they depended on their own inspection. Then they are almost invariably in a desperate hurry to get the yacht finished and fitted out, and it may be absolutely impossible for the most honest of builders to provide properly seasoned timbers at the shortest notice. The majority of yachtsmen who buy their vessels,—and who should be advised never to buy between April and October,—are at once too hasty and too uninstructed to pronounce an opinion between a sound and an unsound vessel. They rush down, with a return ticket, to Cowes, look at the yachts “on the mud,” take a fancy to one, go on board, ask the price, rush back to town, and buy; engage a sailing-master, probably a Cowes man, and leave to him all the business of fitting out. Among all the owners whose names appear in Hunt’s List, very few are qualified to command their vessels. They may be able to steer, and perhaps to sail them; but very few know anything of the mysteries of the rope-walk, the building-slip, and the mould-loft,—of sailmakers, of furnishing iron-mongers, brass-founders, ship-chandlers, and other necessary corroborants. The consequence is that many yachtsmen are disgusted at the incessant and everlasting wear and tear, which makes up so much of the cost of the sport. Yet there is really no natural or necessary reason why yachting should be more expensive than fox-hunting. A man who makes his yacht his home for half the year ought to live more economically than he can ashore;—he gets his wine and groceries and spirits free of duty; he has no travelling expenses when he goes abroad. In travelling with a wife and family, a yacht is at once a great saving and a great convenience. We say nothing of the comfort of carrying a little England with you wherever you go, and of sleeping at home among your own people. What, in fact, are the legitimate expenses of a yacht? For £26 a ton you can build or buy a new yacht, in all respects ready for sea,—excepting iron ballast,—with bedding and blankets complete. The cost of a suit of sails may be estimated by the following proportions:—A suit of racing sails for a twenty-five ton cutter would cost about £125; for a fifty-ton cutter, about £160. Wages have risen within the last ten years. At present the rate is perhaps not less than twenty-five or twenty-six shillings per week for an able seaman,—finding himself in food, but not in clothes; thirty-two shillings for the mate,—who looks after gear and stores, from a needle to an anchor, and should be able to lay his hand on what he wants in a moment on the darkest night; and for the sailing-master, who takes care of the yacht during the winter, an annual salary of 120 to 150 guineas, or more, according to the size of the yacht. Then there is the cook, at, say, seven-and-twenty shillings a week; and the steward,—supposing him not to be the owner’s own servant,—thirty shillings. Of course, all these expenses vary according to the size of the yacht and the caprice of the owner. They vary very much

according to the rig of the vessel. Four men and a boy,—exclusive of sailing-master and steward,—should be sufficient for a forty-eight ton cutter or a sixty ton schooner; seven men and a boy for a sixty-five ton cutter, or a ninety ton schooner. A cutter is always the most expensive of all rigs, and a fore-and-aft schooner the least expensive. Between the cutter and the fore-and-aft schooner comes the yawl. The insurance of a yacht whilst cruising would be something like ten per cent. per month; and against fire only, when in harbour or dismantled, a maximum of seven shillings per cent.

Cutters will always be a favourite rig for racing and Channel cruising, because nothing touches them in light weather and in beating to windward. But in a gale of wind, the taking in of a cutter's mainsail, and "stepping" the boom, is like putting a straight-waistcoat on a madman. A yawl has nearly all the speed of a cutter, looks almost as close to the wind, and has the inestimable advantage of a reduced mainsail and boom, and may be sailed very snug in heavy weather under her mizen and headsails only. In a schooner the fore-topsails are of very little use, except, perhaps, for running. The fore-and-aft schooner requires fewer hands, because all her sails can be sent up from the deck; and if she chooses to indulge herself in jibheaded topsails, she can send them up "flying." We believe there is no rig at once so easy, so safe, and so cheap as this. Since "the good old commodore" Lord Yarborough's little frigate, the "*Falcon*," there has, if we are not mistaken, only been one ship-yacht, the "*Sylphide*," built at Bremen, and when last in commission, in the Mediterranean, belonging to the Marquis of Downshire. We know of only one considerable lugger yacht, the "*New Moon*," built for Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, by Firth of Hastings. She is, in fact, an enormous boat, 186 feet long, and only eleven feet beam, and even in fine weather and smooth water must require a large and powerful crew. In bad weather and in "blue water" she would be simply impossible. Steam yachts appear to be decidedly and rapidly on the increase, and we must honestly confess we regret the fact. A small auxiliary lifting screw may be useful in a calm; but, however small, it must seriously interfere with the comfort of the vessel, even when the engines are not in motion. If a gentleman at ease likes to own a steamer, it would be impertinent to call his fancy to account. We will only take the liberty to suggest that a yachtsman should be sufficiently master of his time, and fond enough even of the caprices of the sea, to be no more impatient of a calm than a lover is of his mistress qui boude. We cannot understand screw-driving for pleasure. A voyage in a steamer is bad enough when it is for business. But if there must be steam yachts, let them be steamers out and out, and not attempt to combine the schooner and the dispatch-boat. Some steam yachts of large tonnage,—notably the *Sea Horse*, 320 tons; the *Hebe*, 320 tons; the

Brilliant, 420; the Northumbria, 425,—have lately been added to the R.Y.S.

For home cruising a comparatively short complement of hands is enough, even for a cutter; for foreign cruising, few hands are a false economy. It is perhaps advisable to have two sets of sails and of rigging, the one for home, and the other for foreign, cruising. One result of the want of concert among clubs, and of a common code of regulations for yachts and yachtsmen, is the frequent difficulty of preserving discipline, in crews which too often include "sea-lawyers" and long-shore loafers. Nor is this always the fault of the seamen. Yacht-owners are apt to be too easy-going or too fidgety. The crews have too much idle time or too much fussy duty. There is supposed to be a black list kept at all the clubs, in which the names of men discharged for insubordination or bad conduct are inserted, so as to prevent their further employment. But as these lists are not exchanged between the different clubs, a man who is black-listed at Cowes or Ryde may get a berth at Plymouth or at Cork. And there are too many instances of a man discharged from one yacht getting a berth,—probably through the sailing-master,—in another yacht of the same squadron, lying in the same roadstead.

A paper on Yachting would be incomplete without some mention of the most famous racing-cruisers of recent years. We say racing-cruisers advisedly, because these celebrated vessels do not sacrifice the sea-going to the racing qualities. The fastest schooners now afloat are the "Aline" and the "Bluebell," built by Camper and Nicholson of Gosport; the "Egeria," by Wanhill of Poole; the "Pantomime," by Ratsey of Cowes; the "Kilmenny," by Fife of Glasgow. Among the cutters, the most remarkable for speed are the "Vanguard," built by Ratsey; the "Hirondelle," by Wanhill; the "Vindex," built by the Millwall Iron Works Company; the "Phryne" and the "Niobe," by Hatcher of Southampton; the "Aimara,"—a most formidable-looking cutter of 165 tons,—by Steele of Glasgow; the "Volante," by Harvey of Wivenhoe; the "Sphinx," by Maudslay of the Thames; the veteran "Mosquito," by Mare; and, finally, the venerable and still unapproachable old "Arrow," whose owner was once politely requested by a correspondent of *Bell's Life* to renounce contests which must be unequal.

One of the most remarkable sailing-matches was the Royal Victoria Ocean Match from Ryde to Cherbourg in 1868. It was run in a gale of wind, and won in capital style by one of the most ardent and generous of yachtsmen, Mr. Thomas Broadwood, in the "Galatea" schooner; the commodore's schooner, the "Aline," leading the way with the most liberal ease, and being safely anchored and made snug in Cherbourg roads when the racing squadron passed the breakwater. These ocean matches deserve every encouragement. They tend to make sea-going the rule of yachting; they create a bond of union

between different clubs; and the only objection we have heard to them is, that they take the yachts away from their stations, and so injure the trade of the local shopkeepers,—an objection which does not strike us as being very serious. When the yachting world shall possess an institution analogous to the Jockey Club, it will probably deal not only with the questions of shifting ballast and restrictions upon canvas in matches, but will abolish the present ridiculous system of time for tonnage, which, whether half a minute for one class or a quarter of a minute for another, is full of absurdity and injustice. Were no time for tonnage allowed, yachts would naturally range themselves in broad classes within certain limits of tonnage, and the public would have the satisfaction of seeing the winning vessel declared the winner. If this should be considered too sweeping a change, at least it would be desirable to fix a uniform system of admeasurement for racing allowances. Perhaps the Thames Yacht Club plan is the best that could be adopted. It is as follows:—Take the length of the yacht from the forepart of the stem to the afterpart of the sternpost, from that subtract the greatest breadth,—the remainder shall be estimated the just length to find the tonnage; then multiply such length by the breadth, and that product by half the breadth, dividing the whole by 94,—the quotient shall be deemed the tonnage. We cannot pretend that this is a very simple operation, but we believe it to be tolerably exact and just. Had the three American schooners been measured by it, their tonnage would certainly have been much larger than it was reported to be.

Have we justified the “distinction” we claim for Yachting as the most decidedly characteristic of all our national sports? We hope we have shown that it is public policy to foster such a pastime. Consider the amount of money spent every year by private gentlemen in the British Islands in building, fitting out, and repairing this magnificent fleet of 1,740 vessels; the number of seamen they employ,—of seamen’s families they support,—the spirit of maritime adventure and enterprise they promote among the population of the coasts,—the heroic founders of colonies, and pioneers of commerce and civilization they have sent out,—the help and succour they have sometimes carried to their countrymen amidst the sufferings and hardships of distant wars and protracted campaigns,—is it not a cause for satisfaction that these harmless and beneficent buccaneers, the Yachtsmen of the United Kingdom, are increasing in numbers year by year; and that to go down to the sea in their own ships, and carry the flag of their country at their own mastheads, is a passion of hundreds of our gentlemen who cannot be persuaded to live at home at ease?

COLUMBUS.

(A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.)

COLUMBUS (*dying*).

FERDINAND.

ALONSO.

COLUMBUS.

Have I been wandering, Ferdinand? Methought
I stood within the presence of our God,
And felt the golden light of heaven bathe
My old, worn limbs, and aching, weary brain,—
Weary with the long toil of many years,
In unimagined ease. But yet I wake
And find my soul still fettered.

ALONSO.

Dear my lord,

The ship you sent to the king's majesty
Has just returned, and in her comes a man
Fully empowered to remove all checks
Upon you, and restore your dignities
And government.

COLUMBUS.

I thank the king's good grace.

Thank Heaven, I'm beyond men's reach at last!
Strike off my bonds! That's done. God's very hand
Has compassed it. You see my soul but waits
Upon the brink, until the ebbing tide
Of life leave bare the gold-sand ford of death,
That leads unto the promised haven of rest.
Restore me rank! Ay, that is done, too;—done
A thousand times! God's self has dubbed me knight,
And girt me with his own ethereal sword

What's that you say, Alonso? Was it still
The old, old, weary, never-ending strain,—
The tale of men's and kings' ingratitude?
Pshaw! That's not worth a single true man's thought!
We, who are destined to deserve it, know,
Before that we begin to work the works

That win us such soul-heartening despite,
 How that our guerdon here is partly this,
 To feel that God alone is on our side
 Against unnumbered armaments, and men
 Stand, scoffing-blinded, on the outer marge
 Of the charmed circle. Think you this is nought,
 No bliss to know you stand alone with God,
 And see the world revolving at your feet,
 And smile at men's abortive ignorance,
 With Him, All-pitying ?

Though he be the first,
 I tell you, comrades, he is no true man
 After God's spirit who would barter this
 For all the honours, all the meed and praise,
 A million dust-worlds could heap up to give
 The complacent courtier of the people's grace !
 The beetles running in the golden sand
 Doubtless think every grain the sun sets on
 Is happiness, and all a flood of bliss
 Ineffable ; but man, who stands upright,
 Nearer the heavens, should not, beetle-wise,
 Bend downwards to the sand, and strive to grasp
 The sun's faint mimicry ; but turn his gaze,
 Eagle-like, to the sky, and dare the blaze
 Of God's eternal, wonder-working light.
 They who can do so, they who see the fire
 That burns with all His purposes and know
 How bright it is, will, trust me, scarce look down
 Upon the ground, or grovel in the dust,
 To grasp the fleeting motes.

And yet men say
 One should sit still and see the years go by,
 High-laden with the meed of great emprise,—
 Unmindful of the beckoning hand of God
 That gives His hest unto the eyes of men,—
 Should rest, and let the ages bear their load
 Of riches to his dull, indifferent feet,
 Unto him,—careful of no higher thing
 Than how to eat and drink, and sleep and eat ;—
 "Fortune comes best to sleepers," say their saws ;—
 And sleep again, until the unwelcome death
 Steps in and lengthens out the sleep for aye.
 Has God made, think you, in this goodly form,
 His noblest creature, in so fair a frame,
 Endowed him with so high intelligence,

Given him such godlike power of soaring thought
That pierces through the heaven-screen of clouds,
And gazes on the glory of the stars,
With unawed eyes,—has He, think you, made this
To waste his glorious puissance in repose,
Or the pursuit of dull, ignoble aims,
When he might penetrate the years to be,
Where the dusk clouds enfold in their embrace
The glory of God's purposes, and strive
To win some wonder from the hastening Night,
That closes in the morning-land of hope?

No! The Eternal lips have spoken it!
Man is enframed to emulate God's self,
To mould the world-wrack to his spirit's will,
To prove himself by noble thoughts and deeds,
Worthy to bear the very form of God,
To dwell, a godlike, ardent soul, within
This wondrous house of spirit-quicken'd flesh!

Alas! but most of us have little care
How these things are,—how God has ordered it
That His great silent world should find a hand
And speaking lips to give His message by!
They see the produce of the hero toil,
Irradiate with the impress of God's hand,
And take small thought of why the work was done.
“Here is it,” say they; “we have none to thank
For what lies ready to the first man's hand.”
Again,—these falsest counsellors of rest,
Who would degrade the noblest faith in God,
The bravest ardour, to their own dull plane
Of slothful ease,—they say, “And when you've reached
This wondrous prize you gape for, how looks it
Within your grasp? Is it as fair, think you,
As when you gazed on it afar? To us
It is another treasure,—one more heap
Of gold flung at our feet, that have not toiled,
But sat and watched, as all good men should do,
Till God and time unite to fill our mouths.
But to you seekers, in whose fevered veins
Quicksilver runs for blood, who must, forsooth,
Not yet content with doing your own work,—
Do all men's work, and Heaven knows whose beside,—
Heave up the world to look at the other side,—
Is it not true, the very thing you yearned

So fiercely after, strove so hotly for,
 Pursued with such an ardour, seems to you,
 Once gained, a bauble fit for babes, not men,—
 A Dead-Sea apple, ashes at the core ? ”

Ay, but the secret of the thing's not there.
 The matter lies far deeper. If it do,—
 As, God forgive us ! oft and oft it does,—
 Weary our fickle eyes to see the poor
 Ill-seeming real of the ideal good
 And fair and noble, that so gloriously
 Did sparkle for us in the horizon's haze,
 What does it matter ? The thick film has left
 Our eyes ; the cloud of dust, the sun of hope
 Did gild with tints of brightest phantasy,
 Has melted back into the nought it was.
 But, once the mist-wall vanished from our way
 The azure heaven is bright within our view,
 The crystal portals open in a blaze
 Of glory, and the God's hand flashes out
 Upon our amazed sight, holding, at last,
 The true, true prize we've battled for so long,
 And never knew till now !

The general world

Thinks this is failure ; and, indeed, it is
 To them ! No solid earthly good is gained,
 They think, but only visionary hopes,
 Baseless and vague as dream-gilt phantasies.
 We heed their mocking little ; for to us
 Their solids are our shadows, and their goods
 The painted symbol of the ideal good,
 Debased and fouled by dust of crime and sin.
 To us the winning is the real prize,
 No matter what the thing won be,—a spark,
 A spangled stone that flashes in the sun,
 And passes for a diamond from afar.
 We have no time to sorrow o'er the past,
 Nor to regret the present. We can scarce
 Pause to essay it, ere the beckoning gleam
 Has drawn us far beyond the mocking dream,
 And the new strife, the real one at last,
 Commences, with all heaven to speed us on !

I will not say, dear friends, defend me not
 When I am dead ; for even if I did,

I know full well the impatient words would leap,
Fire-sudden, from your loving, generous hearts
To your frank lips, to hear the bitter words
That men have spoken, and have yet to speak,
Of one who has but too much recked of it.
But this I say to you,—a conqueror,—
And who has better title to that name
Than he who, with his life-long work, he trusts
Done honestly, at least with earnest will
And love of Him the Master, passes out,
From hum of men and noise of bitter toil,
Into the quiet of the unknown rest?—
Needs no defence. He who would champion him
Does but attest his own nobility.
Man can add nothing to the praise of God.

Many a dull pebble on the strand of life
Shines out pure crystal when the wave of death
Creeps up and slides along the golden sands,
And then, at last, the men who, all their lives,
Have passed and spurned the dull stone heedlessly,
Clutch at it as it sinks beyond their grasp,
Seeing, at last, how wondrous fair it is,
Just as the cold wave bears it from their reach.
For it is man's no longer. They may stand
Upon the shore, dumb with remorseful awe,
And, thrilled with yearning sorrow, recognise,
For the first time, the treasure they have lost.
But God has taken the despised of men,
And made it a chief jewel in His crown!

Think you success can matter aught to God?
If you had sent an old and trusted man,
One whom you knew to be a heart of gold,
Upon a dangerous and toilsome way,
To work a perilous and difficult work,
And he, his mission ended manfully,
Not without years of toil, and pain, and doubt,
Not without wear and tear of heart and brain,
Came back to you in rags, with weary limbs,
Eyes dim, and face grown wrinkled in your cause,
Would you, think you, because the foolish world,
Seeing the rags and wrinkles, poverty,
Blindness and age, and not the inner gold
That brightened all his life, passed heedless by
And judged him worthless of a second thought—

Would you the less welcome him home again,
Or grudge him all the guerdon he had earned ?
Would you not rather love and honour him
The more, regard his rags as priceless things,
Betokening the fierceness of the strife
He had outstriven with such constant truth,
Reward him all the more, because his stern,
Unsweetened life had had one bitter more,—
And that the fiercest,—in the freezing scorn
Of those who most should help him ?

So with God,—

Only, thank Heaven, far surelier with Him.
And so we, with our eyesight fixed on this
Our star, that brightens the horizon's marge,
Can spare no time to court the earthly goods
And worldly honours, that we hit or miss,
Just as the Master ruleth it. If good
It seem to Him that we should put them on,
These tinsel robes of power and wealth and fame,
We must e'en don them, not reluctantly,
But with a willing pleasure. Yet the eye
Still seeks the zenith, and the climbing soul
Compares for ever with the golden hopes,
That give the future such nobility,
The present and its guerdons.

All the joys

The true man gathers here are concentrate
In the one consciousness of work well done,
Of true, unflinching striving, and the prize
He looks not for, this side eternity.
Here are but earnestness and silent work,
A steadfast eye and an unceasing hand,
The joy of striving and undying hope.
The glory and the triumph are beyond.

J. P.

NEW FACTS IN THE BIOGRAPHY OF RALEGH.

(DRAWN FROM THE PAPERS OF THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, AT HATFIELD HOUSE; FROM THE PRIVY COUNCIL REGISTERS; AND FROM OTHER MANUSCRIPT SOURCES, HITHERTO UNEXAMINED BY RALEGH'S BIOGRAPHERS.)

IF the multitude of a man's biographers could suffice to insure a just estimate of his career and character, those of Sir Walter Raleigh ought, by this time, to stand out as in broad sunshine. Few of our English worthies have had so many distinct "Lives" published to record what they did and show what they were. Still fewer, perhaps, have had biographers who have addressed themselves to their task at periods so distant, and from points of view so various. Looking at that last fact, it might well seem, at first glance, that the errors and omissions of any one writer in so long a series must needs have been corrected by some one or other of his successors. Minuter inquiry will show, unless we greatly err, that Raleigh's biographers have much rather repeated than supplemented each other, whenever they have had to face the real difficulties and problems with which his career teems. From the day of his hasty departure from Oriel, when a stripling not yet seventeen years old, to join the Huguenot camp in France, down to the day when a scaffold was built for him upon Old Palace Yard with desperate haste, in order to get it ready for use by an hour at which the populace of London would be sure to be busied at the other end of the town with a Lord Mayor's Show, almost every successive stage in Raleigh's marvellously versatile life offers some moot question or other. It would, we believe, be an easy thing to show that, after the labours of more than a round dozen of writers, nearly all the old disputable and disputed points remain open. Most, if not all, of them are at this moment hard nuts to crack. The feat, in short, is but little less difficult to the inquirer in 1868 than it was to Shirley in 1668, or to Oldys in 1780. What has been the reason?

Before attempting to supply an answer to a question which, at some time or other, must needs have crossed the minds of many among our readers, a very few words may fairly be spent in showing what was certainly not the reason. The failure to clear up the doubts which yet hang over so many of Raleigh's deeds has arisen neither from want of zeal nor from want of literary ability in his biographers. Unweariable painstaking, for example, is the special characteristic which has given to William Oldys his honourable place in our literary history. He devoted several years to inquiries

about Raleigh, and went to the work as to a real labour of love. If it cannot be said that any one of the many biographers who followed Oldys's steps prior to 1800 did the like, one of them, at all events, enjoyed the incidental advantage of such help towards new materials as Raleigh's then surviving descendants could give. And, at the very beginning of the new century, Oldys's industry was emulated by Arthur Cayley. As to the accomplishments of penmanship bestowed on this theme, the reader has but to call to mind that amongst the writers who have handled it are Patrick Fraser Tytler and Robert Southey.

The real cause, as we take it, why Raleigh's life still stands thickly bestrewn with doubts is a twofold cause : 1. Precious MS. materials have been substantially sealed up from inquirers, in spite of the fact that they are public property, and that they were so when Oldys wrote, more than a century ago, or even when Shirley first set his pen to work on a Life of Raleigh more than two centuries ago. 2. Other MS. materials, some of which, for the matter in hand, are still more precious than those to be found in our public archives and libraries, are private property, though some among them are far from having been always so. These documents are preserved in country houses in various parts of England. Certain materials of this sort have never been seen by any inquirer, for any purpose of literature. Others have never been looked at even by way of amusement, unless, perchance, they may have had a casual glance or two from a guest tired with the labours of the billiard-cue on some frosty morning when no scent would lie.

The degree of ~~the~~ dispersion of the papers about Raleigh is something out of the common. The student ~~has still to seek~~ even for those of them which, in one sense or other, may be said to be publicly accessible,—as being either corporate property or national property,—in six or eight several parts of the kingdom. But the existing dispersion of such materials is simplicity itself, compared with the state of things which obtained before the reformed organisation of our Record service by Lords Langdale and Romilly.

A Life of Raleigh was one of the first themes which stirred the literary ambition of Edward Gibbon. The difficulties which stood in the way of getting together the authentic data,—even those needed to start with,—were the chief cause of the abandonment of his project. To have collected the mere dates of Raleigh's royal grants and of his appointments to office, Gibbon must have perambulated all parts of London, after a fashion which would have wearied a Pennant or a Grose. The authorities of the Hanaper Office would have sent him to the Petty Bag Office. When, with infinite pains and after countless delays, he had succeeded in fishing up an interesting record out of the Treasury of the King's Bench, he would have found that to make it fully intelligible another document must be sought for in the Exchequer of Pleas. Of records belonging to a single

series he would have learnt,—in the course of a few months or so of inquiry,—that some must be searched for in the Rolls Chapel by Temple Bar; others in the Chapter House at Westminster; others, again, in the Tower of London. When he had succeeded in unearthing something curious in the Crown Office, close to the Thames, he would have had straightway to trot off in search of something else in the Six Clerks' Office, hard by Bloomsbury. Rarely would he have found any appliances in the way of calendar or index. When he met with either, every reference to it would have been taxed with a separate fee. When he needed transcripts, stern official rules would have compelled him to pay for the copying of enormous records, of which, for his purpose, only a few sentences were required. His experience on that head would have been of a sort with which historical inquirers were very familiar long after his day. One such writer,—who has gone to his rest after much fruitful labour in archaeology,—was wont to tell a suggestive story on that head. He had spent weeks of search after a record hard to find, and of which he wanted but a paragraph or two. He had paid a lot of office fees in the quest. "When found," it was his wish to follow Captain Cuttle's plan, but the official rules precluded that. "What," he asked, "will be the cost of an office copy?" The worthy keeper turned the membranes over his fingers, and presently, in a placidly official tone, replied, "One hundred and forty-five pounds, sir." Who can wonder that biographers long preferred the repetition of traditions to the searching of records?

And, after all, obstacles of this "Circumlocution-Office" sort were far from being the stiffest which such a quest presented. Most of these, thanks to the Master of the Rolls,—present and late,—are now happily removed. But not only are a multitude of State Papers, of first necessity to the accurate narration of such a career as that of Sir Walter Raleigh, still private property, as in Gibbon's time; they are still widely dispersed. There are Cecil Papers in four several public repositories now. There are also Cecil Papers in Lord Ashburnham's library in Sussex. There is a priceless collection of such amongst Lord Salisbury's papers in Hertfordshire. For the biographer of Raleigh the Hatfield collection of MSS. is the richest of sources. But as yet no biographer of Raleigh has seen them.

Among the many dark problems in his career, three stand out saliently:—1. The extent of his real participation in the schemes of Lord Cobham, during the months which preceded and which immediately followed Elizabeth's death. This question only one Life of Raleigh has ever professed to determine. And in that attempt the author, as will be seen presently, has conspicuously failed. 2. The question, "Was the execution of October, 1618, substantially the carrying out of a foregone conclusion, arrived at prior to the departure from the Thames of the Guiana fleet in 1617?" And this, again, can

hardly be said to have been even fairly opened by the biographers. 8. A third question, bearing on the last years of Raleigh's life, did but present itself a few months ago, on occasion of an incidental discovery in the archives of Venice. It is inferior in its degree of specially English interest to the other two ; but it is a question vital to the appreciation of Sir Walter's character. The story, as hitherto told, asserts that soon after his liberation from the Tower,—March, 1616,—Raleigh went to the then Savoyan ambassador in London, the Count of Scarnafissi, and proposed to undertake, in the interest of the Duke of Savoy, a "piratical attack upon Genoa." On each of these three obscure points we purpose to offer some new evidence ; and to offer it severally, but always very briefly. In the present paper we propose to deal solely with the first of these guesses.

With a single exception, all Raleigh's biographers admit that they enter on the discussion of the plot of 1608 under a sense of oppression,—almost of dismay. To all of them, save one, the difficulties that hang about that topic seem scarcely superable upon any known hypothesis. If you take the statements made for the Crown in the course of the Trial at Winchester to be in substance true, you have to face a twofold perplexity. It becomes impossible to explain the obstinate refusal to produce Cobham at Raleigh's repeated demand. It seems no less impossible to explain the effort known to have been made by Raleigh,—almost on the eve of his own arrest,—to influence James's mind unfavourably towards the pending Spanish negotiations. If Raleigh really meant to get a round sum in Spanish doubloons, either for selling intelligence or for pretending to sell it, it must needs have been his cue that negotiations should go on quietly for a time. But any difficulty of that kind sinks into insignificance beside the one crucial difficulty of the matter : Every incontestable doing and saying of Raleigh up to the moment of his trial, and from the moment of his return to the Tower, is in its measure an act of hostility to Spain and its policy. Anti-Spanish speech is the uniform characteristic of Raleigh the writer and the publicist. Anti-Spanish action is the one constant thread uniformly found throughout that skein of many colours which made both warp and woof in the life-long career of Raleigh the soldier, the mariner, the councillor, and the coloniser.

If, on the other hand, you accept the hypothesis that Cobham told nothing but lies throughout his whole story against Raleigh, you confront another twofold difficulty. It becomes inexplicable why Raleigh allowed an old friend with whom, whilst that friend was carrying on his Spanish intrigue, he was in almost daily intercourse, to rush headlong upon ruin. And, if the whole accusation from first to last was false, it comes to be almost as hard to comprehend why a bystander so wary and so experienced in statecraft as was the French ambassador, De Beaumont, reached the conclusion that Raleigh had really incurred the guilt of treason. Beaumont, the

bitter enemy of Spain, cannot but have looked with favour upon Raleigh's known course as a soldier and statesman under Elizabeth. His own colleague in the French embassy had held close intercourse with Raleigh. Foreigner as he was, the Count of Beaumont knew enough of English law to see that it had been wrested iniquitously in order to secure Raleigh's conviction. But it was Beaumont's belief that the convicted man had been at once substantially guilty and unjustly condemned.

By Mr. Fraser Tytler, more than thirty years ago, all these difficulties were thrust violently aside, by means of one sweeping assertion. Tytler contended that Raleigh was the victim, not the plotter; and that the main contriver of the plot was Sir Robert Cecil.

Cecil's papers remain at Hatfield. They include a great number of unpublished letters addressed to him by Raleigh, both immediately before and immediately after his conviction. They contain many papers written by Cecil himself at this period, and amongst these there are very hasty drafts, as well as matured documents. How does their testimony in this dark matter accord with Tytler's solution of it?

We shall have here to compress into very small compass our researches among Lord Salisbury's MSS. which have occupied several months of labour. And there must needs underlie our epitome the assumption that the reader is already acquainted with the commonly narrated statements about the plot of Raleigh and Cobham in 1602-3. As a help towards brevity, we prefix to each small group of extracts from the Hatfield Papers the main conclusion which the new evidence has seemed to carry with it. But these conclusions are stated as points for historic ventilation. They are very far from being stated as points of dogmatic assertion.

I. Raleigh, whilst denying certain main points of his indictment, confesses that in his dealings and intercourse with Cobham he had incurred some measure of guilt towards the King:—

"The law is past agaynst mee," wrote Raleigh, after his trial was over. "The mercy of my Soverayne is all that remaynethe for my cumfort. . . . And I desire your L[ordships] for the mercy of God not to doubt to move so mercifull a prince to cumpassion; and that the extremety of all extremeties be not layd on mee. Lett the offence be esteemed as your L[ordships] shall pleas, in charety, to beleve it and valew it, yet it is butt the first offence; and my service to my country and my love so many years to my supreme Lord, I trust may move so great and good a Kinge, who was never esteemed cruell: and I trust will never prove so to be. . . . Ther is no prejudice cum to the Kinge, nor never could any prejudice have cum, by that supposed horid intent,* which the Lord of Heaven knows I never

* The allusion is to the scheme of seizing the King's person, either at Greenwich, by invading the palace with an overpowering force on the night after a court festivity, or at Hanworth during a royal progress.

imagined. And if the Kinge, my mercifull Lord, pleas to withdrawe all his grace from me, it must be the last breathe that I shall draw in the worlde that I dy his trew vassall, that have and do love his very person. Although I must confess yt, I am most worthy of this hevy affliction for the neglect of my dewty in geving care to sume things and in taking on me to harken to the offer of mony. Butt his mercy, I trust is greater." *

To Lord Cecil individually another letter was addressed, nearly at the same time with the letter to the King's Commissioners, from which the preceding is an extract. In this second letter Sir Walter writes thus :—

"Your Lordshipe knowes what I have byn towards your sealf, and how long I have loved yow and have byn favoured by yow ; but chang of tymes and myne own errors have worren out thos remembrances (I feare), and if ought did remayn, yet in the state wherin I stand ther can be no frindshipe ; cumpassion there may be, for it is never seperat from honor and vertu. If the poure of Law be not greater than the poure of Trewth, I may justly beseich yow to releve me in this my affliction. If it be, then your L[ordship] shall have cause, as a just man, to bewaile my undeserved miserabell estate. . . . Your L[ordship] knowes my accuser, and have ever known my affection to that Nation,† for which I am accused. A hevy burden of God to be in danger of perishinge for a Prince which I have so longe hated, and to suffer thes miseres under a Prince whom I have so long loved !

"Sir, what mallice may do agaynst me," continues Raleigh, "I know not. My cause hath byn handled by strong enemyse. But if ever I so much as suspected this practize layd to my charge, leve me to death, if the same by any equety shalbe proved agaynst mee. And 'Equitas' is sayd to be 'Juris legitimi emendatio et justitiæ directio.' . . . Your L[ordship] hath known in your tyme one in this place condemned—and in this place [i.e. Winchester] he perished—who at the houre of his death receved the Sacrement that he was innocent. How therefore I shalbe judged, I know not. How I have deserved to be judged, I know ; and I desire nothinge but 'secundum meritum meum.' If I should say unto the Kinge that my love so longe born by me might hope for sume grace, it would perchance be taken for presumption, because he is a Kinge and my Soveraygne. But as the Kinge is a trew gentelman, and a just man besyds his being a Kinge, so he oweth unto me such a mercifull respect as the resolution most

* From the original letter, wholly in Raleigh's hand; Hatfield MSS., vol. cii. § 25. The letter is thus addressed: "To the right honourable my singular good Lords, the Earles of Suffolke and Devon, the Lorde Cecill, the Lord Henry Howard, and the Lorde Wutton;" and it bears an endorsement in Lord Cecil's hand. It was written in November, 1603. The persons addressed were the King's Commissioners for the trials at Winchester.

† Meaning Spain.

willingly to have hasarded my life and fortune for hyme agaynst all men may deserve." *

And, once again, he addresses the King himself to like purpose immediately after the reprieve (December, 1608):—

"Wheras your Majestye hath reason to reckon me among thos who have foolishly imagined meischeif, who have wickedly intended the greatest ill towards the greatest goodnes, and yet have pleased to spare the blowe which both exampell hath taught and Law hath warranted your Majestye to strike,—alas ! what waight have words, or vowes, or protestations ? Or wherewith cann so unworthy a creture make payment of so uncountabell a debt ?

"It is trew that I have allredy suffred diversly, but deservedly. I have byn beaten with Sorrow, sed mea culpa, for it was myne own error that opened the passage to that passion. . . . My Soverayne Lorde who might justly have beaten mee, and justly have destroyde mee, have [so in MS. for 'hath'] vouchsafed to spare mee, and hath pleased to geve mee every dropp of blud in my body ; to howld me back from shame ; and to stopp his ears from the voyce of publick law and private hatred." †

II. Raleigh is profuse in acknowledgments of kindness and friendship shown to him in his adversity by Lord Cecil.

In December, 1608, whilst still at Winchester, Raleigh wrote to Cecil in these terms :—"Vouchsaufe to esteeme me as a man raysted from the dead,—though not in body, yet in mind. For neather Fortune, which sumetyme guyded mee—or rather Vanety, for with the other I was never in love—shall turne myne eyes from you toward her, while I have beinge ; nor the World, with all the cares or intisements belonging unto it, shall ever way down (though it be of the greatest wayght to mortall men,) the memory alone of your L[ordship's] trew respects had of me ; respects tried by the touch ; tried by the fier ; trew wittnises, in trew tymes ; and then only, when only availabell. And although I must first attribute unto God who inclined ; and secoundly and essentially after God to my deere Soverayne who had goodnes apt to be inclined,—goodnes and mercy without cumparison and exampell,—yet I must never forgett what I find was in your L[ordship's] desire, what in your will, what in your words and works,—so farr as coulde become you as a Counselor and farr beyound all dew to me, as an offendor. Thes I have fixed to my hart inseparably. From thes, neather tyme, nor per-

* Hatfield MSS., vol. cii. § 67 B. These extracts are printed from transcripts made by their present editor's own hand. They are given literally as Raleigh wrote them, save that two or three words are supplied within brackets, that punctuation, also, is supplied, and that no attempt is made to differentiate short *i* and long *j*, or *u* and *v*. In the use of all these letters Raleigh, like so many of his contemporaries, was careless and inconsistent. Servile copying, in that particular, would only serve to make the meaning occasionally obscure.

† Hatfield MSS., vol. cii. § 109.

swation, or ought elce wonnt to chang affections or to wast them, shall beat from mee, or make old in mee, who will acknowledg your L[ordship] with a love without maske or cover, and follow yow to the end: All the rest have written to his Majesty, since the receving of his grace. I hope I may presume to do the like?"*

Again, in the following year, from the Tower of London:—

..... "For affection, if nothing be left, it hath cast all his leves of late, and withereth in the Spring—which I cannot beleve; seeing [that] in my darck and dead Winter it made that most trew and adventurus proof of itself, which I could not hope for, and can never repay. For thos lines,—written in another hand—of which I knew the phraze, ar also writen on my hart; which [lines] my sowle can never leve to repeat, while it liveth in my body. And if any cunning toong of man or of an angell tell your L[ordship] the contrary, do not beleve hym. Neither shall I ever distinguish that demonstration of my lives care † which the effect sealed, while I have being, or know ther is a God which hath ever hated that ingratetud to the ministers of His goodness."‡

Once more, towards the close of 1604:—

"Good my Lord, make an end of mee, one way or other, that I may witness to the World the great debt I owe yow. And your L[ordship] shall find it from God—and with men, in sune proportion—to your L[ordship's] advantage; to whom I will remayne your then most thanckfullest man that ever received good from your L[ordship], or ever shall."§

III. Cobham's confession that he had falsely accused Raleigh in the examinations before the Lords of the Council was,—once at least,—self-originated, and not, as Coke asserted at Raleigh's trial, made merely by contrivance with an emissary from Raleigh himself:—

On the 24th of October, 1608, Lord Cobham wrote to the Lieutenant of the Tower in these words:—

"Master Lieutenant, If that I may wright unto the Lords I wold, toching Sir Walter Rawlye; besyds my letter to my Lord Cisell. God is my wittnes, it doth trouble my contiens.

"As you shall send me word, so I will do; that my letter may be redy agaynst your sonn's going. I wold very fain have the words that the Lords used of my barbarousnes in accusing him || falsly. I ever trouble you; if God ever mayk me able, you shall find me thankfull. If otherwis, God will requit your charitie towrds me."¶

Sir George Harvey endorsed this letter from Cobham as having duly come to his hands upon the day of its date; but he determined to suppress its contents. He kept the secret within his own breast until

* Hatfield MSS., vol. cii. § 112.

† Meaning, of course, "that demonstration of care for my life."

‡ Hatfield MSS., vol. cix. § 17.

§ Ib. § 16 [bound out of order].

|| Meaning Raleigh.

¶ Hatfield MSS., vol. cii. § 77.

nearly two months had passed. When all the alleged conspirators had been tried and sentenced, he told Lord Cecil what he had taken upon himself to do, and then sent to him Cobham's letter. He gave no reason for the suppression, of which it is apparent that Lord Cecil had no previous knowledge. The reason of Harvey's disclosure in December he himself states. It was his hope that the knowledge of the fact that Cobham's own emotions and prick of conscience,—such as it was,—had previously wrought him to one retraction of the main charge against Raleigh, would tend to lessen in the eyes of the Secretary and of his colleagues the offence of his,—the Lieutenant's,—own son. For the younger Harvey, subsequently to Cobham's communication to his father, had acted as a go-between for the purpose of obtaining from Cobham another retraction.

On the 17th of December the Lieutenant of the Tower wrote thus to Secretary Lord Cecil :—" My singuler good Lorde, Knowing how easelie a man might be lymed in matters of Treason, I did heretofore leave my sonne to himselfe, without making of any apollogie for him ; because I knewe not the quallitie of his offence. But now that the Lawe and his Majesty's mercyes have had ther course, I am bold to acquaint your Lordship with these inclosed, written unto me by the Lord Cobham the 24 of October last, wherebie he hath, under his own hande, manifested the gret desire he had, of himselfe,—without any instigacion of my sonne,—to justifie Sir W. R. ; which course of his, being by me then stopped, as was fitt, he diverted it as I concieve—and as is verie lykely—unto Sir W. himselfe ; which I leve unto your honorable considerations. And do humble crave pardon to intreat your honorable commiseration towards my unworthie sonne, in releasing his restraint."

It is not our object to draw positive conclusions from the new items of evidence which are now tendered. But on two important points it is needful to say a few words at once. If Cobham, by his own admission, stands plainly convicted both as a traitor and as a liar ; and if Raleigh, also by his own admission, had certainly incurred towards James some degree, however small, of legal and technical criminality,—though far short of high treason,—why had Raleigh suffered his quondam friend, without warning or remonstrance, to carry on foolish and perilous schemes ? If Cecil, again, by Raleigh's express acknowledgment, had acted a friendly part,—after the trial,—why had he, too, permitted,—on such testimony as that offered by Cobham,—the comrade of many years, and of many dangers, to come so near the block as almost to touch it ? It was Raleigh, we have to remember, who had stood beside Robert Cecil, shoulder to shoulder, when that statesman had been called upon to face the greatest peril of his political career,—the life or death wrestle with the Earl of Essex. It is Raleigh who asserts the presence in Robert Cecil of many fine and generous qualities. And the

assertion is made after the asserter had been convicted of treason at Winchester. Had it not been for Cecil, no suspicion of treason would have been cast upon him. For Cobham's lie was invented upon sight of certain words written by Raleigh to Cecil, the meaning and intention of which Cobham had misconstrued. Raleigh knew all this. Yet, after his knowledge, he writes to Cecil not only the sentences printed on p. 192, but also this sentence:—"To use defences for the errors of former times, I cannot. I have failed both in friendship and in judgment." Those words, also, were written in December, 1608.*

The registers of the Privy Council are among the records which contain materials for Raleigh's biography, both precious and unused,—as will be shown, it is hoped, hereafter. There is special reason for believing that on the plots of 1608 they would be likely to throw a gleam or two of strong light. But unfortunately, both for the early years of James's reign and for the closing months of Elizabeth's, they have long been lost. In their absence, we have sometimes to piece out the authoritative information to be found at Hatfield, and at the new Rolls House, on the transactions which marked James's entrance into his English kingdom, by the aid of the contemporary, but less reliable, evidence of despatches written by foreign ambassadors at the Court of London. Possibly, even a very brief glance at the events of the April and May of 1608, may a little aid the reader in his conjectures as to the hidden cause of that strangely contrasted relative position towards each other, in which Raleigh, Cobham, and Cecil met at Winchester in the following November. All three had served Elizabeth in high offices of State. All three had been the joint leaders of a powerful political party. Cobham was at once Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, a Knight of the Garter, and the brother-in-law of Elizabeth's secretary and of James's all-powerful minister. At the crisis of affairs which had preceded Elizabeth's death, those three statesmen had met together in conclave, by day and by night, at an episcopal palace in London. And their joint resolves had made a revolution in public policy. Cobham, however, shone only by reflected light. Despite his dignities, he was essentially a cipher. But he had the ear of the queen. In her declining years, he possessed a peculiar share of her confidence. It was very fitful, but influential. Hence arose a factitious importance, which otherwise Cobham could never have attained.

Within little more than two years of those meetings at Durham House, the three meet again, in an episcopal palace in Winchester. One of them now sits on the bench as a judge, and as a peer of Parliament; the other two answer before him and his fellows for their lives, and are sentenced to the block. It is very true that a famous "secret correspondence" between London and Edinburgh had been carried on during the interval between the conferences at Durham

* Hatfield MSS., vol. cii. § 112.

House and the tribunals at Wolvesey Castle, and that it had not been without grave influence upon the change of position amongst the old comrades. But those who make that the only hinge-fact of the transformation, lay themselves open to more objections than one. Not only are they forced to exaggerate the baser elements in human nature, in order to win belief for their hypothesis. They are forced, too, to depict a statesman of great ability as an unmitigated knave, in the face of fair antecedent character. And even that is not their whole difficulty. It will not be enough to paint Robert Cecil as a scoundrel. It would also be essential to depict Walter Raleigh as a fool. For Raleigh had attained a tolerably approximate knowledge of the transactions between James and Cecil; and,—as we have shown already,—he asserts over and over again that, towards James, Cecil had proved himself, not his enemy, but his friend. How is the imbroglio to be explained?

Simply, by way of suggestion,—not at all by way of dogma,—we submit that two factors in the problem have usually been undervalued. They are Raleigh's ambition, and the undeviating intensity of purpose with which he clung to war with Spain and the backing of the Dutch Provinces as the cardinal points of English policy. His ambition prompted him to fathom, if he could, what those Spanish plans really were which lay at the bottom of the eagerness shown by the Archduke's minister, the Count of Arenbergh, to cultivate Cobham's friendship. His ambition prompted him to watch patiently the successive steps in a mysterious intrigue,—to which he might well think he had more than one eventual clue,—and to wait for the coming of an opportunity in which he might step in, not with mere information, but with authoritative counsel. His hatred of Spain, and of the policy in Europe of which Spain was at once the vanguard and the battalia, equally prompted him to stand aloof from rendering to Cobham any duty of private friendship which might deprive him of a clue to Spanish plots for gaining ascendancy over James. That hatred also prompted him to stand aloof from rendering to Cecil any political service which might strengthen Cecil's hands before Raleigh himself was fully resolved, in his own mind, whether those hands would strain their powers on behalf of English alliance with France and the free Netherlands, or of English alliance with Spain and the Archdukes. Do the new items of evidence as to what passed at the English Court in the April and May of 1608, tend to give support, in any measure, to these suggestions?

A word or two must first be said of the circumstances under which the intercourse between Arenbergh and Cobham originated. Cobham and Raleigh went together to Ostend in July, 1600. By one of those curious conjunctions of fortune which are perhaps less strange than,—for want of record,—they are thought to be, the two friends went thither as the bearers of a loving message from Sir Robert Cecil to Thomas

Grey, fifteenth Lord Grey of Wilton,—who a little before had incurred Queen Elizabeth's displeasure,—as well as to have a glimpse of the pomp and circumstance of war. There are at Hatfield most interesting accounts of the intercourse in Ostend of three men, all of whom were then in the full pride of martial enterprise or of high employments, and with fair prospects of higher greatness to come. Both Grey and Raleigh were staunch friends of Dutch independence; implacable enemies of Spain. They agreed in but little else. Cobham's political sympathies went already in the opposite direction. And he found means to indicate it. He presently became known in the Archduke's camp as a friend at Court in England. But when the three friends were together in the Dutch camp, Cobham's divergence of view was still, it seems, unknown.* The three never met again till they were fellow-prisoners,—for having been alleged fellow-traitors,—at Winchester, in November, 1603. All three were then mixed up in indictments which strung together, pell-mell, accusations of intentions to murder King James, to enthrone Arabella Stuart, and to support the policy of Spain.

Nearly three years after the visit to Ostend, Raleigh and Cobham sat together at dinner in Cobham's mansion at the Blackfriars. They discussed the question of peace with Spain, and grew very angry over it. Cobham then said to Raleigh: "When Count Arenbergh comes over, he will yield such strong arguments for the peace as will satisfy any man. And some great sums of money will be given to councillors who will help it forward." And so on. It was then, if Raleigh's word,—spoken under solemn auspices,—is to be credited, that he made the answer: "When I see the money, I will tell you whether I will take any of it, or no."

Arenbergh wrote repeatedly to Cobham about the negotiations for a treaty of peace, before he came to England. In April, 1603, Cobham sent one of those letters to Cecil, and with it he made the inquiry, "What answer I shall make unto Arenbergh, I pray you be a means that I may know."† In May, came another letter. It was written by way of an introduction to Cobham of the very agent with whom some of his treasonable intents were, by his indictment, alleged to have been plotted. This also was sent to Cecil. In enclosing it, Cobham wrote thus: "Arenbergh doth imagine my credit to be as formerly it was. I hold it my part to acquaint you herewith."‡ There is every probability that Raleigh knew of this eagerness,—whether real or affected,—to make Cecil cognisant of some part of the intercourse with Arenbergh. It may well have been designed by Cobham as a cloak. But may it not also be thought to contribute some little ray of light to Raleigh's attitude at this critical juncture?

* Hatfield MSS., vol. lxxx. § 84. Ibid., "Pillar C." b. iv. § 100.

† Hatfield MSS., vol. xcix. § 111, *seq.* ‡ Hatfield MSS., vol. xcix. § 111, *seq.*

Be that as it may, there is certainty on another point of the evidence which tends in the same direction. The friendly intercourse between Raleigh and Cobham had continued down to the time of their respective arrests. Raleigh was managing a negotiation with the Duke of Lenox for a lease of certain crown lands on his friend's behalf; and he had papers connected with it, as well as a very large sum in money and jewels belonging to Cobham, upon his person when pacing the terrace at Windsor, and waiting to mount in the king's suite, at the moment of his hasty summons to appear before the Privy Council. But long before that moment Cobham's eagerness to confer with Raleigh on political topics had wonderfully cooled. Before Count Arenbergh came to London, Cobham was gushingly confidential with his friend on the affairs of Spain and of the Archdukes. After Arenbergh's arrival he became very reticent. This fact goes far to explain the vagueness of phrase in which Cobham's accusation was always couched. "He instigated my treason." "He would never let me alone." "But for him, I had not meddled with such matters." These, and other expressions of like indefiniteness, abound in the depositions. And the fact has also a most important bearing on the one salient characteristic of the trial at Winchester,—the persistent refusal of the Crown lawyers to permit Raleigh to confront his accuser. The prisoner was bent on getting at particulars. The prosecutors were bent, not less firmly, on keeping within the safer generalities of alleged "instigation," and the like. They insisted on making Raleigh play what, in the old forms of indictment for murder, was Satan's part.

The contrast on this head could hardly find plainer expression in human speech than was given to it, in the course of one of those curiously personal interpellations which give so dramatic a character to the authentic reports of Raleigh's trial, overlaid though they have been by somnolent and careless editors. At a moment when Raleigh's vehement demand had made an obvious impression on some of the jurors, the dialogue between bench and prisoner proceeded thus:—*Raleigh*: "Whosoever is the workman, it is reason he should give account of his work to the workmaster. Let it be proved that Cobham acquainted me with any of his conference with Arenbergh." *Cecil*: "That follows not. If I set you at work, and you give me no account, am I therefore innocent?"* Had Cobham and Raleigh been brought face to face at Winchester, a divergence between the schemes, the wishes, and the governing motives of the two men would have become as plain as the sun at noonday.

* Report of Trial, in MS. Cott., Titus, C vii. (Brit. Mus.).

LIFE STUDIES.

No. I. "OUR OWN" GREAT MAN.

You think a great deal about leadership in England. The whole tone of the press instances how much you concede to the man who takes precedence of his fellows; and when the arena is the great council of the nation, and it is the leadership of the House or of the Opposition which is in question, the great commoner occupies, perhaps, the most conspicuous station in the country. Foreigners usually ascribe this to our innate love of ability,—that reverence for genius which is so strong a trait of our people. I accept the flattery with gratitude; but I admit that I dissent from the explanation. I really believe the homage we render is simply the offspring of our worship of power. Power is the English ideal, whether it be exercised by a mill-wheel or a millionaire,—by dint of money, or a stroke of a steam-hammer. We do love force,—force that beats down opposition and impresses its own rule. The strong man is seldom in the wrong with us. It is a very fine theory for people who profess to admit that nothing succeeds like success. I am not sure it makes us more amiable or more modest,—more deferential to those who differ from us, or more generally conciliating in intercourse; but it imparts a great deal of that active and persevering spirit which accepts difficulty as a natural obstacle, and is quite satisfied that the road of life should have many a barricade and many a pitfall. The idea of roughing it is very early implanted in the English heart. It is the schoolboy's first gleam of heroism. It is the college man's first bit of romance. It is the hard-worked lawyer's dream of enjoyment for the long vacation. It is the proud peer's best reason for renting a mountain in the Highlands. From all this it is clear enough how intimately we associate the power to endure and to brave with a sense of superiority. Hence that race of African travellers, Nile explorers, North Polar expeditionists, which we alone give to the world; and hence, in a smaller way, our yachting men, our Alpine Clubbists, and canoe-voyagers. To work out a station, a fortune, a celebrity, or a title is the English "El Dorado," because by any of these successes power is accomplished. It is the impuissance of poverty which has made poverty despicable in our eyes; and the man who can do nothing we regard as only a degree above a criminal.

Perhaps no better test of the temper of a people could be found

than the sort of person the nation delights to honour. Here it is the rich man, with shares and ships and argosies ; there it is the military chief who has covered his name with glory ; now it is the philanthropist ; and now the subtle statesman, who has made his small country of great account, and her alliance a thing to bid for. Very few indeed are they who would be great in all lands. To win a nation's favour a man must be so imbued with the traits and temper of the people he belongs to as to almost idealise them. This the first Napoleon did. This, too, in a great degree, was the secret of Wellington's success with ourselves. And now, shall I come to what led me to these speculations ? The confession is soon made. In the village I live in,—I will not give the geography, and will only say it is near the Apennines, and not far from the Arno,—there is a great man, and a very great man,—a man of whom, as Peel said of Palmerston, we are all proud. Perhaps I cannot go so far as to say that we admire without envy. This would be too much. But our envy has no bitterness ; it is but another form of homage. We see that he has conferred a lustre on our town, and we feel that we all bask in the sunshine of his success. “Tennyson's county, sir,” said the postillion, as he touched his hat, to intimate to the traveller that he had entered on classic ground. So say we to our new arrivals, “You are aware that — lives here.”

I trust the reader appreciates the modesty of the blank. I trust he values the noble forbearance with which I have restrained myself from filling up a cheque in which I might have written down millions. You ask me, doubtless, what is the nature of his greatness. Is he poet, orator, statesman, sculptor ? Has he linked high deeds to undying verse, or bequeathed to ages to come some page of history on canvas ? Is he an architect, who has adorned his native city by some splendid temple or noble cathedral, or is he a great inventor, whose discoveries have widened the sphere of industry and enlarged the limits of human enjoyment ? I could not, perhaps, say he is any of these, but it is not impossible that I might not declare he is all of them together.

Of one thing I am sure,—no combination of qualities could give a man a more indisputable pre-eminence than he enjoys amongst us. To be seen with him is a distinction,—to have him for a guest is fame. Now I know, and indeed I sympathise with, your impatience. Who is he, and wherein lies this wondrous distinction by which he makes us great and himself greater ? I will not descend to the mean arts of those who pile the Pelion on the Ossa of curiosity ;—I will not practise the petty rogueries by which some writers impart glimpses of the landscape only to close the shutter again ;—I will at once declare who is our great man, or rather, what is his greatness. He leads our cotillon. “Ye gentlemen of England who live at home at ease” will, perhaps, think little of this. You will imagine that the quality which

only comes to be exercised in the small hours of the morning, under the glare of waxlights and the gaze of revellers, is a small foundation for fame or credit;—and if you think so you will be wrong, radically wrong. This man is really great. Our whole social happiness is in his hands. He makes our balls a brilliant success or a grim failure, as he will. He can cover us with glory or with shame at his mere caprice. He does not impose by his fortune, or indeed much impress you by his person. He is a small, some say a finical-looking little man, with a well-cut whisker, a soft eye, and a neat foot. His voice is gentle, save in moments of command; but I have heard him call out “*À vos places, mesdames!*” with the ring of a trumpet. His gestures, too, are courteous and conciliating. I speak of him, of course, as one sees him at table or on the promenade; for in the ball-room the man is what the emergency makes him, as was Picton on the battle-field. supremely calm at the first bars of the music, he glances around him as might Nelson while the squadron formed in line at his lee. The superb air with which he leads out his partner a king might copy at his nuptials. Grandly graceful is the wave of that hand, as though it said,—“I share with you this greatness, on which I sit as on a throne. So long as you partake of my favour, your station is queen-like.”

There is something of indolence, almost of languor, about his first movements. The opening of all battles, they say, is the same. It is only when the battalions are crowding up and the squadrons closing that the general-in-chief is seen moving eagerly to the front,—guiding, directing, encouraging, supporting. How fine it is to see our man, as the engagement thickens, throwing himself into the wildest of it! With what subtle grace he wends through the tangled throng, disengaging his terrified partner, and carrying her triumphantly through the *mêlée*.

Mark the difference with which he insinuates his arm around the timid waist, and the almost reckless abandonment with which he clasps the matronly plumpness that comes bouncing along, and, like a charge of the household brigade, sweeps all before it. How with a touch, as it were, he encourages the shy or reproves the exuberant. He is here, he is there, he is everywhere. The music takes its measure from his movements, and the director's *bâton* seems to follow his gestures. Inspired by him, the dancers have no other will; and they are languidly voluptuous or wildly rapturous, as his spirit fires them.

Down the room he sweeps, partner in hand, and a floating throng, gauzy and filmy, follow him, to scatter, dove-like, with a flutter as he claps his hands, and then clustering at a signal to gather round him, eager, panting, and expectant, till he bursts forth with one of those flashes of eccentric fancy which unites all that is wildest in caprice with whatever is most graceful in gesture.

Till you saw him, could you believe what suggestiveness there was in a footstool, what poetry in a hat, or what tenderness in the touch of the fire-irons? There is nothing which he cannot make tributary to his genius, from the umbrella in the hall to the rug before the fire. You never suspected till now how the dance enters into the very heart of domestic life, and how all the little moods of every-day existence are typified by a "*trois temps*," or pictured in a polka. Our great man knows he is profound in the psychology of waltzing; and he knows to a turn when a dancer is done. Hence is it that mothers of many daughters court his favour and scheme for his patronage. In olden times it was the priest made the marriages,—now it is the polka. People in the present age are too busy, too ardent in the pursuit of fortune, too eager in the hunt after success, to have time for love-making. To meet the requirements of a hard-worked generation, the cotillon was invented; and as in the garden of certain Dutch restaurants there used to be fish-ponds to which epicures repaired before dinner, and pointed out in the crystal basin the precise fish on which they had fixed their affections, so here, outside the range of chairs within which the dancers glide and gambol, stand these epicures to canvass and criticise, and mayhap to choose, doubtless with some sentiment akin to what passed through the other gourmand's mind when he said, "I saw it alive this morning."

It is in the consciousness, then, that it is not a mere dance over which he presides that gives the leader of the cotillon that air of supreme pride, that look of haughty domination. He feels that he emblematises the future by a figure, and evolves destiny out of what, to common eyes, looks a hopeless confusion. There he goes, this instant, beneath our window, a camellia in his button-hole. He looks cheerful and gay, as though nothing weighty lay on his spirits! There is, however, no guessing these things. I saw Palmerston with such a face the day war was proclaimed against Russia, and yet he must have known that the cotillon would be a long one, and he must have had his own suspicions about his partner.

SYBEL'S HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION.*

It is not fair to call the French Revolution up for judgment in this precise year of 1868, and bring it in guilty of all the untoward circumstances of this period. M. von Sybel, its latest historian, a Prussian deputy and professor, does this. He looks around him, and sees four or five great military empires dominant in Europe. "Behold," he exclaims, "the fault of the great popular French Revolution." Prussia, Austria, and Russia were, however, military monarchies previous to and during the French Revolution. They combined to attack it, and France, in putting forth all its military strength to resist, became itself, unfortunately, a military monarchy too. Is that to be charged to the French Revolution?

Military monarchies are very different from what they were; different in their bases as well as in their aims. It is not long since their overgrown armies were maintained avowedly for the purpose of keeping down explosion or expression of discontent amongst the people. But as such great armies can only be raised by conscription, they come to constitute, if not the people, at least the really valid portion of it. Such armies cannot be treated as were those of Frederick II. and Louis XIV. A ruler ever so despotic must consider them as he does the rest of his people, and if he does not consult their opinions, or stoop to ask counsel of them, he must not offend, or outrage, or run counter to their sentiments. Neither the French Emperor nor the Prussian King could at the present moment undertake an unpopular war. The control exercised over them by their people is as great, and perhaps greater, than that exercised by the English public or press over the administration of the Georges.

It is not just, therefore, of M. von Sybel to assert that the French have made no political gains by their revolution;—whilst their social gains have been avowedly enormous. The English enjoy an infinitely greater degree of freedom at the present moment than the French, and yet the latter have shaken off a number of shackles which Englishmen are not able to touch. Every one must see, too, that if the hands of the French Government are strong, and its sway unrestricted, this is owing to accidental and temporary causes, and that a system of despotism has as little chance of prevailing for any length of time upon one side of the Channel as upon the other. We

* "Geschichte der Revolutionszeit von 1789 bis 1795." Von Heinrich von Sybel.

may therefore dismiss M. von Sybel's political theories, which fortunately do not interfere with his statement of facts, elucidation of causes, or even appreciation of character.

In these respects M. von Sybel has much to teach the world and the French concerning their own revolution, and especially concerning its relations with Germany. The great defect, indeed, of all French histories of the Revolution is ignorance, often wilful ignorance, of what passed in foreign countries. What hash does M. Thiers make of French relations with England, although the English policy of the period is a matter of public and documental record! Of German affairs the ignorance is, of course, still greater, because more unavoidable. And it is into this dark portion of the international history that M. von Sybel undertakes to throw light. He has had access to many of the German State archives, that of Berlin especially. The memoirs, too, of the minister Harzberg were at his disposal for the history of the first years of the Revolution. He does not, indeed, quote specially where several portions of his information are gleaned. Still what he discloses is always curious, even when it is not important, and serves to correct many serious errors.

The first care, indeed probably the first motive, of M. Sybel seems to have been to defend his countrymen from the imputation of French writers. It certainly was, and still is, a subject of grave reproach that the German and the English sovereigns united could not make more impression than they did by their regular and disciplined armies upon a country in a state of anarchy and almost dissolution. Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr, in his memoirs, says that from 1791 to 1794 the officers and soldiers of the French armies were simply at school, learning their profession in the face of the enemy, brave and fully equal to the task of light warfare,—such as surprises, skirmishes, defence,—but totally unequal to steady manœuvres in the field, and consequently to the fighting of a great battle. The reproach to Brunswick and to Cobourg is, that they allowed the French time to learn their profession, and to become the masters of all other nations therein. Why and how they did so is for the first time now fully explained by Sybel, who has found in the archives and State papers of German courts the true cause of the diplomatic and underhand rivalry between Austria and Prussia, which paralysed their military movements, and, indeed, rendered their political purposes not only abortive, but ridiculous.

The chief cause of the failure of monarchic Europe to fight more energetic and successful battles with the intrusive republic was the designs of the three great Eastern powers upon Poland. Prussia and Russia were no doubt the original spoilers, and Austria was obliged to join them, as much in self-defence and preservation as from motives of ambition and greed. But as Austria could always offer to the court of St. Petersburg an alliance far more valuable for its aggrandisement

either east or west than Prussia, not only the latter power, but its principal commanders, came to entertain jealousy and hatred of Austria as their first passion, all other objects and motives being secondary. This was the sentiment which prevailed in the breast of the Duke of Brunswick when he led the Prussian armies against republican France,—sentiments of which he ultimately induced his sovereign to partake. All this is fully set forth in Sybel. Every reader will thank him for the light he has thrown upon modern history, although very few in England will adopt his exclusively German view of the partition of Poland. The conduct of the Poles may have been as suicidal as provocative; but the crime of extinguishing a great nation, and condemning it to years of oppression, turbulence, rebellion, and extermination, must remain an indelible blot upon Prussia, which first plotted the spoliation, and upon Austria, which consented to become a participator. That crime, indeed, they expiated fully. It was it and its consequences which first paralysed the German commanders, and opened the path of conquest to Dumouriez, to Jourdan, and to Pichegru. Prussia, exulting in the little province it had stolen from Poland, looked with culpable apathy on the subjection of Holland, as well as of the Low Countries, and allowed Austria to be crushed, hoping that the humiliation of the Emperor might procure the exaltation of his rival at Berlin. How false a dream that was the victory of Jena came to tell.

To explain this, M. Sybel has been obliged to go largely into the history of his country, both during the great French catastrophe and previous to it. His sketch is able and suggestive. One is struck with the contrast in the efforts made in the same century by the Eastern and by the Western States of Europe to emerge from the difficulties and embarrassments, the one of rude and retarded civilisation, the other of progress so partial and ill-directed as to beget only impoverishment and discontent. The peculiarity of the east of Europe is, that no geographical frontier divides it. Race alone marks the difference between nations, and the indispensable conditions of a race maintaining existence and independence are, an efficient government and army. Prussia first set about this with the energy of a young and scarcely recognised people, whilst Poland neglected it with the nonchalant confidence of an old, and in their opinion an imperishable nation. The Czar Peter, Frederick the Great, Maria Theresa, and Joseph laboured hard to lay solid foundations for military monarchy. The French in 1789 had no such views. The abolition of privilege, the establishment of freedom, were at first their aims. These they in a great measure missed. Liberty, indeed, they never attained. But they did accomplish what their eastern rivals in vain aimed at,—efficiency of administration and superiority of military power;—a strong proof that even to acquire these no reform from above, and no change in the upper regions of society, can altogether

suffice. It is necessary to dig deep into the popular soil in order to lay the foundation even of military empire.

The supremacy of the Prussian army died with Frederick, whilst the selfish and personal policy which he bequeathed to his successor led to illusions, treachery, and errors fatal to the Prussian monarchy. Prussia, in fact, to be anything, must be German,—a truth and a necessity which Prussian statesmen, almost to our day, have been apt to forget. They who were contemporaries of the French Revolution and Empire never awoke to it till the monarchy was in the dust. Their first, their absorbing thought was to get a bit of Pomerania, or an additional slice of Poland. And as Austria chiefly opposed them, Austria was the arch-enemy. Such was the policy of Herzberg, who held office in Berlin on the eve of the French Revolution, and from whose inedited papers Sybel has largely drawn. It was, however, not certainly to Prussia that the world should have looked for indignation and resistance against the cruelties and pretensions of the French Republic. The Austrian Low Countries form the neighbouring land most coveted and first invaded by the French. The Queen of France, sister of the successive emperors, was in every respect of person and character a woman to call forth their sympathies. But the Austrian princes seemed to have no hearts, and whilst Leopold hoped, and pothered, and negotiated, Frederick William of Prussia alone felt the chivalrous desire to rush to the aid of the French royal family. But every Prussian statesman threw cold water on the royal enthusiasm. And finally, the Duke of Brunswick whom he strangely appointed his generalissimo and who as strangely accepted the appointment, entertained such a jealous hatred of Austria, and such mingled awe and admiration of France, that to have put the army of invasion into his hands was from the first tantamount to neutralisation and defeat.

Having recounted the early events of the French Revolution, and described its effect upon Europe, M. Sybel pauses at the opening of his second volume to ask how it possibly could have come to pass that a great popular movement to fling off feudality and restore the natural rights of the oppressed classes should, in so short a time, have degenerated into a mere territorial struggle for provinces and frontiers. This question, tantamount to a reproach, is especially addressed to the German and Russian powers. For the French themselves adhered fanatically to their hatred of all privileged classes, sovereigns included; whilst Pitt, their great antagonist, was actuated far more by the conservative principle of defending the social and political institutions of England than even by his desire to maintain or restore the territorial balance of power. As a proof of this we need but adduce the Count de Narbonne's last interview with Pitt, as recounted by Villemain in his "*Souvenirs*."

Austrian and Prussian as well as Russian statesmen, on the contrary,

seem very soon to have abandoned anything like a war of principle, and to have been actuated solely by territorial policy. The result of this was that each country completely missed the aim towards which it directed its efforts. France, which, as before observed, hoisted the banner of democratic freedom, and threatened to make it prevail over the world, became the trembling slave, first, of half-a-dozen maniacs of the Committee of Public Safety, and then of as many libertines and simpletons installed as the Directory. And, at last, which was never thought of at first, military superiority, and consequent ascendancy over Europe, accrued to her unexpectedly, and changed the whole face, prospects, and character of the Revolution. France, thus setting out in search of freedom and equality, achieved universal dominion under military rule. The powers opposed to her, already subject to military rule, and seeking as the first good extended dominion, lost, two of them, half their empire, whilst the third, menaced with subjection and its capital burned, paid the full penalty of its greed towards unfortunate Poland. It is thus in political history as in private career,—people set out, when young, inspired by great principles to attain sentimental aims, which in a little time, amidst the vicissitudes and disappointments of life, are lost sight of in the more vulgar benefits of personal vanity or material fortune.

As the revolutionary war advanced, it became more and more manifest that the original objection to treat with revolutionists and regicides no longer prevented the German powers from negotiating. Prussia was attracted by the prospect of acquiring the property of the old ecclesiastical electorates eastward of the Rhine. As to Austria, its aim was to obtain Bavaria as an indemnity for Belgium. Hitherto the general opinion has been that Prussia played a catiff part, and was untrue to Germany, when it concluded the Peace of Basel, in the beginning of 1795, with France, and ceded, at least in the secret articles of the treaty, the entire left bank of the Rhine. Sybel, however, shows that Austria was just as ready then to treat as Prussia. The minister Thugut instigated the Archduke Ferdinand of Tuscany to send an envoy, Carletti, to Paris; and his efforts were directed to bring about a peace by which Austria should obtain Bavaria in compensation for all that it lost beyond the Rhine. The French Thermidorians, however, having gained Prussia, did not see the necessity of making further concessions to Austria. What they most needed was military triumph to enhance their reputation and consolidate their power. This great want and desire of the Directory Bonaparte sprang up to gratify. The reputation and strength, however, accrued to himself,—not to the Directory. Austria meanwhile, seeing its offers repudiated by the French, and its power threatened at the same time by them and Prussia, turned to England and to Russia, and united with them in an alliance for the renewal of the war.

But what must be chiefly looked to, even in a German historian of the French Revolution, is his view of the internal causes which produced the great catastrophe, and then diverted it from the most desirable conclusion,—that of constitutional freedom. There were two distinct series of causes which led to the Revolution,—the moral and intellectual, and the material, each requiring consideration to discover and space to elucidate. From the learned professor of a university we should have expected to find chapters and disquisitions devoted to the first. But M. Sybel seems to have thought that such were prolegomena to the history of revolution, requiring to be treated apart, and to demand a development incompatible with the scope and practical nature of his history. The material causes are, however, minutely entered into, with an elaborate account of the condition and earnings of the French peasant. From the fact that the manufacture of lace employed a population far greater than that of woollens, and from the circumstance of the preparation of hair-powder being more extensive and productive than that of several necessities of life, he points to the conclusion how much vanity prevailed as a national motive over comfort.

In all the accounts which have been given of France before the Revolution we find complaint made of one great material grievance,—stagnation. This was chiefly owing to the impediments which the Government always contrived to put in the way of the formation or accumulation of wealth. The first requisite for such accumulation is sure investment for moderate savings. These form the pools and small national reservoirs from which any great or useful supply of capital can alone be drawn. In France, however, under the old monarchy, there never was a sure investment. If money were lent on land, the noble proprietor had many ways of defeating his creditor, of delaying or refusing payment. Government interfered to alter or annul the contract.* The first act of a Controller-General of Finance in distress was to stop the interest of the Rentes on the Hôtel de Ville. The consequence was that no one would lay up his money there, and that all preferred life annuities or tontines. But what was more preferred than either was to purchase a government office. This was the way, indeed, in which French parents in general provided for their offspring. They bought for them a place at court, in the magistracy, or in the fiscal department. As the creation of these places was the most economical way of raising a loan, of course they were multiplied beyond all bounds, creating the most dangerous of all classes,—that bred to live in idleness, yet insecure in their means of living, and with just education enough to indulge in and spread the widest discontent. As to the employment of large capital, this was

* The great cause of the quarrel of the Parlement with Law was its forced reduction of the interest paid upon mortgages or loans to land. See the petition of the Legists in Buret.

still more insecure. Dargenson records how aught in the way of manufacture was réglementé out of existence, and how it took months for a petition or a remonstrance to reach the ear of a minister, much more obtain an answer from him. As to trade, this was monopolised by companies, in which the Government always took the prevailing part, and which of course they spoiled. Similar was the case with every national attempt at colonisation; still worse indeed,—for the clergy or the Jesuits deemed they had a permanent right to interfere in colonies, and on this score Church and State continually quarrelled. The army, too, monopolised its portion, and shut the industrious and producing class altogether out of consideration and existence.

It would be easy to explain how upon this followed the decay of agriculture, which best thrives by the capital that flows down upon it from the accumulations of other than agricultural classes. An isolated landed class never thrives. It has but two qualities, frugality and prodigality. Peasant, farmer, and landlord of themselves can never convert agriculture into an industry. Still these classes contrived to exist in France till some years past the middle of the century, when, towards the close of Louis XV.'s reign, took place a momentous change in the seasons, year after year proving as unfavourable as in the previous years they had been fruitful and warm. Tooke places this period at 1768, after which famine years became the rule, and a fair harvest the exception. Here was another, perhaps the most cogent, cause of the French Revolution.

It is usual to refer the state of misery to which the lower classes of France had fallen before the Revolution to other causes than these. The undue privileges, the selfishness, and the monopolies granted to or grasped by the noblesse, are put forward as the principal reasons. The nobles are said to have exempted themselves altogether from taxation, which is by no means true. The cultivated land paid the taille, and of course it was levied on the cultivator or farmer. But, like the tithes, this was taken into consideration when the land was let and hired. As to monopoly of land in consequence of the droit d'aînesse, Arthur Young declares that the French soil in his time was too much subdivided on account of the equal partition of heritages, and he indites thereon the self-same complaints which writers of the present day do as to the subdivision of the land. The local influence and authority of the noblesse are also adduced as a great grievance. But M. de Tocqueville has proved that, under the ancient monarchy, centralisation and the intendants as completely nullified all opposition, especially that of the seigneur, as the later centralisation of Napoleon with his prefects. Another accredited opinion is, that there existed an impassable line between the noble and ignoble, and that whilst the uppermost of the middle and commercial class in England rose and mingled with the aristocracy, in France this was forbidden. Nothing

can be more untrue. The greater part of the French noblesse in 1789 consisted of those who had purchased their nobility within the previous century. That the French aristocracy weighed upon the classes below them there can be no doubt. But the galling oppression was, if we mistake not, far more social than economical, and more wounding to pride than to purse. That the people were justified in flinging off the yoke is as true as that many benefits have flowed from their doing so. But it would be exaggeration to affirm that aristocracy comprised all the evils of the ancient régime, and that democracy was the real and the best remedy. We fear, nevertheless, that such is M. Sybel's opinion, however carefully veiled. His own country suffers under those overweening privileges of birth,—privileges which will no doubt disappear with the progress of time. But their abrogation by a democratic revolution, like that of France, is a dubious and dangerous remedy. To supersede an aristocracy of birth by one of functionaries, military and civil, is not an advance in the path either of liberty or of true equality.

We shall not enter upon that vast subject, the moral and intellectual causes or precedents of the Revolution. An historian who, like M. Sybel, confines himself to the epoch, must shrink from going so far back as would be necessary for such a research. It would comprise an account of the long rivalry between Paris and Versailles, of which evident and curious traces are to be seen in the letters of Madame de Sévigné. That one was no better than the other was perceptible when Paris, its ideas and its habits, became dominant under the Regent. The struggle continued not the less, and was that of wit against dulness, free thought against bigotry, learning against ignorance, and vice concealed in all the charms of society against vice whose nakedness was dressed, but in transparent splendour. Yet if the monarchy could have contrived to pay, it would have triumphed over the cynicism of Paris. For all the world was in its pay. And hence the moral resolved itself into the material cause, after all.

Here arises a question which involves others much disputed, and of great importance. Could Turgot, if supported in his ministry, have restored to the monarchy plenitude of power with ampleness of means? No doubt he could have done so. The whole gist of the matter lies in these words. If Turgot could have joined the address of the courtier to the wisdom of the statesman, he might have preserved his influence over the king, and fought the battle of royalty with all the classes and personages of the nation united against him. The noblesse both of court and provinces, the citizen class and the peasantry, were all clamorous against the reformer, and unless he succeeded in obtaining or compelling from Louis XVI. the same adherence which Richelieu wrung from Louis XIII., the completion of his plan was impossible. Yet Turgot might have stood his ground

were it not for his determined resistance to the war with England on behalf of America. He represented such war to be as pernicious as useless. England, he said, could not conquer her revolted colonies; and even if she did, she would find them impossible to govern. After this, councils of ministers were held without Turgot being summoned to them, especially that in which the naval armaments were decided upon and ordered. These facts are disclosed by the *Memoirs of the Abbé de Veri*, the intimate friend of Turgot, of which, though yet inedited, several passages and letters have been recently published.* Had Turgot been a man of the world, had Mirabeau been a man of honour, there is no saying what they might have done for the restoration or maintenance of the monarchy; but, as it was, individual intelligence was powerless amidst the precipitous current of ideas and events, of wants which no one could supply, abuses no one could remedy, and aspirations that no governing power could satisfy.

M. Sybel places much stress upon the doctrines of the Rights of Man, which Lafayette himself proclaimed, and which substituted republican for monarchical principles. They implied and necessitated self-government, for which he thinks the French were as unfit from character as from ignorance and inexperience. We, however, do not really see what the French could do but have recourse to republican principles when the monarchic one had so egregiously failed. Royalty, wielding absolute power, had died a natural death. It could not perform its functions, and had given up the ghost. The revival of it by communicating power to the upper and propertied class had failed through the insane conduct of the nobles and clergy. The people were left no choice. That the democracy must rule was inevitable. The only thing to struggle for was to render the more enlightened, the more educated, and the more humane portion of the people the guides and magistrates of the mere rabble. There was no want of talent, of education, or even of energy in the former. Revolutionary writers, indeed, stigmatise it as a selfish and unscrupulous bourgeoisie, anxious to tyrannise over the poor and labouring class. But the bourgeoisie was not a mere mass of shopkeepers or traders. The more prominent members were professional persons, lawyers, functionaries, men of letters, even clergy, as able and as well entitled to govern as the courtier class of the Maurepas, the Briennes, or the Calounes. Unfortunately, the privileged and dethroned classes scouted those of the middle rank, who were rising to take, or at least to share, their power and influence; and the middle class were slow to resist and repress such arrogance. "Make an executive, create an executive," exclaimed Mirabeau. "Till you do that, your constitution is nothing but humbug, and your Rights of Man but so many words." Mirabeau first aimed at establishing an executive founded on a parlia-

* In "*Le Correspondant*" of August 25, 1866.

mentary majority. But the Feuillants would not hearken to him. Failing of a parliamentary executive, he turned to advise and urge the king to appoint one, and to sustain it. But Louis was blind and weak, and his queen particularly hostile to the only men who could have saved the monarchy. The middle class and its representatives being thus neutralised, the mob and the mob leaders took affairs into their own hands, became masters of the capital, of the Assembly, and of France.

Immediately after the success of the Revolution, those classes which accomplished it,—the middle and the lower,—naturally quarrelled. The latter were put down in almost every town in France except Paris. Even there Lafayette at one time achieved a victory so complete over the rabble, that had he persevered and been supported by the Assembly, he would have permanently extinguished their faction. The court, unhappily, did everything to strengthen the partisans of the mob, and weaken those of the middle class; whilst the municipal body, procuring funds and turning them to the worst of purposes, was soon imitated by the sections or assemblies of districts, which also raised money and kept cut-throats in pay, until the capital became organised as a machine of popular insurrection and mob predominance, the Jacobin and Cordelier Clubs sitting as parliaments for the multitude. We do not think that the fault of all this can be laid upon French character or French ignorance. The middle class would never have allowed the rabble to get so much the head of them if the national frenzy, caused by foreign threats of invasion and repression, and the manifest connivance of the court with the utterers of these menaces, had not provoked even moderate citizens to side with the sans-culottes. We know that when the king's carriage was stopped in going to St. Cloud, it was not the rabble, but respectable citizens, who were foremost to bar the way. Lamarcque admits it. If Petion, a fair representative of the middle class, truckled to the mob on the 20th of June, it was that he desired to see the court, not so grievously insulted indeed, but still receive a salutary lesson. When the king reviewed the National Guards in the court and garden of the château on the night before the 10th of August, it was the citizen and middle class who refused to defend him, and who allowed the monarchy to perish by their disgust. The fault and the original cause of all these mistakes are surely not to be traced to peculiarity of national character, but to the fact of the middle class, naturally so conservative and fond of order, being driven to adopt lower class ideas and accept lower class support by the mad provocation and fatuity of the court and the upper ranks.

French conservative writers, whether Royalist or Imperialist, cannot forgive the citizens for their early obsequiousness and later subjection to the mob. And hence the fury with which the Girondists are assailed by them. It is difficult to say whether these eminent

representatives and chiefs of middle-class statesmanship are more severely handled by Royalist, Imperialist, or revolutionary historians. Lamartine's unseasonable apotheosis of them, certainly the chief cause of the revolution of 1848, no doubt awoke most natural animadversions in the lovers of monarchy. But why M. Louis Blanc and M. Granier de Cassagnac, each of whose parties profited by that anomalous event, should unite in devoting the Girondists to the infernal gods, does appear difficult to comprehend. M. Sybel is severe upon the Gironde, refuses altogether to worship them with Lamartine, and seems unfascinated by either the character or beauty of Madame Roland. He says, justly enough, of the Gironde, that it was not so much a party as a collection of eminent individualities, each of which followed different views, no one spirit amongst them being able to dominate or lead the rest. But where M. Sybel is unjust is when he depicts the Girondists as wild revolutionists and anti-monarchical until the day when they felt themselves in peril,—reactionist and conservative afterwards. This is not a fair representation of men who, however much they erred, always showed the disinterestedness of genius, as well as its eloquence. When they first appeared as legislators, the Crown was conspiring against the Revolution, and they thundered against it. But subsequently, seeing the projects of the anarchists, who menaced not only them, but the State, they gave their advice and aid, and later a ministry, to the king, not from the miserable love of office that M. Louis Blanc attributes to them, nor for the love of life by which alone M. Sybel would have us believe that they were actuated, but from an honest conviction as well as liberal desire to preserve the cause of order and liberty united. M. de Cassagnac vainly seeks to implicate the Girondists in the massacres of September. As vainly would M. Louis Blanc exculpate Robespierre at their expense. Their principles, conduct, and fate cannot be more truly or more fairly described than in the lines of one of the most eminent of the party, Condorcet;—

"On me laissait le choix d'être bourreau ou victime,
Je choisis le malheur et leur laissai le crime."

The great difference of opinion entertained with regard to the Girondists could scarcely exist with regard to Danton. And still he has many apologists. A recent biography,* indeed, disproves in a great degree the account, so generally accredited, of his dissolute and spendthrift life. Lafayette himself tells us of his receiving fifty thousand crowns from the king a very little time before he looked on, if he did not contribute to, the monarch's downfall; but more than doubt is thrown upon this assertion. Then, although he consented to the fall of the Girondists, he objected to their execution. That towards the end of his career he was disgusted with Robespierre's

* "*Mémoires sur la Vie Privée de Danton*," par le Dr. Robinet.

blood-thirstiness, there can be no question ; but, unfortunately, there is as little doubt that he connived at the massacres of September, and at that of the prisoners of Orleans at Versailles. He afterwards made efforts to save the life of the queen, empowering the French envoys to Constantinople, as they passed through Italy, to make overtures on the subject to the Austrian authorities. They did so. And M. Louis Blanc accuses the court of Vienna of culpable neglect and hardness of heart in not replying to the offers, and thus endeavouring to save the life of the unfortunate princess. M. Sybel, however, shows that ere the court of Vienna could enter into any negotiations on the subject Danton had fallen from power ; whilst Robespierre, who succeeded him, was completely adverse to any negotiations either for peace or for saving royal victims. The generous desire of Danton failed in consequence. His great crime with Robespierre was not so much the alleged one of his being an indulgent, who would put an end to the Reign of Terror, as that he was a statesman with a knowledge of foreign policy, and a conviction of the necessity of treating with Europe, instead of continuing to run a muck against it. As the anarchists lived on the panic occasioned by the foreign enemy, and as Danton wanted to put an end to both, Robespierre soon compelled him to quit the ministry as well as the Committee of Public Safety. Danton readily resigned both in disgust, being willing enough to throw off responsibility, and with it power. But his resignation was fatal to him,—his enemies being content with nothing less than his blood.

If the tendency of political opinion some years back was to deify the Girondists, of late there have been undisguised attempts to rehabilitate Robespierre. Some have not shrunk from attributing his crimes to necessity, and suppose him to have been endowed not only with most occult motives, but with glorious and statesmanlike views. In a recent drama, "*Le Lion Amoureux*," which obtained the greatest popularity at the Théâtre Français, Ponsard has chosen a terrorist for his hero, at which the parterre, far from showing disgust, indulged in the most rapturous applause. Their admiration was not inspired by the activity which the Terrorists gave to the guillotine, but by the successful energy with which they repelled, or made their armies repel, the enemy. The terror, however, threw as many facilities in the way of foreign invasion as it raised obstacles. It disorganised even more than it organised ; created enthusiasts, no doubt, but made many malcontents ; and had the foreign enemies of France cordially co-operated together, and displayed even a moderate degree of military talent, they might on several occasions have advanced upon Paris.

For our part, we cannot conceive a more dangerous principle to be trusted than that it is allowable to have recourse to terror as a means of government, or even of national defence. Despotism, in fact, has been able to find no other excuse than this,—that the people

being brutal and barbarous, they can understand no other law, and obey no other authority than that of the whip or the knife. That a cultivated people should be proud of being thus governed, and so reduced to the lowest grade of civilisation, is not only preposterous, but dangerous. There may be something noble in the captain of the ship who compels, by the terror of his command, the very cowards amongst his crew to fight with desperation. But he does not sacrifice women and children, the infirm, the aged, and the innocent, as did the Committee of Public Safety and the Revolutionary Tribunal.

One circumstance, however, which has told in favour of the Terrorists is the imbecility and weakness, as well as corruption, of the Thermidorians which succeeded them, and of the Directory which formed the executive.

"The moderate government of France," writes Fox in July, 1795, "is very inferior in point of ability and energy to the tyrannical one; and I am grieved that it is so, for I know the inference which the admirers of tyranny and violence will draw from the comparison. In our own history the example in favour of tyranny is so strong that it frightens me. Whilst Cromwell's tyranny lasted, the royal cause seemed desperate. England was great abroad; splendid at home. Waller and Dryden sang his triumphs. When he was gone, and his son deposed, and the Rump Parliament took the government, amongst whom were many considerable men,—you know the consequence."

Cromwell, however, erected no guillotine on which to sacrifice whole classes of his supposed enemies. Tyranny and terror are not synonymous, and however much both are to be abhorred, it need not be in the same proportions. And as to the government of the Thermidorians being more incapable than that of the Committee of Public Safety, it must be recollected that the latter cut off the head of every man who was at once talented and moderated. Generals and civilians were alike immolated. Almost all of what might be called the capacities of the generation were sent to the scaffold. There were none to undertake the government but second-rate men, with third-rate reputations. Notwithstanding all this, it was the Thermidorians and the Directory who gave Bonaparte the command in Italy, and concluded the peace of Campo Formio. If he deserted them and Europe afterwards, and brought the veterans of the French Republic to vain combats on the sands of Africa, the consequence of such impolicy cannot be charged upon the Directory.

Instead of accusing Barras and his colleagues for not having organised an efficient government, those who preceded them should be accused of rendering all government impossible. In fact, the great share of blame must be laid upon those men and that assembly which it is the fashion, amongst the French especially, to laud and im-

mortalise. According to some opinions in France, the Constituent Assembly was the accumulation of wisdom and of greatness. Yet it surely deserves small merit for having overthrown the ancient régime, which crumbled of itself. The Constituent Assembly disorganised everything,—the army, the finances, the administration, the judicature, —and organised nothing; and when it was necessary to put them together again, violence and terror were almost indispensable. The people would obey no other forces.

No doubt it was right to decentralise, and allow local and municipal authorities to emanate in some degree from the people. And no doubt, also, it was the intention of the Constituent Assembly to temper and control extreme decentralisation by royal jurisdiction. But monarch and monarchy were not allowed the means of existence. And not only ordinary powers, but extraordinary facilities for despoiling the old possessors of the land, fell into the hands of the poor and reckless classes. The rabid revolutionists soon gained the ascendant in every commune, and they found themselves masters of the persons and property of the class above them. The Constituent Assembly abolished indirect taxes. There remained but direct taxes on the land and on houses. As the commune levied and distributed the contributions, the system was naked spoliation of the rich by the poor. Some writers deny that Robespierre even passed or meditated an agrarian law. But in truth no agrarian law was wanting;—the lands and persons of the propertied class were at the mercy of the non-propertied, without any theory or any law. In stating that the persons of the rich were at the mercy of the poor, it is not meant merely that the latter invariably sent the former to the guillotine, though this was largely practised; but there came the levies of men for the army, as well as of money for the treasury, and these were under the management of the commune. The way they made use of this power was to draft off at once all the youth of the upper classes to the army by virtue of the conscription, and encourage the vagabonds to stay at home in bands to dominate and terrorise what remained of the population. Such was especially the case in great cities. This evil we describe was not confined to the actual state of proscription and horror, for thereby the very principle of local freedom was discredited, and decentralisation made to be synonymous with social anarchy. And thus the several tyrannies which succeeded each other,—that of the Jacobins first and of Napoleon afterwards,—which came to centralise all authority in their own hands, were sanctioned and lauded as restorers of order, and wielders of administrative energy.

There is this, however, to be said for the Constituent Assembly. It set about a work of peace, and hoped that if not completing the task itself, its successors would bring to it similar views. All such hopes were destroyed by the war and the war spirit which came to prevail, and which was forced upon France. There is nothing more remark-

able in the Revolution than the vehemence with which Robespierre scouted and denounced the war policy when it was first started and preached by Brissot. He said, truly enough, that it would divert the nation from completing its revolutionary liberties, and would end by making military ideas and men prevail over the philosopher and the legislator. War and the punishment of death were the two atrocities which Robespierre sought to put down. A disciple of Rousseau, he dreamed of a state of political existence in which neither should be needed. Never indeed was public man ushered into a world more unlike that which he contemplated and dreamed of than Robespierre. If his admirers pleaded this excuse for him that the part which he played of the terrorist and the executioner was forced upon him by circumstances, and was the direct contrary of the views which he entertained and the future which he contemplated, they could not be gainsayed. But at the same time his own character aided this as well as circumstances. His jealousy not only of superiors, but of equals, and the real misanthropy which he covered by affected philosophy, soon rendered him, despite his theory, the foe and the immolator of his friends and contemporaries. He was no doubt driven with the Jacobins into war. But that, once commenced, so completely suited him, that he and his party would never consent even to a cessation of it; and so it lasted till the military spirit and element devoured the democratic.

We have said enough in exposition and modification of M. von Sybel's view of the French Revolution,—just enough to show that however demurring to some of his judgments, we estimate highly his fairness and correctness as an historian. One history or one view of that great event will in our day not satisfy the laziest reader. He must contemplate it from many sides, and none can better aid him to do so than the German historian whose work in an English dress we see published by Mr. Murray. The most valuable portion of the book is, however, its revelation of the doings and motives of the German courts and ministers, during the period which he embraces. In this, meanwhile, M. Sybel promises, or at least gives hopes of, more than he has yet put forth. The most important efforts and negotiations of the German princes are but given to the close of the Convention, with which epoch M. von Sybel concludes. Of German politics in the subsequent period we know little except from the compilers of "*Mémoires d'un Homme d'Etat*" and the "*Life of Stein*," writers who have drawn their facts from Prussian records, and who have written to support Prussian interests. It is now incumbent on Austria to open more liberally her archives.

ANONYMOUS JOURNALISM.

THIS paper should, perhaps, be prefaced by the confession,—if confession it must be called,—that its author is an anonymous journalist. He ventures, however, to claim the possession of a conscience; or, if that claim be considered too presumptuous, of a certain sensibility to the blame of his fellow-creatures which supplies the place of a conscience indifferently well. Whether conscience or not, it causes him, in spite of his professional cloak of darkness, to object to the title of hired assassin. Yet that is only one of the names which has been bestowed upon him and his class by gentlemen for whom, on many grounds, he has a sincere respect. A person who fancies himself,—it may be presumptuously,—to be an average specimen of the English gentleman, looks into the mirror held up by his accusers, and, to his horror, sees reflected in it the image of an Italian bravo, to which his fancy may possibly add some indications of a cloven foot and horns. It may be said that one who decides to conceal his features beneath a veil must not complain if his enemies provide him with a fancy portrait. Some allowance, too, must be made for their excited feelings. They have been in contest with a vague editorial “we,” and feel a longing to aim their weapons at a flesh-and-blood opponent. Their adversary remains safely ensconced in an impenetrable shelter, and they try to expel him from his stronghold by bombarding him with stinging taunts. If he remains insensible to other insults, they dress up a hideous effigy, and belabour it in his sight to their hearts’ content. Their language, consequently, sounds rather overstrained to one who is unconscious of being an assassin, or, indeed, of acting in any way a disreputable part. And yet the mere fact that so much irritation exists tells, to some degree, against the system assailed, though we decline to take too literally the language in which the irritation finds a vent. Whilst we utterly refuse to believe ourselves assassins, the fact that honest and able men call us assassins demands some explanation. A certain *a priori* case is established for further inquiry.

Let us endeavour, in the first place, to state the accusation fairly. The objection to anonymous writing resembles the objection to secret voting. The opponents and the advocates of the ballot carry on the argument by stating the same fact in eulogistic or dyslogistic language. The ballot,—say its assailants,—implies that the voters are freed from proper responsibility. The ballot,—reply its supporters,—insures that the voters shall enjoy a proper independence.

Stripping the bare statement of fact from the language which insinuates a gloss upon it, we may say that the voter protected by ballot is comparatively free from external pressure. Whether it is a good thing or not that he should be so freed must be decided by the further inquiry as to whether there is more chance of corrupt influence or of a healthy responsibility to public opinion becoming predominant. The question as to the merits of anonymous writing runs in parallel grooves. We have to inquire as to the morality of a system which frees the great majority of writers in the public press from a large share of responsibility, transferring it from individuals to the impalpable body called the Times, or the News, or the Telegraph; and the argument of those who condemn it may, perhaps, be put somewhat as follows;—

An English newspaper after the present fashion is a mysterious entity of vague but imposing attributes. By those who are not behind the scenes, it is endowed with a personality of more dignified nature than that belonging to individual human beings. It has not, indeed, fortunately for itself, a soul; but it has opinions, friendships and hatreds, passions and interests, such as generally belong to reasonable creatures. It has something approaching to omniscience,—eyes in every quarter of the globe, and ears open to the smallest gossip that is whispered on the earth. It is infallible; for at least no newspaper has ever yet ventured to confess itself in the wrong. It has the gift of prophecy; for nothing ever comes to pass of which it does not say, "We told you so." It is invariably consistent; for if, to a superficial observer, it sometimes appears to contradict itself, it explains that circumstances have changed, and not its opinions. It claims a right to speak in the name of that strange abstraction, public opinion, of which it is, indeed, the concrete embodiment; and foreigners assume, whatever Englishmen may hold, that the claim is substantially true. English opinion is that which is stated in two or three leading newspapers, and it is vain to deny that they are our authorised organs. The power of these mysterious beings is as great as their wisdom and knowledge. Parliament we know,—for they tell us so,—is principally occupied in putting their commands in execution. They really prescribe the issue of commissions of inquiry; they dictate the form which legislation is to take, and point out the grievances which are to be redressed. And if in this rough sketch any excellence of the press has been inadvertently admitted, our readers need not look through many leading articles to supply the omission.

Now, when we proceed to contrast the reality with the imaginary being, the cost at which these pretensions must be supported becomes obvious. The newspaper, in fact, so far as we are concerned, consists of an editor and a small staff of writers, all of them fallible human beings,—men, indeed, who must be possessed of a certain kind of ability and information, but not necessarily of very special attainments. Let

us consider one or two of the obvious consequences which arise when a body of this kind forms itself into a mysterious unit, and lays down the law for the public. In the first place, take the case of quarrels with individuals. No wise man ever gets willingly into a controversy with a newspaper, because a newspaper is never in the wrong. As "*The Guard*" never surrenders, the newspaper never apologises. It is only fit to say that most newspapers so far obey the laws of fair play that they open their columns to the person assailed. But, in such a contest, a single combatant has manifold disadvantages. He cannot have the last word unless his adversary chooses; and, to superficial readers, that last word generally means the victory. In most cases his letters will pass unread, and the spectators will take the account of the battle from the leading article,—that is, from one of the parties concerned. The newspaper will always assume, if it chooses to recur to the conflict, that it has been victorious, and most people will be content to accept its own version of the story after the affair is over. Now it is urged that, if the writers on both sides gave their names, the fight would be on more equal terms. The journalist would not enjoy the vague prestige of the plural "*we*," but be restricted to his own individual reputation. He would feel his personal honour engaged, and would be more amenable to the laws of literary tourneys. He would, moreover, be less likely to use that vigorous language in speaking of personal opponents in which our newspapers occasionally indulge. Mr. Matthew Arnold has put it down as one of the characteristics of the brutal English race, that we are apt to use such coarse terms as "*fool*" in undue profusion, and supports his case by quotations from one of our most polished journals. If this be really a characteristic of British newspapers, it may be due as much to the practice of anonymous writing as to that vague and unsatisfactory cause, a national propensity.*

Passing to subjects of more real importance, we must own it to be undeniable that English opinion upon foreign politics has lately had a bad name. Amongst other causes must be reckoned the recent attitude of English journalism. In the latest case,—that of the great German war,—we began by pooch-pooching the combatants on both sides; one was a robber, and the other a thief; they were fighting for nothing, or, perhaps, squabbling over plunder. We rated them soundly for fighting at all, and recommended them to lay down their arms, listen to the great gospel of free trade, and confess that war was an anachronism. The eleven-days' campaign effected our conversion. We suddenly discovered that great principles were at stake; that the victory of Prussia meant that the most important change of modern days had been effected in the civilised world; and that, in short, our

* Authors in France, says Pope, seldom speak ill of each other but when they have a personal pique; authors in England seldom speak well of each other but when they have a personal friendship.

sneers had merely been a proof of our ignorance. Only, it must be added, we kept this last clause to ourselves, and chanted hymns to the conqueror as complacently as if we had all along been zealous advocates of his claims. Now, it would be obviously unfair to lay upon English newspapers the sole burden of a folly,—if it was a folly,—in which the entire English nation participated. But it is urged that the practice of anonymous writing had a direct influence in exaggerating the evil complained of. In the first place, it enabled men without any qualifications to lay down the law as positively as if they had been the embodied wisdom of the country. Men who did not know that Prussia was in the Zollverein dogmatised about the affairs of Germany as confidently as the Pope might discourse of theology, or Dr. Cumming lay down the date of the battle of Armageddon. In the next place, the newspapers could turn their backs upon themselves with a facility seldom attainable in that delicate evolution. If Mr. John Smith says to-day that Count Bismark is a humbug and a braggart, and this day week declares that Count Bismark is a statesman and a hero, Mr. John Smith is apt to feel rather foolish. Some memory of his former utterances clings to him, and he at least endeavours to tone down his conflicting oracles into some semblance of harmony. If “we” deliver the same sentiments, we do it without a blush and without a fear that any one will turn over our files to discover the discrepancy. By what machinery this is accomplished remains a mystery to the outer world. Whether John Smith personally goes through the process of conversion behind the scenes without losing his complacent self-possession, or whether an able editor discovers that John Smith is an impostor, and, so to speak, turns on the new tap of Tom Brown, is unknown to those outside the sacred circle. But the result remains the same.

This suggests one more illustration from domestic politics. We have wondered lately at the amazing facility of conversion of public men. To the vulgar apprehension it seems that Mr. Disraeli is now boasting of the very same legislation which a year ago he would have condemned as subversive of our constitution. The appearance may be really illusory, and resulting from an imperfect appreciation of the process of political education. But at any rate we have the comfort, such as it is, that Mr. Disraeli must perform his gyrations in public, and be subjected to the interrogation of his political opponents. Now it is impossible to put newspapers to the question. They may suit their political cookery to the variations of public taste from day to day; they may be in favour of ten-pound suffrage one month, of household suffrage the next, and of universal suffrage the month after that, and no one can watch the process by which their minds are gradually illuminated. Only one thing is certain, that they will claim infallibility at every stage of the transformation, and that they will assume, without attempting to prove, that they have displayed perfect

consistency throughout. That the public mind should now-a-days change rapidly is inevitable ; but that some regard should be paid to principle and political honour during the change is, to say the least, desirable. And, it is asked, can anything be more destructive of morality than a system which allows the self-styled teachers of public opinion to turn in succession to every point of the compass, whilst loudly declaring that they are the one guide by which we may infallibly steer our course ? It is, perhaps, more necessary now than in any period of our history that some one should hold to distinct and unalterable principles amidst the anarchical whirl of conflicting opinions. Those who speak with authority are few, and not too popular ; it would be well if their voice were not drowned by the blustering comments of anonymous infallibilities. Mr. Mill maintains certain theories ; Mr. Carlyle maintains certain very different theories ; a man may follow either teacher with at least the confidence that he will follow a straightforward path. But the mass who take newspapers at their own valuation see these and other eminent thinkers daily ridiculed or patronised by anonymous critics with an air of superior wisdom. Is it strange that our politics should be anarchical when the genuine thinkers of the day are jostled and put out of countenance by crowds of noisy and irresponsible teachers ?

These and similar accusations have been put forward with more vigour of language than we can command. Their sum is, that English newspapers are at once arrogant and vacillating ; that they are flippant instead of forcible ; that, with a lofty affectation of high principle, they merely seek to reflect the prejudices of their readers ; and that, with an elaborate parade of fair play, they take advantage of their anonymous mask to misrepresent and vilify their opponents. So ugly a picture is not drawn without some cause, even though we pronounce it to be a caricature ; neither can we make a fair answer without admitting such truth as may be contained in the accusation, and accounting for the exaggerations by which it is overlaid. After accomplishing this task, another difficulty would lie before us,—that of determining what share of the alleged atrocities might be fairly laid to the account of the anonymous system. Now, the first approach to a measure of the iniquities of journalists is suggested by the illustrations we have used. In politics, both at home and abroad, public opinion,—as represented by journalists,—has, it must be admitted, shown a singular mixture of vacillation and arrogance ; but then it is also true that the journalists have in that given a very accurate representation of public opinion. The ordinary English view of foreign affairs has been marked by the exact qualities described. We had a short time ago a profound conviction that we were in every respect ahead of the Continent, and we have been working up to the conviction that, in many respects, the Continent is greatly ahead of us. The sudden revulsion of feeling, resulting from the unexpected discovery

that we are not precisely entitled to look down upon all mankind, has extended far beyond newspapers. Journalists equally with their neighbours partook of the illusion; and they have equally with their neighbours felt the shock by which it has been dispelled. It is true that their conversion has been, in some cases, rather more grotesque than that of other persons, because they have been obliged to put on the air of profound political philosophers at the very time that they were executing a singularly unphilosophical manœuvre. It is very hard to be compelled to look grave and wise when you are revolving rapidly on your own axis. If we make a transition to domestic politics the same truth is equally obvious. The party organs certainly did not lead, but follow, the strange evolutions of public men. They were written for the ordinary masses who understood Conservatism to mean standing still. The journals showed the extraordinary power of discipline by forming line with singular rapidity in a new position. In doing so they may have laid themselves open to various taunts for their extreme docility, but they may at worst plead the example of the acknowledged leaders of the country; and both conversions were probably due far more to a gradual change in the set of political currents than to any statesmanlike foresight on the part of leaders or followers. In short, without labouring to establish a very obvious conclusion, journalists speak the thoughts and show the weaknesses of the class for which they are written. If you want to know what one newspaper will say, ask the first hundred men who come out of a club in Pall Mall, and put the opinion of the majority into rather smarter language, deck it out with a few antitheses and illustrations, and provide it with a short irrelevant preface;—that will be the leading article for one newspaper. For another we must go a degree further down, and gather our samples in an omnibus; or drop yet another degree, and find out what people are saying at the bars of public-houses. But in any case a newspaper reflects primarily the sense of that particular stratum of society amongst which it is intended to circulate. When we condemn artists for the want of high aim apparent in their pictures, we ought equally to condemn the persons for whom they are painted; and we may be sure that, in the long run, the article supplied will correspond very nearly to the nature of the demand. To produce any considerable change we must introduce some remedy of sufficient power to affect the whole tone of the public mind. Let us endeavour to apply these obvious considerations a little more closely.

Journalism, then, is not the power which some of its injudicious admirers are apt to imagine. It is certainly not the voice of a body of independent philosophers, employed from sheer public spirit in educating the public mind. It is not the oracular preaching of a race of superior beings, defended by their anonymous veil from the pressure of public prejudice, and able to apply to the shifting

affairs of the day a criticism instinct with the lofty principles of eternal justice. The power exercised by the press finds no external fulcrum from which to move the earth. It is a machinery for methodising and rendering articulate the confused utterances of what is called public opinion; but it does not dictate them. Rather, it reminds us of a device which, in infinite variety of applications, is the foundation of the spirit-rapping art of these days, and of innumerable oracle-mongers of ancient and modern times. The trick consists in extracting from the questions addressed to you the necessary materials for the answer, and then giving it with all the air of independent wisdom. The suppliant at the shrine is so struck by a mysterious awe that he has seldom the coolness to discover that the prophet gives no real proof of extraneous knowledge, and the spirit-rapper does not observe that his own fingers have spelt out the answer to his inquiries. Just so the reverent "constant reader" is delighted by the confirmation afforded to his views by the journal in which he trusts. It never occurs to him that the prejudices of himself and the fifty thousand duplicates of himself who read the paper are the primary cause of the views which it adopts. In short, the public whisper confused guesses and opinions into a kind of ingenious acoustic machine, and mistake the echo which comes back for the utterance of independent wisdom.

Suppose, then, that we take a newspaper written for the intelligent classes, which reflects to a great extent the opinions of its constituency, and refrains from uttering what we may call unmarketable sentiments. The accusation against it seems to come to this. In the first place, it is so far bad as it is an impostor. If anybody believes that he is listening to an oracle of superhuman wisdom he is mistaken, and may be liable to sundry delusions. So far, again, as the writers in it speak against their conscience, they are, of course, guilty of a demoralising compliance. But it must be added that the writers need not necessarily be guilty of such compliances as can fairly be called criminal. If a man chooses on the whole to act with a party, he need not swallow every point in its platform. A member of Parliament may follow Mr. Gladstone without adopting all his opinions upon Church rates or University reform. A writer may contribute to a paper which he holds to have, on the whole, a healthy tendency, though he may disapprove of many of the views it advocates. The extent of the responsibility incurred by contributors is doubtless a delicate point for casuists; but a man must condemn himself to be an unpracticable member of society who refuses to co-operate with any body because some of its ends are distasteful to him. The puritans upon this question apparently hold that a writer is bound to avoid all responsibility by signing his own name to what he writes, and thereby distinctly limiting his approval to his own statements. Such a doctrine seems to be overstrained, as there is certainly in practice no such understanding. As a matter of fact, there is probably

no journal of note which does not employ many able contributors who differ from it widely on many important questions. To mention one simple illustration ;—every one who can read between the lines may see that many writers in some of our ablest papers hold opinions about religion of which the British public would not endure the open avowal. A man may have a tendency to extremely liberal opinions, the expression of which would render a journal hopelessly suspect with the steady-going purchasers of the journal, and be content perhaps with hinting them,—perhaps with avoiding those particular topics, and writing upon those political or social questions which he can touch without reserve. It is difficult to see in what way he is more guilty than a member of Parliament who votes with a party, although he is in advance of the mass of its supporters. The assertion that he is acting unfairly rests upon the assumption that he becomes identified in all respects with the anonymous entity of which he is a fractional part. But as the assumption does not in the least correspond with the facts, it seems unreasonable that it should be forced upon him. No one can hold it, except people who are ignorant of the whole working of the machinery. They may imagine a tacit contract which does not really exist, but it does not thereby become binding upon the supposed parties to it.

At any rate, it is a fact that there is a great deal of honest and vigorous writing in newspapers by anonymous writers who would entirely repudiate any sympathy with many of the opinions which those newspapers represent. We have been led hitherto, by the course of our argument, to dwell upon the inconsistencies and the empty brag apparent in some journalism. But it would be entirely unreasonable to admit that that is the main characteristic of the profession. On the contrary, we believe that from whatever point we regard the subject, there is abundant proof of honest and vigorous purpose. Journalists are so well qualified to blow their own trumpets that we need not insist at length upon their merits. We may say, however, that they do in fact discharge very fairly the function of which they are apt to boast ; that they denounce grievances, and secure a full discussion of every shade of political opinion. One of the most significant faults of our system is that the assault upon abuses is left so much to the hands of journalists. It seems to be the duty of ministers first to overlook grievances, then to deny their existence, then to declare that they had always known them, and would have remedied them sooner if it had not been for the interference of sensation writers. In most points of view this is highly unsatisfactory ; but it certainly implies that newspapers are a great and important agency at the present day. It is, perhaps, not much credit to them to discharge a duty which brings them immediate profit, but it can hardly be denied that they discharge it with great spirit. Again, they do secure the discussion of all new principles, not without much unfair

argument and more unfair ridicule, but still so as to be a most effectual agency for disseminating new ideas, even by means of opposition. And to take higher ground, we may say confidently that there is much anonymous writing in newspapers of really high purpose and genuine sincerity. We will not refer to particular cases, but we should have no hesitation in asserting that to look for an honest vindication of important truths we should turn to certain writers in the anonymous press much sooner than to speeches of politicians or sermons of bishops, or even to the great mass of non-anonymous literature. Nearly all the writers for whose honesty we have the highest respect have at least begun in this field. Some of them have shown signs of weakness when they first felt the temptations which came with a more public popularity. And, indeed, it must be admitted that many men speak more freely and forcibly when they have no chance of ingratiating themselves with a public which does not even know their names. It would be easy, though invidious, to refer to many men who seem to have been spoilt precisely by that influence which is supposed to impose upon them a healthy responsibility. The demagogue develops his worst qualities when he flatters the mob in his proper person, and receives in return a due tribute of compliment; and there are demagogues who address a mob of loftier claims, and with even greater powers of corruption than belong to the admirers of Mr. Beales. When it is asserted that journalists take advantage of the veil to express dishonest opinions, it should be added that they are comparatively free from one of the greatest incitements to dishonesty. They avoid the dangers which surround the popular preacher, whether in a pulpit or on the stump. It may be difficult to say whether the collective body called a newspaper flatters its constituents more or less grossly than the avowed demagogues of the upper or the lower classes. But it certainly gives room for much honest plain-speaking from men who have no desire to become idols or martyrs. And this is the obvious advantage of the system of anonymous writing. It opens on the easiest terms a tribune for a great mass of men who have really something to say, but who do not care, for various reasons, to enter a public arena with all the disagreeable concomitants inseparable from such notoriety.

Before endeavouring to sum up the result of the previous remarks, we must say a few words upon the nature of these reasons. Before we attempt to drag men out of their concealment, whom we have as yet seen no reason to brand as unmistakable assassins, it is at least civil to inquire their grounds for objecting to publicity. It seems indeed to be, at first sight, a puzzling phenomenon. There are many men of great literary ability employed upon different newspapers. Many of them must be conscious of talents which would suffice to bring them distinction in other fields of labour. If they signed their names to their articles, they would perhaps gain

recognition as amongst the leading minds of the party which they represent. Some of them do, in fact, yield to their ambition, come forward in front of the stage, and gain more or less of the popularity which is their due. Whether they are always improved by the change is, as we have said, another question. But a very numerous class are content to go on working in obscurity,—to do their work and take their pay without thought of any personal advantage beyond making a certain amount of money and a certain small reputation in a narrow circle. This may be partly owing to various causes which are beyond our consideration. For whatever reason, the public are accustomed to anonymous writing, and it would be a speculation of very doubtful success to start a newspaper on the opposite principle. It is therefore not open to every man's choice to do as he likes. If he writes regularly, most of his writing must be anonymous, or the chief markets will be closed to him. Still, it seems to be clear that the great body of writers are content, and indeed desirous, to remain anonymous. What is the reason which causes them to give up the chances of gaining a certain definite advantage? We must begin by repudiating decisively the "hired-assassin" theory. Men do not write anonymously because they wish to say things to which they dare not put their name. At least, such cases are so rare an exception that they may be put out of account. The strongest opponent of anonymous writing would admit that the cloak is not adopted from a conscious intention to stab in the dark. He would merely argue that the practice of wearing it is, in the long run, demoralising. What, then, is the really efficient motive? Put the question to one of the numerous company of barristers who write for the press, and he will tell you that it is fear of the solicitors. The meaning of the reply is obvious. A man who signed his name to his article would be ticketed as a journalist. He would have declared in substance that journalism was the path in life which he had selected for himself. Now, it is notoriously difficult to walk in two paths at once. The law, like other professions, is jealous of its worshippers. No man can serve two masters; or, if he does, he must serve one in secret, without allowing the other to suspect him of divided allegiance. Add to this, what requires no proof, that law offers infinitely higher prizes than journalism. Although newspapers have come to be an acknowledged power in the State, the individual writers are sensible of a certain shade of disapproval which still attaches to their profession. Men of the highest character are well known to be regular contributors to the journals, and are not ashamed of acknowledging it; yet they have a certain indefinable reluctance to put it forward as a man would avow his membership of one of the recognised professions. We do not ask whether this feeling is reasonable or otherwise. The fact that it exists is quite sufficient; and it follows that a large number of our ablest writers would feel that they were distinctly

injuring their prospects in life if they systematically signed their articles. Hence it is obvious that if it were possible to enforce the publicity of the writer's name, we should, under present circumstances, produce one of two results. Assuming that the regulation could not be evaded,—though it is hard to see how evasion could be rendered impossible,—the present writers would either retire to some extent from the profession, to be replaced by a lower class, or they would be subject to a certain indefinite injury in their other professional prospects. Probably the result would be something between the two. Some men would rather cease writing than adopt writing as their sole occupation; others would become entirely journalists, being unable to regard journalism any longer as “a staff rather than a crutch,”—an occasional employment, rather than the serious work of their lives. We may admit that the existing state of things is anomalous, and is the result of the many causes which keep the reputation of individual writers below the standard which the respect entertained for the product of their collective industry would seem to justify. But whilst the anomaly remains, its effect must be in the direction indicated.

We may now arrive at something like a summary view of the subject. The proposal to abolish anonymous writing,—assuming, for the sake of argument, that such a proposal could be carried out,—is, in fact, a proposal to substitute for newspapers the body of individual contributors. We should get rid of so much of the arrogant flippancy of journalism as is due to the mystery in which the newspaper is shrouded. The “we” would disappear, and the “I” would scarcely pronounce with such an air of off-hand omniscience upon all topics that came within his notice. We should have advisers capable of blushing. Instead of half-a-dozen papers, we should have ten times as many popular preachers. But we must not exaggerate the advantages of such a change. We can see no reason to doubt that substantially the same opinions would be expressed, although perhaps with more modesty. Newspapers would still have precisely the same motives for reflecting popular sentiment. Their proprietors would have no difficulty in finding people qualified to write ably, and perfectly ready to translate popular prejudice into the language of leading articles. We might take any of the cases in which the tergiversations of newspapers have been most conspicuous. In the American war, for example, there would have been no difficulty in securing a plentiful supply of invective on either side. The anonymous writers during the conflict did not exceed many public speakers in the freedom with which they used vituperation of the most vigorous kind. Mr. Spence on one side, and Mr. F. W. Newman on the other, were as energetic in their abuse as the ablest writer of leading articles. Nor, when the tide turned, would there have been any difficulty in turning on the other tap,—or, indeed, in occasionally inducing the same persons to turn on the other tap. Our statesmen have lately

shown examples of the art of eating their own words with spirit, which no anonymous writer could hope to surpass. But we must admit that,—even if every one had used the same language,—it would have come with different force. The Americans would have said Mr. A. or Mr. B. has been abusing us, and afterwards treating us to fulsome flattery. They would not have held the English nation guilty, except so far as Mr. A. or Mr. B. were notoriously employed, because Mr. A. or Mr. B. had fallen in with the prevalent public opinion. This, indeed, is a large exception; for, after all, the line taken by a newspaper would in any case be a good indication of the opinions popular with its party, or with the great mass lying outside of party limits. Whether it buys expressions of opinion with or without the names of the authors, it would buy those which suited its market for the time. And, we must add in fairness, the great changes of opinion of which we have spoken are frequently sincere in the individual as well as in the masses. Many intelligent people were really converted by Sadowa and by the capture of Richmond, and would have written with equal sincerity on both sides at very short intervals of time; though, if they had written in public, they would have made some kind of apology.

Hence the one advantage to be clearly anticipated seems to us to be the gain of a little more modesty and more respect for apparent consistency in the expression of opinion; at any rate, the writers who failed to exhibit those qualities would lose more in reputation than the present mysterious entities which seem to claim the rights of personality when they utter their oracles, and to cast off its responsibilities when they are taunted with inconsistency. We should hardly expect that in the beginning the substance of newspaper writing would be materially altered; but their prestige might be lessened and their modesty increased; and by degrees the tone of the writers might be improved in the more bracing atmosphere of publicity.

Against this we must set a plain disadvantage. We should throw a considerable obstacle in the way of the best class of contributors. If we look at a newspaper as sensible people look at it, not as the expression of sublime wisdom, but as affording room for the fullest and freest possible discussion of every side of every question, any obstacle to frank expression of opinion is so far an evil. We have already said that anonymous writing is not, as a fact, adopted for base purposes, but from motives which are innocent, if not laudable. A rising young barrister, we will suppose, has some views about politics, for which he will be glad to obtain a hearing, and by the expression of which, we may also admit, he will be glad to earn a little money. He does not wish to put himself forward as a political teacher, or to advertise his name as a partisan of any particular set of opinions. Why should we not hear what he has got to say, and take it for what it is worth, without insisting upon knowing who is the

author of his, probably, very common-place remarks? He is not a Solon or a De Tocqueville; but he may have something to say which is worth a glance, and may even strike an effective blow or two in the everlasting battle of opinion. Or, perhaps, he has a grievance to denounce, a desire to prove that Government officials are not always infallible, nor Government departments models of organisation. He does not ask us to believe these startling propositions on his own authority, or we might fairly insist upon his name; he simply alleges palpable facts, and puts the demand for explanation in the best terms he can manage. To say that he shall not speak unless he will pledge his reputation is irrelevant; for it is not his veracity which is in question, but the force of his arguments. If his statements are inaccurate, they are easily refuted, and his want of logic will probably expose itself. To forbid him to write unless he gives his name would be perfectly intelligible under an absolute government; but it is a solecism under one which notoriously depends for its soundness upon the constant action of public opinion. Any obstacle in the way of free discussion is a hindrance to reform. In fact, it is almost a necessary corollary from the excellent theory that every part of an institution should be fully discussed, that we should invite every form of discussion. The public must of course learn, if they have not learnt already, that anonymous writers are not infallible; and further, that obvious deductions require to be made from their evidence as to facts of which they profess to be independent witnesses. But there is a sufficient security for our not forgetting the first fact in the variety of papers which compete for our favour. A blind believer in the *Star* should occasionally consult the *Standard*, and vice versâ; but the controversies, in which those papers speak their minds so very frankly of each other, generally keep the truth pretty well before our attention.

If we attempt to balance these rival arguments, we should be inclined to arrive at some such conclusion as the following. If it were possible at the present moment to forbid anonymous writing,—an hypothesis which is quite imaginary,—the resulting evils would probably be much greater than the advantages. The greatest and most desirable thing for the good of the press is to retain the greatest number of independent and vigorous writers. Now, owing to various causes it would certainly be a great obstacle in the way of many such men if they were not allowed to write anonymously. They would rather give up contributing than acknowledge their contributions. The press would be to some extent thrown into the hands of a comparatively inferior class of writers, and discussion would be narrowed and rendered less independent. It therefore seems highly probable that the tone of journalism would not be improved, and that we should no longer have the same security for a full representation of every shade of opinion. It is, however, quite consistent with this opinion to believe that an improved tone of journalism would

probably be a cause, though not an effect, of a comparative rarity of anonymous writing. In the first place, if journalism continues to progress in influence and dignity as it has done for the last few generations, it will shake off the traditional stigma which clings to it. If it should rise in public estimation, there would no longer be the same innocent excuse for anonymous writing. The amateur might still wish to take an unacknowledged part in the game; but the genuinely professional performers would form a larger body, and would naturally be more desirous to claim some of the reward which comes in the shape of public respect. And, secondly, we believe that in such a case the practice of signing the writer's name would act as a healthy tonic. Some of the offensive flippancy, whose existence is undeniable, would disappear; and we should see less of that shameless tergiversation which has sometimes discredited English journalism. Newspapers, in short, would in that case approach rather nearer to the higher type of which we have spoken. They would not, indeed, be inspired teachers,—for that is a class which is not largely represented upon the earth at the present day,—but they would be written by men who had definite opinions by which they were prepared to stand, and to take the consequences upon their reputation. It is a more difficult question whether any of us will live to see any sensible approach to such an Utopia. Meanwhile, whilst we should disagree with those who denounce anonymous writing if they either mean to impute bad motives, or to assert that the practice has purely bad results under present circumstances, we should agree with them in wishing to see a greater tendency to the opposite system; because we believe that the extent to which it is introduced would be in some sense an indication of an improved position in a very important part of our modern social system.

PHINEAS FINN, THE IRISH MEMBER.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PHINEAS DISCUSSED.

LADY LAURA KENNEDY heard two accounts of her friend's speech,—and both from men who had been present. Her husband was in his place, in accordance with his constant practice, and Lord Brentford had been seated, perhaps unfortunately, in the peers' gallery.

"And you think it was a failure?" Lady Laura said to her husband.

"It certainly was not a success. There was nothing particular about it. There was a good deal of it you could hardly hear."

After that she got the morning newspapers, and turned with great interest to the report. Phineas Finn had been, as it were, adopted by her as her own political offspring,—or at any rate as her political godchild. She had made promises on his behalf to various personages of high political standing,—to her father, to Mr. Monk, to the Duke of St. Bungay, and even to Mr. Mildmay himself. She had thoroughly intended that Phineas Finn should be a political success from the first; and, since her marriage, she had, I think, been more intent upon it than before. Perhaps there was a feeling on her part that having wronged him in one way, she would repay him in another. She had become so eager for his success,—for a while scorning to conceal her feeling,—that her husband had unconsciously begun to entertain a dislike to her eagerness. We know how quickly women arrive at an understanding of the feelings of those with whom they live; and now, on that very occasion, Lady Laura perceived that her husband did not take in good part her anxiety on behalf of her friend. She saw that it was so as she turned over the newspaper looking for the report of the speech. It was given in six lines, and at the end of it there was an intimation,—expressed in the shape of advice,—that the young orator had better speak more slowly if he wished to be efficacious either with the House or with the country.

"He seems to have been cheered a good deal," said Lady Laura.

"All members are cheered at their first speech," said Mr. Kennedy.

"I've no doubt he'll do well yet," said Lady Laura.

"Very likely," said Mr. Kennedy. Then he turned to his newspaper, and did not take his eyes off it as long as his wife remained with him.

Later in the day Lady Laura saw her father, and Miss Effingham was with her at the time. Lord Brentford said something which

indicated that he had heard the debate on the previous evening, and Lady Laura instantly began to ask him about Phineas.

"The less said the better," was the Earl's reply.

"Do you mean that it was so bad as that?" asked Lady Laura.

"It was not very bad at first;—though indeed nobody could say it was very good. But he got himself into a mess about the police and the magistrates before he had done, and nothing but the kindly feeling always shown to a first effort saved him from being coughed down." Lady Laura had not a word more to say about Phineas to her father; but, womanlike, she resolved that she would not abandon him. How many first failures in the world have been the precursors of ultimate success? "Mildmay will lose his bill," said the Earl, sorrowfully. "There does not seem to be a doubt about that."

"And what will you all do?" asked Lady Laura.

"We must go to the country, I suppose," said the Earl.

"What's the use? You can't have a more liberal House than you have now," said Lady Laura.

"We may have one less liberal,—or rather less radical,—with fewer men to support Mr. Turnbull. I do not see what else we can do. They say that there are no less than twenty-seven men on our side of the House who will either vote with Turnbull against us, or will decline to vote at all."

"Every one of them ought to lose his seat," said Lady Laura.

"But what can we do? How is the Queen's Government to be carried on?" We all know the sad earnestness which impressed itself on the Earl's brow as he asked these momentous questions. "I don't suppose that Mr. Turnbull can form a Ministry."

"With Mr. Daubeny as whipper-in, perhaps he might," said Lady Laura.

"And will Mr. Finn lose his seat?" asked Violet Effingham.

"Most probably," said the Earl. "He only got it by an accident."

"You must find him a seat somewhere in England," said Violet.

"That might be difficult," said the Earl, who then left the room.

The two women remained together for some quarter of an hour before they spoke again. Then Lady Laura said something about her brother. "If there be a dissolution, I hope Oswald will stand for Loughton." Loughton was a borough close to Saulsby, in which, as regarded its political interests, Lord Brentford was supposed to have considerable influence. To this Violet said nothing. "It is quite time," continued Lady Laura, "that old Mr. Standish should give way. He has had the seat for twenty-five years, and has never done anything, and he seldom goes to the House now."

"He is not your uncle, is he?"

"No; he is papa's cousin; but he is ever so much older than papa;—nearly eighty, I believe."

"Would not that be just the place for Mr. Finn?" said Violet.

Then Lady Laura became very serious. "Oswald would of course have a better right to it than anybody else."

"But would Lord Chiltern go into Parliament? I have heard him declare that he would not."

"If we could get papa to ask him, I think he would change his mind," said Lady Laura.

There was again silence for a few moments, after which Violet returned to the original subject of their conversation. "It would be a thousand pities that Mr. Finn should be turned out into the cold. Don't you think so?"

"I, for one, should be very sorry."

"So should I,—and the more so from what Lord Brentford says about his not speaking well last night. I don't think that it is very much of an accomplishment for a gentleman to speak well. Mr. Turnbull, I suppose, speaks well; and they say that that horrid man, Mr. Bonteen, can talk by the hour together. I don't think that it shows a man to be clever at all. But I believe Mr. Finn would do it, if he set his mind to it, and I shall think it a great shame if they turn him out."

"It would depend very much, I suppose, on Lord Tulla."

"I don't know anything about Lord Tulla," said Violet; "but I'm quite sure that he might have Loughton, if we manage it properly. Of course Lord Chiltern should have it if he wants it, but I don't think he will stand in Mr. Finn's way."

"I'm afraid it's out of the question," said Lady Laura, gravely. "Papa thinks so much about the borough." The reader will remember that both Lord Brentford and his daughter were thorough reformers! The use of a little borough of his own, however, is a convenience to a great peer.

"Those difficult things have always to be talked of for a long while, and then they become easy," said Violet. "I believe if you were to propose to Mr. Kennedy to give all his property to the Church Missionaries and emigrate to New Zealand, he'd begin to consider it seriously after a time."

"I shall not try, at any rate."

"Because you don't want to go to New Zealand;—but you might try about Loughton for poor Mr. Finn."

"Violet," said Lady Laura, after a moment's pause;—and she spoke sharply; "Violet, I believe you are in love with Mr. Finn."

"That's just like you, Laura."

"I never made such an accusation against you before, or against anybody else that I can remember. But I do begin to believe that you are in love with Mr. Finn."

"Why shouldn't I be in love with him, if I like?"

"I say nothing about that;—only he has not got a penny."

"But I have, my dear."

"And I doubt whether you have any reason for supposing that he is in love with you."

"That would be my affair, my dear."

"Then you are in love with him?"

"That is my affair also."

Lady Laura shrugged her shoulders. "Of course it is; and if you tell me to hold my tongue, of course I will do so. If you ask me whether I think it a good match, of course I must say I do not."

"I don't tell you to hold your tongue, and I don't ask you what you think about the match. You are quite welcome to talk as much about me as you please;—but as to Mr. Phineas Finn, you have no business to think anything."

"I shouldn't talk to anybody but yourself."

"I am growing to be quite indifferent as to what people say. Lady Baldock asked me the other day whether I was going to throw myself away on Mr. Laurence Fitzgibbon."

"No!"

"Indeed she did."

"And what did you answer?"

"I told her that it was not quite settled; but that as I had only spoken to him once during the last two years, and then for not more than half a minute, and as I wasn't sure whether I knew him by sight, and as I had reason to suppose he didn't know my name, there might, perhaps, be a delay of a week or two before the thing came off. Then she flounced out of the room."

"But what made her ask about Mr. Fitzgibbon?"

"Somebody had been hoaxing her. I am beginning to think that Augusta does it for her private amusement. If so, I shall think more highly of my dear cousin than I have hitherto done. But, Laura, as you have made a similar accusation against me, and as I cannot get out of it with you as I do with my aunt, I must ask you to hear my protestation. I am not in love with Mr. Phineas Finn. Heaven help me;—as far as I can tell, I am not in love with any one, and never shall be." Lady Laura looked pleased. "Do you know," continued Violet, "that I think I could be in love with Mr. Phineas Finn, if I could be in love with anybody." Then Lady Laura looked displeased. "In the first place, he is a gentleman," continued Violet. "Then he is a man of spirit. And then he has not too much spirit;—not that kind of spirit which makes some men think that they are the finest things going. His manners are perfect;—not Chesterfieldian, and yet never offensive. He never browbeats any one, and never toadies any one. He knows how to live easily with men of all ranks, without any appearance of claiming a special status for himself. If he were made Archbishop of Canterbury to-morrow, I believe he would settle down into the place of the first subject in the land without arrogance, and without false shame."

"You are his eulogist with a vengeance."

"I am his eulogist; but I am not in love with him. If he were to ask me to be his wife to-morrow, I should be distressed, and should refuse him. If he were to marry my dearest friend in the world, I should tell him to kiss me and be my brother. As to Mr. Phineas Finn,—those are my sentiments."

"What you say is very odd."

"Why odd?"

"Simply because mine are the same."

"Are they the same? I once thought, Laura, that you did love him;—that you meant to be his wife."

Lady Laura sat for a while without making any reply to this. She sat with her elbow on the table and with her face leaning on her hand,—thinking how far it would tend to her comfort if she spoke in true confidence. Violet during the time never took her eyes from her friend's face, but remained silent as though waiting for an answer. She had been very explicit as to her feelings. Would Laura Kennedy be equally explicit? She was too clever to forget that such plainness of speech would be, must be more difficult to Lady Laura than to herself. Lady Laura was a married woman; but she felt that her friend would have been wrong to search for secrets, unless she were ready to tell her own. It was probably some such feeling which made Lady Laura speak at last.

"So I did, nearly——" said Lady Laura; "very nearly. You told me just now that you had money, and could therefore do as you pleased. I had no money, and could not do as I pleased."

"And you told me also that I had no reason for thinking that he cared for me."

"Did I? Well;—I suppose you have no reason. He did care for me. He did love me."

"He told you so?"

"Yes,—he told me so."

"And how did you answer him?"

"I had that very morning become engaged to Mr. Kennedy. That was my answer."

"And what did he say when you told him?"

"I do not know. I cannot remember. But he behaved very well."

"And now,—if he were to love me, you would grudge me his love?"

"Not for that reason,—not if I know myself. Oh no! I would not be so selfish as that."

"For what reason then?"

"Because I look upon it as written in heaven that you are to be Oswald's wife."

"Heaven's writings then are false," said Violet, getting up and walking away.

In the meantime Phineas was very wretched at home. When he

reached his lodgings after leaving the House,—after his short conversation with Mr. Monk,—he tried to comfort himself with what that gentleman had said to him. For a while, while he was walking, there had been some comfort in Mr. Monk's words. Mr. Monk had much experience, and doubtless knew what he was saying,—and there might yet be hope. But all this hope faded away when Phineas was in his own rooms. There came upon him, as he looked round them, an idea that he had no business to be in Parliament, that he was an impostor, that he was going about the world under false pretences, and that he would never set himself aright, even unto himself, till he had gone through some terrible act of humiliation. He had been a cheat even to Mr. Quintus Slide of the Banner, in accepting an invitation to come among them. He had been a cheat to Lady Laura, in that he had induced her to think that he was fit to live with her. He was a cheat to Violet Effingham, in assuming that he was capable of making himself agreeable to her. He was a cheat to Lord Chiltern when riding his horses, and pretending to be a proper associate for a man of fortune. Why,—what was his income? What his birth? What his proper position? And now he had got the reward which all cheats deserve. Then he went to bed, and as he lay there, he thought of Mary Flood Jones. Had he plighted his troth to Mary, and then have worked like a slave under Mr. Low's auspices,—he would not have been a cheat.

It seemed to him that he had hardly been asleep when the girl came into his room in the morning. "Sir," said she, "there's that gentleman there."

"What gentleman?"

"The old gentleman."

Then Phineas knew that Mr. Clarkson was in his sitting-room, and that he would not leave it till he had seen the owner of the room. Nay,—Phineas was pretty sure that Mr. Clarkson would come into the bedroom, if he were kept long waiting. "Damn the old gentleman," said Phineas in his wrath;—and the maid-servant heard him say so.

In about twenty minutes he went out into the sitting-room, with his slippers on and in his dressing-gown. Suffering under the circumstances of such an emergency, how is any man to go through the work of dressing and washing with proper exactness? As to the prayers which he said on that morning, I think that no question should be asked. He came out with a black cloud on his brow, and with his mind half made up to kick Mr. Clarkson out of the room. Mr. Clarkson, when he saw him, moved his chin round within his white cravat, as was a custom with him, and put his thumb and forefinger on his lips, and then shook his head.

"Very bad, Mr. Finn; very bad indeed; very bad, ain't it?"

"You coming here in this way at all times in the day is very bad," said Phineas.

"And where would you have me go? Would you like to see me down in the lobby of the House?"

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Clarkson, I don't want to see you anywhere."

"Ah; yes; I daresay! And that's what you call honest, being a Parliament gent! You had my money, and then you tell me you don't want to see me any more!"

"I have not had your money," said Phineas.

"But let me tell you," continued Mr. Clarkson, "that I want to see you;—and shall go on seeing you till the money is paid."

"I've not had any of your money," said Phineas.

Mr. Clarkson again twitched his chin about on the top of his cravat and smiled. "Mr. Finn," said he, showing the bill, "is that your name?"

"Yes, it is."

"Then I want my money."

"I have no money to give you."

"Do be punctual, now. Why ain't you punctual? I'd do anything for you if you were punctual. I would indeed." Mr. Clarkson, as he said this, sat down in the chair which had been placed for our hero's breakfast, and cutting a slice off the loaf, began to butter it with great composure.

"Mr. Clarkson," said Phineas, "I cannot ask you to breakfast here. I am engaged."

"I'll just take a bit of bread and butter all the same," said Clarkson. "Where do you get your butter? Now I could tell you a woman who'd give it you cheaper and a deal better than this. This is all lard. Shall I send her to you?"

"No," said Phineas. There was no tea ready, and therefore Mr. Clarkson emptied the milk into a cup and drank it. "After this," said Phineas, "I must beg, Mr. Clarkson, that you will never come to my room any more. I shall not be at home to you."

"The lobby of the House is the same thing to me," said Mr. Clarkson. "They know me there well. I wish you'd be punctual, and then we'd be the best of friends." After that Mr. Clarkson, having finished his bread and butter, took his leave.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SECOND READING IS CARRIED.

THE debate on the bill was prolonged during the whole of that week. Lord Brentford, who loved his seat in the Cabinet and the glory of being a Minister, better even than he loved his borough, had taken a gloomy estimate when he spoke of twenty-seven defaulters, and of the bill as certainly lost. Men who were better able than he to make estimates,—the Bonteens and Fitzgibbons on each side of the House, and above all, the Ratlers and Robys, produced lists from day to

day which varied now by three names in one direction, then by two in another, and which fluctuated at last by units only. They all concurred in declaring that it would be a very near division. A great effort was made to close the debate on the Friday, but it failed, and the full tide of speech was carried on till the following Monday. On that morning Phineas heard Mr. Ratler declare at the club that, as far as his judgment went, the division at that moment was a fair subject for a bet. "There are two men doubtful in the House," said Mr. Ratler, "and if one votes on one side and one on the other, or if neither vote at all, it will be a tie." Mr. Roby, however, the whip on the other side, was quite sure that one at least of these gentlemen would go into his lobby, and that the other would not go into Mr. Ratler's lobby. I am inclined to think that the town was generally inclined to put more confidence in the accuracy of Mr. Roby than in that of Mr. Ratler; and among betting men there certainly was a point given by those who backed the Conservatives. The odds, however, were lost, for on the division the numbers in the two lobbies were equal, and the Speaker gave his casting vote in favour of the Government. The bill was read a second time, and was lost, as a matter of course, in reference to any subsequent action. Mr. Roby declared that even Mr. Mildmay could not go on with nothing but the Speaker's vote to support him. Mr. Mildmay had no doubt felt that he could not go on with his bill from the moment in which Mr. Turnbull had declared his opposition; but he could not with propriety withdraw it in deference to Mr. Turnbull's opinion.

During the week Phineas had had his hands sufficiently full. Twice he had gone to the potted peas inquiry; but he had been at the office of the People's Banner more often than that. Bunce had been very resolute in his determination to bring an action against the police for false imprisonment, even though he spent every shilling of his savings in doing so. And when his wife, in the presence of Phineas, begged that bygones might be bygones, reminding him that spilt milk could not be recovered, he called her a mean-spirited woman. Then Mrs. Bunce wept a flood of tears, and told her favourite lodger that for her all comfort in this world was over. "Drat the reformers, I say. And I wish there was no Parliament; so I do. What's the use of all the voting, when it means nothing but dry bread and cross words?" Phineas by no means encouraged his landlord in his litigious spirit, advising him rather to keep his money in his pocket, and leave the fighting of the battle to the columns of the Banner,—which would fight it, at any rate, with economy. But Bunce, though he delighted in the Banner, and showed an unfortunate readiness to sit at the feet of Mr. Quintus Slide, would have his action at law;—in which resolution Mr. Slide did, I fear, encourage him behind the back of his better friend, Phineas Finn.

Phineas went with Bunce to Mr. Low's chambers,—for Mr. Low had in some way become acquainted with the law-stationer's journeyman,—and there some very good advice was given. "Have you asked yourself what is your object, Mr. Bunce?" said Mr. Low. Mr. Bunce declared that he had asked himself that question, and had answered it. His object was redress. "In the shape of compensation to yourself," suggested Mr. Low. No; Mr. Bunce would not admit that he personally required any compensation. The redress wanted was punishment to the man. "Is it for vengeance?" asked Mr. Low. No; it was not for vengeance, Mr. Bunce declared. "It ought not to be," continued Mr. Low; "because, though you think that the man exceeded in his duty, you must feel that he was doing so through no personal ill-will to yourself."

"What I want is, to have the fellows kept in their proper places," said Mr. Bunce.

"Exactly;—and therefore these things, when they occur, are mentioned in the press and in Parliament,—and the attention of a Secretary of State is called to them. Thank God, we don't have very much of that kind of thing in England."

"Maybe we shall have more if we don't look to it," said Bunce stoutly.

"We always are looking to it," said Mr. Low;—"looking to it very carefully. But I don't think anything is to be done in that way by indictment against a single man, whose conduct has been already approved by the magistrates. If you want notoriety, Mr. Bunce, and don't mind what you pay for it; or have got anybody else to pay for it; then indeed——"

"There ain't nobody to pay for it," said Bunce, waxing angry.

"Then I certainly should not pay for it myself if I were you," said Mr. Low.

But Bunce was not to be counselled out of his intention. When he was out in the square with Phineas he expressed great anger against Mr. Low. "He don't know what patriotism means," said the law scrivener. "And then he talks to me about notoriety! It has always been the same way with 'em. If a man shows a spark of public feeling, it's all hamblition. I don't want no notoriety. I wants to earn my bread peaceable, and to be let alone when I'm about my own business. I pays rates for the police to look after rogues, not to haul folks about and lock 'em up for days and nights, who is a doing what they has a legal right to do." After that, Bunce went to his attorney, to the great detriment of the business at the stationer's shop, and Phineas visited the office of the *People's Banner*. There he wrote a leading article about Bunce's case, for which he was in due time to be paid a guinea. After all, the *People's Banner* might do more for him in this way than ever would be done by Parliament. Mr. Slide, however, and another gentleman at the *Banner* office, much older than Mr. Slide, who announced himself as

the actual editor, were anxious that Phineas should rid himself of his heterodox political resolutions about the ballot. It was not that they cared much about his own opinions; and when Phineas attempted to argue with the editor on the merits of the ballot, the editor put him down very shortly. "We go in for it, Mr. Finn," he said. If Mr. Finn would go in for it too, the editor seemed to think that Mr. Finn might make himself very useful at the Banner office. Phineas stoutly maintained that this was impossible,—and was therefore driven to confine his articles in the service of the people to those open subjects on which his opinions agreed with those of the People's Banner. This was his second article, and the editor seemed to think that, backward as he was about the ballot, he was too useful an aid to be thrown aside. A member of Parliament is not now all that he was once, but still there is a prestige in the letters affixed to his name which makes him loom larger in the eyes of the world than other men. Get into Parliament, if it be but for the borough of Loughshane, and the People's Banners all round will be glad of your assistance, as will also companies limited and unlimited to a very marvellous extent. Phineas wrote his article and promised to look in again, and so they went on. Mr. Quintus Slide continued to assure him that a "horgan" was indispensable to him, and Phineas began to accommodate his ears to the sound which had at first been so disagreeable. He found that his acquaintance, Mr. Slide, had ideas of his own as to getting into the 'Ouse at some future time. "I always look upon the 'Ouse as my oyster, and 'ere's my sword," said Mr. Slide, brandishing an old quill pen. "And I feel that if once there I could get along. I do indeed. What is it a man wants? It's only pluck,—that he shouldn't funk because a 'undred other men are looking at him." Then Phineas asked him whether he had any idea of a constituency, to which Mr. Slide replied that he had no absolutely formed intention. Many boroughs, however, would doubtless be set free from aristocratic influence by the redistribution of seats which must take place, as Mr. Slide declared, at any rate in the next session. Then he named the borough of Loughton; and Phineas Finn, thinking of Saulsby, thinking of the Earl, thinking of Lady Laura, and thinking of Violet, walked away disgusted. Would it not be better that the quiet town, clustering close round the walls of Saulsby, should remain as it was, than that it should be polluted by the presence of Mr. Quintus Slide?

On the last day of the debate, at a few moments before four o'clock, Phineas encountered another terrible misfortune. He had been at the potted peas since twelve, and had on this occasion targed two or three commissariat officers very tightly with questions respecting cabbages and potatoes, and had asked whether the officers on board a certain ship did not always eat preserved asparagus while the men had not even a bean. I fear that he had been put up to this business by Mr. Quintus Slide, and that he made himself nasty. There was,

however, so much nastiness of the kind going, that his little effort made no great difference. The conservative members of the Committee, on whose side of the House the inquiry had originated, did not scruple to lay all manner of charges to officers whom, were they themselves in power, they would be bound to support and would support with all their energies. About a quarter before four the members of the Committee had dismissed their last witness for the day, being desirous of not losing their chance of seats on so important an occasion, and hurried down into the lobby,—so that they might enter the House before prayers. Phineas here was button-holed by Barrington Erle, who said something to him as to the approaching division. They were standing in front of the door of the House, almost in the middle of the lobby, with a crowd of members around them,—on a spot which, as frequenters know, is hallowed ground, and must not be trodden by strangers. He was in the act of answering Erle, when he was touched on the arm, and on turning round, saw Mr. Clarkson. “About that little bill, Mr. Finn,” said the horrible man, turning his chin round over his white cravat. “They always tell me at your lodgings that you ain’t at home.” By this time a policeman was explaining to Mr. Clarkson with gentle violence that he must not stand there,—that he must go aside into one of the corners. “I know all that,” said Mr. Clarkson, retreating. “Of course I do. But what is a man to do when a gent won’t see him at home?” Mr. Clarkson stood aside in his corner quietly, giving the policeman no occasion for further action against him; but in retreating he spoke loud, and there was a lull of voices around, and twenty members at least had heard what had been said. Phineas Finn no doubt had his privilege, but Mr. Clarkson was determined that the privilege should avail him as little as possible.

It was very hard. The real offender, the Lord of the Treasury, the peer’s son, with a thousand a year paid by the country, was not treated with this cruel persecution. Phineas had in truth never taken a farthing from any one but his father; and though doubtless he owed something at this moment, he had no creditor of his own that was even angry with him. As the world goes he was a clear man,—but for this debt of his friend Fitzgibbon. He left Barrington Erle in the lobby, and hurried into the House, blushing up to the eyes. He looked for Fitzgibbon in his place, but the Lord of the Treasury was not as yet there. Doubtless he would be there for the division, and Phineas resolved that he would speak a bit of his mind before he let his friend out of his sight.

There were some great speeches made on that evening. Mr. Gresham delivered an oration of which men said that it would be known in England as long as there were any words remaining of English eloquence. In it he taunted Mr. Turnbull with being a recreant to the people, of whom he called himself so often the champion.

But Mr. Turnbull was not in the least moved. Mr. Gresham knew well enough that Mr. Turnbull was not to be moved by any words;—but the words were not the less telling to the House and to the country. Men, who heard it, said that Mr. Gresham forgot himself in that speech, forgot his party, forgot his strategy, forgot his long-drawn schemes,—even his love of applause, and thought only of his cause. Mr. Daubeny replied to him with equal genius, and with equal skill,—if not with equal heart. Mr. Gresham had asked for the approbation of all present and of all future reformers. Mr. Daubeny denied him both,—the one because he would not succeed, and the other because he would not have deserved success. Then Mr. Mildmay made his reply, getting up at about three o'clock, and uttered a prayer,—a futile prayer,—that this his last work on behalf of his countrymen might be successful. His bill was read a second time, as I have said before, in obedience to the casting vote of the Speaker,—but a majority such as that was tantamount to a defeat.

There was, of course, on that night no declaration as to what ministers would do. Without a meeting of the Cabinet, and without some further consideration, though each might know that the bill would be withdrawn, they could not say in what way they would act. But late as was the hour, there were many words on the subject before members were in their beds. Mr. Turnbull and Mr. Monk left the House together, and perhaps no two gentlemen in it had in former sessions been more in the habit of walking home arm-in-arm and discussing what each had heard and what each had said in that assembly. Latterly these two men had gone strangely asunder in their paths,—very strangely for men who had for years walked so closely together. And this separation had been marked by violent words spoken against each other,—by violent words, at least, spoken against him in office by the one who had never contaminated his hands by the Queen's shilling. And yet, on such an occasion as this, they were able to walk away from the House arm-in-arm, and did not fly at each other's throat by the way.

"Singular enough, is it not," said Mr. Turnbull, "that the thing should have been so close?"

"Very odd," said Mr. Monk; "but men have said that it would be so all the week."

"Gresham was very fine," said Mr. Turnbull.

"Very fine, indeed. I never have heard anything like it before."

"Daubeny was very powerful too," said Mr. Turnbull.

"Yes;—no doubt. The occasion was great, and he answered to the spur. But Gresham's was the speech of the debate."

"Well;—yes; perhaps it was," said Mr. Turnbull, who was thinking of his own flight the other night, and who among his special friends had been much praised for what he had then done. But of course he made no allusion to his own doings,—or to those of Mr.

Monk. In this way they conversed for some twenty minutes, till they parted; but neither of them interrogated the other as to what either might be called upon to do in consequence of the division which had just been effected. They might still be intimate friends, but the days of confidence between them were passed.

Phineas had seen Laurence Fitzgibbon enter the House,—which he did quite late in the night, so as to be in time for the division. No doubt he had dined in the House, and had been all the evening in the library,—or in the smoking-room. When Mr. Mildmay was on his legs making his reply, Fitzgibbon had sauntered in, not choosing to wait till he might be rung up by the bell at the last moment. Phineas was near him as they passed by the tellers, near him in the lobby, and near him again as they all passed back into the House. But at the last moment he thought that he would miss his prey. In the crowd as they left the House he failed to get his hand upon his friend's shoulder. But he hurried down the members' passage, and just at the gate leading out into Westminster Hall he overtook Fitzgibbon walking arm-in-arm with Barrington Erle.

"Laurence," he said, taking hold of his countryman with a decided grasp, "I want to speak to you for a moment, if you please."

"Speak away," said Laurence. Then Phineas, looking up into his face, knew very well that he had been—what the world calls, dining.

Phineas remembered at the moment that Barrington Erle had been close to him when the odious money-lender had touched his arm and made his inquiry about that "little bill." He much wished to make Erle understand that the debt was not his own,—that he was not in the hands of usurers in reference to his own concerns. But there was a feeling within him that he still,—even still,—owed something to his friendship to Fitzgibbon. "Just give me your arm, and come on with me for a minute," said Phineas. "Erle will excuse us."

"Oh, blazes!" said Laurence, "what is it you're after? I ain't good at private conferences at three in the morning. We're all out, and isn't that enough for ye."

"I have been dreadfully annoyed to-night," said Phineas, "and I wished to speak to you about it."

"Bedad, Finn, my boy, and there are a good many of us are annoyed;—eh, Barrington?"

Phineas perceived clearly that though Fitzgibbon had been dining, there was as much of cunning in all this as of wine, and he was determined not to submit to such unlimited ill-usage. "My annoyance comes from your friend, Mr. Clarkson, who had the impudence to address me in the lobby of the House."

"And serve you right, too, Finn, my boy. Why the devil did you sport your oak to him? He has told me all about it. There ain't such a patient little fellow as Clarkson anywhere, if you'll only let him have his own way. He'll look in, as he calls it, three times a week

for a whole season, and do nothing further. Of course he don't like to be locked out."

"Is that the gentleman with whom the police interfered in the lobby?" Erle inquired.

"A confounded bill discounter to whom our friend here has introduced me,—for his own purposes," said Phineas.

"A very gentleman-like fellow," said Laurence. "Barrington knows him, I daresay. Look here, Finn, my boy, take my advice. Ask him to breakfast, and let him understand that the house will always be open to him." After this Laurence Fitzgibbon and Barrington Erle got into a cab together, and were driven away.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A CABINET MEETING.

AND now will the Muses assist me while I sing an altogether new song? On the Tuesday the Cabinet met at the First Lord's official residence in Downing Street, and I will attempt to describe what, according to the bewildered brain of a poor fictionist, was said or might have been said, what was done or might have been done, on so august an occasion.

The poor fictionist very frequently finds himself to have been wrong in his description of things in general, and is told so roughly by the critics, and tenderly by the friends of his bosom. He is moved to tell of things of which he omits to learn the nature before he tells of them,—as should be done by a strictly honest fictionist. He catches salmon in October; or shoots his partridges in March. His dahlias bloom in June, and his birds sing in the autumn. He opens the opera-houses before Easter, and makes Parliament sit on a Wednesday evening. And then those terrible meshes of the Law! How is a fictionist, in these excited days, to create the needed biting interest without legal difficulties; and how again is he to steer his little bark clear of so many rocks,—when the rocks and the shoals have been purposely arranged to make the taking of a pilot on board a necessity? As to those law meshes, a benevolent pilot will, indeed, now and again give a poor fictionist a helping hand,—not used, however, generally, with much discretion. But from whom is any assistance to come in the august matter of a Cabinet assembly? There can be no such assistance. No man can tell aught but they who will tell nothing. But then, again, there is this safety, that let the story be ever so mistold,—let the fiction be ever so far removed from the truth, no critic short of a Cabinet Minister himself can convict the narrator of error.

It was a large dingy room, covered with a Turkey carpet, and con-

taining a dark polished mahogany dinner-table, on very heavy carved legs, which an old messenger was preparing at two o'clock in the day for the use of her Majesty's Ministers. The table would have been large enough for fourteen guests, and along the side further from the fire there were placed some six heavy chairs, good comfortable chairs, stuffed at the back as well as the seat,—but on the side nearer to the fire the chairs were placed irregularly; and there were four armchairs,—two on one side and two on the other. There were four windows to the room, which looked on to St. James's Park, and the curtains of the windows were dark and heavy,—as became the gravity of the purposes to which that chamber was appropriated. In old days it had been the dining-room of one Prime Minister after another. To Pitt it had been the abode of his own familiar prandial Penates, and Lord Liverpool had been dull there among his dull friends for long year after year. The Ministers of the present day find it more convenient to live in private homes, and, indeed, not unfrequently carry their Cabinets with them. But, under Mr. Mildmay's rule, the meetings were generally held in the old room at the official residence. Thrice did the aged messenger move each armchair, now a little this way and now a little that, and then look at them as though something of the tendency of the coming meeting might depend on the comfort of its leading members. If Mr. Mildmay should find himself to be quite comfortable, so that he could hear what was said without a struggle to his ear, and see his colleagues' faces clearly, and feel the fire without burning his shins, it might be possible that he would not insist upon resigning. If this were so, how important was the work now confided to the hands of that aged messenger! When his anxious eyes had glanced round the room some half a dozen times, when he had touched each curtain, laid his hand upon every chair, and dusted certain papers which lay upon a side-table,—and which had been lying there for two years, and at which no one ever looked or would look,—he gently crept away and ensconced himself in an easy-chair not far from the door of the chamber. For it might be necessary to stop the attempt of a rash intruder on those secret counsels.

Very shortly there was heard the ring of various voices in the passages,—the voices of men speaking pleasantly, the voices of men with whom it seemed, from their tone, that things were doing well in the world. And then a cluster of four or five gentlemen entered the room. At first sight they seemed to be as ordinary gentlemen as you shall meet anywhere about Pall Mall on an afternoon. There was nothing about their outward appearance of the august wiggery of state craft, nothing of the ponderous dignity of ministerial position. That little man in the square-cut coat,—we may almost call it a shooting-coat,—swinging an umbrella and wearing no gloves, is no less a person than the Lord Chancellor,—Lord Weazeling,—who made a hundred thousand pounds as Attorney-

General, and is supposed to be the best lawyer of his age. He is fifty, but he looks to be hardly over forty, and one might take him to be, from his appearance,—perhaps a clerk in the War Office, well-to-do, and popular among his brother-clerks. Immediately with him is Sir Harry Coldfoot, also a lawyer by profession, though he has never practised. He has been in the House for nearly thirty years, and is now at the Home Office. He is a stout, healthy, grey-haired gentleman, who certainly does not wear the cares of office on his face. Perhaps, however, no minister gets more bullied than he by the press, and men say that he will be very willing to give up to some political enemy the control of the police, and the onerous duty of judging in all criminal appeals. Behind these come our friend Mr. Monk, young Lord Cantrip from the colonies next door, than whom no smarter young peer now does honour to our hereditary legislature, and Sir Marmaduke Morecombe, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Why Sir Marmaduke has always been placed in Mr. Mildmay's Cabinets nobody ever knew. As Chancellor of the Duchy he has nothing to do,—and were there anything, he would not do it. He rarely speaks in the House, and then does not speak well. He is a handsome man, or would be but for an assumption of grandeur in the carriage of his eyes, giving to his face a character of pomposity which he himself well deserves. He was in the Guards when young, and has been in Parliament since he ceased to be young. It must be supposed that Mr. Mildmay has found something in him, for he has been included in three successive liberal Cabinets. He has probably the virtue of being true to Mr. Mildmay, and of being duly submissive to one whom he recognises as his superior.

Within two minutes afterwards the Duke followed, with Plantagenet Palliser. The Duke, as all the world knows, was the Duke of St. Bungay, the very front and head of the aristocratic old Whigs of the country,—a man who has been thrice spoken of as Prime Minister, and who really might have filled the office had he not known himself to be unfit for it. The Duke has been consulted as to the making of Cabinets for the last five-and-thirty years, and is even now not an old man in appearance;—a fussy, popular, clever, conscientious man, whose digestion has been too good to make politics a burden to him, but who has thought seriously about his country, and is one who will be sure to leave memoirs behind him. He was born in the semi-purple of ministerial influences, and men say of him that he is honestest than his uncle, who was Canning's friend, but not so great a man as his grandfather, with whom Fox once quarrelled, and whom Burke loved. Plantagenet Palliser, himself the heir to a dukedom, was the young Chancellor of the Exchequer, of whom some statesmen thought much as the rising star of the age. If industry, rectitude of purpose, and a certain clearness of intellect may prevail, Planty Pall, as he is familiarly called, may become a great Minister.

Then came Viscount Thrift by himself,—the First Lord of the Admiralty, with the whole weight of a new iron-clad fleet upon his shoulders. He has undertaken the Herculean task of cleansing the dockyards,—and with it the lesser work of keeping afloat a navy that may be esteemed by his countrymen to be the best in the world. And he thinks that he will do both, if only Mr. Mildmay will not resign ;—an industrious, honest, self-denying nobleman, who works without ceasing from morn to night, and who hopes to rise in time to high things,—to the translating of Homer, perhaps, and the wearing of the Garter.

Close behind him there was a ruck of Ministers, with the much honoured grey-haired old Premier in the midst of them. There was Mr. Gresham, the Foreign Minister, said to be the greatest orator in Europe, on whose shoulders it was thought that the mantle of Mr. Mildmay would fall,—to be worn, however, quite otherwise than Mr. Mildmay had worn it. For Mr. Gresham is a man with no feelings for the past, void of historical association, hardly with memories,—living altogether for the future which he is anxious to fashion anew out of the vigour of his own brain. Whereas, with Mr. Mildmay, even his love of reform is an inherited passion for an old world Liberalism. And there was with them Mr. Legge Wilson, the brother of a peer, Secretary at War, a great scholar and a polished gentleman, very proud of his position as a Cabinet Minister, but conscious that he has hardly earned it by political work. And Lord Plinlimmon is with them, the Comptroller of India,—of all working lords the most jaunty, the most pleasant, and the most popular, very good at taking chairs at dinners, and making becoming speeches at the shortest notice, a man apparently very free and open in his ways of life,—but cautious enough in truth as to every step, knowing well how hard it is to climb and how easy to fall. Mr. Mildmay entered the room leaning on Lord Plinlimmon's arm, and when he made his way up among the armchairs upon the rug before the fire, the others clustered around him with cheering looks and kindly questions. Then came the Privy Seal, our old friend Lord Brentford, last,—and I would say least, but that the words of no councillor could go for less in such an assemblage than will those of Sir Marmaduke Morecombe, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Mr. Mildmay was soon seated in one of the armchairs, while Lord Plinlimmon leaned against the table close at his elbow. Mr. Gresham stood upright at the corner of the chimney-piece furthest from Mr. Mildmay, and Mr. Palliser at that nearest to him. The Duke took the armchair close at Mr. Mildmay's left hand. Lord Plinlimmon was, as I have said, leaning against the table, but the Lord Chancellor, who was next to him, sat upon it. Viscount Thrift and Mr. Monk occupied chairs on the further side of the table, near to Mr. Mildmay's end, and Mr. Legge Wilson placed himself at the head of the table, thus joining them as it were into a body. The Home Secretary stood

before the Lord Chancellor screening him from the fire, and the Chancellor of the Duchy, after waiting for a few minutes as though in doubt, took one of the vacant armchairs. The young lord from the Colonies stood a little behind the shoulders of his great friend from the Foreign Office; and the Privy Seal, after moving about for a while uneasily, took a chair behind the Chancellor of the Duchy. One arm-chair was thus left vacant, but there was no other comer.

"It is not so bad as I thought it would be," said the Duke, speaking aloud, but nevertheless addressing himself specially to his chief.

"It was bad enough," said Mr. Mildmay, laughing.

"Bad enough indeed," said Sir Marmaduke Morecombe, without any laughter.

"And such a good bill lost," said Lord Plinlimmon. "The worst of these failures is, that the same identical bill can never be brought in again."

"So that if the lost bill was best, the bill that will not be lost can only be second best," said the Lord Chancellor.

"I certainly did think that after the debate before Easter we should not have come to shipwreck about the ballot," said Mr. Mildmay.

"It was brewing for us all along," said Mr. Gresham, who then with a gesture of his hand and a pressure of his lips withheld words which he was nearly uttering, and which would not, probably, have been complimentary to Mr. Turnbull. As it was, he turned half round and said something to Lord Cantrip which was not audible to any one else in the room. It was worthy of note, however, that Mr. Turnbull's name was not once mentioned aloud at that meeting.

"I am afraid it was brewing all along," said Sir Marmaduke Morecombe gravely.

"Well, gentlemen, we must take it as we get it," said Mr. Mildmay, still smiling. "And now we must consider what we shall do at once." Then he paused as though expecting that counsel would come to him first from one colleague and then from another. But no such counsel came, and probably Mr. Mildmay did not in the least expect that it would come.

"We cannot stay where we are, of course," said the Duke. The Duke was privileged to say as much as that. But though every man in the room knew that it must be so, no one but the Duke would have said it, before Mr. Mildmay had spoken plainly himself.

"No," said Mr. Mildmay; "I suppose that we can hardly stay where we are. Probably none of us wish it, gentlemen." Then he looked round upon his colleagues, and there came a sort of an assent, though there were no spoken words. The sound from Sir Marmaduke Morecombe was louder than that from the others;—but yet from him it was no more than an attesting grunt. "We have two things

to consider," continued Mr. Mildmay,—and though he spoke in a very low voice, every word was heard by all present,—“two things chiefly, that is; the work of the country and the Queen's comfort. I propose to see her Majesty this afternoon at five,—that is, in something less than two hours' time, and I hope to be able to tell the House by seven what has taken place between her Majesty and me. My friend, his Grace, will do as much in the House of Lords. If you agree with me, gentlemen, I will explain to the Queen that it is not for the welfare of the country that we should retain our places, and I will place your resignations and my own in her Majesty's hands.”

“You will advise her Majesty to send for Lord De Terrier,” said Mr. Gresham.

“Certainly;—there will be no other course open to me.”

“Or to her,” said Mr. Gresham. To this remark from the rising Minister of the day, no word of reply was made; but of those present in the room three or four of the most experienced servants of the Crown felt that Mr. Gresham had been imprudent. The Duke, who had ever been afraid of Mr. Gresham, told Mr. Palliser afterwards that such an observation should not have been made; and Sir Henry Coldfoot pondered upon it uneasily, and Sir Marmaduke Morecombe asked Mr. Mildmay what he thought about it. “Times change so much, and with the times the feelings of men,” said Mr. Mildmay. But I doubt whether Sir Marmaduke quite understood him.

There was silence in the room for a moment or two after Mr. Gresham had spoken, and then Mr. Mildmay again addressed his friends. “Of course it may be possible that my Lord De Terrier may foresee difficulties, or may find difficulties which will oblige him, either at once, or after an attempt has been made, to decline the task which her Majesty will probably commit to him. All of us, no doubt, know that the arrangement of a government is not the most easy task in the world; and that it is not made the more easy by an absence of a majority in the House of Commons.”

“He would dissolve, I presume,” said the Duke.

“I should say so,” continued Mr. Mildmay. “But it may not improbably come to pass that her Majesty will feel herself obliged to send again for some one or two of us, that we may tender to her Majesty the advice which we owe to her;—for me, for instance, or for my friend the Duke. In such a matter she would be much guided probably by what Lord De Terrier might have suggested to her. Should this be so, and should I be consulted, my present feeling is that we should resume our offices so that the necessary business of the session should be completed, and that we should then dissolve Parliament, and thus ascertain the opinion of the country. In such case, however, we should of course meet again.”

“I quite think that the course proposed by Mr. Mildmay will be the best,” said the Duke, who had no doubt already discussed the

matter with his friend the Prime Minister in private. No one else said a word either of argument or disagreement, and the Cabinet Council was broken up. The old messenger, who had been asleep in his chair, stood up and bowed as the Ministers walked by him, and then went in and rearranged the chairs.

"He has as much idea of giving up as you or I have," said Lord Cantrip to his friend Mr. Gresham, as they walked arm-in-arm together from the Treasury Chambers across St. James's Park towards the clubs.

"I am not sure that he is not right," said Mr. Gresham.

"Do you mean for himself or for the country?" asked Lord Cantrip.

"For his future fame. They who have abdicated and have clung to their abdication have always lost by it. Cincinnatus was brought back again, and Charles V. is felt to have been foolish. The peaches of retired ministers of which we hear so often have generally been cultivated in a constrained seclusion ;—or at least the world so believes." They were talking probably of Mr. Mildmay, as to whom some of his colleagues had thought it probable, knowing that he would now resign, that he would have to-day declared his intention of laying aside for ever the cares of office.

Mr. Monk walked home alone, and as he went there was something of a feeling of disappointment at heart, which made him ask himself whether Mr. Turnbull might not have been right in rebuking him for joining the Government. But this, I think, was in no way due to Mr. Mildmay's resignation, but rather to a conviction on Mr. Monk's part that he had contributed but little to his country's welfare by sitting in Mr. Mildmay's Cabinet.

CHAPTER XXX.

MR. KENNEDY'S LUCK.

AFTER the holding of that Cabinet Council of which the author has dared to attempt a slight sketch in the last chapter, there were various visits made to the Queen, first by Mr. Mildmay, and then by Lord De Terrier, afterwards by Mr. Mildmay and the Duke together, and then again by Lord De Terrier ; and there were various explanations made to Parliament in each House, and rivals were very courteous to each other, promising assistance ;—and at the end of it the old men held their seats. The only change made was effected by the retirement of Sir Marmaduke Morecombe, who was raised to the peerage, and by the selection of—Mr. Kennedy to fill his place in the Cabinet. Mr. Kennedy during the late debate had made one of those speeches, few and far between, by which he had created for himself a Parliamentary reputation ; but, nevertheless, all men expressed their great

surprise, and no one could quite understand why Mr. Kennedy had been made a Cabinet Minister.

"It is impossible to say whether he is pleased or not," said Lady Laura, speaking of him to Phineas. "I am pleased, of course."

"His ambition must be gratified," said Phineas.

"It would be, if he had any," said Lady Laura.

"I do not believe in a man lacking ambition."

"It is hard to say. There are men who by no means wear their hearts upon their sleeves, and my husband is one of them. He told me that it would be unbecoming in him to refuse, and that was all he said to me about it."

The old men held their seats, but they did so as it were only upon further trial. Mr. Mildmay took the course which he had indicated to his colleagues at the Cabinet meeting. Before all the explanations and journeyings were completed, April was over, and the much-needed Whitsuntide holidays were coming on. But little of the routine work of the session had been done; and, as Mr. Mildmay told the House more than once, the country would suffer were the Queen to dissolve Parliament at this period of the year. The old Ministers would go on with the business of the country, Lord De Terrier with his followers having declined to take affairs into their hands; and at the close of the session, which should be made as short as possible, writs should be issued for new elections. This was Mr. Mildmay's programme, and it was one of which no one dared to complain very loudly.

Mr. Turnbull, indeed, did speak a word of caution. He told Mr. Mildmay that he had lost his bill, good in other respects, because he had refused to introduce the ballot into his measure. Let him promise to be wiser for the future, and to obey the manifested wishes of the country, and then all would be well with him. In answer to this, Mr. Mildmay declared that to the best of his power of reading the country, his countrymen had manifested no such wish; and that if they did so, if by the fresh election it should be shown that the ballot was in truth desired, he would at once leave the execution of their wishes to abler and younger hands. Mr. Turnbull expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the Ministers' answers, and said that the coming election would show whether he or Mr. Mildmay were right.

Many men, and among them some of his colleagues, thought that Mr. Mildmay had been imprudent. "No man ought ever to pledge himself to anything," said Sir Henry Coldfoot to the Duke;—"that is, to anything unnecessary." The Duke, who was very true to Mr. Mildmay, made no reply to this, but even he thought that his old friend had been betrayed into a promise too rapidly. But the pledge was given, and some people already began to make much of it. There appeared leader after leader in the People's Banner urging the constituencies to take advantage of the Prime Minister's words, and to

show clearly at the hustings that they desired the ballot. "You had better come over to us, Mr. Finn; you had indeed," said Mr. Slide. "Now's the time to do it, and show yourself a people's friend. You'll have to do it sooner or later,—whether or no. Come to us, and we'll be your horgan."

But in those days Phineas was something less in love with Mr. Quintus Slide than he had been at the time of the great debate, for he was becoming more and more closely connected with people who in their ways of living and modes of expression were very unlike Mr. Slide. This advice was given to him about the end of May, and at that time Lord Chiltern was living with him in the lodgings in Great Marlborough Street. Miss Pouncefoot had temporarily vacated her rooms on the first floor, and the Lord with the broken bones had condescended to occupy them. "I don't know that I like having a Lord," Bunce had said to his wife. "It'll soon come to you not liking anybody decent anywhere," Mrs. Bunce had replied; "but I shan't ask any questions about it. When you're wasting so much time and money at your dirty law proceedings, it's well that somebody should earn something at home."

There had been many discussions about the bringing of Lord Chiltern up to London, in all of which Phineas had been concerned. Lord Brentford had thought that his son had better remain down at the Willingford Bull; and although he said that the rooms were at his son's disposal should Lord Chiltern choose to come to London, still he said it in such a way that Phineas, who went down to Willingford, could not tell his friend that he would be made welcome in Portman Square. "I think I shall leave those diggings altogether," Lord Chiltern said to him. "My father annoys me by everything he says and does, and I annoy him by saying and doing nothing." Then there came an invitation to him from Lady Laura and Mr. Kennedy. Would he come to Grosvenor Place? Lady Laura pressed this very much, though in truth Mr. Kennedy had hardly done more than give a cold assent. But Lord Chiltern would not hear of it. "There is some reason for my going to my father's house," said he, "though he and I are not the best friends in the world; but there can be no reason for my going to the house of a man I dislike so much as I do. Robert Kennedy." The matter was settled in the manner told above. Miss Pouncefoot's rooms were prepared for him at Mr. Bunce's house, and Phineas Finn went down to Willingford and brought him up. "I've sold Bonebreaker," he said,—“to a young fellow whose neck will certainly be the sacrifice if he attempts to ride him. I'd have given him to you, Phineas, only you wouldn't have known what to do with him.”

Lord Chiltern when he came up to London was still in bandages, though, as the surgeon said, his bones seemed to have been made to be broken and set again; and his bandages of course were a sufficient

excuse for his visiting the house neither of his father nor his brother-in-law. But Lady Laura went to him frequently, and thus became acquainted with our hero's home and with Mrs. Bunce. And there were messages taken from Violet to the man in bandages, some of which lost nothing in the carrying. Once Lady Laura tried to make Violet think that it would be right, or rather not wrong, that they two should go together to Lord Chiltern's rooms.

"And would you have me tell my aunt, or would you have me not tell her?" Violet asked.

"I would have you do just as you pleased," Lady Laura answered.

"So I shall," Violet replied, "but I will do nothing that I should be ashamed to tell any one. Your brother professes to be in love with me."

"He is in love with you," said Lady Laura. "Even you do not pretend to doubt his faith."

"Very well. In those circumstances a girl should not go to a man's rooms unless she means to consider herself as engaged to him, even with his sister;—not though he had broken every bone in his skin. I know what I may do, Laura, and I know what I mayn't; and I won't be led either by you or by my aunt."

"May I give him your love?"

"No;—because you'll give it in a wrong spirit. He knows well enough that I wish him well;—but you may tell him that from me, if you please. He has from me all those wishes which one friend owes to another."

But there were other messages sent from Violet through Phineas Finn which she worded with more show of affection,—perhaps as much for the discomfort of Phineas as for the consolation of Lord Chiltern. "Tell him to take care of himself," said Violet, "and bid him not to have any more of those wild brutes that are not fit for any Christian to ride. Tell him that I say so. It's a great thing to be brave; but what's the use of being foolhardy?"

The session was to be closed at the end of June, to the great dismay of London tradesmen and of young ladies who had not been entirely successful in the early season. But before the old Parliament was closed, and the writs for the new election were despatched, there occurred an incident which was of very much importance to Phineas Finn. Near the end of June, when the remaining days of the session were numbered by three or four, he had been dining at Lord Brentford's house in Portman Square in company with Mr. Kennedy. But Lady Laura had not been there. At this time he saw Lord Brentford not unfrequently, and there was always a word said about Lord Chiltern. The father would ask how the son occupied himself, and Phineas would hope,—though hitherto he had hoped in vain,—that he would induce the Earl to come and see Lord Chiltern. Lord Brentford could never be brought to that; but it was sufficiently

evident that he would have done so, had he not been afraid to descend so far from the altitude of his paternal wrath. On this evening, at about eleven, Mr. Kennedy and Phineas left the house together, and walked from the Square through Orchard Street into Oxford Street. Here their ways parted, but Phineas crossed the road with Mr. Kennedy, as he was making some reply to a second invitation to Loughlinter. Phineas, considering what had been said before on the subject, thought that the invitation came late, and that it was not warmly worded. He had, therefore, declined it, and was in the act of declining it, when he crossed the road with Mr. Kennedy. In walking down Orchard Street from the Square he had seen two men standing in the shadow a few yards up a mews or small alley that was there, but had thought nothing of them. It was just that period of the year when there is hardly any of the darkness of night; but at this moment there were symptoms of coming rain, and heavy drops began to fall; and there were big clouds coming and going before the young moon. Mr. Kennedy had said that he would get a cab, but he had seen none as he crossed Oxford Street, and had put up his umbrella as he made his way towards Park Street. Phineas as he left him distinctly perceived the same two figures on the other side of Oxford Street, and then turning into the shadow of a butcher's porch, he saw them cross the street in the wake of Mr. Kennedy. It was now raining in earnest, and the few passengers who were out were scudding away quickly, this way and that.

It hardly occurred to Phineas to think that any danger was imminent to Mr. Kennedy from the men, but it did occur to him that he might as well take some notice of the matter. Phineas knew that Mr. Kennedy would make his way down Park Street, that being his usual route from Portman Square towards his own home, and knew also that he himself could again come across Mr. Kennedy's track by going down North Audley Street to the corner of Grosvenor Square, and thence by Brook Street into Park Street. Without much thought, therefore, he went out of his own course down to the corner of the Square, hurrying his steps till he was running, and then ran along Brook Street, thinking as he went of some special word that he might say to Mr. Kennedy as an excuse, should he again come across his late companion. He reached the corner of Park Street before that gentleman could have been there, unless he also had run; but just in time to see him as he was coming on,—and also to see in the dark glimmering of the slight uncertain moonlight that the two men were behind him. He retreated a step backwards in the corner, resolving that when Mr. Kennedy came up, they two would go on together; for now it was clear that Mr. Kennedy was followed. But Mr. Kennedy did not reach the corner. When he was within two doors of it, one of the men had followed him up quickly, and had thrown something round his throat from behind him. Phineas

understood well ~~now that~~ his friend was in the act of being garrotted, and ~~that~~ his instant assistance was needed. He rushed forward, and as the second ruffian had been close upon the footsteps of the first, there was almost instantaneously a concourse of the four men. But there was no fight. The man who had already nearly succeeded in putting Mr. Kennedy on to his back, made no attempt to seize his prey when he found that so unwelcome an addition had joined the party, but instantly turned to fly. His companion was turning also, but Phineas was too quick for him, and having seized on to his collar, held to him with all his power. "Dash it all," said the man, "didn't yer see as how I was a-hurrying up to help the gen'laman myself?" Phineas, however, hadn't seen this, and held on gallantly, and in a couple of minutes the first ruffian was back again upon the spot in the custody of a policeman. "You've done it uncommon neat, sir," said the policeman, complimenting Phineas upon his performance. "If the gen'laman ain't none the worst for it, it'll have been a very pretty evening's amusement." Mr. Kennedy was now leaning against the railings, and hitherto had been unable to declare whether he was really injured or not, and it was not till a second policeman came up that the hero of the night was at liberty to attend closely to his friend.

Mr. Kennedy, when he was able to speak, declared that for a minute or two he had thought that his neck had been broken; and he was not quite convinced till he found himself in his own house, that nothing more serious had really happened to him than certain bruises round his throat. The policeman was for a while anxious that at any rate Phineas should go with him to the police-office; but at last consented to take the addresses of the two gentlemen. When he found that Mr. Kennedy was a member of Parliament, and that he was designated as Right Honourable, his respect for the garrotter became more great, and he began to feel that the night was indeed a night of great importance. He expressed unbounded admiration at Mr. Finn's success in his own line, and made repeated promises that the men should be forthcoming on the morrow. Could a cab be got? Of course a cab could be got. A cab was got, and within a quarter of an hour of the making of the attack, the two members of Parliament were on their way to Grosvenor Place.

There was hardly a word spoken in the cab, for Mr. Kennedy was in pain. When, however, they reached the door in Grosvenor Place, Phineas wanted to go, and leave his friend with the servants, but this the Cabinet Minister would not allow. "Of course you must see my wife," he said. So they went upstairs into the drawing-room, and then upon the stairs, by the lights of the house, Phineas could perceive that his companion's face was bruised and black with dirt, and that his cravat was gone.

"I have been garrotted," said the Cabinet Minister to his wife.

"What?"

"Simply that;—or should have been, if he had not been there. How he came there, God only knows."

The wife's anxiety, and then her gratitude, need hardly be described,—nor the astonishment of the husband, which by no means decreased on reflection, at the opportune re-appearance in the nick of time of the man whom three minutes before the attack he had left in the act of going in the opposite direction.

"I had seen the men, and thought it best to run round by the corner of Grosvenor Square," said Phineas.

"May God bless you," said Lady Laura.

"Amen," said the Cabinet Minister.

"I think he was born to be my friend," said Lady Laura.

The Cabinet Minister said nothing more that night. He was never given to much talking, and the little accident which had just occurred to him did not tend to make words easy to him. But he pressed our hero's hand, and Lady Laura said that of course Phineas would come to them on the morrow. Phineas remarked that his first business must be to go to the police-office, but he promised that he would come down to Grosvenor Place immediately afterwards. Then Lady Laura also pressed his hand, and looked—; she looked, I think, as though she thought that Phineas would only have done right had he repeated the offence which he had committed under the waterfall of Loughlinter.

"Garrotted!" said Lord Chiltern, when Phineas told him the story before they went to bed that night. He had been smoking, sipping brandy-and-water, and waiting for Finn's return. "Robert Kennedy garrotted!"

"The fellow was in the act of doing it."

"And you stopped him?"

"Yes;—I got there just in time. Wasn't it lucky?"

"You ought to be garrotted yourself. I should have lent the man a hand had I been there."

"How can you say anything so horrible? But you are drinking too much, old fellow, and I shall lock the bottle up."

"If there were no one in London drank more than I do, the wine merchants would have a bad time of it. And so the new Cabinet Minister has been garrotted in the street. Of course I'm sorry for poor Laura's sake."

"Luckily he's not much the worse for it;—only a little bruised."

"I wonder whether it's on the cards he should be improved by it;—worse, except in the way of being strangled, he could not be. However, as he's my brother-in-law, I'm obliged to you for rescuing him. Come, I'll go to bed. I must say, if he was to be garrotted I should like to have been there to see it." That was the manner in which Lord Chiltern received the tidings of the terrible accident which had occurred to his near relative.



“I will send for Dr. Macnuthrie at once.”

Phonetic Funn. Chap. xxvii. Page 377.

SAINT PAULS.

JUNE, 1868.

FOR A YEAR.

"WANTED, as Companion and Finishing Governess for a Young Lady, a person who is thoroughly competent to teach German and Italian, and the harp. Salary, £100 a year. Address Q. S. L., Post-office, Risdon, —shire." I wanted a situation, and believed myself to be "thoroughly competent" to impart the accomplishments specified in the above advertisement. I read it in the first edition of the "Times" one Monday morning about two o'clock, as I sat eating my luncheon in the dusky background of that most convenient haunt for governesses and other unprotected ladies, the confectioner's at the corner where Oxford and Regent Streets cross each other. I had been all the morning drawing from the life in a well-known studio in Newman Street,—one of a miscellaneous group who were pursuing art, more or less industriously, for more or less disinterested reasons.

My own pursuit of art I may as well acknowledge at once was not very earnest. I was "doing a little in oils," I always said at home when I was questioned as to my progress, and I had the satisfaction of looking down upon my sisters as I said it. They only blended colours and portrayed form in Berlin wool on canvas.

The truth is, that home life to the majority of young women of my status in society is a very dull thing. My father is a medical man, practising at Brompton, making a good income, living in very good style, and withal educating his children thoroughly well. My two brothers are University men, and were intended for the learned professions, and my two sisters and myself, after being well grounded by a clergyman in England, had been given four years abroad,—two in Germany and two in a French convent near Paris.

We all had "resources within ourselves," as the conventional phrase has it. That is to say, culture had taught us to appreciate good literature, nature had given us great musical talent which careful scientific instruction had developed well, and we were all adepts in the art of so arranging our household-gods as to put them in a fair light before other people. Still, I the eldest and most restless-natured of the three, felt that I needed something more to make life full enough for me. I wanted to do something with the time that remained over

and above to me, when I had read and played and visited till I was tired.

I had been a student at the atelier in Newman Street about five months when this advertisement which I have copied came upon me like a revelation. In an instant I resolved to follow the path it pointed out. I would be that governess-companion, and utilise my knowledge of German and Italian, and the harp. I had often wished to get out of London : now, the opportunity was given me, and I would go.

I was in a small flush of excitement when I determined on this. Delays are dangerous. I would write at once. I would not wait to go home and discuss my project in family council. So I paid for my luncheon, bought a sheet of paper and an envelope, and sat down again in the midst of that army of educational martyrs who congregate at this shop, to write an application for the situation advertised.

It has never been in my nature to vacillate,—to put my hand to the plough, and then draw back because the ground to be traversed is rough or dangerous. As soon as I had penned my application, I felt that I was bound in honour to myself to stand the consequences of it. If they would have me, I was pledged to go,—although my letter was not posted yet.

It was a sultry July day this one on which I made my first effort to “do something,” and a feeling of idleness, languor, and general disinclination to go back to the close, stuffy studio possessed me when I had finished my letter. Though I could hardly have given a reason, I felt justified in being idle for the remainder of this day. I think the feeling arose from my having taken steps towards being so uncommonly industrious for an indefinite period in the matter of this governess-companionship business.

The room in which I sat and the shop in front of it, teemed with members of the class to which I aspired just now to belong. The earnest aspiration caused me to regard them more curiously than I had ever done before, and I fell to speculating whether that indelible stamp which marked them daughters of mental toil, would ever be impressed on my brow as it was on theirs. There were many types of this great order there. Daily governesses, drawing mistresses, teachers of singing, teachers of music ; German, French, and Englishwomen ; they were all there mixed up in this place, day after day, during their hour of freedom, yet utter strangers to one another at last as at first.

I fancied, being young, imaginative, and self-satisfied, that I had no inconsiderable insight into character in those days ;—that I could read who and what these people were in their faces, manners, and customs. The middle-aged woman in the corner reading the leading article in the “Daily Telegraph,” and making a hearty luncheon of beef and stout, could be nothing, I decided, but a singing-mistress ; no one else would so recklessly venture upon so stupifying a beverage at that hour of the day ; and looking at her face, I made out a little story to fit it, and told myself that she must have been a concert-singer once,—and

pretty about the same time; that her soft brown hair and eyes, and pale, fair, smiling, composed face, had won the love of some one who wanted to marry and could not support her; that she had married him, as thousands of women do, for companionship, protection, as some one to care for her as years creep on, and because she would not be called an old maid;—and that now he was ill, or not doing anything remunerative, and she was teaching singing to support herself, and doing it cheerfully.

Leaving her to her leading article, her beef and stout, my gaze sought a pair who were at the same long table with myself,—evidently a mother and daughter. The mother was a wisp of a woman in rusty black, with a pale sorrowing face; the daughter was a delicate-looking girl, of about nineteen or twenty, a pretty exotic-looking creature, like a foreign white lily. They were both turning over the papers that lay upon the table when I looked at them first, and after a while the daughter's eye fell on the same advertisement that had attracted my attention. Her face grew crimson and her eyes brightened as she hastily handed it to her mother with the words,—

“ Shall I try for it ? ”

“ It is one more chance,” the sad mother answered tenderly. And when I knew they wished for it, I was sorry that I was pledged myself to try for the situation. Opposite to this mother and daughter who had enlisted my sympathies, sat a girl of about three or four-and-twenty, in whose manner there was that unmistakable mixture of the corrective and instructive air that permeates so many of the women whose mission in life it is to form the manners and the mind of the rising generation. “ Shall I lose my individuality while I am with these people near Risdon ? ” I mentally asked myself. The thought of failing in my attempt, of being refused, never entered into my calculations for a moment. “ Shall I ever lower my voice and sober my bearing with that odious involuntary humility which used to oppress me so much in my own governesses ? What will be the experience of my year of tuition, I wonder ? ” So I soliloquised until the clock struck three. The crowd had nearly dispersed to their accustomed avocations, and I rose and walked away leisurely to a cab that conveyed me home.

I need scarcely say that as mine was an entirely unlooked-for scheme, so was it entirely disapproved of by all the members of my own family. My father said that he liked to have all his girls about him of an evening. My mother added that “ Life was full of temptations to young people, especially young women, and she should never know a happy moment while I was away with these strangers.” And my sisters half envied and half blamed me for going away from the monotonous routine that could, in their estimation, be interrupted with propriety only by marriage.

However, to cut a long story short, I adhered to my plan, and when the advertiser wrote to me to accept my offer of service, I proceeded to carry out that plan without delay by starting off at once to the Risdon railway-station, where a carriage was to meet and carry me to my new home.

My father and mother both saw me safely to the Great Western terminus, and bade me farewell with a few tears and a great many prognostications of my finding things at Wearham Chase duller than I should be able to endure. "If you do, you'll think of what I have always said, that home is the proper place for young girls," my mother said, kissing me. "If you do, you'll know where to come," my father continued, following her example. And I laughed happily, and told them, "Let what would happen, I would stand it for a year." Then we parted, and for an hour or two I indulged myself unrestrainedly in a fit of natural depression. But at mid-distance my youth and the elasticity of my temperament triumphed, together with the conviction I had that I was doing the right thing in endeavouring to help myself.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when the train stopped, and I heard the guard shout out "Risdon!" In a few minutes I and my luggage were planted on the platform, the train was whirling on, and a servant in a plain, grey livery was asking me if I "was Miss Archer." My response in the affirmative was corroborated by the tickets on my trunk; so directing a porter to shoulder the latter, this servant respectfully showed me the way out from the station to the road, where a handsome carriage and a pair of bay horses were awaiting me.

"How far is it to Wearham Chase?" I asked, as I took my seat, and the man replied "Six miles." "It must be in the heart of the country, indeed," I thought. To be six miles from a railway-station was a more delightfully secluded fate than I had ever hoped would be mine. And in such a lovely land as this appeared to be, with its wealth of verdure and water, of hill and valley. It was a fate to rejoice in, and I rejoiced accordingly.

I have reason to know that six good English miles do lie between Risdon station and Wearham Chase. But on the occasion of my first travelling over the road, the magical influence of the fresh, beautiful country was over me so strongly, that we seemed to be upon the grounds of the Chase as soon as we were clear of the environs of the railway-station. We entered the grounds through a sufficiently imposing gateway that was placed at the angle of two roads. There was a well-kept piece of turf outside the gates,—a piece of turf that gave wayfarers a hint as to the nature of the land within. One portion of it was shaded by a fine willow, the others were studded with a whitethorn, an australian, and a shapely, glossy-leaved holly. I had barely time to take in the promise these shrubs gave of green-

ness in winter, before the gates,—or doors rather, for they were of solid wood,—swung open, and we rolled into an avenue that wound along for a mile at least under the shade of fine old elms.

Long before this time intense curiosity as to the people with whom I had come to sojourn for a year claimed me for its own. I must confess to having been possessed with a raging impatience to see them and the house. I kept on putting my head out, first at one window, then at the other, warily, lest I should be detected in the undignified act. At length the trees ceased to overshadow the drive, which wound round in a grand sweep to the front of a large, lofty, many-windowed mansion of red bricks,—the sort of house that old English gentlemen who had a fine estate did build for themselves in the golden days of good Queen Anne.

A clock that was placed in the wall above the entrance-door struck six as I got out of the carriage and passed into the hall, where I was met by a lady whom I at once put down in my own mind as the housekeeper. She was an old, quiet, gentle-faced lady, in dark grey silk, with a massive gold chatelain hanging at her side, from which depended a few keys in token of her calling. She gave me a grave yet gracious welcome, took me up to a beautifully-furnished bedroom, and promised to send a servant to help me to prepare for the seven o'clock dinner, for which the family were already dressing. When she had done this she walked with a hesitating step to the door, but came back directly to the couch on which I had seated myself, to say,—"You look almost as young as your pupil, Miss Archer; it will be a pleasant surprise to her to see you what you are."

"Why?" I asked, laughing, and then added, "Please tell me your name; I ought not to remain ignorant of the name of my first friend at Wearham Chase."

"I am Mrs. Digby, the housekeeper," she replied; and then she went on to tell me that she had lived at Wearham Chase in her present capacity for the last ten years only, but that she had known the family all her life, her father having been their solicitor, and her husband land agent to the late Mr. Hazelwood, the present proprietor's brother.

"And is Miss Hazelwood,—my pupil that is to be,—their only daughter?" I asked.

"Your pupil is not a Miss Hazelwood; she is not their daughter, but my mistress's niece," Mrs. Digby said. "She is a Miss Verney, but she's made quite as much of by master and every one else as if she was a child of the house. If she guessed what you were like she would have been to see you before this," the housekeeper continued, laughing; "but she's very high-spirited, and the plan of having a governess didn't please her."

"Who planned it, then?" I asked.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hazelwood thought it best that Miss Verney should

have full occupation for a year," Mrs. Digby said, gravely, and I repeated after her,—

"For a year! why that is just as long as I hope to stay here; our plans seem to agree wonderfully well." Then I made greater haste than usual to dress, without paying any attention to the look of surprised horror with which the excellent retainer of the house of Hazelwood regarded the stranger who made such daringly light mention of the arrangements of that high and mighty race.

I was only just dressed when the dinner bell rang. Mrs. Hazelwood, I heard, was "waiting for me in the drawing-room." So, ushered by Mrs. Digby, to the drawing-room I went. A tall, fair, pale woman, with an exceedingly graceful figure and manner, rose and advanced courteously to make me welcome as Mrs. Digby mentioned my name. She held out her hand to me, said a few kind words, by which she made me understand that she was both glad to see me, and glad to see me what I was, and then rang the bell, and desired that Miss Verney should be asked to come to us at once.

When the door closed behind the servant who went on this mission, Mrs. Hazelwood turned to me again, and said hurriedly,—

"Miss Archer, before I even introduce my niece and you to each other, let me bespeak your interest in her, and forbearance towards her. She is not much younger than you are. She has been petted, prized, and indulged all her life. She is peculiarly situated; she has been most severely tried; these circumstances combined, have rendered her less patient and considerate than we could desire to see her. Be kind to her," she continued hurriedly, as the door opened, and a young lady came hastily into the room.

As she came swiftly across the floor towards the chair in which Mrs. Hazelwood had seated herself abruptly when the door opened, I had time to see that she was a beautiful, graceful young creature. Her face had the delicate oval, and the exquisite, straight, chiselled nose of a Greek statue. Her bright golden hair was drawn back from her forehead under black velvet fillets, and raised up high behind, in an enormous chignon. The proportions of her splendid figure were well displayed in a full, long dress of soft white llama. She was both a statuesque and a fashionable-looking beauty; and I began to wonder what I was to teach this belle, who was a woman grown.

"I heard that you wanted me, Aunt Emily," she began, without so much as glancing towards me; "what is it?"

Her voice was young and fresh, rich and full, but there was a jarring chord somewhere. It did not sound contented.

"I want to introduce you to Miss Archer, dear Isabel," Mrs. Hazelwood replied; and I fancied that I detected a conciliatory strain in the elder lady's tone, as she addressed the younger one. Miss Verney turned slightly towards me, and made a cold, but perfectly graceful inclination of the head. She was evidently

disposed to regard me as an interloper, an inferior, and a nuisance generally; and I had not the slightest intention of being so regarded by her.

"You did not expect to find Miss Archer what she is, did you?" Mrs. Hazelwood asked cheerfully.

"No; I did not," the girl answered slowly, scrutinising my countenance closely the while.

"And I did not expect to find you what you are, when I so hastily answered the advertisement, or I should not have had the presumption to do so," I said laughing. And then her beautiful mouth dimpled at the corners, the lips parted, her little white teeth glittered, and her whole face was transformed by a smile.

"I can only hope that neither governess nor pupil are disagreeably surprised," Mrs. Hazelwood said, with a relieved air. Then, as the servant threw open the door, the mistress of the house added, "Your uncle will not be home to-night, Isabel; we dine alone."

Before dinner was over, I had become interested in both my companions. The elder lady was very kind to me,—not in the oppressively kind, largely superior manner which is conventionally ascribed to ladies in some three-volume records of governesses' woes, but kind in a way that made me feel glad that I had obeyed my impulse, and answered her advertisement. The young lady appealed to me still more strongly. She was charming, cultivated, fascinating. But every now and then there crept into her manner, and into her face, some of that same discontent which I had observed in her voice when she first spoke on entering the drawing-room. This shade of dissatisfaction deepened when dinner was over, and we had gone back to the drawing-room. For a time she talked to me,—of my life in Germany, of my home life; of the dullness of this country life of hers, surrounded as it was with beauties; of new books and new operas, and new music generally. She talked gaily enough of all these things, for a time.

But only for a short time. Before the lamp was lighted, while the window was still open to admit the soft twilight, and the softer summer air, her mood changed, and she grew so silent and sad, that I found myself watching her white, thoughtful face with pity. Her aunt saw me doing this, I think, for she said quickly,—“Sing me something, Miss Archer, to the harp, will you? it will be such a treat for me to hear the harp again.”

I went over to the harp and tried it. It was in perfect order, and I asked,—“Who keeps it in tune, Mrs. Hazelwood? Harp-strings will not bear neglect; I should have thought this was well attended to.”

“Because I have had a tune on it to-day,” Mrs. Hazelwood replied. “It is Isabel’s instrument; but she gave it up after a few lessons.”

“Why did you do that?” I asked, as I sat down, and drew the harp towards me. She was lounging gracefully on a couch near me,

and as she turned her face to me to give her answer, I saw that the sadness had vanished, and that her face was dimpled with smiles.

"Because,—because it bored me, as most other things did about that same time. I was sick and weary of the world and all in it; and as I couldn't 'sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving,' I wouldn't sing at all."

"Isabel!" her aunt said reproachfully; shocked at the light manner in which Miss Isabel had made her quotation. I thought that the best thing I could do would be to sing, and so stop the conversation. Accordingly, I commenced, and had the satisfaction of feeling, when my song was half over, that half my audience had wearied of it. Miss Verney had sauntered out through the open window on to the terrace.

"Miss Archer," Mrs. Hazelwood said in a low tone, as soon as my strain was over, "I do hope that my niece will repose confidence in you. I am sure that it will do her good. Try to win her to do it."

"I will try, if you wish me to do so," I replied.

"And you will succeed if you try. I feel sure of that. We do love her so dearly," the lady went on energetically, "and we have been so unhappy about her unhappiness, so fearful that we may not have done everything for the best!"

"What are you saying, Aunt Emily?" Miss Verney asked, suddenly stepping back into the room. "Don't waste your time in here any longer. Come out and look along the beech-tree avenue; it looks grand to-night."

It did look grand that night;—that double row of beeches on either side of a luxuriantly fern-bordered broad grass walk. It led away from an old disused terrace at some short distance from the house,—a terrace, the mere contemplation of which brought back hoop and farthingale; talk about Addison, Steele, "Old Sarah," the arrogant pretensions of the great Dutch hero, and other topics that were current when that old terrace was new.

In front of it ran a low castellated wall, and at intervals along this wall marble vases, stiff, but shapely in form, were placed. Many of them were mutilated, but in spite of being thus defaced, they were fair objects in the warm moonlight of that glorious July night.

"The beech-tree avenue is the glory of Wearham Chase," Miss Verney said, when we had stood looking into its depths from the end of the terrace for some time. "As you are a stranger, seeing it for the first time, you ought to know the position it takes among avenues. It is quite in the front ranks of the noble army of avenues. I hope you are impressed with it, Miss Archer."

The young lady spoke with a little laughing air of scorn of that which she was extolling in words. I observed this, and at the same time observed that her manner pained her aunt. So I answered her as though she had spoken in honest earnest, and said,—"This beech-

tree avenue might be the glory of a king's park. I am impressed with it; but words must always be inadequate to convey such impressions from one to another."

Miss Verney shrugged her shoulders. "What a pity Uncle James is not here to hear Miss Archer," she said, turning to Mrs. Hazelwood. Then she clasped her light scarf round her closely, and said hurriedly,—“Well, I'm getting very cold, but I won't insist on your feeling a chill. Good night, dear Aunt Emily; good night, Miss Archer. You will find me your most obedient pupil to-morrow, but to-night I claim the liberty of the subject, and shall go off to bed now at once."

She was gone from us almost before I had time to say "good night," and we were left alone on the steps at the end of the terrace looking along the beech-tree avenue in embarrassed silence. Presently, after the lapse of a minute or two, Mrs. Hazelwood spoke. "Miss Archer," she said energetically, "do strive to win Isabel's confidence; do not be discouraged by what you have seen of her to-night; I had high hopes, great expectations of possible good, when I advertised for an intelligent and cultivated companion for her. I think you will more than realise them. God grant you patience." "Can the young lady be mad," I thought, but I said nothing, and Mrs. Hazelwood went on;—"We have no children of our own, and our love for her, and pride in her, are very great; too great perhaps; yet with all our care we have not been able to avert bitter misery from her, and I fear there is more in store for her. I will not tell you what it is yet, as I hope she may open her heart to you. I am sure you will have a healthy influence over her."

"You are very kind to say so," I replied, scarcely knowing what to reply.

"Not kind," the lady went on in an agitated tone; "I am perhaps a little too candid; but Isabel is so precious to me, a childless woman, that I am apt to lose judgment about her, and both to conceal and to lay bare too much concerning her. But it is getting chilly; we will go in." We went in, and after a little more conversation on indifferent topics, and a little more music, and some light refreshment, we went to bed, without seeing anything more of Miss Verney for that night. The next morning I came to a definite understanding with my employer as to what I was expected to teach my pupil. I learnt that I was to be ready "to bear with her at all times." That "was all," Mrs. Hazelwood said imploringly. "The German and French and harp might amuse her sometimes, but what she wants is companionship of a—of a—of a similar kind to yours, I am sure, my dear Miss Archer," Mrs. Hazelwood said, finishing off with a complimentary generality.

All this promised pleasantness and ease enough;—rather too much ease, in fact; for at first I did not at all incline to the state of salaried idleness to which I was condemned by Miss Verney's caprice, and Mrs. Hazelwood's indulgence of it. But after a time I became so com-

pletely one of the family, that I took my large share of the goods that were provided quite complacently, and never strove to teach Isabel to do more than love me.

I had been there about three months before I got hold of any sort of clue as to the reason of Isabel's uncertain demeanour, and the Hazelwoods' strange surrendering of themselves to it. The girl was evidently idolised by her aunt, and very much considered, loved, and indulged by her uncle. Still at times there would be in her manner towards them such a burst of untoward discontent and dissatisfaction, that if I had not begun to love her dearly, I should have held her very much to blame. But at the close of a bright, beautiful, ruddy and golden October day, Isabel asked me to go and sit in her dressing-room with her, before the hour of dressing for dinner. It was a charmingly pretty as well as an exceedingly comfortable room. Two sides of the walls were panelled with mirrors; the third held a capacious wardrobe between the windows; the fourth was occupied by the fireplace, on one side of which was the entrance to her bedroom, screened by day with heavily falling curtains; the other side of the fireplace was taken up with a huge dressing-table, in the centre of which swung a cheval glass. There were easy-chairs, a low ottoman, a couch, and one or two fancifully shaped tables. On this special evening the room looked specially pretty, for a small char-wood fire burnt on the grate, and on one of the fanciful tables tea and thin bread-and-butter, served in the rarest Dresden, stood ready prepared for us.

As soon as I was installed in one of the easiest chairs, with a cup of tea in my hand, Miss Verney began;—"I have never liked to ask you before, but I will now, Miss Archer. Do you;—has my aunt said anything,—or has Mrs. Digby told you anything about me?"

She asked in a hesitating, affectedly careless manner, that was not natural to her. I saw that her face had flushed a good deal, and that she was trying to read the truth in my eyes, without exactly meeting them. However, I wished to meet her gaze fully before I answered. Then I said, "They have never either of them said more to me about you than this,—that you are very dear to them both, and that Mr. and Mrs. Hazelwood prize you as their own child, and value your happiness above their own. Is there more to tell?"

I asked the question frankly, and frankly she answered me, as she placed herself in the chair opposite to me;—"Only this;—that I am engaged to be married."

"Really! And soon? No, they never hinted at that great fact. I wish you joy, Isabel, with all my heart."

"And with all my heart I thank you for the wish, and believe it will be realised," she said heartily. "So they have never told you? And I have been half angry the whole time you have been here, fancying that they had."

"Why should you be angry at my hearing of your happiness?"

"Because—; oh! it's so tedious to give reasons; because it's in the future, and because third people always make a bungle of such matters when they try to unravel them for the benefit of a fourth."

"Shall you be married soon?"

"In about eight months from now. It was to help me to bear this year of engagement patiently that they secured you as my companion. And really, Helen, as good uncle would have it, I couldn't have had a dearer one. Are you engaged?" I told her that I had not the honour of being so, and asked her where her future husband was, and what was his name and occupation. "His name is Boulding;—Gerald Boulding, of Clanmere, one of the finest places in the country, about twenty miles from here; his health has been, not bad, but not quite good for the last six months, and he's on the Continent. You're sure you never heard of him?"

"Quite sure."

"Never heard of his being here, at Wearham Chase, at all?"

"Never," I replied.

"Ah," she said, with a relieved air. "I made sure that dear old Digby had been babbling. I'm delighted to find that she has not. And Aunt Emily has not spoken of him either?"

"Indeed she has not," I said, thinking the while that it would have been only natural if some one had mentioned to me the current engagement and approaching marriage of the one who was the centre of all interest at Wearham Chase. Having broken the ice, Miss Verney enlarged upon the theme as only a woman can enlarge upon a theme that is dear to her. She told me that she had not seen Mr. Boulding for nearly five months; that he would remain away until April, when he would return, and set about the alterations that were to be made at Clanmere for the reception of its mistress;—and that in June,—in the month of roses,—they were to be married. "But there are dull, dreary months to be lived through before my wedding-day comes," she said, at the end of a long, loving account which she had given me of him. "There is a weary time to be passed in some way or other, before Gerald comes back in April. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I suppose we had better dress for dinner, Helen, and not bewail the inevitable any longer just now."

I got up to go away to my own room at the hint; but before I went I said, "You are a happier girl than I thought you even, Isabel. I have always believed your position to be a most enviable one; but through ignorance I underrated its attractions."

She shook her head despondingly. "I am not half as happy as you are, Helen, in spite of it all;—but it's no use complaining. I can't mend matters," she said, turning away to one of the glasses. "These months of anxiety and suspense are altering me," she added impatiently, as she looked at the reflection of her fair young face. "Gerald will not find me improved if he does;—when he does—come back."

From this time Miss Verney spoke freely to me on the subject. Once or twice she mentioned having heard from Mr. Boulding. She showed me a ring, a rare intaglio, that he had sent her from Florence, and consulted me about her trousseau. "Aunt Emily says it will be quite time enough to set about ordering it when Gerald comes back to England," she said to me one day; "but I should like to begin at once. There will be so much to do."

"But it can surely be done in a couple of months," I said, laughing. "Remember the old adage, Isabel, 'There's many a slip'—"

"How I detest vulgar old proverbs," she replied angrily, and dropped the subject of the trousseau for a week or two.

Soon after this Mrs. Hazelwood spoke of Mr. Boulding to me for the first time. She mentioned him merely as one of the great county men; and so in order that there might not be any misunderstanding between us, and that she might not suspect me of undue reserve, I told her that Isabel had mentioned her engagement to me. Mrs. Hazelwood watched me anxiously while I was making this communication, and when I closed it she said;—"I am very very glad that Isabel has of her own accord told you so much, Miss Archer. I hoped before this that she would have told you more; the reason James and I have been so reserved on the point is that we wished Isabel to tell you herself; you had heard nothing of it before, had you?" I assured her that I had not heard anything of it before, and could not help wondering why they made a mystery of what promised to be such a good match for Isabel. However, I learnt no more just then, for, after expressing a hope that her niece would still further confide in me, and that I might prove, when this confidence was made, the judicious friend they expected me to be, Mrs. Hazelwood resumed her reserve.

Time went on, and April was close at hand. I must state here that it struck me as strange that Miss Verney's engagement was never alluded to in the society of the neighbourhood. The Hazelwoods entertained and visited a great deal, and their beautiful niece was evidently regarded as an acquisition wherever she appeared. But no notice was ever taken of her being a betrothed, and no one ever named Mr. Boulding before her. At length Mrs. Hazelwood solved this mystery for me. Their kindness and consideration for me had won from me in return a very genuine regard and affection for the whole family. They were conscious of this, and made me feel that they were glad of it. It was early in April, a day or two before Mr. Boulding was expected home, that Mrs. Hazelwood enlightened me as to the cause of Isabel's disquiet. "I could have wished she had told you everything herself," the dear old lady said with a sigh; "but as she has not, I will. The fact is, her uncle and I don't quite like Mr. Boulding, or quite approve of the marriage."

"Why not?" I asked in surprise.

"It's a long story, but I will tell it briefly," she replied. "Gerald Boulding has been the best match in the county ever since he came of age; so that when three years ago he proposed to Isabel every one congratulated and envied us. We were very proud and pleased ourselves, for,—though married or single she will have the same portion from my husband as he would have given a daughter,—it was a brilliant marriage for her. There had been rumours of wildness and dissipation, but there are such about many young men. We had even heard a word of an attachment of long years to some one whom our dear child ought never to have succeeded. But we were made to disregard all these things by his protestations, and Isabel's love for him. Two years ago they were to have been married; everything was ready,—the guests invited,—the day named in the local papers,—the poor child in such a blaze of unclouded happiness as she cannot know again,—when a cruel blow fell. A messenger came one night from Clanmure with a letter to Mr. Hazelwood. It was from Gerald Boulding, stating that he was obliged to go abroad,—that untoward circumstances prevented his marrying at the time appointed, but that he hoped to come back in a few weeks and explain himself, and win Isabel's forgiveness. Think of the scandal at the time! Think of how it deepened when, instead of weeks, he stayed away months! At last, when he did come back, we used all the power our love gave us over Isabel to induce her to have nothing more to do with him. We failed. She forgave him, though he gave no proper explanation of his conduct, and we were obliged to give our consent to the renewal of the engagement, if he stood the test of constancy he himself proposed,—namely, time and absence from her. He now professes to have stood that test, and is coming back, as you know, to be married in June."

"She must be very fond of him," I said.

"She is devoted to him," Mrs. Hazelwood replied; "badly as he behaved to her. She has only lived, I verily believe, on the thought of being united to him. Her uncle and I wanted to take her out of the neighbourhood, but she would not go. She said it would look as if she were ashamed either of him or of herself. Then her spirits got low, and her temper variable; and we advertised, and you came, and you know the rest. I assure you I have often trembled to think of the effects suspense and doubt would have on her."

"It will soon be over now," I said cheerfully; and Mrs. Hazelwood sighed heavily as she replied,—

"It will indeed."

In a few days the recreant lover came; and when I saw him I could not wonder at Isabel having been lenient. He was refined, polished, cultivated, handsome, debonair in manner, and devoted to his betrothed. He loaded her with attentions and with rich gifts. He hurried on the alterations at Clanmure, and the bridal preparations at

Wearham Chase. Once more the day was fixed and the guests invited. Isabel was in a perfect blaze of happiness. Even the Hazelwoods could not refuse to be cordial and pleased with a man who made life so bright a thing to their darling niece. The trousseau and the cake arrived,—the first was all that the heart of woman could desire, the second all that the art of confectionery could achieve. All the spare bedrooms in the house were strewn with rich silks and costly laces. The wedding-dress itself was a marvel of white satin and lace; the myrtle-wreath, the long veil, the bridal bouquets, all were perfect; and Isabel called upon me a dozen times a day to say that they were so.

The wedding-day came. The marriage was to take place at half-past eleven, and at ten minutes to that hour I came from Isabel's room for the first time that morning, and went down-stairs. Mr. Boulding was to have come to the house, but he had not arrived. It was surmised that he had gone to the church; so a couple of messengers were despatched there to see if the surmise was correct. Minutes slipped by. I returned to Isabel, who was momentarily expecting to be summoned. She asked me some question about Gerald, and I told her what we thought, "that he had gone straight to the church." Her face grew very white, and she walked to the window which commanded a view of the beech-tree avenue, and gazed along its shaded vista with her eyes flashing and her lips quivering with excitement. "He would come this way,—it's the nearest road to Clanmere," she said, after a few minutes' silent watch. "Helen, go down and hear what uncle and Aunt Emily think we had better do. I will go down to the church; he may be there."

"Wait a minute," I pleaded; "we shall hear directly Mr. Boulding arrives." Then, not daring to disobey her, I went to speak to the Hazelwoods, much as I dreaded leaving Isabel alone. I found the Hazelwoods in a room by themselves. They had come away from those of the guests who had assembled according to invitation before the ceremony at Wearham.

"I could not face the gathering doubt which I saw growing amongst them," Mrs. Hazelwood said, excitedly; "I can't go and speak to that poor child. James, what can we do?"

"Nothing," Mr. Hazelwood said sternly. "We can only wait for a while,—not for long."

"Will you send to Clanmere to make inquiries?" Mrs. Hazelwood asked in a deprecating voice, after a short time.

"Certainly not," he replied; and then I went back sadly to Isabel's room.

She had become violently excited. It was now twenty minutes past twelve. I had no comfort to give her. "Are they going to send to Clanmere?" she asked impatiently, turning round sharply upon me as I approached her.

"No," I answered, in a faltering voice. "Your uncle thinks he had better not."

"Then Uncle James thinks,—oh, Heaven help me!—what does he think, Helen?" she cried. And as she spoke the tears fell down upon her cheeks, and rolled in large drops down upon the fleecy lace and glistening satin. "My heart will burst if this goes on much longer. I have been so tried. I have borne so much for him. He should have spared me this!" She broke into a passionate wail of woe as she said this, and flung herself down upon the couch, crushing her veil and wreath,—writhing in the agony of love and doubt, of dread and shame, that possessed her. I would not let my own tears fall. I could do nothing that could soothe her. All I could do was to put my cold hand on her fevered one, and press it lovingly.

Suddenly she started erect. "Helen," she began, "I have told you much, but not all about Gerald;—once before he deceived me, and I forgave him. You did not know that?" I was not compelled to add to her humiliation by telling her that I did know it, therefore I held my peace. "But every one else knew it," she went on, her chest heaving, and her voice rising to a cry almost; "I would not break down then; and all these months I know Uncle James and Aunt Emily have been blaming themselves for giving way to my wishes; and now it will kill me." The clock struck one. "For mercy's sake go down again," she exclaimed, starting up. "Keep every one from me;—keep away yourself, till you can tell me he is come. I shall go mad if I am not left alone."

Once more I went away on my hopeless mission. Some people whom I knew stopped me before I reached the door of the room in which the Hazelwoods were still alone. "Miss Archer," the lady said, "we feel that really, under the circumstances, it will be better for us to order our carriages and go away quietly."

"Already?" I asked bitterly.

She shrugged her shoulders. "We really think so;" she replied; "of course we hope for the best; but really, the position is so very painful;—the Hazelwoods are very much to be pitied, and so is poor Miss Verney;—but some people have foreseen this."

"I will say good morning to you at once," I said coldly. Then I went in to take further counsel with poor Mrs. Hazelwood, who by this time was weeping almost as bitterly as the insulted bride-elect. We formed a thousand plans, abandoned them, and formed others. We hoped, we suggested, we excused. All in vain. The hours crept on. Twice I had been up to Isabel's door, which was locked, and had been refused admittance by her.

"You shall leave me alone," she said the last time I knocked. "I dare not see any one yet, Helen; you don't know what this is; it's worse than death."

At three o'clock the house was deserted by all but the regular

inhabitants. For the last hour we had obeyed Isabel's injunction, and had left her "alone" to battle with that agony which she had declared to be worse than death. During that hour I had remained with Mr. and Mrs. Hazelwood, for all reserve on the subject was banished now, and they spoke freely before me and to me of the insulting wrong that had been offered to their child. They blamed themselves in words that went to my heart, for that touch of weakness in their love for her which had induced them to consent to the renewal of the engagement which had once been broken. Blamed themselves, because they would suffer no shadow of their blame to fall on the poor, loving, betrayed, obstinate girl, who was wrestling with her sorrow alone up-stairs.

"It broke her health and altered her temper the first time," poor Mrs. Hazelwood said at last.

"By Heaven's help it shall not break her heart now," her husband answered; "all that love and care and change of scene can do, shall be done."

"Ah! my dear, such love and care as this, faithful as it is, will never heal this wound, or fill this gap," the old lady said to him tenderly; "the more we cherish and prize her, the more she will feel that she has been slighted and scorned and slapped by the hand she prized and cherished most!"

"I must insist on my child seeing me and speaking to me now," Mr. Hazelwood said in answer to this, rising up slowly as he spoke. "Come, Emily, let us go to her; alone, Miss Archer; not even you must see this meeting." He put his hand kindly on my shoulder, as he led his wife past me, and I stood back reverentially almost, for theirs was a great sorrow.

A hush had fallen over the house, and through the silence that reigned I heard him knock at Isabel's door. Then he leant over the banisters and called impatiently, "Send a locksmith here; she can't open the door:" and then I forgot his request that I should remain below, and ran up to join them. "She cannot open the door," Mrs. Hazelwood said, getting hold of my hand and looking at me with frightened eyes, and I asked in a whisper,—

"Did she tell you so?"

"No!—yes, she said something. Ah!" this was a sigh of mingled terror and relief, as the door gave way and we got into the room.

Isabel was standing by a table in the window that commanded the avenue, leaning against the table, evidently requiring its support. She moved her head slowly and with an effort as we approached her, and her lips moved, but I did not hear any words. The fair beauty of her face was gone, altogether gone. Not marred and disfigured by passion, but gone as utterly as if she had never been any other than the haggard woman we now looked upon. Of the misery, the pain,

the hopelessness there was in her eyes as she turned them upon us, I can give no adequate idea.

We did not speak to her. We were wise in that. We did not torture her with words then. Her uncle took her in his arms, and moved her from the window, and as he did so, she threw back one wild despairing glance along the avenue by which he had promised to come. "She is cold as death!" Mr. Hazelwood said, as he placed her on the sofa; and as he placed her she remained, making no movement to attain ease or rest, but just staying in the crumpled-up position which her helplessness had obliged him to place her in.

We took off her wreath and veil very gently, and the hours went by, and we thought she was resting and praying, for her eyes were closed and her hands were clasped. But just as the sun was sinking she rose up with a suddenness that startled away the possibility of our attempting to stop her, and went over to the window once more. Then she turned away nearly blind and staggering, and when we caught her in our arms we knew that the tension had been too great, and that now it was nearly over.

So she died, just as the day did, the day to which she had looked forward with such wearing fluctuations of feeling for a year. I can give no record of the time that followed. She was dead! Suddenly that fair beautiful thing that was lying on the couch was taken from us, and colder hands moved it about, and colder lips named it, and we were nothing. We were only "permitted" by the old nurse to remain in the room.

Rumours came to us before we could go away from the place which had been the scene of that terrible life and death struggle, that the man on whose head her blood rests, had gone away from Clanmere the night before that fatal day. Strangers rent his place now, and he has never been heard of since Isabel died for him. It is still a heart-sickening mystery, whether his conduct was caused by wanton cruelty, by the consequences of some former crime committed by him, or by madness. It is hard to believe that insanity could have so deliberately planned such treachery.

WHAT IS THE EASTERN QUESTION ?

WHEN commenting some time ago upon the relations between this country and the great European Powers,* we purposely omitted to touch upon the position of Russia. Not because we were inclined to question her influence over the affairs of Europe and of the world, but because, in discussing the connection which she may have with the policy and position of England, we must necessarily have entered upon an inquiry into the Eastern question. The subject is one of such vast importance to us that it requires a separate notice.

As regards Russia, we may observe, before going further, that her relations to the rest of Europe have not been less affected by the events of the last few years than those of other states. Her position, both external and internal, is no longer such as it was before the Crimean and Danish wars. She no longer exercises that mischievous and unwholesome power over Prussia and the small German States which paralysed their independence and destroyed the influence of the German race in the affairs of Europe for more than half a century. Such a state of things would be incompatible with a united Germany, with free German institutions, and with a Prussian policy no longer guided by family alliances and personal sympathies. On the other hand, a great national movement is unquestionably taking place in Russia; while intercourse with the rest of the world, and the influence of new ideas arising out of modern civilisation, which even Russian despotism cannot prevent, are gradually leading to the diffusion of liberal opinions, and of views with regard to the rights of peoples and the duties of governments, which must produce, sooner or later, vast changes in the political condition of Russia herself.

Unhappily, the last Polish revolution, whilst retarding for very many years, if not destroying for ever, the realisation of the hopes of the Poles, has, at the same time, checked the spread of free thought and the development of liberal institutions in Russia. Up to the time of the outbreak, Russia and Poland were aiding each other in obtaining representative government. The moderate and thinking men who are the leaders of the liberal and constitutional party in Russia were watching with the keenest interest and anxiety the progress of events in Poland, and were viewing with the utmost satisfaction the gradual though very limited introduction of free institutions into that country.

* See "The New Saint Pauls" for December, 1867: "England's Place in Europe."

under the pressure brought to bear upon the Russian Government, and the genuine, though feeble, conscientious scruples of the Emperor at the violation of treaties. They felt that when the cause of freedom had made a certain advance in one part of the empire, it could not be kept back in the other, and that every step forward in Poland was so much gained for Russia. Consequently, their sympathies went entirely with the Marquis Wielopolski and his followers in their endeavours to obtain for Poland a certain degree of self-government and national administration, such as she was entitled to under treaty. They were not only ready to help this party in its policy, but had indirectly given it very material assistance. Indeed, a very important section of public opinion in Russia,—important because, although perhaps small in numbers, it comprised men of influence and education, and of wise and patriotic views,—was entirely favourable to the modified autonomy which the Russian Government seemed at one time prepared to concede to Poland. But whilst there was this coincidence of policy between the moderate and what may be called constitutional parties in Russia and Poland; there was a similar understanding between the extreme or red parties in both countries. Unfortunately, not only for Poland; but for the cause of liberty and progress in Russia herself, the Polish extreme party raised the standard of revolution at a most inopportune and premature moment. They could depend upon the Catholic clergy, but they had neither the sympathy nor support of the Polish aristocracy and constitutional party,—comprising the most influential and trustworthy men in Poland. They may have received encouragement by promises of foreign aid from one or two Poles of rank and distinction, leaders in the previous revolution; but these were men who had lived in exile since that event, and who, as is usual with exiles, were little acquainted with the altered condition of their own country, and misunderstood the feelings and policy of the country in which they lived. The reds and revolutionary clubs in Europe abetted the insurrection, but could give it no useful assistance. France was not in a position to come to the aid of the Poles, and only further misled them by an energetic expression of the sympathy which she has always felt for that unfortunate people. England could do no more than remind the Russian Government of its obligations, and make such remonstrances as she was entitled to make by treaty. The insurrection consequently only ended in bloodshed and disaster, and has been a final blow to the independence, prosperity, and happiness of Poland. Never has revolution been put down with a more cruel and unsparing hand. Every right has been violated,—injustice in every form committed. Russia has determined to “stamp out” Polish nationality and every vestige of Polish independence. Religion and language are, if possible, to be destroyed to effect these objects; and Russia is deliberately, and in the face of Europe and civilisation, pursuing a policy in unhappy Poland which the most barbarous Tartar.

racés that have emerged from the wilds of Asia would have shrunk from pursuing towards a conquered people.

But perhaps the most lamentable result of this premature movement was that it strengthened the retrograde party in Russia, and compelled those who had been friendly to the cause of progress in Poland to unite with her enemies in crushing her liberties. They dared not appear in the face of the great majority of their countrymen as approvers of a Polish insurrection against the supremacy of Russia, even if their sympathies would have carried them so far. The encouragement which they had previously given to the Poles laid them open to suspicion, and, as is not uncommon in such cases, they may have shown more ardour than they really felt in helping to extinguish the last vestiges of Polish independence.

Had Poland bided her time, and had the constitutional party, which had already obtained unlooked-for success in their negotiations with the Russian Government, been allowed to gain strength and to profit by the concessions in favour of Polish nationality which they had exacted from Russia, the day was not perhaps far distant when she might have been in a position to assert her right to a purely national administration, and to a separate government under the crown of Russia, in the same way as Hungary has succeeded in doing with regard to Austria. Perhaps, indeed, she might ultimately have achieved complete independence. She would have been aided by the force of treaties, by the moral support of Europe, by the sympathy and common interests of a powerful party in Russia, and by the united exertions of her best and wisest citizens. Her true policy would have been to wait until the moment had arrived for that great popular movement which was approaching in Russia. She might then have taken advantage of the occasion to gain her own liberties. By this ill-timed insurrection she has not only struck a fatal blow at her own independence, but she has thrown back the cause of liberty in Russia herself.

But it is chiefly with the relations of Russia to the Turkish empire that we have to deal, and these relations are the principal ingredients in "the Eastern question." What is "the Eastern question?" Although these three words have been in the mouth of every politician in Europe for many years past, it would perhaps be difficult to define their precise meaning. They would seem to signify that the European Powers have an imperative duty thrown upon them to change or readjust the territorial condition of the Ottoman empire, and the relations of the Sultan towards his Christian subjects. But why, it may be asked, is any such change or readjustment necessary? Turkey is constituted like any other state. She has an ancient and well-established government, well-defined limits, a powerful army and navy, and a civil administration, and she has treaties with the European Powers, by which she is placed on the same footing as regards international law as other nations. She is not an encroaching nor a

missionary Power, and she has no desire to meddle in any way with other countries. All she asks is to be allowed to manage her own affairs in conformity with that principle of non-intervention which England and other Powers now so ostentatiously put forward as the very foundation of the political relations between states, and of the improved foreign policy of civilised nations. But it is charged against Turkey that she is badly governed ; that she is a Mohammedan state, and has consequently no business in Europe ; that the creed professed by her governing class, who are in the minority, differs from that of the majority, and is an intolerant creed ; that she does not grant perfect civil and religious liberty and equality to all persons, without distinction of religion or race ; that her administration and her officials are corrupt ; that her laws are bad, and not the same for all ; that amongst her varied populations some have been and are in revolt against her authority ; that in some parts of the empire brigandage prevails, and life is not safe ; that many rich and fertile districts are waste ; and that her vast resources are not properly developed. Is such the condition of Turkey alone amongst the countries of Europe ? Is there no bad government, no intolerance, no inequality before the law between persons of different faith, no fair provinces uncultivated, no discontent, and no revolt in Spain ? Are Protestants and Catholics, Jews and Mohammedans, treated precisely the same in all other states ? Is there no corruption amongst officials and in the government, no sale of justice, no intolerance to those who do not belong to the dominant faith, no oppression and cruelty, no chronic disaffection and revolt in the Russian empire ? Have we no discontent in any part of the British dominions, no injustice towards those who differ from us in religion and race ? Do our Catholic fellow-subjects admit that they are, or are they believed in Europe to be, absolutely on the same footing as Protestants ? No one would venture to answer these questions in the affirmative. And yet we never hear of a Spanish question, nor of a Russian question, nor of an English question, that requires to be settled by the arms or diplomacy of Europe.

The truth is that all these accusations against Turkey, whether well founded or not, have really nothing whatever to do with "the Eastern question," and are merely put forward as pretences offering a decent cloak to a policy which the European Powers are pursuing towards her, and which they would not venture to pursue towards any other Power. "The Eastern question," in fact, means something very different in different countries. In France it means the establishment in the Levant of a predominant French influence, for no particular purpose of territorial aggrandisement or increase of commerce, but merely to gratify national vanity, and to enable the Government to secure the support of the Roman Catholic clergy. In Russia it means the weakening and gradual dismemberment of the Turkish

empire, in order to prepare the way for the complete predominance of her own influence amongst its Christian populations, and ultimately for the acquisition of Constantinople and of the richest provinces of Turkey in Europe. In Austria it means a presentiment that she is losing the influence she once had over the Slavonian populations of Western Turkey; that she dreads the progress of Russian intrigues amongst them, and anticipates, unless she can check those intrigues, the absorption into the Russian empire of her own Slavonian states; that she foresees the time when the mouths of the Danube may be closed against her; and that, in order to prevent these evils, she must maintain the integrity of the Turkish empire, but is afraid to pursue a straightforward and honest policy with regard to it. With Greece and her friends it means the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, and the handing over of their lands and goods to Greeks. With England it means a vague uncomfortable feeling that if Russia gets possession of Constantinople and the European provinces of Turkey, the whole of the Asiatic possessions of the Sultan must sooner or later fall into her clutches, and that not only would such a vast increase to her territory and such a commanding position give her a dangerous supremacy in Europe, but that they would destroy our power and influence in the East, and that we should be unable to hold our Indian empire. As regards Prussia and Italy, neither of them seems to have yet made up her mind what her interests in the East may be, and "the Eastern question" with both of them has hitherto resolved itself into the consideration of what policy would best serve immediate national objects. Consequently, Prussia has at one time supported Russia, and at another has leant towards France or Austria, whilst Italy has hitherto found it to her advantage to go with France in her Eastern policy.

In a few words, "the Eastern question" means this:—How can any one European Power best serve its interests or gratify its ambition at the expense of Turkey?

Now it happens that Turkey is the only European state which can be assailed with impunity, and which any two or more Powers may declare their intention of dismembering in violation of treaties, right, and justice, and yet have a large mass of public opinion in their favour. If any opposition is offered to their schemes, it is not on the ground of morality, or of the outrage which such arbitrary proceedings may inflict on international law and the rights of nations, but on the ground of policy and interest. This appears to arise from the assumption that, although a large proportion of the inhabitants of Turkey in Europe is Mohammedan, the majority is of a different religion. Providence, it is surmised, by permitting above five millions of souls to be born in a faith which is not that of the rest of Europe, has manifestly intended that they should be the spoil of the Christian. What is just, right, and reasonable with regard to believers in the Gospel is the reverse when applied to the followers of the Koran.

To deprive a professing Christian,—it signifies little what may be the form of his faith, or how far he may follow its precepts,—of his liberty, his land, or his life, is a crime; but to expel a Mohammedan,—however good and honest he may be,—from his house and fields, and to drive him to starve in the wilderness, which is his proper home, is a meritorious act. To aid and abet the revolted subjects of a Christian state is a violation of international duties; to encourage and assist the Christian subjects of a Mohammedan state in spreading misery, desolation, and bloodshed amongst innocent people of a different religion, and to throw every impediment in the way of the unbelieving Government in its endeavours to suppress the insurrection and to protect the lives and property of those who are of its own faith, is a policy proper to be pursued by a Christian and civilised Power.

Such is the public opinion of Europe with regard to Turkey, when we divest it of the hypocritical mask of humanity, liberty, and religion. This bare statement would appear exaggerated and untrue if it were not for the language used in the British Parliament and press by persons professing to hold extreme liberal opinions, and for the policy which has been openly pursued by Russia, France, and other Powers towards Turkey. Some of the leaders of liberal opinion in this country have, unfortunately, been foremost in urging,—without, we believe, understanding precisely what they meant,—that “the Turk should be expelled from Europe;” that is to say, that above five millions of human beings, who happen not to be Christians, should, on account of this difference of religion, be deprived of all they possess in virtue of the most sacred of rights, and be driven like so much cattle across the Bosphorus into Asia. If it were not for the wickedness and cruelty of such a doctrine, and for the vast amount of human misery and suffering that it has already produced, its absurdity would only provoke laughter.

Some will perhaps say that it is not on account of any difference of religion between Turk and Christian that they hold these opinions, but because the Turks are intruders in Europe, and have no right to the soil except that of conquest, and are ignorant, incapable of civilisation, and, from religion and race, incurable oppressors of Christians. We shall have no difficulty in demonstrating that these bold assertions are entirely at variance with facts, and show a strange want of knowledge and confusion of ideas with regard to the origin, condition, and relations of the various populations of the Turkish empire.

These erroneous views have partly arisen from the habit most persons have of confounding, when discussing the subject of Turkey, the Turkish people with the Turkish Government. Those who, like Lord Palmerston, have advocated a policy of justice and humanity towards the Mohammedan population of Turkey, have been accused of support-

ing the misgovernment and misdeeds of Turkish ministers and pashas. Those who desire to be strictly just and impartial, and to see the rights of Mussulmans respected as well as those of Christians, are stigmatised as "Philo-Turks." Through ignorance or design, the fact has been kept out of view that there are in Turkey in Europe probably five or six millions, perhaps even more, of Mohammedans, or Turks, as we are in the habit of calling them,—comprising landholders, peasant cultivators and proprietors of the soil, traders, and shopkeepers,—who suffer from the same misgovernment and are subject to the same oppression, where such exist, as their Christian fellow-subjects. Not only is such the case, but it will be found, on reference to the reports of Her Majesty's consuls in the East presented to Parliament, that if there be any difference between them it is in favour of the Christians, who are exempted from some of the burdens which weigh so heavily upon Mohammedans,—especially from military conscription. Moreover, the Christians have the means of bringing their grievances before the Government and before Europe, and of obtaining redress through the agency of the representatives of foreign Powers who claim the right of affording them protection and support. If, therefore, our sympathy is to be shown, and we are to interfere in behalf of those who are believed to be suffering from tyranny and misgovernment, and our policy towards Turkey is to be founded on no other principle, we should extend that sympathy and interference to the Mohammedans as well as to the Christians. But unfortunately in the debates in Parliament, and in the writings of those who take the Greek view of the Eastern question, we never find any allusion to the Mussulman populations. They are all included in the one sweeping denunciation against the Turkish rule,—“They must be driven out of Europe.”

In order to come to a sound conclusion on the subject of the policy to be pursued towards Turkey, it is necessary to have some knowledge of the condition of its European provinces, especially as regards the relative numbers of their inhabitants of different races and creeds. Unfortunately it is very difficult, if not impossible, to obtain accurate and reliable statistics with regard to the population of Turkey in Europe. Those who have written upon the subject have generally been biassed by political considerations, and have exaggerated the number of the Christians, whilst diminishing that of the Mohammedans. The former are usually estimated at nearly ten millions, the latter at about four millions; and the large majority of the Christians is used as a conclusive argument for the expulsion of the Mussulman from Europe. But, in the first place, it must be borne in mind that the inhabitants of the United Danubian Principalities, or Roumania, and of Servia and Montenegro, are included in this estimate of the Christian population. Those semi-independent states are exclusively Christian, and contain no mixture of Mohammedans. From Servia the few

Turks who once lived there have been expelled; in Wallachia, Moldavia, and Montenegro they never dwelt. Consequently, in founding any arguments upon the relative numbers of the mixed populations of Turkey in Europe, we must confine ourselves to the provinces of Bosnia, Herzegovina, Albania, Bulgaria, and Roumelia,—including the ancient states of Macedonia and Thrace. Deducting, therefore, the population of Roumania, which amounts to four millions, and that of Servia, which may be reckoned at one million, there remain rather less than five millions of Christians in Turkey in Europe. The numbers of the Mohammedans are very differently stated. We have seen them placed as low as three millions. According to an estimate in the last edition of the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*," stated to be given on good authority, they amount to 5,900,000. A Turkish official of high authority, who was for many years at the head of the recruiting and conscription department of the Ministry of War, and has been governor of the principal provinces of Turkey in Europe, has even reckoned them at nearly ten millions, exclusive of the inhabitants of Constantinople. This estimate so far exceeds that of any European writer that we might be inclined to set it aside at once, were it not for the source from which it comes. One fact, however, appears to us undoubtedly clear, notwithstanding the assertion so generally and confidently made to the contrary,—that so far from the Christian population of what may strictly be called Turkey in Europe being greatly in excess of the Mohammedan, if there be any difference between them, it is in favour of the Mussulmans or Turks.

The two religions are mixed in the large towns,—not so, generally, in the villages. The Mohammedan population may be divided into two distinct classes,—the Ottomans, or the descendants of the Turkish conquerors who dispossessed the original proprietors of the soil, and the descendants of the ancient Christian landholders, who changed their faith to retain their lands. The first differ in race and language from the Christians; the others are of precisely the same origin, speak the same tongue, and have customs, sentiments, and traditions in common with them.

The Christians of Turkey in Europe are mainly Slavonians, Albanians, and Greeks. Some villages are inhabited by a race speaking the Roumanian language, and in Constantinople and the principal cities are numerous families of Armenians, chiefly engaged in commerce.*

The Slavonian Christians, for the most part, profess the tenets of the Greek Church. Hence the confusion which exists in the minds of so many persons with regard to the Greek population of Turkey,

* According to the statistics of population in the last edition of the "*Encyc. Brit.*," there are in Turkey in Europe 5,900,000 Mussulmans, 2,480,000 Christians of the Greek Church, including Servians and Roumanians,

which is supposed to include all those who are of the Greek religion.* The Christians of Albania are mostly of the Roman Catholic faith, except the population of the southern districts, or Epirus. The people speaking the Greek language and professing the Greek faith, and who are consequently the only part of the population of Turkey in Europe which has any claim to be called "Greek," inhabit Thessaly and some of the mountain districts and plains in Epirus, and are found in Constantinople and the principal cities and towns on the sea-coast of Macedonia and Thrace. In numbers they are greatly inferior to the Slavonians; and, according to the best authorities, do not much exceed a million.

Amongst the many erroneous ideas which prevail concerning the Christian subjects of the Porte is the one that they are not landholders and cannot possess land. So far from this being the case, much of the land in Turkey is held by Christians, and the number of Christian landholders is daily increasing. The Turkish law with regard to land is the same as that of England. Aliens cannot possess it, whilst subjects of the Sultan, whatever may be their religion or race, may do so. But the Turkish law is more easily evaded than that of England, and there are numerous fictions of which foreigners have largely availed themselves to possess land.†

Such being the relative proportions of the different populations in Turkey in Europe, let us consider for a moment "the settlement of the Eastern question" which is advocated by certain politicians, viz., that the Mohammedans should be expelled from Europe, and that the Greeks should replace them. This is what is called "the grand idea" in Greece, and is the profession of political faith which is required of every Greek who wishes to obtain favour with his countrymen, and of those who sympathise with the Greeks. It would

and 450,000 Roman Catholics. The whole population is divided, but upon no good authority, into—

Ottomans	3,000,000
Greeks	1,600,000
Slavonians	4,000,000
Albanians	1,600,000
Wallachians	600,000
Armenians	300,000
Jews	250,000
Franks	50,000
Gipsies	200,000

* The Bulgarians would appear to have been originally a Turkish or Tartar tribe, who have in the course of time adopted the Greek religion and the Slavonian language, and have consequently been included in the Slavonian race.

† So long as the capitulations are in force which place foreigners in Turkey under the exclusive jurisdiction of the representatives of their own country, and enable them to evade the payment of taxes and obedience to the laws, it is not surprising that the Turkish Government should be disinclined to change the law so as to enable aliens to hold land.

perhaps be difficult to define how this is to be accomplished, or what are the precise views of Greek statesmen on the subject. But the general notion seems to be that the Cross instead of the Crescent is to surmount the dome of St. Sophia; that instead of the Sultan and his ministers and the Turkish governing class, the King of Greece, Greek statesmen, and Athenian place-hunters should be installed at Constantinople, and that those who profess the Mohammedan religion should no longer be allowed to hold land, or even to live in Turkey, but should be driven at once across the Bosphorus into Asia Minor, which is supposed to be their natural home. Whether the lands thus forfeited are to be distributed amongst the Greeks who are to migrate from Greece with their king and statesmen, or amongst some other people professing the Greek religion, which, it is presumed, constitutes a sufficient title to land in what is now the Turkish empire, does not very clearly appear. This sweeping policy of revolution and confiscation, which seems to be perfectly easy and natural to the Greeks, has been so constantly put forward as the course of action which it is the positive duty of Christendom to support, that it is accepted by a vast number of persons in this country and elsewhere as absolutely necessary, and as sooner or later inevitable. If any argument were allowed on the subject, putting aside all considerations of morality, justice, and right, it might perhaps be well to inquire whether the Greeks have shown themselves deserving of so great a charge as that of the government of an empire,—whether the small kingdom of Greece, including the territories which have been annexed to it since its foundation, have been so administered as to induce any one to place confidence in the integrity and morality of the Greeks, in their power of governing others, and in their capacity for the enjoyment of free institutions,—whether Greek statesmen have displayed that honesty, patriotism, and self-sacrifice which should encourage Europe to place in their hands the destinies, happiness, and welfare of some millions of men. The very best friends of Greece, the most ardent advocates of the “grand idea,” would scarcely venture to answer these questions in the affirmative. The papers laid before the British Parliament on the condition of the Ionian Islands since their annexation to Greece will show the fate which awaits those who may be placed under Greek administration. The state of Greece is a disgrace to any government calling itself civilised. The lamentable want of honesty in Greek public men, the conduct of Greek ministers, the low standard of public morality, seem to render any improvement hopeless. These things are not denied by the advocates and friends of Greece, but an attempt is made to justify or excuse them on two grounds: first, the long subjection of Greece to the demoralising tyranny of Turkish rule; and, secondly, the circumscribed limits of the kingdom,

which prevent the development of its resources, and condemn it to poverty and want.

Those who attribute the corruption and demoralisation of the Greek race to Turkish rule seem to forget, or to purposely overlook, the condition of the Byzantine empire and of its varied populations at the time of the Ottoman conquest. Let them refresh their memories by reference to the pages of Gibbon, or to any history of the Lower Empire. Utter and unexampled corruption in the ruling classes ; immorality and vice, amounting to actual barbarism, in the populations ; general insecurity and disorder ; foreign conquerors, sometimes consisting of a mere handful of men, establishing themselves in the capital ; the Mohammedans more than once at the gates and in the suburbs of Constantinople before its final conquest ; the very name of Greek a term of reproach in Europe ; such was the state in which the Byzantine empire was found by the Turkish conquerors, to whom it fell an easy prey. If either race was corrupted or debased by the other, it may be with some truth asserted that it was rather the hardy and warlike Ottomans than the Greeks of Constantinople.

There is no better foundation for the other alleged reason for the present condition of Greece. It is asserted that if Thessaly, Epirus, and the island of Crete had been included in the kingdom, when originally constituted, its resources, productions, and commerce would have been so much increased, and its people would have been so prosperous, that Greece would have had no debts, which stimulate public immorality and corruption, and no want, which leads to brigandage and misrule. But are there any grounds for these assumptions ? In Thessaly there are one or two fine plains yielding rich crops, but the remainder of the province is mountainous, and not capable of much cultivation. In Epirus the arable land is probably even less in extent than in Thessaly. The two provinces together would scarcely have given more than five or six hundred thousand inhabitants to the kingdom. Crete is, no doubt, in many parts, rich and fertile ; but that island alone could have added little to the prosperity of Greece, and its mixed population would probably have been the cause of much embarrassment. More than a third of its inhabitants, comprising an industrious and peaceful race, differing only in religion from the Christians, would have been dispossessed of their lands ; but the injustice and impolicy of such a confiscation are not to be taken into consideration.

It is not very evident how the annexation to Greece of the populations of Thessaly, Epirus, and Crete would have changed the character of Greek statesmen, improved the administration of her affairs, or prevented brigandage. With even these additions, Greece could never become a producing and exporting country. Nature has herself pointed out the part which the inhabitants of Greece are called upon to play. In many respects they are

a highly-gifted people,—intelligent, frugal, active, persevering, full of resources, with a special turn for commerce and maritime adventure, and keenly alive to the importance of education as the means of advancement and success in life. On the other hand, they are deficient in those high qualities which are the chief elements in the greatness of a nation ;—in honesty, truthfulness, real patriotism, and capacity for self-sacrifice. The cause of the failure of constitutional government in Greece is the absence of a moral standard and of any controlling public opinion. Statesmanship has been the mere scramble for power for the sake of its gains. Country and reputation,—everything which good and honest men are accustomed to look upon as most sacred,—have been readily sacrificed for the sake of the miserable pittance which a few months of office afford. The most sordid motives and reckless dishonesty are cloaked under the garb of high-sounding protestations of patriotism and public virtue. The most vehement denunciations of Turkish oppression and misrule have been made by men calling themselves statesmen, who have been at the very time supporting relations and friends amongst the brigands, or oppressing and maltreating the unfortunate inhabitants of the Ionian Islands. That Greece might have developed her resources, and have become prosperous and wealthy, by making proper use of the gifts which nature has bestowed upon her, the example of such places as the small and flourishing island of Syra is sufficient to prove.

What right then, let us ask, have the Greeks to Constantinople and to the provinces of Turkey in Europe ? Even admitting that the statesmen of Greece had shown honesty and capacity, and that the kingdom of Greece had been a model of good government, upon what principle should we be justified in assisting to place under Greek rule some ten or twelve millions of people differing in race, language, and sentiments, and a considerable part in religion, from the Greeks,—hostile to them, and preferring their present condition to annexation to Greece ? But if the antagonism of race did not exist, the condition of Greece since her independence would be a sufficient warning to the Bulgarian and other Christian populations of Turkey in Europe to deter them from wishing to place themselves under Greek rule. Whilst European statesmen and philanthropists have encouraged the Greeks in their ambitious schemes for the acquisition of the Turkish provinces, no movement has been made by the Christians of Turkey themselves in favour of annexation to Greece, nor have they shown any inclination to unite with Greece in her hostile manœuvres against Turkey. The Bulgarians, Bosnians, and Albanians have refused to take any part with the Greeks in their attempts to raise insurrections against the Turkish Government. It may appear curious that even the Greeks of Thessaly and Epirus have declined to listen to Greek agents, and have preferred to remain under their Turkish rulers. The attempts constantly made during the last few years, openly and undisguisedly,

by the agents of the Greek Government, to induce these populations to rise have signally failed. So much so that, in order to induce Europe to believe that there were outbreaks and discontent in those provinces, the Greek Government has had recourse to the plan of sending organised bands of brigands and marauders across the frontier to disturb public security, and to compel the Turks to send troops to defend their territory. The fact of this want of sympathy of the Greeks of Turkey for their co-religionists may be accounted for by the proceedings of the Greek liberators when they generously undertook to free a Christian people from the Turkish yoke. There has been more than one invasion of Thessaly and Epirus by the Greeks; and the Christians of those provinces, who have seen their villages burned, their crops destroyed, their property plundered, and their wives and children slaughtered by their deliverers, have no wish for their return. It is not, perhaps, surprising that they should be so insensible to the attractions of "the grand idea," and to the advantages of union with Greece, as to seek the protection of the Mohammedan authorities against their fellow Christians.

There is no doubt that had Greece been well governed, and that had her statesmen shown a wise, tolerant, and patriotic spirit, and devoted themselves to the development of her resources and to the establishment of her credit instead of following the cravings of a vain and reprehensible ambition, the Christians of Turkey might have regarded her in a very different light. If Greece had shown the example of a free and prosperous constitutional kingdom, she might at least have furnished an element in "the solution of the Eastern question."

As, however, little can be hoped from Greece, it may be worth while to inquire whether, amongst the Christian populations of Turkey in Europe, there may be one which might form the nucleus of a state to replace the Turkish dominion. Serbia and Roumania have been put forward as fulfilling the necessary conditions, and the claims of each have their supporters.

The Servians; it is well known, are a Slavonian people professing the Greek faith. The population of Servia amounts to about one million, and is almost exclusively agricultural. The head of the Government is an elected prince, who is dependent upon the Porte. He is nominally under the control of a kind of popular assembly, and Servia might claim to be called, if she were entirely independent of the Porte, a constitutional monarchy. But in effect the prince is despotic, and has shown that he is above law and popular control. The Servians are a quiet, inoffensive, ignorant race, fairly industrious, and more intent upon the breeding of their pigs and the cultivation of their small farms than upon political agitation. They do not feel any particular hatred to the Turks; but are bigoted and intolerant, like most other Christians of the East. The policy of the country is

directed by a few intriguing and unscrupulous men who have received a varnish of Parisian education, whose standard of political morality is as low as that of the public men in Greece, and who have succeeded in deceiving their own countrymen, and inducing Europe to believe that their cause is that of national freedom and of Christian resistance to Mussulman tyranny. They have received support and encouragement from those whose interests and policy are hostile to Turkey, and, indeed, to Servia herself, and from some public men in England and elsewhere, who have been deluded into the belief that they are promoting a national movement, and helping the oppressed to throw off the yoke of the oppressor. The result has been that Servia has become a focus of intrigue against Turkey, and the base from which Turkish territory may at any time be invaded with impunity. Unfortunately, the European Powers have pursued towards her the same policy that they have pursued towards Greece. In violation of every principle of justice and of international law, they have abetted Servia in her open aggression upon Turkey, and have prevented the Turkish Government from adopting the most necessary measures for self-defence, and for the protection of her own territory and subjects. Whenever Turks have been slaughtered by Servians, the incident has been hailed as a just sacrifice to outraged Christianity. Whenever a Servian brigand has been killed by a Mohammedan, even in self-defence, he has been proclaimed a martyr, whose death it is the duty of Christian Europe to avenge. Bands of armed men have been collected on the Servian frontier, and launched upon the innocent Turkish populations, Christian as well as Mohammedan, to spread fire and the sword in the name of Slavonian nationality. The ancient Mussulman possessors of the soil have been expelled from Servia and deprived of their lands because they were Mohammedans. Compensation promised to them by solemn agreement has never been paid; because in dealing with unbelievers no engagement is binding upon Christians. The Turks were compelled, by the pressure brought to bear upon them by the European Powers; to give up the fortress of Belgrade and other strong places, which they held of right and by virtue of treaties, upon the solemn promise and condition that this concession would remove the only grievance which existed on the part of Servia against the Suzerain Power; and that the Servian Government would henceforth abstain from a policy hostile to Turkey, and would no longer incite to insurrection her Christian subjects. No sooner had the cession been made than the Servian Government took advantage of the weakened state of Turkey to push forward with renewed activity its intrigues in the neighbouring Turkish provinces, and to prepare for their actual invasion.

Whilst the fortress of Belgrade was in the hands of Turkey, she had still some defence against aggression,—especially from Russia. With the surrender of that fortress, the influence of Russia in Servia

became supreme, and Serbia may herself have opened the way to the ultimate destruction of her own national independence.

The European Powers, with the exception of Russia, who has ever encouraged Serbia in her hostile conduct towards Turkey, have recently perceived the danger of the policy they have pursued in Serbia, and have endeavoured to counteract its mischievous results by addressing the most urgent remonstrances to the prince, and by calling upon him to discontinue his armaments against Turkey, and his unscrupulous intrigues amongst her Slavonian populations. But these diplomatic lectures are of little avail when Serbia is backed and supported by Russia. It costs nothing to men insensible to truth and to moral considerations to make promises which they do not intend to keep, and to put forward statements which are at once disproved. We have taken away from the Porte the power of coercing and restraining the Servians, and we have thrown open the province to a Russian occupation in case of war between Russia and Turkey, or between Russia and Austria.

Serbia has probably suffered as much, or even more than Turkey, by the policy which she has pursued, and in which she has obtained the support of Europe. Whilst under the suzerainty and protection of Turkey, and enjoying at the same time, under the guarantee of the European Powers, the most complete national independence and self-government, she could develop her resources, improve the condition of her people; and firmly establish liberal representative institutions. She required no army nor any expensive machinery of government, and the Servians might have been as lightly taxed, and as happy, free, and prosperous, as any people in the world. But, like Greece, she has committed the fatal mistake of sacrificing these solid advantages and her true interests to an inordinate and foolish ambition, and to visionary schemes of a grand Slavonian nationality. The result has been that with increasing expenditure and debt, incurred by placing the greater part of the male population under arms, with heavy taxation and military burdens which have spread discontent and disaffection at home, and with the awakened jealousy of Russia and Austria, Serbia has so weakened her position that her chances of becoming the centre of a great Slavonian state, if she ever had any, are now probably gone. There is no sympathy for her amongst the Christians of Bulgaria, who have no wish to be placed under Servian rule. The Christians of Bosnia might be disposed to respond to an appeal to rise against the Turkish authorities, but they could do little in a struggle against the Mohammedan population; and the wild tribes of Montenegro have already been too much weakened by fruitless and disastrous wars with the Turks to afford Serbia much assistance in her designs upon Turkey. On the other hand, Russia is ready to use Serbia for her own purposes, but with no intention whatever of helping her to form a strong and independent Slavonian state on the

Danube, which would be altogether contrary to her designs and policy. Whilst resolved upon weakening, and ultimately destroying, the Turkish rule in Europe, she has no wish to substitute for it a powerful Slavonian kingdom.

On the other hand, Austria appears at length to be alive to the dangerous results to herself which arise from the policy she has pursued with regard to Serbia and the Porte. She now perceives that Serbia will be made use of by Russia,—indeed, has already been made use of,—to carry on ambitious designs and intrigues amongst the Slavonian populations of the Austrian empire as well as amongst those of Turkey. Austria will change her policy, as usual, when it is too late.

If the condition and prospects of Serbia are such as we have described them to be, it is not very probable that she can eventually become the nucleus of a great Slavonian state to replace the Turkish dominion in Europe. Is there anything more encouraging in the condition and prospects of the united Danubian provinces or Roumania ?

The political and social state of this country is not in many respects unlike that of Serbia. The population is chiefly agricultural, and is inoffensive, ignorant, and lazy. The people in general trouble themselves little about the doctrine of nationalities, of which, indeed, they know nothing ; and would rather be left in the quiet enjoyment of the lands which have of late been placed in the absolute possession of the peasants, than engage in schemes for the foundation of a Roumanian empire, or for the expulsion of the Turks from Europe. Unlike the Servians, however, the Christian inhabitants of Wallachia and Moldavia have never been mixed with a Mohammedan population, and the little they know of the Turks is probably favourable to them, as the Turks have hitherto saved them on more than one occasion from the far more oppressive and distasteful rule of Austrians and Russians. But on the other hand, like all other ignorant races, they are intolerant and bigoted, and would persecute and exterminate those who do not profess the same faith as themselves, as the cruel and inhuman treatment which they have inflicted upon the Jews sufficiently proves.

The policy of Roumania in its relations with Europe and Turkey, like that of Serbia, is directed by a few men of ambition, ability, and energy, for the most part brought up out of the country, and under the influence of French opinions. Their standard of public and political morality is as low,—indeed, lower, if possible,—than that of the public men of Greece and Serbia. The unscrupulous manner in which they have deceived Europe and violated the most solemn engagements is sufficiently shown by the history of the union, their election of the present prince, and their abortive attempts to raise insurrection in the Turkish provinces.

They have succeeded, like the Servians, in persuading some of the

European Powers and a few public men of influence in England and elsewhere that their cause is that of liberty, of an oppressed nationality, and of popular government. In carrying out their intrigues they have involved their country in debt, increased taxation, sown discontent amongst the Wallachian and Moldavian populations, which has shown itself in open resistance to authority, and have alarmed Austria and Russia. They have done nothing towards the establishment of good government and true freedom. Perhaps in no country in the world is there so much laxity of morals, and such unscrupulous sacrifice of the public weal to personal interests and ambition as in Roumania.

It is asserted by the advocates of Roumanian nationality that there are from ten to twelve millions of souls belonging to the Roumanian race and speaking the Roumanian tongue. Of these, from five to six millions are said to inhabit the united Principalities. The remainder are to be found in the adjoining provinces of Austria and Russia, and scattered over Turkey in Europe. It is the mission of the kingdom of Roumania to unite into one people, and under one rule, these twelve millions of people, who are to be governed from Bucharest.* There are also, we believe, some pretensions put forward to the union of Hungary with Roumania, and we have read something about anticipatory coins struck for the benefit of that country with the effigy of Prince, or King, Charles of Roumania upon them. But we presume that for the time, and until the great Roumanian race is released from bondage and brought under one government, that magnificent scheme will be deferred.

It is difficult to verify the numbers of Roumanians, or Wallachian-speaking people, which, according to Roumanian patriots, are to be found in the East of Europe. We believe them to be much exaggerated. The inhabitants of the united Principalities are generally supposed to amount, as we have stated, to 4,000,000. There are certainly not more, if so many, as 600,000 Wallachians scattered amongst the Slavonians and Albanians of Turkey. Austria is said to contain 2,700,000; and the population of Bessarabia is about 900,000, but is not exclusively Roumanian.

However justified the Roumanians may be in asserting their right to those provinces of Austria and Russia which are inhabited by people speaking the same tongue, we presume that they would scarcely venture to claim the European provinces of Turkey upon the grounds of a common nationality. Such a pretension would be almost too absurd for even a Roumanian politician to put forward. If the claim be based upon the grounds of sympathy between the Roumanian and the Christian populations of Turkey, it may be confidently asserted that no such sympathy exists; but that, on the contrary, the Bulgarians are hostile

* "*Revue de la Roumanie*," Bucharest, Feb. 23rd, 1868. These grand schemes are chiefly advocated in French, as they are intended more for the foreign than for the home market.

to the inhabitants of the Principalities, from whom they differ entirely in race and language. They have, as it is well known, resisted all the attempts made by Roumanian agents, supported by Russia and Servia, to sow disaffection amongst them, and to induce them to rise against the Turkish Government. If the pretence be rested upon the grounds of the manner in which the affairs of the Principalities have been administered, of the contentment and prosperity of their inhabitants, of the toleration and religious equality which are enjoyed by them, and of the success of free institutions and popular government, we fear that in these respects also there is nothing to induce Europe to countenance the pretensions of Roumanian politicians, or to lead either the Christians or the Mohammedans of Turkey to desire to place themselves under Roumanian rule.

One result, very dangerous to the independence, and probably fatal to the future extension, of Roumania, has arisen from the open profession of these wild and ambitious schemes of aggrandisement. They have alarmed Russia and Austria, who are neither of them disposed to surrender important provinces to gratify Roumanian patriots, or to assist their grand designs for a united Roumanian nationality. Consequently Roumania now finds herself between two powerful states, whose interest it is to prevent the establishment of a strong government and the development of liberal institutions within her borders, and who have ample means, through the conduct and want of principle of her public men, to effect that object.

As far as Turkey is concerned, there is no doubt that a compact state upon the Danube, strong enough to maintain itself and completely isolating her from contact with Russia, would be of great advantage to her. But as regards the Principalities themselves, we believe that for their independence and as a security against foreign aggression it would be far better for them to remain part of a military empire able to afford them assistance for defence, and under the guarantee of Europe, than to form a weak separate state, which could be invaded and conquered by powerful neighbours like Austria and Russia, whose interests and policy it must ever be to prevent the establishment of a strong free state at the mouth of the Danube.

As there is nothing in the condition of Servia and Roumania to induce us to look to them for a settlement of the Eastern question, do the European provinces of Turkey afford any element for a solution of it, and for the substitution of a Christian for a Mohammedan Government? We will endeavour to answer this question in another article.

THE WILDS OF CHESHIRE.

If that unreasonable American, who has become nearly as great a nuisance as Lord Macaulay's New Zealander, were to take his morning's walk through the country in which I am writing, he would become very tired before he tumbled into the sea,—small as the island is. We have bad roads, and sometimes no roads, across the wilds. We have hills, streams, rocks, and moorland, but few trees; and, in consequence of our altitude, very short summers. I don't at all mean to say that this is the wildest part of England. In Yorkshire, and in counties farther north, the moors are giants in comparison with these; the scenery is rougher, and on a larger scale altogether. But this much at least I may say of this part of Cheshire,—that there is nothing further south more rudely beautiful, and that there are some spots here as extraordinary and as well worth seeing as any in the island.

People who know only the southern counties are sometimes startled to hear that between them and Scotland,—in the heart of England itself,—there are red grouse in abundance, with plenty of heather, hills, and even mountains. Many of the readers of this paper probably remember that the red grouse,—*Lagopus Scoticus*, or *Britannicus*, as Yarrell so properly suggests,—is found nowhere but in the British Isles,—in England, Wales, Ireland, and extensively in Scotland. As far as I know, this bird does not appear farther south than the north of Staffordshire; the heather of the southern counties holding black game, indeed, but not the red grouse. With this very exclusive bird I am glad to have formed, close to my present home, an intimate acquaintance, which has turned out agreeable and profitable, at any rate on one side; and I shall not close this paper without having recorded some incidents of our companionship.

Let me, however, in the first place, settle in some measure the boundaries of the "Wilds of Cheshire," or what are so called; for in reality the wilderness of which I am writing embraces a strip of Derbyshire and a small portion of the north of Staffordshire. No one, I suppose, will care to take out an Ordnance-map to hunt for particulars; but if a line were drawn from Woodhead, which is on the borders of Lancashire and Yorkshire, somewhat to the west of the boundary-line between Cheshire and Derbyshire, till the north of Staffordshire is reached, it would pass through the "wilds." It would, however, pass through one district between Tintwhistle and Disley which is not wild, or not wild enough to deserve any mention here.

Macclesfield Forest, which lies in the very heart of the "wilds," and which is mentioned in Ormrod's "*History of Cheshire*,"—a book to which Mr. Beresford, who writes in the "*Reliquary*," has had access,—was at one time exceedingly extensive, but the district now called by that name is said not much to exceed four thousand acres. The old forest seems to have been in existence before the Domesday survey was made; and the Saxons,—thane and serf,—who sought refuge in it after the Conquest, gave the Normans some trouble. An old cemetery was discovered at Butley, near Prestbury, not very long ago, which the learned in such matters declare to have been crammed with Saxon corpses, after some slaughter rather more wholesale than was even then common. The stones had been subjected to great heat, and a substance was found on them which was supposed to be blood. The history of the forest is probably something as follows:—Before the Conquest, the whole neighbourhood of Macclesfield belonged to the famous Earl Edwin, against whom William had a peculiar enmity. The scattered Saxons fled for refuge to the wilds of the forest, formed themselves into disciplined bands, and, in their turn, plundered their oppressors. But the Norman Earls of Chester displaced them, and created an office of Master Forester, which carried with it the power of life and death; and Sir Vivian de Davenport, the first master, adopted for his crest a felon's head, haltered. The lawless bands who inhabited the forest suffered by the vigilance of these masters and their eight subordinates. Two shillings and a salmon were given for the capture of a "master-robber," and one shilling for any member of his troop. But the time came when this excessive power passed away, and the masters were succeeded by stewards, who (Ormrod tells us) "were appointed and removed at pleasure, until the reign of Edward IV." Then it was that the forest came into the hands of the Stanley family, with whom it remains now, and has remained since, with this exception, that Oliver Cromwell gave it to Sir William Brereton, from whom it returned to the Stanleys at the Restoration.

There are very few trees indeed in Macclesfield Forest, and scarcely any that have not been recently planted; perhaps there were never very many, and it may be at least a question whether "a forest" necessarily implies trees. However, in 1662, an event occurred which, if the account given of it in "*Admirable Curiosities*" is to be at all relied on, may well explain the cause of its bareness. "July 20th, 1662, was a very stormy and tempestuous day in many parts of Cheshire and Lancashire. . . . The same day in the forest of Maxfield,"—Macclesfield,—"in Cheshire, there arose a great pillar of smoke, in height like a steeple, and judged twenty yards broad, which, making a most hideous noise, went along the ground six or seven miles, levelling all in the way. It threw down fences, also stone walls, and carried the stones a great distance from their places;

but happening on moorish ground not inhabited, it did the less hurt. The terrible noise it made so frightened the cattle, that they ran away, and were thereby preserved. It passed over a corn-field, and laid it as even with the ground as if it had been trodden down by feet. It went through a wood and turned up above an hundred trees by the roots; coming into a field full of cocks of hay ready to be carried in, it swept all away, so that scarce a handful of it could afterwards be found; only it left a great tree in the middle of the field, which it had brought from some other place. From the forest of Maxfield it went up by a town called Taxal, and thence to Waily,"—Whalley,—“Bridge, where, and nowhere else, it overthrew an house or two; yet the people that were in them received not much hurt, but the timber was carried away nobody knew whither. From thence it went up the hills into Derbyshire, and so vanished.”

The scenery of this neighbourhood reminds one of that of the Scotch Highlands, but is very much in miniature. Hills,—mountains, perhaps,—crags, heather, bilberries, rushes, peat, burns, a pure invigorating air, mists in season and sometimes out of season, scattered cottages, sheep, stone walls,—these are some of the characteristics of the “Wilds of Cheshire.” The winters are long and white, but I think not exceptionally cold. Sometimes we have great storms of wind, when no one could live on the hill-tops. We have little spring, but the summer is generally beautiful, and so is the autumn. In May there are a hundred great banks, blue with the wild hyacinth, or bright with the first green of the bracken fern. Later on, there are skies bluer than the banks, with a hot sun, which drives the cattle to the brooks; and the country, which in winter does not hold a bird beside grouse, a few partridges, a snipe, and a passing crow, is full of the song and the presence of summer visitants. The hills stand about us, and shut out a distant view, but you can climb them and look over forty miles into Wales. By the 12th of August the heather is purple and smells like honey; the hot air comes off the crags, and you see it mixing with a cooler atmosphere all along the hill; the tributaries to the one large brook shine as they come down their irregular beds; the shepherd, for once in his life, calls his dog to heel, and keeps the wall as he passes on; the grouse lie for this day, and perhaps for the next, almost like partridges in the south; and we labour along till the evening, in our dreamed-of, hoped-for, prayed-for, magnificent toil.

On the property of a friend of the writer, five miles from his residence, and in Staffordshire, there is a place called Ludechurch, which is well worth seeing, and which, I think, could be seen by any one who asked permission. Large rocks, deep heather, young plantations, surround this wonder of the wilds. Ludechurch is one long uneven split through a mass of solid rock. It is sometimes nearly closed at the top, sometimes open to the extent of several yards. Look up, and

you see great fringes of heather which grow on the moor above ; look at the rugged walls, and all manner of ferns and mosses seem to spring from the crag. The chasm is considerable, both in length and height. Altogether, it is a place of consequence ; it might hold forty thieves, and possibly did hold them, in the time of the " flash men " of the neighbourhood, or in the time of Robin Hood. Its only occupant now is a gigantic wooden woman, white not very long ago, but fast becoming black, as all things do which are exposed on a peat soil. Only imagine a stranger wandering through two hundred yards of chasm by moonlight, and seeing this monstrous human figure right before him on a rock, the terrible guardian of the glen !

The inhabitants of the forest and its neighbourhood are small farmers who work, for the most part, with their own hands, some of them keeping two or three servants. With one or two exceptions, and those amongst my immediate neighbours, they are ignorant and penurious. They lounge along the country and up the hills with long, slow strides ; and, if they chance to meet a neighbour, they can hardly make up their minds to part with him for twenty minutes or half an hour. They are a fine sturdy set, but they want energy.

The tremendous ravine which reaches out some distance from the present forest is called Wild-Boar Clough. Here are some scattered farm-houses, and here is the parsonage. The clergyman has two churches under his care, and receives for his labours the use of a house and rather less than £140 a year. There is a tale, believed by some of the people, of a wild-boar hunt which took place here not quite two hundred years ago. The boar was killed some distance from the Clough, at a place since called " Kill Hill." However this may be, I have no doubt that there was a time when the place was full of wild pigs. There is an old farm-house in the forest, called " The Chamber," which is said to be built on the site of a hunting-box used by the kings of England,—though I do not know what kings,—none, I think, of later date than Edward IV. I have often thought, and hugged myself in thinking, that perhaps no trained falcons flew over these moors since the time of those kings, whoever they were, till I flew mine.

Foxes in this neighbourhood are vermin,—just as they are in the Highlands and in many parts of the Lowlands of Scotland. To kill a fox here is no crime, but I hardly know whether I could bring myself to do it. When I first came into the country I said to a gamekeeper, " Why, in the south of England, where I come from, they would not speak to you if you shot a fox ; " and he replied, " Then, sir, the only difference between them and us is, that the people won't speak to you here if you don't shoot one."

Some thirty or forty years ago the game was very imperfectly preserved on the forest. The farmers shot the grouse and coursed the hares. They kept their own greyhounds. However, a certain pre-

servation went on, for the farmers interested in coursing took care that the hares were not killed by any foul means. They also kept a pack of harriers,—or perhaps beagles,—amongst them. A Mr. Grimsditch, a lawyer, agent to the Leghs of Lyme, and once M.P. for Macclesfield, paid duty for these hounds, and I suppose they were his; but certainly Lord Derby's tenantry kept and used them, the master being scarcely ever present at the meets. Edward Jodrell, who died a few months ago, an excessively fat man, was the huntsman, but he could run well in those days. It is a difficult matter, in this country, to ride after hounds. The wake-week,—early in October,—was a time of sport and festivity here forty years ago: then half-a-dozen farmers were hosts to men and dogs, each farmer undertaking to feed the whole hunt for a day. I have had some difficulty in making out the precise history of the packs which hunted the forest, but I think there is no doubt that there were two besides that which I have named. No fox-hounds, of course, can come into such a country as this. So much the worse for the foxes, which are trapped and shot, as I have said.

There are not many partridges on these hills, but those which I have killed have certainly been smaller and darker in plumage than the southern birds. I think the plumage is naturally darker, though all feathers are stained on a peat soil; so is the wool on sheep. Snipe show this stain in a very marked way on their light underfeathers. They breed here, but I am told are not so numerous as they were some years ago. Pewits are here in quantities in the spring and summer, and the young afford very good sport with a dog that is used to them. They often lie like stones. The golden plover is seen in the autumn, but not very often. Curlews occasionally breed on the moors: I once found a nest; a young one had just chipped its egg, and was chirping inside. Woodcocks, I am persuaded, breed on the Swythamley property. Four or five miles off, there is black game; but the red grouse is the bird of these parts,—the chief and the king of all.

I don't know whether it is fancy, but I certainly believe that the English grouse are larger than the Scotch. I was particularly struck with this, the season before last, when shooting in the Highlands. My birds there were in excellent condition; but, whether old cocks or others, I never picked one up without thinking it small. I once shot a grouse on these moors that weighed 28 ounces; and I once hawked one that weighed 27 ounces after the falcon had eaten his head. Of course they were both old cocks. One has heard of greater weights, but they are surely very few and far between.

These moors were closed last season, as I need hardly say. The grouse lay dead on them, generally near water, before it began, "as if they had been sown," to use the expression of a shepherd who spoke to me about it. Such a disease as that which killed them in

such quantities is a wonderful thing ; and scarcely one of the theories set on foot to account for it is satisfactory. I was at one time very much in earnest in explaining the presence of the disease by the fact that some moors were undershot, and therefore overstocked ; but my belief in this notion has faded. I still, however, most honestly believe that the wholesale destruction of the birds of prey, especially of the peregrine falcon, has been a great curse. Not at all because she prevented overstocking,—for man can prevent that with his gun,—but from the circumstance that hawks take the weakly and diseased birds first, simply because they can catch them easily. Nature knew that, in her own course, diseases would come ; she knew also that, to prevent them spreading, they must be stamped out ; and she sent her falcons on the moors. Her armed cruisers sailed out to sweep the seas of the pirates that infested them. But man knew better ; he looked only at the good of the moment ; he defied her laws, and broke her balance altogether. I think he has been disturbed by the consequence : I most thoroughly hope so.

The only other theory at all in vogue in which I have any faith is that of heather itself, tainted by very late frosts, creating a sickness in the birds that eat it. This seems to me very plausible and probable.

Of course, then, there was no grouse-hawking in these wilds last season : I never either flew or shot a grouse all through it. But perhaps some people might like to know what I have done before ; and I may say, I think without immodesty, that I have brought the sport almost to perfection.

I came up here from Northamptonshire,—with a very short interval between times spent in a town,—about eleven years ago, having then had little practice with any hawks except merlins. With these little birds, however, I had excellent sport both with skylarks and pigeons. The female, being larger than the male, is flown at the latter quarry ; but she is scarcely strong enough for it. Both males and females I flew at larks. And it is a pretty sight to see a cast of these little hawks ringing up after a good lark, till pursuers and pursued are literally lost in the blue sky. Such a flight, however, is hardly ever successful, as far as killing the quarry is concerned. I have often killed a lark with a cast of merlins, after a straight flight of a mile, or nearly so, when the distance from the ground has varied from twenty to a hundred yards. But the other is the real sport ; and if merlins could only be induced to continue it through a season, they would be most valuable hawks. I have paid the greatest attention to them, and have done more with them than almost any one else. But we who fly hawks all know that merlins cannot stand disappointment. They have their own courage, which is almost beyond every other ; but failure beats them. There are, indeed, dodges which, as I am not now writing a treatise on falconry, I have not space to mention, that help us a good deal through the difficulty ; but quite enough of

it remains. The sooner the merlins of the year are entered to larks the better; for after about the 8th of September this quarry,—than which nothing can be more active,—has finished the moult. Then, and only then, begins the mounting time, when they all go up into the skies together,—two hawks and one lark. A merlin should have killed a good many larks before this, or he won't fly them at all. He will certainly leave them when they begin to rise.

After I came here, I flew merlins, and very pretty sport I had; but till I came here I did not know, to anything like its full extent, the wonderful power of the peregrine;—I did not know that I could make a bird take grouse more surely than any one can make a dog take hares. Once having tasted this glorious sport, this sport of real consequence and name in the eyes of every one, the merlin mania began to leave me. Say what you will, sport consists partly in the intrinsic value of the object of pursuit. Of course, some sport depends upon adventitious value, or there would be no fox-hunting. But intrinsic value is a great matter. Thus, if I were spinning a minnow, I would rather take a trout two pounds in weight than a pike eight pounds, because the trout is more intrinsically valuable. There might be other reasons, but that would certainly be amongst them. And so it is that a man who has killed grouse with hawks will soon cease to care so very much for killing larks with them.

Peregrines are sent to me from Scotland in the middle of June, and they are treated in this way. Rather heavy bells, very much heavier than they will afterwards fly with, are fastened to their legs. Their jesses are also put on. An outhouse of some sort, having a platform made in it, and the window,—open,—protected with perpendicular wooden bars, is then their home for perhaps a week. The falconer feeds them on the platform twice a day with raw beef-steak, whistling with a loud whistle during the operation. He also introduces them to the lures,—affairs of wood, red cloth, and wings of birds,—to which beef is fastened. They will soon come down from the platform, and eat from these lures on the ground. When they know them and the whistle well, the doors may be thrown open, and they may go. Regularly every morning and evening, and even before the fixed feeding-time, the hawks will be ready for their meal. Whistle, and throw down your lures on the lawn or field, and your birds will soon be about you, as anxious for the lures as you can be to see them there. They must be at liberty in this way, day and night, for three or four weeks. When they absent themselves for a day or more, and begin to prey for themselves, take them up, or you will lose them. All this is preparation. Their wings are strong; they know the lures; in a measure, they know you who feed them. Probably they will not allow you to touch the jesses with your hand. Take them, therefore, with a bow-net. Hood your birds; carry them on the fist; break them to the hood; tame them. In ten days they

may be on the wing again ; nay, even in less time, possibly, flying the quarry you design for them.

We fly only the female birds at grouse,—at least I do ; for, though the tiercel is really large enough to take them, and does take them in his wild state, as a trained bird he is not, as a rule, to be depended on like the falcon. I once killed an old grouse with an excellent partridge tiercel ; but I could never be certain that he would fly this quarry in earnest. Tiercels are excellent for partridges ; but the falcon takes to grouse at once, and if she is successful in one flight out of her first two or three, will stick to them afterwards. I need not say how important it is that she should begin with every advantage. I have used, but very rarely, a brown chicken, the size of a grouse, to encourage a young and disappointed hawk. Anything is better than constant disappointment.

The excellence of a peregrine, in game-hawking, is that it should fly as high as possible. Hence, perhaps, the origin of the term “high-flyer,” as applied to others than hawks. For the falcon is put on the wing before the grouse or partridges rise, and she should get up eighty or a hundred yards before they are sprung. I have seen some of my hawks a quarter of a mile high, when you might have taken the bird for a boy’s kite, “waiting on” me and the dog most patiently. Then comes a dead point from the dog, and you hasten to spring the game ; or you wake up an old cock grouse which goes off crowing, and with that curious twist in his flight which grouse-shooters know so well. Down comes the falcon from her pitch ; you hear the rush of her wings, and the hiss of her bill as she passes high over you to the quarry. If the grouse be immediately under her when he rises, he will probably be dashed to the ground amidst a cloud of feathers, as her great foot rips up his back ; or his wing may be broken ; or,—especially if he has been flown before,—he may drop backwards on the heather untouched from under her very feet. Then she is at a disadvantage. But she sails round, and perhaps tries to hit him on the ground. Most likely he gets up, and is off at a terrible pace, while she, with her long wings, must get into her swing before she can hope to reach him. But if he is not hit, and does not fall without a blow when she stoops, a most exciting race begins, which is for life or death. His wings now work away with most rapid strokes ; now he closes them for two seconds, and passes through the air like a bullet ; now they strike even quicker than before. If you are standing on a stone wall as he goes by, he is away before you can exclaim. His round, dark form rushes past as the noise of his feathers rings in your ears. It is the very best pace of all ; it is almost inconceivably rapid : it is for dear life. But she ;—her stoop from the clouds brings her close behind him ; it gives her a fearful impetus ; she is simply flying him down, and knows that he is dying before her. Yet he may live,—not in fair

flight, not from excess of speed ; but he may live still. There is a mountain burn near at hand ; it is shallow now, but its banks have been undermined by the winter rains, and the heather droops over them like a screen. Under them at once, good grouse, for you deserve your life ; you have struggled half a mile to save it. There is no dog near to put you out ; no marker to tell tales about you. True, she may "wait on" above you,—“make her point,” as they say ; but you are a good way off the falconer, and something else will be put up before he reaches you. I think you are pretty safe. But if no such friendly cover is found,—and there is uncommonly little time in which to select it,—the grouse dies, either cut over by the falcon, or taken by her as he drops by a wall-side, with some indefinite sort of hope of getting between the stones.

It may easily be understood that amongst these wilds we require markers. A flight may be out of my sight directly when it has topped the hill. Here is one of the disadvantages of flying hawks in any country but a tolerably flat and open one ; still I have plenty of boys at my command, and they "man" the hills for me ; and practice makes them as sharp as needles. Their orders are to put out a grouse which has taken refuge, while the falcon remains near it, and to mark, as far as they can see, the direction of any flight. I could hawk on flat ground, in Derbyshire, if I liked, by going a little distance from here ; I like, however, to keep my hawks at home, and I am not sure that in all respects this hilly ground is a disadvantage.

Some falcons have a way of coming down and hitting the dog, if he does not find game soon enough ; and I have once or twice, but not lately, had a little reminder myself, by receiving a blow on the head. The birds never hurt me ; but I have known them make a pointer howl. My birds, flown so close to home, are now never lost, because they are taught that, in a certain place in the field, a live pigeon will, without doubt, be fastened. To this, if by chance they are out all night, they come by daybreak, and I get up in order to take them.

So much for the peregrine falcon, as flown here. One word about the goshawk. This, as most people know, is a slow, short-winged bird, larger than the peregrine. It is generally got from France or Germany. I have killed many rabbits with the female bird, and one,—but only one,—hare in my life. Disposition most unquestionably sulky ; general conduct, until really in flying order, most temper-trying. But I like the goshawk,—fit as she is only for the slowest flights, stupid and troublesome as she is to train. I can imagine she has an attachment to her master when she knows him, and she can certainly take more rabbits in a day than the peregrine can take grouse.

A brook, rising in the hills, runs down the forest and Wild-Boar Clough to the river Dane. It is full of trout, but they are very small. The Dane, however, contains fair-sized fish, and, as it is well

preserved, plenty of them. There are some bits in this river most exquisitely picturesque. Overhanging trees, boulders, rocks, low and most likely-looking water-falls, are level with you, or above you, as you wade up this splendid stream. A fly can be thrown in nearly every part, and a minnow can be spun anywhere. I walk up the middle where I can, spinning to right or left, and rather above me. When I get to a water-fall,—if two or three feet of falling water, eight or ten yards wide deserves the name,—I still spin above, and across, and over every half-foot. The big trout are there, or have been, as I know. Besides this, we have pools in the neighbourhood most strictly preserved, as I need not say. I have killed capital trout and perch in them.

My task, I think, is very nearly done. I have attempted to give some description of a part of England scarcely known by name, and never seen by strangers, unless we except our own visitors, or some accidental "tourist" straggling from Buxton. Yet it has its beauties; and, what is more to the point, in venturing to write about it, its very marked peculiarities. There is nothing else quite like it. As to the field-sports, they are not unique; but it will be allowed that hounds,—some years since at least,—followed on foot, grouse shot in England, beautiful and prolific trout streams, together with falconry upon the moors, are not every-day matters. The only objection to this happy valley is, that it a little too much perhaps resembles that in Rasselas. One can't get out.

THE WOMEN OF THE DAY.

I HAVE often thought that of all the pleasant, easy positions which Providence can assign to one in this wicked world, that of the *Advocatus Diaboli* at Rome would be amongst the most charming. After the advocates of canonisation have done their best,—after they have expatiated on the virtues, excellences, sanctities, and super-human self-sacrifices of the candidate for whom they claim the glories of sainthood,—after they have toiled away in the endeavour to prove that a heavenly crown is the meet and fitting reward of those who, while on earth, have despised earthly pleasures, and fixed their thoughts on things above,—after they have demanded triumphantly that the object of their veneration should be proclaimed by acclamation a saint of saints, it must be so pleasant to rise up and remark that, perhaps, there was something to be said on both sides the question. You would have no need to undergo much preparatory labour; you are not required to trouble yourself with any profound study of the life whose holiness you are about to dispute; you have got your little quiver full of ready-made darts, which you can let fly indiscriminately at any saint you are deputed to assail. Saints and sinners are very much alike, you may urge, when all is said and done. Everything is a matter of taste; and if some people happen to like fasting, and wearing sackcloth, and sleeping on thorns, they deserve no particular credit for following their natural inclinations. There have been very queer stories about anchorites: hermits have not always been solitary in their cells; saints have been known to exhibit a preference for Magdalens who were fair as well as frail; and so on through the stock round of insinuations. Moreover, the especial advantage of your pleading lies in the fact, that its success in a forensic point of view depends not upon your own eloquence, but on the esteem in which men hold the object of your invective. By an odd trait in our queer human nature, we all of us, somehow, do relish a little sneer at the things we are taught to venerate. Even the reverend clerics of the Consistory will chuckle silently when you hint that Augustine only turned a saint when he had found that all pleasures were vanity; and you may not despair of making a point, even in a priestly audience, when you intimate that Origen may have regretted the irreparable sacrifice which secured the permanence of his reformation. We all of us have our fetishes, and yet, by some strange anomaly in our composition, the more blindly we worship, the more we enjoy a joke at their expense.

Unfortunately, the post of the Devil's lawyer is not accessible to ordinary men ; and in these days of progress, falsely so called, it seems doubtful how far Rome itself may long preserve the peculiar institution. It is, however, some comfort to reflect that the talents which would have shown so conspicuously in that elevated position need not necessarily be wasted even in our own happy land. If you wish to earn a reputation easily, the devil—I am speaking not in a theological, but in a practical point of view—is always ready to retain you for his counsel. By accepting the diabolic brief, you can always earn a reputation easily, if not honourably. Your instructions are simple, and with a modicum of talent your success, such as it is, is absolutely infallible. You have only got to select some person, order, principle, institution, or cause which your fellow-men have long held in esteem and honour, and to pick holes therein with such skill as you possess. If your critical faculties are small, you can always make up for the deficiency by the strength of the paradox you endeavour to propound. All students desirous of entering upon the calling could hardly, I think, do better than study carefully the series of articles which have appeared of late in the *Saturday Review*, on the subject of woman and her failings.

The *Saturday Review* has always been a sort of literary lion's mouth for the reception of impeachments against established objects of worship. Its public likes the class of articles to which I allude ; and therefore I can quite understand their insertion. Class journals must study class prejudices ; and the educated classes have fully as many whims and dislikes as any other. To men of the world, that is, to men whose tastes or fortunes have caused them to be acquainted with many phases of life, there is something at times exquisitely absurd in the manner in which all things, human and divine, are treated in the *Saturday Review*, from the point of view of the clever college don, who belongs to a West-end club, spends his long vacation on the Continent, and is the accepted authority of his common-room. But still every journal must suit its constant readers ; and I no more blame the *Saturday* for studying the weaknesses of university men, than I blame the *Beehive* for speaking tenderly of Sheffield unionists, or the *Grocers' Gazette* for being hard upon co-operative stores. We must all live ; and if our public like their Stilton high, we must not object to the presence of maggots in the repast we provide for their enjoyment.'

In a commercial point of view, the only objection to dealing in the caviar and pickles line of business is, that the public always require their pickles hotter, and their caviar more stinging, with each successive meal. People like, no doubt, to have their sensibilities outraged, and their feelings shocked. But then the worst is that the number of feelings and sensibilities which can be assailed is limited. When you have libelled your great-grandmother one week, you are com-

pelled to defame your grandmother the next, if you wish to keep up the sensation ; and after that, if you make a hit, you are sure to be called upon to dissect your mother's frailties for the amusement of your admirers. It is to this painful necessity I attribute the last series of attacks which have made the success of the *Saturday Review*. The writers in that journal are, I have no doubt, as a body, gentlemen by birth and education. Now it always has been a tradition, and, whatever may be said, it still is a tradition amongst English gentlemen, to speak respectfully and affectionately of English women ; and I will do the *Saturday Reviewers* the justice to believe that when they commenced the *Devil's Advocate* duty they never contemplated being brought to impugn the claims to respect of the class from whom their own mothers, wives, and sisters were taken. The temptation, however, was too great to be resisted. The *Saturday* public had grown tired of sneers at philanthropy and progress ; Mr. Gladstone and Beales, M.A., and the *Penny Press* had been offered up as victims on the altar till the spectacle of their immolation had ceased to draw. The serial essays, after the *Spectator* and *Tatler* fashion, upon diners-out, tame cats, male flirts, and so forth, had run their appointed span. And so, in lack of a better subject, the *Saturday Review* determined to make a dead set against English women.

The selection showed great discretion on the part of the editorial management. The *Saturday Review*, as far as my own observation goes, is, I should say, a paper which numbers amongst its readers an unusually large proportion of the female sex. Its politics, if I may venture to say so, are of an eminently feminine order ; its cleverness is just of the kind which women think very clever ; and its satire is of a calibre which women can understand and appreciate. A very slight knowledge of the female nature was sufficient to justify the conviction that tirades against women would find an attentive if not a sympathetic hearing from a feminine audience. Ladies, like the Americans, as described in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, are fond of being "cracked up." But, like children, they would sooner be teased than not noticed at all. Indeed, the very fact of active attack is a covert compliment to their paramount influence and importance. Women find no difficulty in pardoning both those who love and those who hate the sex ; their real objects of antipathy are those who neither love nor hate, but are simply indifferent. Moreover, these satires against classes are never unpopular with the individuals of whom the class is composed. Every single member of the body inculcated considers himself,—M. or N., as the case may be,—the brilliant exception which proves the rule. The satirist cannot turn to an unknown reader with the "*de te fabula narratur* ;" and no one will ever of their own accord alter the *te* into a *me*.

Granted the expediency of the assault, the *Saturday Review* has,

I must also admit, been singularly happy in the choice of an assailant. It could not have been an easy thing to find a critic who would treat the subject with what Mr. Ruskin would call a loving hand. A writer was required, who had made the littlenesses, foibles, and humours of respectable women his especial study; but who had not approached the subject from the *Lovelace* or *Don Juan* point of view; who was ready to expose by innuendos, and defame by hints, without committing any breach of conventional propriety; who, even while he sneered, was never to forget that he was writing for a female public; whose whole mind was wrapped up in the contemplation of woman and her weaknesses; who knew how to scratch with one hand and fondle with the other. Who this new commentator on the eternal subject of woman may be I neither know nor care to know. With laudable discretion, a sort of mystery has been observed about the authorship of this series of misogynist articles; and part of their success has been due to the fact that sundry ladies of some distinction have been credited with their literary parentage. But, for my own part, I think the articles, if not masculine, are certainly not feminine. If a woman had undertaken to say all the ill of her sex she could think of, she would never have qualified her invectives with so many saving clauses. Just as in ladies' novels the characters are always deep black or virgin white, so a lady-satirist would have known of no pity in her satire. Moreover, no woman could have ignored so strangely the whole element of passion, which plays so great a part in the lives of all women,—even the most worldly, frivolous, and conventional.

But, on the other hand, very few men,—or, at any rate, very few men of much ability,—would or could have written the papers in question. The “*infiniment petit*,” the fiddle-faddle, the foibles and trifles of the social aspect of female life, do not attract or interest men who lead active lives in the world. Both for good and for bad, other cares and other thoughts than the consideration of the merits or demerits of female fashions occupy the minds of busy men. Yet it is obvious that the author of the articles in question has given an amount of study to women hardly consistent with the occupations of a man-like existence. His only books may not have been women's looks; but he has studied the books which women read, and the talk which women talk, and the thoughts which women think. Judging, then, entirely from internal evidence, I should say that the writer of these papers must be looked for in the list of young curates. In the words of the French play, “*Nourri dans le sérail, j'en connais les détours.*” The secrets of the gynæceum are open to him. He has lived in the harem, though not of it. He has suffered beneath the matronly yoke; he has been oppressed by the feminine protectorate; he has groaned under the patronage of pious spinsters; and out of the fulness of his

heart the mouth has spoken. Moreover this theory, if it be correct, excuses what to our minds is the most offensive feature of these attacks on women. If their author was an ordinary man of the world, who used words in the same sense as common people use them, I could not acquit him of having wilfully accused English women of being immodest and vicious,—false wives and bad mothers. But long experience has taught me that the clerical intellect, as a rule, knows of no degrees of comparison. There used to be a story in my time at Cambridge of a young curate who was in the habit of describing himself as having been an abandoned sinner, before he was converted to a state of grace. At last his self-accusations became so vehement that some of his male parishioners catechised him as to the supposed excesses of his undergraduate and unregenerate career. Every sin to which young men are addicted was suggested in turn, and indignantly repudiated by the alleged reprobate. It finally appeared that the reformed prodigal had read a novel in chapel, and played cards on a Sunday evening. In vain his interlocutors assured him that, in the common use of language, these offences, heinous as they were, did not justify his claim to be called an abandoned profligate. To the end of the chapter, he spoke of the time when he lost three and sixpence at loo as the period when he spent his substance in riotous living. In much the same way I have noticed that our clerical instructors treat all degrees of sin with the same indiscriminate censure. For the woman who dyes her hair, the same condemnation is doled out as for the ladies who would patronise Foundling Hospitals, if such institutions existed in England. I think it, therefore, possible that the Saturday Reviewer, supposing him always to have belonged to the clerical order, really meant nothing more by his tirades than to assert that there was a great deal of folly, vanity, and dissipation amongst certain classes of English women. If so, I pardon his heart at the expense of his head.

But any apology of this sort, which may be made for the individual writer, does not apply to the character and purport of his writings. The articles in question have met, I admit fully, with a genuine and not altogether undeserved success. We have had somewhat too much of late of wholesale adoration of women and womanhood. The Poet Laureate and the Tennysonian school have set an example of woman-olatry. It was been the fashion to assume in poetry, if not in prose, that women were necessarily superior to men in nobility of heart, and refinement of mind, and purity of disposition. Woman-worship has invaded not only the pulpit, but art and science and literature; and, to confess the honest, simple truth, we men have grown rather weary of having the excellences of women perpetually held up to our adoration. As a matter of fact, we all know that men and women are very much alike; that angels in the household, whether male or female, are extremely rare; and that

each of the two divisions of humanity, has its own fair share of virtues and failings, faults and excellences. We have grown tired of one perpetual song of praise in honour of womanhood; and we are haunted by a suspicion that our poetry, our literature, our art, might be more powerful and nobler if the necessity of toning down everything, so as to suit the conventional rules of feminine propriety were not recognised so universally or obeyed so servilely. It is, no doubt, a great thing to boast that the literature of the present day is adapted for the home reading of our daughters and sisters. But, in return, it is, to say the least, possible that our grandchildren will care more for the works which our grandfathers wrote, and which were not adapted for circulating libraries or boarding-schools.

If, therefore, the author of the "*Girl of the Period*" had contented himself with pointing out that petticoats and purity did not necessarily go together, and that women were by no means the angelic and ethereal beings which poets of the Patmore order have been accustomed to pourtray, I for one should never have dreamt of protesting against the new evangel. I might have thought, as indeed I think, that the truth thus taught was one recognised in fact, though not in theory,—that it was hardly worth while to demolish seriously a graceful conventionality, which offended against nothing save the canons of abstract veracity. But the self-constituted censor of our English women goes far beyond the limits of satire. We are told week after week that the ladies of the day study the dress, manners, and morals of the demi-monde,—that men refuse to marry because they prefer "the queens of St. John's Wood, in their unblushing honesty," to "their imitators and make-believes in Bayswater and Belgravia,"—that we can no longer pride ourselves upon the modesty and purity of our women,—and that the only hope for England lies in the possibility that some miracle may replace the almost extinct breed of good mothers.

Now, we fancy that we have heard all this before. The famous complaint,—

*"Ætas Parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore"*—

is one which has been repeated under many forms in every age and country ever since the world began. We have no doubt that Sarah thought very badly of Rebekah and the young women of her day, and that Rebekah, in turn, had a very poor opinion of Rachel. But still because the accusation has been brought a thousand times without reason, it does not absolutely follow that it is not true in the thousand-and-one'th; and the imputation, as brought by the *Saturday Review*, is undoubtedly a serious one. The most furious of the reviewer's tirades concludes with the remark that, "it is terribly significant of the present state of things when men are free to write

as they do of the women of their own nation." How far this freedom is rightly exercised, or is, indeed, employed by any one save the author of this doleful lamentation, I do not care to inquire. I will admit, for the sake of argument, that this gentleman, who tells us, a little further on, that English women "have placed themselves beyond the pale of masculine respect," is really a representative writer. And I do acknowledge most fully that the quarter in which these assertions are made invests them with an importance not due to their intrinsic weight. It is, indeed, for this reason, and this reason only, that I deem them worthy of comment, and, if it may be, of refutation.

Even in these days of universal statistics about everything, there is no record kept of the proportions of virtuous and non-virtuous wives,—of modest and immodest young ladies,—of tender and heartless mothers. It is therefore impossible to prove by chapter and verse whether the women of our time are more or less well-behaved than their mothers and grandmothers. As far as the current literature of an age is any test of its moral standard, I should say that our own day shines by comparison with any other era. Opinions may differ as to the genius of our authors, but I defy you to name any really popular publication which is not conducted with a decorum unknown as late as thirty years ago, or to point out a really successful work of fiction which might not be read out loud in a young ladies' seminary. When, I wonder, in the name of common sense, was the golden age,—the Arcadian period of English womanhood? Was it in the days when the comedies of the ingenious Mrs. Afra Behn were the delight of our stage? Was it in the time when Swift wrote the Odes to Celia, or when Sterne told the story of the Sentimental Journey? Was it when Don Juan was the rage of the day, or when Lady Blessington was the fashionable novelist of the period? I am not going to fall into raptures over the superior virtue of our own times. Every age has its own vices. But I confess that profligacy and dissipation do not seem to me by any means especially characteristic of the living generation. And of this we may be certain, that the moral tone of the women of a nation will always correspond more or less closely to that of the man. "As the husband so the wife is," is a saying which holds true as an almost universal rule. Now, whatever may be the case in certain instances, it is notorious that, on the whole, the men of the present day are more temperate, more hard-working, less daring in their vices, if not less vicious, than their predecessors. If this be so,—and that it is so can hardly be disputed,—it would follow, almost as a matter of course, that the women of our time are likely to be at least as well behaved as their mothers.

So much for the antecedent probabilities of the case. I confess, however, that I do not see how the eulogists or the detractors of modern English womanhood are to make out a defence supported by

positive, irrefutable evidence. In the long run the question comes to a matter of opinion. The reviewer thinks that English ladies are no better than they ought to be. I think they are quite as good as can be reasonably expected. Both of us, for anything I know, may be justified in our conclusions from the premises on which we argue. I may have been exceptionally fortunate in my female acquaintance; he, on his side, may have been as exceptionally unfortunate. But of this I am certain, that neither of us can know but a very small section of the class about which we argue. Of course, my friend, the censor, assumes that woman is an open book to him,—that he knows her and her ways as he knows the alphabet or the Apostles' Creed,—that he is as conversant with every phase of her outer existence and inner life as if he were a compound of Asmodeus, Don Juan, Fouché, Guy Livingstone, Father Clement, and Madame Rachel. But this assumption of omniscience is one of the stock tricks of our literary craft, and I, at any rate, as an old workman, cannot be expected to believe in it. The first proof of knowledge, says the Greek sage, is to know that you know nothing; and I doubt whether my critic has yet attained this preliminary phase of learning. The ladies I meet with in society may, with here and there a rare exception, be Lady Audleys, Becky Sharpes, Messalinas, and Mrs. Mannings; but I don't know it, and I don't believe my friend of the Saturday does either. Of all the numerous company of journalists it has been my happiness to be acquainted with, the gentlemen connected with this celebrated periodical are the most fond of talking about their work in public. I may, therefore, without being liable to the imputation of undue self-glorification, assert that I do know pretty well the class of society in which Saturday Reviewers are wont to relax their overtaxed intellects; and this much I can confidently state that in the salons of West-bournia, South Kensington, and Wimpole-cum-Wigmore-dom "girls of the period" are not typical of the ladies at whose houses I make their acquaintance. It is, indeed, possible that I who write do not mix in circles of sufficient fashion and distinction to meet the women who have supplied the reviewer with an inexhaustible theme for satire. Marquises and millionaires, I confess with a bitter sense of humiliation, are not persons with whom I habitually consort. How I might be affected in my estimate of womanhood if my name appeared morning after morning amid the distinguished guests at the entertainments recorded in the *Morning Post*, I do not pretend to say. But of this I feel confident, that, in that event, I should not continue to be a constant contributor to the Saturday, or any other journal. Writers of leading articles are not, as a rule, to be found in Belgravian palaces. Moreover, limited as my experience of aristocratic salons may have been, it has been sufficient to create an impression in my mind that if I were to see more of them I should find them as dull and as decorous as those of ordinary middle-class society.

I do not dispute for one moment that there is a section of the great London world in which extravagance, ostentation, silliness, and folly, are prevalent to a very marked and, perhaps, novel degree. From one cause or another, there has been of late years not only a great increase in the wealth of the country, but a still greater increase in the ease and rapidity with which fortunes are made. And, in consequence, there is a large class whose fortune is out of all proportion to their growth in taste and refinement, and whose sole ambition is to assert their social rise in life by imitating and exaggerating the follies and vanities of the fashionable world. Shoddy is not conducive to culture either in the Old World or in the New. And I have no doubt that amidst the women of over-rich society, and of that still larger society which aspires to be over-rich without the means to support the aspiration, there is to be found any amount of folly, affectation, and vulgarity. Where these qualities are found, it would be absurd to expect a very high moral tone; and I am quite ready to believe that in this branch of London society there are "girls of the period," wives who are unvirtuous in talk, if not in action, women who look on marriage as a mere pretext for undesirable freedom. But still, when all is said and done, I utterly and entirely disbelieve that even in this semi-fast, semi-fashionable society, can the women be fairly described in the terms which the reviewer has applied to them. The circumstances of my life have caused me to see a good deal more of society in other lands than I think is common among English literary men. I have in consequence known something of societies in which such a state of things exists as that which my critic would have us believe prevails in English homes. All I can say is that the outward signs which indicate general demoralisation in lands where the duties of married life are habitually disregarded, seem to me to be entirely wanting here. Even, however, if I am wrong in this estimate,—and I will admit that I do not pretend to the intimate acquaintance with "girls of the period" which *Saturday Reviewers* appear to enjoy,—I can feel no doubt that the class in which women are to be found to whom such language as that of the Review can be applied with any semblance of truth is not representative of English society.

The men of England may be annoyed that such accusations should be made, but they know the facts too well to pay heed to them; and, as I stated at the commencement of this article, women all the world over are by no means very angry with those who attack them: they understand the flattery which lies hid beneath the sneer; and they know that the irritation of their assailant, like the anger of a pet spaniel, can always be subdued by alternate slaps and caresses. The real gravamen of the charge consists in the fact that it is accepted as true by foreign critics, and supposed to be genuine by

classes in this country who have not the means of comparing the original with the copy.

This being the case, I own that I find a difficulty in selecting the language in which such a charge should be repudiated. Speaking from my own experience of the world, I should say that English women were as well conducted, kindly natured, affectionate, modest, and virtuous as the women of any other nation. If I was placed upon the rack, and compelled to tell the truth, *nolens volens*, I might perhaps add that I do not feel equally certain of their being the loveliest, wisest, and most intelligent of their species. It is not in my nature to go into rhapsodies; and I neither think nor say that my fellow-countrywomen are in all and every respect first amongst the foremost. But this I do say, that they are at least as good as their neighbours. They are affectionate sisters, good wives, and loving mothers; and any one who says aught to the contrary is either ignorant or dishonest.

Still there is no smoke without fire; and the appearance of the articles against whose truth I enter my humble protest is in some way a sign of the times. The women of our day are not the counterparts of their mothers. Times have changed, and women have changed with them. The old conception which prevailed till the last generation, that when a woman had married young, had kept her home in good order, had reared a family of children, and had lived in harmony with her husband, she had fulfilled the whole aim and object and purport of her existence, is dying out of fashion. Our women know more, read more, think more, than they did in the good old days; and we cannot reasonably expect that they should be contented with the same narrow round of pleasures and duties. It always seems to me that these "*laudatores temporis acti*" are engaged in solving the insoluble problem of how to eat your cake and have it. If you are to have women who are fit to share the thoughts, desires, and aspirations of men in a high degree of culture, you cannot also have women who cumulate the functions of nurse, housekeeper, and cook. Notwithstanding the fashion for co-operative stores, the principle of the division of labour is the ruling one of our day. In virtue of that principle, we have to a great extent exempted women from household and menial cares; and by so doing we have secured a degree of culture and refinement not compatible, I think, with any very active interference in domestic matters. I often wish that the wiseacres who repeat the parrot cry about the happy time when ladies cooked their own dinners, and mended their own clothes, and did their own marketing, could know something of the family life of countries where women still perform the duties I see urged so eloquently upon their attention. In the north of Europe, the wife is still the "*good woman of the house*." There, the ladies cook the

dinners with their own hands, wait at dinner to a considerable degree, pass no small part of their time in the kitchen and the store-room, and even lend a hand at the wash-tub. I do not dispute the fact that if you wish your women-kind to be only a superior description of upper servants, you had better seek for them in these patriarchal climes. But even the courage of a *Saturday Reviewer* would shrink from the idea of marrying, or living with, these "brave housewives." As a rule, I am afraid you must say that the excellence of women as housekeepers is in inverse proportion to their excellence as intellectual companions. I do not say that a clever educated woman may not keep her home comfortable, and her household in good order, and bring up her children excellently. Intelligence and organisation will supply the place of personal labour and constant supervision. But I do say, that if the nursery, and the kitchen, and the laundry are to be considered the proper sphere for the exercise of women's energies, it is idle to imagine they can also be ideal companions for the drawing-room and the study. Persons in the habit of reading the advertising columns of the daily papers must be aware that there are two classes of advertisements emanating from ladies who desire to fill the position of housekeeper to a single gentleman or widower. The advertisers of the one class describe themselves as domesticated and fond of cooking; the other base their pretensions on being musical and agreeable companions. The distinction thus drawn appears to me representative of modern womanhood,—to apply to wives equally with housekeepers.

In these remarks of mine I have not alluded to the modern theories of woman's mission, which find favour with Mr. Mill and the advocates of female suffrage. In this respect I own honestly I am a weak-kneed reformer. If women were to get votes, or even to sit in Parliament, I don't know that the world would be much the worse; but, on the other hand, I am by no means sure that the world would be much the better; and, therefore, for my own part, I am very well content to leave things as they are. But common honesty compels me to confess that I believe women were created for other objects than bearing children, and that I doubt whether when a woman has married a husband and made his home comfortable she has done all which God or man have a right to expect of her. But my wish is now to treat the subject from a purely masculine standpoint. Looking at the great woman-question from the male point of view, I hold that we are unreasonable in expecting that English ladies should unite the inconsistent merits of the intellectual companion and the bustling housekeeper.

If I am right in this opinion, it is idle to imagine that this transition period, during which women are emerging, as a class, from the kitchen and store-room into the study and library, will not be attended with a great amount of extravagance and absurdity. And

this phase will, undoubtedly, afford good scope for small social satire of the ordinary Saturday Review calibre. There is room for any number of pretty, twaddling essays about æsthetic women, pushing women, little and big women, Papal women, women in orders, and so on. This class of articles belongs to the same order of literary productions as the sermons against crinoline, the invectives against hair-dye, the denunciations of tight lacing, which appear from time to time in the daily press. They are not very wise or very profound, nor perhaps in the best of taste; but they are written for women to read, and women like to read them; and they have, and are expected to have, about as much practical influence as the tirades in favour of the sweet innocent white muslin dress of young girls in the bygone time which Madame Fargueil, attired in silks and satins and diamonds, used to deliver nightly in the "*Famille Benoiton*," amidst the applause of the gallery. No sensible man would think of criticising this class of literary essay, any more than he would think of denouncing the pretty little pictures in *Punch*, of young gentlemen flirting with the young ladies they are about to marry, which form the delight and charm of the "*girls of the period*." For my own part, I am not amused by a sketch of a little child asking the gentleman who has just kissed her why he does not kiss cousin Sissy too; but I am convinced the people who can be so amused cannot be depraved or demoralised. You might as well accuse a man of being intemperate because he was partial to ginger-beer, or of being a gambler because he liked playing cards for counters.

I should wish, therefore, that the critic whose utterances I have criticised in turn, might tell us whether he really meant to accuse the women of our day of anything more than vanity and folly. If not, he ranks at once amidst that great class of writers who, from time to time, have sharpened their wits upon the foibles of the female sex. But if he meant more than this,—if he understood the purport which his words conveyed,—if he intended to imply that our English women were immodest, heartless, and vicious, I deem him to have uttered a very foul and base libel, which it behoves men, even more than women, to protest against loudly. That English women have faults no candid judge would pretend to deny. How far these faults are due to defective education, to unequal social conditions, or to natural qualities, is a point on which I am not sure that I have any positive opinion, and on which I am certainly not going to express any opinion. But this I may truly say, that the faults are of the head rather than the heart. No man, I think, can have lived much abroad without having a very genuine affection and regard, and almost reverence, for the women of our own land. They may not be the wisest, they are not perhaps the most lovely of their sex; but they are true wives, affectionate daughters, kind sisters, tender and loving mothers. Of course there are exceptions; but the exceptions

seem to me to be very few relatively. I have known a great many Englishmen who respected very little, and believed in very little; but I have hardly known one who did not place an implicit trust in the goodness of the women of his home. It would indeed be an evil day for England if the time should ever come when our countrywomen should be spoken of habitually in the terms which the Saturday Reviewer has thought himself justified in applying to them. When such language has been used, it ought not to be passed over in silence. Women can always hold their own in the contest with their critics. If every English newspaper were to go on writing articles about the extravagance of female attire from now to the end of the year, they would not lessen by a single item the milliners' bills which will come due next Christmas. But the case becomes different when the attack is levelled, not against fashions, but against reputations. And it argues ill for the condition of a country when men hear the women who are near and dear to them libelled without resenting the insult. It is for that reason I have entered this protest of mine.

LIFE STUDIES.

No. II. THE ANGLO-ROMANS.

SOME great philanthropist,—I'm not sure it was not Martin Tupper,—once said, "What should we have done with our superfluous Irish if America had not been discovered?"

It was in thinking over this great fact that a very startling problem presented itself before me, and, like a sturdy beggar, would not go without compulsion. The problem was this:—What is to become of those emigrant English who winter annually in Rome, and who now are excluded from the Holy City by the combined terrors of Papal Zouaves, Antonelli, Garibaldians, explosive shells, detonating newspapers, and percussion cigars?

For years back, a certain class,—or, to speak more correctly, certain classes,—of our countrymen have paid their winter visit to Rome with a laudable regularity. There was a sprinkling of Ritualistic folk, who loved to coquette with Popery, who affected draperies, and were addicted to altar-cloths, and who took very kindly to the poetry of religious worship, as evidenced in incense and displayed by wax tapers; but yet, with all these, wouldn't quite go over to Rome. They took their Romanism as draymen do their porter,—half-and-half,—and they found it agreed with them.

These people really liked Rome. It lifted them out of the common uniformity of daily life, and, so to say, dramatised existence to them; which, as they were very ordinary humdrum sort of folk for the most part, was no small boon. They were not indeed on the stage, nor of the company, but they were privileged to stroll behind the scenes, and to stand by the flats, and talk to a supernumerary; and all of us who have tasted that blissful enjoyment at the Haymarket may imagine the delight it conferred when the piece was played at St. Peter's, and with the whole strength of the company.

Next after these came a few fashionable leaders, who, believing that the world consists of about three hundred and fifty people, all told, know they will surely see a fourth or a fifth of that number gathered together at Rome to speculate on the prospects of the coming season at home, and wonder where the remaining two hundred and odd are then hibernating. These are fine specimens of the Bull breed. They are rich, dignified, and well-mannered. They pay liberally at hotels, and are dear to the hearts of livery-stablemen and ciceroni.

Third in order are the small English, not come exactly for economy,—the day for that is long bygone,—but come to perform a line of their own denied to them at home, and give themselves a winter's experience of exaltation and excitement, such as, in a condensed form, people experience by inhaling nitrous oxide. This seems too bold a simile, but it is not. The round game of high life enacted by these persons is just as unreal, just as absurd, and to a spectator just as amusing, as any lecture-room under the laughing-gas.

These folk have their evening parties, their soirées dansantes, their receptions, their drives, with refreshments from Spielman's,—so wonderfully like the real article that a careless observer might not detect the difference. They dash their company, too, with foreigners like their betters, and if they have not got red stockings, they secure a pleasant sprinkling of purple; and monsignori with gold crosses and very soft eyes give a wonderful flavour to the tone of a society whose aboriginal members came from the prairies near St. John's Wood and the hunting-grounds of the Regent's Park.

Last of all, there is the motley multitude, unclassed and unclassable. The young fellow who has got six months' leave before he joins the 909th at Athlone;—the other lad who has an unlimited congé, having been plucked at the last competitive examination. Then there are the three elderly ladies who travel with one maid, four dogs, and a vetturino. There are the young ladies who come out to study sculpture, and wear blouses and manly hats, and try to ride like Miss Hosmer. I do not speak of Yankees, who are legion, but who are no more like our own people than a starved Apennine sheep is like a browsing Southdowner or a plethoric Cotswold.

And now, will any one tell me what is to become of these and their fellows? Into what regions are they to wander? What Canaan of gossip and tea fights, penny whist and halfpenny scandal is open to them?

Some one once grew eloquent and indignant at the thought of fox-hunting over the graves of the Cæsars, and tally-ho-ing within ear-shot of the Forum. But I have no doubt that Timmins finds an added flavour in his champagne as he sips it beside the tomb of Metella, and detects a higher excellence in his Allsopp as he blows its froth over the Tarpeian rock. There is no denying it, but with all our newfangled discoveries,—our railroads and telegraphs, our photographs and American notions,—our ancestors had much that they have not transmitted to us. There was a time when grapes grew in Madeira, and men made wine thereof; and there was a time when Rome was a fine place to winter in, and Bull for a few hundred pounds could swell it there to his heart's content. In those days there were no sbirri to spy into your writing-desk, nor a secret police to dog your outgoings. You ran no risk of being potted by a patriot, or ripped by a regenerator of Italy. You had nothing to fear from

cardinal secretaries, French generals, nor Carbonari; and I must say Italy was, as they say of the babies, very good when she was asleep.

O for that dear old time of intolerance and ignorance when nobody asked for justice, or thought himself badly used if denied it! O for the happy days when liberty was treated like leprosy, and men put in strict quarantine who had caught it! O for the pleasant era when one's letters were opened at the post, and you felt that your joys and sorrows were sympathised with by those who had never so much as seen you! Not that all these have gone so completely that no traces of them remain. Far from it. The police minister but a couple of months ago showed our secretary of legation, Mr. Odo Russell, "a touch of his quality," and people who take certain liberal English newspapers know how carefully the Holy College selects for transmission and delivery only such as contain no contaminating doctrines.

And yet we would willingly accept all these things and more, could we only secure a *secondo piano* in the Via Babuino, or a small apartment in the Piazza di Spagna. Rome was an absolute necessity to the British nature. It was a fine thing to have a place that stimulated the hearty downright indignation of our natures, and enabled us, as I once heard a very diminutive curate observe, "to beard the lion in his den." It was so spirited to go and preach against purgatory, where the whole population rather thought well of it; and it was so courageous to our High Church people to play with fire, to flirt with saint-worship and costumes, and never be led out of the Thirty-nine Articles! This playing Tom Tiddler's ground with the Pope was vastly amusing to our Ritualists, though now and then his Holiness did catch a stray parson and carry him off triumphantly to his fold.

All this, alas,—all this is now over and done for. Rome is no more safe than Mexico. Once more I ask,—What are we to do with our Rome-frequenting Britishers? Is it a case for compensation? I declare I think it about as just as the Alabama claim. What if Lord Stanley were to propose a Congress to determine what recompense should be afforded the British public for the loss of the vested right in Rome,—of the privilege they have so long enjoyed of abusing the Pope and condemning his doctrines? It was a fine, healthful, cheery pursuit,—a grand antibiliary, and highly conducive to that noble sense of self-esteem by means of which Britains feel "they never can be slaves."

These Rome-hunters were a perfectly distinct class from all the other English travellers. You knew them at a glance. They had none of the vulgar flippancy of the Rhine tourist; nor were they like the thick-shoed Knickerbockerists you met in the Oberland. You could even distinguish them from other loungers in Italy. They had that steadfastness, that air of purpose about them, which showed there was a goal before them and a fixed object; and how they despised all that lay between them and their destination! Even at Florence

they gave you to perceive that they only halted to take breath. They looked in at the Pitti and the Uffizzi like people who felt that these were but trifles to what was before them. They lounged through the Galleries with that condescending look we see people assume who peep in at a children's party on their way to a ball. They were bland, —very bland; a touch of gentle melancholy, perhaps, stole over their features as they saw these poor Florentine creatures so happy with their Uffizzi, and so pleased with their Pitti.

How consistently they told you on the very briefest acquaintance that they were not going to stop there! How ingeniously they let you know that they had been to do Fiesole, the San Miniato, the Campanile, and the gates of Ghiberti, all to show that they were John Murray-ing a place they never meant to abide in! And how innocently they inquired if the Arno was always so empty, and the Café Doney so full; if the balls at the palace were always so raffish, and if the bankers invariably cheated you in the exchanges? When they entered into society at all, they did so like people who look in at a servants' ball,—half condescension, half curiosity,—as though they wanted to see how "Jeames" took out his partner, and how Mary Anne did her "trois temps." Not that in reality the tone of Roman society was in itself very Attic or exalted. The assumption was simply the tyranny of the people who "went further." The man who has been at the "sixth cataract" is a despot for life over him who has never gone beyond the fifth.

Even when they talked politics, how they separated themselves from the things that pertain to the Palazzo Vecchio, and bore only on Victor Emmanuel! They soared into the higher regions, where Popes write pastorals and cardinals plot schemes of state. And how the grandeur of eternal interests made such small questions as taxation, revenue, national defences, and national independence shrink up in their view to utter littleness!

Such was the man who went to Rome, and who can go there no more. And, I would ask, in what orb of creation is he now to display those great gifts of his? Rome was the Mecca of Cockneys, and where are they now to turn, with their fervour for statuary and their horror of saints,—their devotion to art and their detestation of what has preserved it?

MADAME DE SEVIGNÉ.

IN the whole "Memoirs History" of France no one realises so essentially our type of a lady as Madame de Sevigné. We come in contact, amid the pleasant and varied walks of this delightful literary garden, with every development of female, good, bad, and indifferent. Persecuted or neglected queens, like Marie de Medicis and Queen Claude; gaudy mistresses, like Montespan and Dubarry; proud, ignorant princesses, like Madame la Palatine; wicked beauties, like the Countess de Soissons; aspiring attendants, like Laure Concini; and many an ambitious fool, like Mademoiselle de Fontanges, who, attaining the object of their ambition, lose it as soon as won by mental incapacity to retain it. We jostle lovely sinners, often developing into lovely saints, like Agnès Sorel and La Vallière; and we meet with real saints, like Madame Guyon, whose austerities fill one with horror. We turn a corner, and we find sovereigns indifferent to murder as a stepping-stone to power, such as Isabelle de Bavière and Christina of Sweden; while in niches and shrines we discover heroines and martyrs, such as Jeanne d'Arc and Marie Antoinette; but nowhere in this fair pleasaunce do we find the type of the perfectly well-bred and accomplished lady so truly developed as in Madame de Sevigné.

Her mind, her language, her writings, are all imbued,—saturated, so to speak,—with good breeding. Her lively piquant wit, her gentle satire, have a perennial charm, because she is always natural, and never degenerates into the Gallic vice of exaggeration. All situations, trials, excitements of life find her fortified with what may be called the religion of society. There are no indications that her constant self-restraint was dictated by true piety, but her social religion afforded an admirable substitute. Naturally worldly, addicted to Court life, and therefore prone to the scandal of that scandal-loving period, she checks the prurience of her charming pen, and turns the shafts of malice to gentle pleasantry. The fine tact and native refinement of her mind form an alembic which turns all into gold, lending a new interest to the political intrigues and to the vicious society of that day; and this is done by the skill with which she manipulates every awkward detail. None but a lady "pure et simple" can even touch the pitch of that period without defilement; and the mere fact that she should have been both a keen observer

and exact chronicler of contemporary events, vividly reproducing with most delicate touch a society containing such ingredients as Scarron, Ninon de l'Enclos, and her own dissolute cousin, Bussy Rabutin, proves her to have possessed a power quite peculiar to herself. With what a charm, too, she invests the individual woman! How we sympathise with her in the girlish ardour, the enthusiastic admiration, she feels for her dissipated husband! How we long to bear her company in her enforced solitude at Les Rochers; how we share her inevitable disappointment when, after a few years of happiness, she comes to realise his unworthy character! Nowhere does she violently or openly blame him. Her truly refined instinct shrinks from publicly exposing this grievous domestic wound. But one perceives gradually that the light has faded out of her life, and that the treasures of her love are now devoted to her children. Although from her high rank and extraordinary mental gifts she is a Personage at that flaunting and impure Court,—handsome, singularly attractive in conversation, intelligent and refined beyond her age, and known as an ill-used and neglected wife, yet never for a moment, spite of the amorous persecution she underwent for years from her mad cousin, Bussy Rabutin, does scandal attach to her name. A most rare distinction was this in a society where the moral code was so ill-defined that the reigning monarch, like Jupiter, was accepted as god as well as king, and possessed the power of granting plenary indulgence for every crime committed and for every criminal inculpated by his act! Now and then the coquetry of the woman peeps out in her own pleasant way, but it is for the daughter or the son that she desires to fascinate, never for herself. And how we all know and love that daughter with a feeling almost as extravagant as that of her mother! With what interest we dwell on each detail,—how she is sitting for her portrait, how she is indisposed, or how her husband loves tennis, at which game he excels. How hard we feel it that such beauty, such talents should be banished in distant Provence! How we hope that every fresh letter will bring us news that she has a Court appointment! How we moan over her ill-health, and see with the keen mother's eye that her beauty fades, and that she grows thin and pale! How our hearts go forth into joy and gladness when parent and child are to meet! How we picture the scene,—the stately castle of Grignan, standing on a broad plateau, crowning one of those low arid hills peculiar to Provence, overtopping the town, a grand and noble edifice, of which few were spared by the Revolution. Grignan, like the magic palace, says Madame de Sevigné, raised by Apollodorus, with its walls, and Gothic towers, and bastions, and buttresses, was ready either for defence or for delight, but withal strangely nude and bare of trees and shade, torn by the tempest, and baked yellow by the sun. Without, it had braved many centuries of mistral, and reflected the dazzling sunsets of ages. Within, the great courtyard was crowded

with richly-dressed attendants, for great is the pomp and vast the riches of the governor, who represents King Louis. To the right, through a fine Gothic arch, a wide flight of marble steps leads to the great hall above,—to a confusion of emblazoned windows, blazing in the southern summer, glittering armour, banners borne in the crusades, tapestry, carving, pictures, and statues. Here, again, are marshalled powdered lacqueys, waiting to conduct the guests through long suites of saloons stretching beyond, all glittering with mirrors, gilding, painting, and brocades. Beyond, in an octagon boudoir, deep in the recesses of a distant turret, sits the expectant daughter, mistress of this wondrous castle. Madame de Sevigné, who has passed many a week between Paris and Grignan, accompanied by La Mousse and Corbinelli, pauses not an instant to observe anything. Looking neither right nor left, she rushes forward, that mother of mothers, and clasps her daughter in her arms. Why should these two ever part? Why should so unique a love “ever sever?” Well for posterity it did, or we should never have known that bright particular jewel in modern literature, Madame de Sevigné’s Letters.

But we must now say something of her life, rather than indulge only in a panegyric, although in this slight sketch we desire to dwell on her private more than on her social career, observing her rather as “Notre Dame de Livry,” and the recluse of Les Rochers, than either the brilliant Frondeuse,—familiar with all that was great and noble in rank, literature, or politics,—or the master-mind of the “précieuses” of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, or the careful chaperone of a beautiful daughter.

Her maiden name, Rabutin Chantal, reminds us that she was grand-daughter of the foundress of the Visitation, the friend of St. François de Sales, canonised on somewhat doubtful grounds. But the so-called saint, Madame de Chantal, not including family affection among her list of pious duties, took no heed to the welfare of the early-orphaned child, who was thrown entirely on the benevolence of her uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges, whom she has taught posterity to know and love for her sake as the “bien bon.” Her residence with him in the forest of Bondy, four leagues distant from Paris, doubtless fostered that enthusiastic love of nature so prominent in her writings. As a girl, she describes herself as sitting, pen in hand, under the shade of the forest trees, scenting the honeysuckles, and interrupted by the singing of the nightingales. In manners and person she was gay and spirituelle, fresh-complexioned, and golden-haired, rather than orthodoxly handsome. Her bright nature looked out of her laughing eyes, and captivated her contemporaries much in the same way as her wonderful style captivates posterity. Her wit and originality were hereditary, for she was born a Rabutin Chantal, and even the pedantry of her early friends, Chaplain and De Menage, or the affectations of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, failed to injure her

taste. Before and after her marriage she was intimately connected with Madame de Rambouillet and her daughter Julie, and early attracted attention in that singular group of *littérateurs* and fine ladies assembled around them in the Hôtel de Rambouillet, whose mission was to cultivate virtue in an age of immorality, introduce delicate feeling and a refined diction when swearing and coarse expressions were the mode, and to raise men of letters, philosophers, and savants to their proper level in polite society.

Molière, who never shared in these Attic festivals, has, in keen, sarcastic verse, so covered this whole fraternity with ridicule that the regenerative work which it really accomplished in humanising Parisian society has been too much overlooked. When Molière caricatured the Hôtel de Rambouillet, its task was already accomplished, and its influence was declining. Plitudes and affectation had displaced good taste and propriety of language; the *précieuses* were grown old; the *littérateurs* had written and spoken their best; and the shadows of the past gathered fast in those once brilliant saloons. But in former days, when Henri Quatre, along with la belle Gabrielle and a dozen beauties more fair than wise, scandalised France, —when Louis XIII., victimised by the political and social tyranny of Richelieu, in the dreary days of the Fronde, utterly neglected the organisation of a Court and courtly society, and ignored both literature and literary men, —when great ladies and mighty heroes spent their time in playing at revolution, —then the Hôtel de Rambouillet stepped in to supply a social want, and largely influenced manners, literature, and reputations. The *précieuses* who assembled there, —almost all women of the highest rank, —gloried in bearing this much-ridiculed name. *Précieuse* was then accepted in its literal sense, —“precious,” —and conveyed in this single word the very perfection of womanhood, —dignified and graceful manners, a well-cultivated mind, natural gifts, and extreme propriety of conduct, —the whole harmonised by unalterable tact and good taste. In its palmy days of social power, the association tolerated no uneducated or disreputable members, though the rejected candidates might be of the highest rank; neither the divine Julie, —who required twelve years of courtship from the Duke of Montausier to reconcile her to marriage, —nor her refined mother, the Marquise de Rambouillet, would have permitted the smallest impropriety either of conduct or expression.

Madame de Sevigné, whose tastes were formed in this refined atmosphere, learnt from it that social religion of good taste which so remarkably distinguishes her while living at a Court famous for profligacy; and thus preserved her purity in a position of extraordinary temptation. One can well understand, however, the ridicule with which the Rambouillet circle was looked on when it came to be opposed to the brilliant freedom and daring immorality of the age of Louis XIV., —who actually dared to drive from his Court and to

disgrace the divine Julie, then Duchess of Montausier, for a too strict supervision over that royal preserve,—the maids of honour! Flechier, however, in the funeral sermon of this same duchess, still dared to eulogise that ill-used lady under her poetical name of Arthemise, and to call on his hearers “to remember with veneration those saloons where talent was purified and virtue rewarded.”

It is certainly a curious anomaly that a style so natural, coupled with such extraordinary powers of reading and describing character, should have distinguished Madame de Sevigné, formed as she was in a school so antagonistic to individuality or purity of style, however respectable for purity of principles. Her mind was free and original in no common degree, and her girlish musings in the forest of Bondy and the park of Livry seem to have impressed her with a pervading love of nature, and saved her from the glaring affectations of a *précieuse*, either in style or in manners. At the Hôtel de Rambouillet she met the Marquis de Sevigné, already noted among the young nobles of the day for his extravagance and inconstancy. In the age of Louis XIV. even the exclusiveness of this sanctuary of virtue was not proof against the general corruption, and men and women appeared in the ruelle who would not have been tolerated in earlier days. When only eighteen Mademoiselle Rabutin de Chantal became the wife of De Sevigné, a selfish voluptuary, utterly unable to appreciate her. He was a man steeped in the vices of the time, yet with enough charm of person and polish of manner to create in her heart a passionate love, which he was too libertine and volatile either to cultivate or reciprocate.

In the first years of her marriage he introduced her to Les Rochers, that charming retreat in the depths of Brittany which she has taught us to know so well, and where at intervals so large a portion of her life was passed. She came afterwards to love it dearly as the scene of those brief days of married happiness, when life appeared to her young and fresh as her own hopes, the birth-place of her children, the placid home to which she retired when weary of Court intrigues and political struggles, and where, finally, she came to meditate on death amid the woods she had planted. Her husband's conduct rapidly degenerated from coldness and neglect to open infidelity. A scandalous intrigue he had formed with the notorious Ninon de l'Enelos became public. Ninon at least was free from the vice of rapacity, for she refused every present he offered except a ring. But when she was banished from Paris by Anne of Austria, on account of her profligacy, other and less scrupulous mistresses brought the reckless De Sevigné to the verge of ruin. Madame de Sevigné's uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges, insisted on his niece obtaining a legal separation of property for her own sake, and for the sake of her children. Even that literary reprobate Tallemant des Réaux calls out shame. “Sevigné,” says he, “was a bad man; he ruined his wife, who was the most

charming woman in Paris." Eventually this unworthy husband lost his life in a duel, caused by a scandalous intrigue with Madame de Gontran, a well-known Aspasia of the day, upon which the cynical Tallemant remarks, "that he disapproved De Sevigné's taste, as he should have much preferred his wife." She was at Les Rochers when the news of the duel reached her. The loving woman flew to Paris, but her husband was already dead. Her grief was as vehement as it was durable; and in the depth of her distress she condescended so far as to beg Madame Gontran to give her some of his hair and a portrait. Years afterwards, meeting his antagonist, the Chevalier d'Albret, she fainted away. Yet, short as was the actually married portion of her life, the blighted love of which her husband was the object cast a permanent shadow over her whole career. She allowed no second marriage to endanger her peace, but in the very heyday of womanhood devoted herself to her children and the re-establishment of a fortune materially injured by De Sevigné's selfish extravagance. The perfectly well-bred indifference with which she learnt to receive the addresses of the great men of her age shows how inflexible was her will when her judgment and her inclinations coincided. No vulgar ambition could tempt her refined nature, and she courteously received and declined the pressing admiration of the hero Turenne, of the Prince of Condé,—brother of the great Condé,—of the ostentatious Fouquet; and also of her cousin, the seductive Bussy Rabutin, who constantly and persistently endeavoured, but always unsuccessfully, to inscribe her name among his many conquests. Not the least amusing episode of her life is connected with this clever but eccentric man. He had been intended by family arrangement to become her husband, but at that time contemptuously refused her hand. Becoming deeply sensible of his mistake, when she was no longer free, he professed for her boundless admiration, and endeavoured to engage her love on the plea of her husband's unworthiness. Their near relationship and the frank affection of familiar intercourse offered him every facility. Bussy, more and more in love with his fascinating cousin, insinuated himself into the confidence of her husband as well as her own. He was often present when painful domestic scenes displayed the brutality of De Sevigné. He sympathised with her; he deplored her husband's infidelities; he maliciously related every circumstance that could inflame her resentment, and finally offered to become a mediator. Perfidious Bussy! His fair cousin, adoring her young and innocent truant lord, contrasting her cousin's tender devotion and sparkling wit with the harsh neglect and silent contempt of her husband, readily accepted his good offices. When he was able to inform her that all Paris knew that Ninon de l'Enclos was her rival, and while he listened to her passionate indignation, he so little understood her character as to conceive the happy moment was come when he could change friendship into love. He returned home, and addressed to her a letter in which he very skilfully expresses his feelings.

"Love me, dear cousin," he says, "and I will help you by loving you to revenge yourself all your life long." This letter fell into the hands of De Sevigné, and Bussy was forthwith banished from the house by the mutual desire of husband and wife. Bussy, thus defeated, became both desperate and enraged. He publicly abused her in his "*Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*," publishing all her letters, and relating every confidence with which he had been intrusted. Again his mood changed, and in humble contrition he threw himself at her feet, begging for a pardon which she most generously accorded him. But, if cold in love, she was most warm in friendship, a fact which is proved by the vivid interest she dared to take in the trial of that victim to the caprice of princes, the unfortunate Fouquet. None of her letters are more simple, graphic, and touching than those written during his trial; and yet the style, so apparently unstudied, was, like all perfection, the essence of art, for we know that she was from girlhood carefully habituated to composition. There is little eventful in her own career except its remarkable social success. Her wonderful pen that "trotted over the paper" reproduces every public event of the reign of Louis XIV., from the intrigues of the Fronde down to the remarkable dominion of Madame de Maintenon over the aged monarch, with such graphic yet playful simplicity, that the reader forgets, in her vivid descriptions, that she herself was but a spectator. Absent or present, her whole life was, like her letters, dedicated to her daughter, Madame de Grignan. "To read your letters and to write to you," she says, "are the final objects of my life. Everything gives place to you. To love as I love you makes every other feeling frivolous."

St. Simon, in his *Memoirs*, mortifies us greatly by speaking of Madame de Grignan as cold and reserved, "but little worthy of her mother's idolatry." If so, it is but a repetition of the old maxim;—"one loves and the other allows herself to be loved." Madame de Sevigné's life was passed almost entirely at Paris, at Livry, or at Les Rochers in Brittany, with rare visits to her daughter in Provence. No other Frenchwoman has ever described the *vie de province* so enthusiastically, or has so loved her woods, her gardens, and her fields. She leaves the Court to find actual companionship in the trees she planted, in the walks she planned, in the hills, the rocks of Brittany. When alone at Les Rochers, or visiting her uncle the Abbé de Coulanges at Livry, in the forest of Bondy, she forgets Paris, the Court, the world,—all save her daughter,—in adoration of nature. The triumphs of the month of May, the nightingale, the thrush, and cuckoo, first ushering spring into the woods, are to her more glorious than the victories of the Grand Monarque. In the autumn she passes whole days out of doors, so as to appropriate all that she can of the departing season; as one hangs over the death-bed of a dying friend. She grudges every hour of "those fine crystallised days of autumn when it is neither too hot nor too cold."

There is a kind of Pantheism in her worship of nature when she writes of her silent friends the trees, their grateful shadow, their delicious perfume, their delicate tangle linked with eglantine and ivy, the running brooks, and harmony of birds. "Let me," she says, writing from Vichy, whither she had gone to drink the waters, "but be solitary, and I shall be content if I may only enjoy this charming scene, the river Allier, the goats, the peasantry dancing in the fields. Give me this, and all the world may leave me. The country will cure me." It was the same at Livry, when Horace Walpole visited her and describes in his letters "the charming pavilion built for her by her uncle, with its gardens and wooden bridges, where she usually awaited the arrival of the courier and her daughter's letters." But Livry was but Paris in the country. Her true Thebaide was Les Rochers, where an absolute and almost stern solitude awaited her. There she indeed lived with her own thoughts, alone with herself, and with rich store of memories hung like faded garlands upon every tree, shading like passing clouds the surrounding hills, deepening each rocky glen, murmuring in every hill-side stream. Here she came, a young and loving wife, and was too often left solitary and neglected by an unworthy husband. Here her children were born, and here she came to know the pleasures and anxieties of a mother. Here she passed her retirement as a widow, and here she was sought out, flattered, and admired as the brilliant and celebrated marquise. The place was knit up with her whole life. "How can I look," says she, "at my dear Rochers, at my walks, my gardens, my boudoir, my books, my rooms, without a bursting heart? There are happy memories; but some recollections are so fresh and so bitter I can scarce bear them."

"I am launched," says she, "into this life without my own consent, and I must quit it too. How shall I go? Where? By what exit? When?" In those dogmatic days, which led up to the persecution of Port Royal and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, she might be called somewhat of a heretic. Perhaps, when she and Madame de Grignan exchanged confidences, it was well that Bossuet was not listening. Indeed, her daughter laughingly calls her a heretic. In return, Madame de Sevigné admires her daughter's patience for having passed two entire hours with a Jesuit without disputing. Her sympathies are all for Port Royal; she does not care for her rosary, and in the chapel she builds at Les Rochers the altar is sanctified with a most unorthodox dedication, "*Soli Deo honor et gloria.*" Very rank heresy indeed! "I belong," says she, "neither to God nor the devil. This troubles me, but, *entre nous*, it is only natural. I do not belong to the devil, because I fear God, and have an innate principle of belief. I do not belong to God, because his law is hard, and I cannot condemn myself to destruction. I am a tepid Christian, of whom there are a great

number,—a circumstance which does not alarm me as I sympathise with them. Yet we know God hates them, and so I must alter and reform; but it is difficult." The fact was, her sincere and candid mind found no affinities in the superstitious dogmatism of the age.

"I have found my woods extraordinarily beautiful and sad," she writes to her daughter. "All the trees you remember small are grown up into large, straight timber, with a delicious shade. They are forty or fifty feet high. I feel I write of them with a maternal pride. Remember I planted them all, and that I knew them, as Monsieur Montbazou said of his children, 'not bigger than that.' The solitude here is made expressly for day-dreaming. The foliage is much greener than at Livry; whether it is the rain, or the nature of the soil, I know not, but there is no comparison."

One absolutely sees her, on a fine, clear autumn day, walking staff in hand, with a light, quick step, through the grille enclosing the courtyard, towards the alleys named by her Infinite, or Solitude, her face radiant and smiling, carrying a book,—Tasso, perhaps, or Montaigne,—followed by a servant armed with an umbrella. Not a sound breaks the silence around; a few leaves drop softly down on the fresh turf, and the sun slants through the trees, making here and there a golden mist; a squirrel leaps from branch to branch and scuds away into the recesses of the wood, alarmed at the moving figure beneath. By-and-by she reaches one of the picturesque pavilions she has built,—the Capucine perhaps,—where she stops and rests, reading the while; then she wanders on to another and farther retreat, and we lose her when the sun sets and the day darkens, as she passes into the deeper shadows beyond. Her last visit to Les Rochers breathes a certain sadness. She is old, and has become rheumatic; and for the first time she is dull. She cannot live with nature as she used. "My child," writes she, "it is incredible how sad and insipid the days are; they pass away, and time with them. God knows what also passes away. Ah! let us not think of it. Yet I do think of it all the same." The shadows of death are already gathering around her, kind and gentle lady, and she knows it.

But as if no memory of suffering was to be associated with her home, death comes to her far away in distant Provence whilst visiting her daughter. In 1690 she left Les Rochers for the last time, and was seized at the castle of Grignan with malignant small-pox. Her daughter, her idolised daughter, was under the same roof, but left her,—O shocking and appalling ingratitude!—to die almost alone. Nor did this much-adored child even bid her a last farewell. Her kindly and social spirit passed away in solitude. She was buried at Grignan under the shadow of the huge feudal castle, far from her home, divided from every friend, "a stranger in a far land."

A NICE CORRESPONDENT !

“THE glow and the glory are plighted
To darkness, for evening is come ;
The lamp in Glebe Cottage is lighted,
The birds and the sheep-bells are dumb ;
I'm alone, at my casement, for Pappy
Is summon'd to dinner at Kew ;
I'm alone, my dear Fred, but I'm happy,—
I'm thinking of you.

“I wish you were here ; were I duller
Than dull, you'd be dearer than dear,—
I am dress'd in your favourite colour,—
Dear Fred, how I wish you were here !
I am wearing my lazuli necklace,
The necklace you fastened askew !
Was there ever so rude or so reckless
A darling as you ?

“I want you to come and pass sentence
On two or three books with a plot :
Of course you know “Janet's Repentance :”
I'm reading Sir Waverley Scott,
The story of Edgar and Lucy,—
How thrilling, romantic, and true !
The Master,—his bride was a goosey,—
Reminds me of you.

“To-day, in my ride, I've been crowning
The Beacon whose magic still lures,
For up there you discoursed about Browning,—
That stupid old Browning of yours :
His verve and his vogue are alarming,
I'm anxious to give him his due ;
But, Fred, he's not nearly so charming
A poet as you.

" I have heard how you shot at the Beeches,
I saw how you rode Chanticleer,
I have read the reports of your speeches,
And echo'd the echoing cheer :
There's a whisper of hearts you are breaking,—
I envy their owners. I do !—
Small marvel that fashion is making
Her idol of you.

" Alas for the world, and its dearly
Bought triumph, and fugitive bliss ;
Sometimes I half wish I was merely
A plain or a penniless Miss :
But, perhaps, one is best with a measure
Of pelf ; and I'm not sorry, too,
That I'm pretty, because it's a pleasure,
My dearest, to you.

" Your whim is for frolic and fashion,
Your taste is for letters and art ;—
This rhyme is the common-place passion
That glows in a fond woman's heart :
Put it by in a dainty deposit
For relics,—we all have a few !
Some day, love, they'll print it, because it
Was written to you."

F. L.

ON FISHING.

A NUMBER of persons, aping Dr. Johnson, are prone to sneer at our sport upon the waters,—“a stick,” quoth they, “with a fly at one end and a fool at the other,”—and so the angler and his pastime are summarily dismissed by men who neither understand him nor his vocation. Were enemies of angling less ignorant they would be tolerant of the sport, for there is more in the art of fishing than meets the eye of a superficial observer; indeed, the mere catching of a basket of fish,—all the looker-on can see in the sport,—is perhaps the smallest part of the gratification derived from a day spent by the river-side, which an enthusiastic fisher has said is a recreation that ought only to be permitted to good men. As it is not given to every man to be an angler, neither is it given to some other men to be truthful interpreters of the pleasure and instruction that may be derived from a sport which has existed since the painted aborigines of early Britain transixed their fish with a bone spear.

Nothing that is very new can be said about the method of angling. It is an old-fashioned art, and is still pursued after the mode that prevailed when Isaak Walton wandered, rod in hand, in the flowery meads that border the river Lea. Anglers, like poets, must be born to their vocation. Many works, and some of them excellent books, have been written on the pastime,—about it, and in praise of it,—but no book that has been written, from Walton to Francis, will make an angler. Indeed the best anglers are those who have learned to fish from necessity. Vain man may encase his body in the regulation suit of Tweeds, and expend much money on the upholstery of the art, but he will never by so doing lure the speckled trout from its home in the waters. All the books he may read will not enable him to do this. The ragged gipsy from the hillside encampment, with an extemporised rod, to which may be fastened a bit of common string, with perhaps a bent pin to hook the fish, will do far more execution than a regiment of the guys who pretend they are fishers, yet wholly fail in their endeavours to deceive the fish; but then, angling to the gipsy is a necessity of life, and at an early age he learns instinctively where to find a trout, and how to get it into his possession. As in shooting there are battues, where the birds are frightened into flocks, and grounds where the pheasants are preserved into the veriest tameness, so in many places there are stretches of protected water well filled with fish, in order that certain people may

have an opportunity to think themselves mighty fishers. But one fish, however small, ingeniously lured from that water in which it had its natural home, is worth a basketful taken from a preserve where the animals are only stored for capture. In France the fishermen of Brittany sow their sea fishery grounds with cod roes to attract the sardine to their nets, but in Scotland the sailors can take sprats in millions without a lure of any kind. Men sit in a punt on the Thames delighted if after an hour or two's work they obtain a few dace or gudgeon, the water having been previously strewed with some kind of ground bait. That, of course, is not angling any more than shooting at a battue is sport. A salmon angler sneers at such fishers in the same way that a highland deer-stalker would sneer at "le sport" of an elaborately got up Frenchman shooting the little birds that chirrup in the Bois de Boulogne.

The true angler is a man of parts; he hath virtues which are either wanting in, or at any rate are not cultivated by, other men; he is endowed with the gifts of patience, endurance, and observation; he is slow to anger, and is full of resources; he is generally a man enjoying rude health, unselfish, careless of the pleasures that delight other men, and anything but the fool depicted by Dr. Johnson and his followers. We have a few extracts about angling in our commonplace-book, redacted from the utterances of men who have been great at luring the fish from the water. One of these is to the effect that fishing is one of the most healthy recreations that men can pursue. "The motion of the rod," says this writer, "gives to the whole body, but especially to the muscles of the breast, much strength and power." We have a suspicion that it is chiefly unsuccessful anglers, men who have failed in the art, that abuse it, much in the same way as men who fail to become great actors abuse Macready. "To be a successful salmon-fisher," we are told by another disciple of Walton, "involves a large amount of patience, perseverance, and strict attention to the minutiae of the art. A deficiency in one point, though you may be proficient in all other details, will cause a nullity of the whole." Good anglers are keen critics of details, and take a pleasure in attending personally to all those little things that dandy fishers get done by deputy. Your real fisher, too, has a soul above hunger; a crust of bread, a mouthful of cheese, and a dram, are all he wants, and even this small refreshment is unwillingly partaken of, if the fish be in a "taking" mood. Never mind; his fast converts into a feast the simplest of fare, hunger affords him a fine salad, the temporary rest given to the stomach is good for the constitution, and the decided change of scene from pent city to open country is a tonic that is worth travelling four or five hundred miles to obtain:—

"Though sluggards deem it but an idle chase,
And marvel men should quit their easy chair
The toilsome way and long, long league to trace,

Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life that bloated ease can never hope to share."

The mighty angler,—the triton among the minnows,—is undoubtedly he who tackles the great salmon of the Norwegian fiords, or the man who can run down, now and again, to the salmon rivers of Wales or Scotland; but as we cannot all be giants in the art, there must, we fancy, be fellows to represent "Patience in a punt, smiling at a perch." It is not the vocation of every man to sweep the Tay or the Severn, and now and again land a thirty-pound salmon. Great, very great indeed, is the difference between the active waters that flow amid the hills and dales of Scotland or Wales, and the sluggish and muddy streams that slowly meander through many of the flat meadows of England. They necessitate different kinds of angling, and by parity of reasoning different kinds of anglers; the fish also being different, taking on the impress of its peculiar food and habitation. But it is not meet for a member of the craft to sneer at his brethren, because they have not the chance of distinguishing themselves amid the mountains of the far north.

There are no doubt many good anglers frequenting the Thames,—men who ought not to be sneered at,—and we know that traditions are handed down among these fishers of mighty trout and other giant fishes that have been captured in that famous river; and some day the sport may be renewed,—some day, when the waters of the mighty stream are no longer polluted by the sewage of the towns near which it flows,—some day, when the salmon courses up the silent highway, and the artificially-bred trout and ombre chevalier sport in the purified waters. Then we shall see the old stuffed trout and perch of the "Angler's Arms" renewed, and have again, we sincerely hope, a race of Waltons wandering on the flowery meadows. We have fished a bit of the Thames water, and have taken an occasional pike, not to speak of abounding roach and barbel. There are fine haunts on the Thames for "the wolf of the waters," as that river pirate and cannibal the pike may be designated,—beautiful spots of deep, clear, and pellucid water, fringed with green verdure, where lies this terrible scourge of the river waiting for prey,—places that an innocent troutling or lazy perch deem all too beautiful to be inhabited by a devil. But the fiend is waiting there; and just when the trout is gambolling in fancied security, or the perch is lazily lunging at an opportune worm, the pirate dashes out of his lair and makes them prisoners. Considering that the Thames is so near St. Paul's, and so accessible to the inhabitants of a more than ordinarily populous city, it is wonderful that there are fish left in it. Most rivers that are near a city are quickly emptied of their finny population. It is wonderful indeed to find how populous with fish the Thames still is, especially in members of the carp family; in fact, the speciality of this great river, so far as anglers are concerned, is that it abounds in members of the carp

family. Perch, too, are tolerably plentiful, and jack as well, not to speak of the silver eel, and that host of minor fishes which scientific anglers only value as bait for the tritons of the scene. After all, Thames anglers are not so greedy for small fry as the pêcheurs who haunt the banks of the Seine about the Quay D'Auteil, to whom minnows or infantine fish of any kind are a godsend, to be quickly transferred to a frying-pan. Eels are angled for industriously in the Seine, or rather are groped for in the mud, and speedily,—having undergone that traditionary preparation which we have all heard about,—figure on the tables of the neighbouring cheap restaurants stewed in claret, or otherwise prepared to tempt the appetite. We have witnessed the great rapidity with which the business of angling and cooking is carried on in the little villages on the banks of the Seine; but still, although the twin operations of capture and cooking are quick enough, they do not nearly approach the rapidity of Lord Lovat's plan. This nobleman, it is said, used at certain seasons of the year to light a fire at the brink of a salmon leap at Kilmorack, on the river Beaulieu; and, placing upon it a kettle, quietly wait till a fish, in its laudable endeavours to reach the shallow upper streamlets, would precipitate itself into the boiling water, and in the space of twenty minutes or so become done to a nicety. Thus he enjoyed his salmon, as he thought, in perfection. We never tasted a fish so cooked, but we have more than once partaken of the veritable Tweed kettle, prepared, as was said, from a recipe handed down from the ancient monks of Melrose, who were, if tradition may be believed, extremely fond of good living:—

“The monks of Melrose made gude kail
On Fridays when they fasted;
Nor wanted they gude beef and ale,
As lang's their neighbours' lasted.”

The pretty kettle of fish just referred to is prepared by crimping the animal the moment it is captured and killed, when, after cleaning and cutting it into slices, it is boiled in a strong pickle or brine till it be thoroughly done; and then eaten, sans cérémonie, without any other relish than a portion of the sauce in which it has been boiled. It is a mistake to serve any rich sauce with this fish; the flesh is rich enough without any foreign condiment whatever. Another modern mistake is serving salmon on a napkin; it ought to be sent to the table in a deep dish with plenty of the water in which it has been boiled. A third mistake is in eating our salmon boiling hot: let the epicure try the fish after it is cold, and whenever possible boil a whole fish. A small salmon of from six to eight pounds, boiled whole, is very fine: before it is served, scrape off the scales,—never mind the unsightliness,—and don't fail to eat the skin,—it is excellent. Were it our cue to write in this article about the cooking of fish, instead of the catching of them, we could enlarge on the subject with satisfaction

to ourselves and profit to our readers ; but as our present business is with their capture rather than their cookery, we must pass on.

Coming back, then, to our proper work, we may assume that angling, "the contemplative man's recreation," as it has been called, no longer requires a defence on the score of cruelty. It is not now thought to be more the act of a butcher to kill a trout than to slaughter that pet poetic animal, the lamb. Even the ladies have ceased to talk sentiment on the subject ; in fact, they have begun to handle the rod themselves. Every now and then we hear or read of the feats of our lady salmon-killers. Last season a lady killed a thirty-five pound fish ; it took the lady, with the aid of a stalwart keeper, two hours to get it out of the water ; and this salmon was thought to be such a beauty that it was sent to the House of Commons as a present to the Speaker, and after being much admired by the right honourable gentleman and his friends, was "ordered to lie on the table." This lady would never, of course, think of killing a lamb with her own fair hands, but it is quite certain she did not think it cruel to kill her salmon. It is quite clear that, if lamb and grouse were never eaten, neither the one nor the other would ever be killed for table purposes ; no horrid and grizzled butcher would disturb the dreams of the little lambkin, nor would the crack of the death-dealing rifle bring its doom to the pheasant or the partridge. To man has been given dominion over the fowls of the air and the denizens of the deep, from the tiny minnow which the boy hooks with a pin, to the leviathan of the frozen seas, which is shot with a harpoon fired from a mortar ; and as the fish claims dominion over the flies that sport upon the stream and the worms which frequent the water, and as it kills them as often as it can, it is not for us to draw the line and curse at some particular bait because it seems cruel to use it.

Anglers' fishes,—the salmon and trout excepted,—cannot be said to possess much, if any, economic value. No man of taste who could obtain herrings or sprats would ever purchase roach or barbel. There was a time, however, when a fish-pond was an universal appanage of every country mansion-house ; and when carp, perch, or trout, or some other well-known fish, obtained from home water-preserves, or from some stream flowing through the estate, figured on the dining-table, made palatable by expensive cookery ; and in the grounds of our old abbeys and monasteries there was invariably, in the olden time when such institutions flourished, a fish stew. The monks, it is proverbial, were fond of good living, and many a fine trout and fat carp, it is easy to believe, graced their fast-day refectations. Now country gentlemen do not require a fish-pond, because the express train whirls down a turbot or cod fish that was living and in the sea a few hours before it was deposited, daintily packed in a wicker fish creel, at their porters' lodges. To some persons the sea fish named prove a grateful change from the constant salmon, for even that fish, when too often

partaken of, is not relished ; *toujours perdrix* has become a proverb, —*toujours saumon* has been exclaimed before now, not only by country gentlemen, but by peasant boys and ploughmen, who, once upon a time, were accustomed to turn up their noses at fish food which has of late years become a dainty solely to set on rich men's tables. Long ago every hind living near a salmon water claimed the right of angling in it, and most of the class were smart fishers. It is instructive to note the change of habit among the people that has made salmon fashionable and consequently dear. We hope it will not be thought dreadfully heretical if we say, like the ploughman of old, that it would be distasteful to us to be compelled to eat salmon three times a week. Strange as fashionable folks may think it, we relish a prime haddock boiled in sea water, or a fine salt herring, far more than the venison of the waters,—just as we prefer a hind leg of a well-fed black-faced sheep to a haunch of venison. All this is no doubt dreadfully unfashionable, but it is our true taste nakedly exposed to the reader.

Another heresy of ours is, that for genuine sport,—for affording an enjoyable day's angling,—the trout is by far a better fish than the salmon. Indeed, it is the angler's fish par excellence. We know of no better reward for an industrious fisher than a dozen or two of trout ranging in weight from a few ounces to a pound and a half. A well-proportioned trout of twelve or eighteen ounces is indeed a prize for the best angler. Salmon angling is very expensive,—so expensive that it can only be enjoyed by the wealthy. It is rather annoying to be required to pay perhaps a sovereign a day for the right of angling on a stretch of salmon water, and have in addition to surrender your take of fish to the lessee of the stream who grants you permission to fish. Many gentlemen now go to Norway in order to enjoy the sport of salmon-fishing in perfection, which, however, can still be had in Scotland, where there is also excellent trout-fishing for many months in the year. In the large lakes of Scotland there are very gigantic trout ; there are especially the great trout of Loch Awe,—*salmo ferox*,—which grow to very large dimension. We have more than once helped to kill a twenty-pounder. The *salmo ferox* is found in most of the larger Scottish lochs, and is a thoroughly game fish ; it fights to the death, and, as an angling friend of ours says, scarcely knows when it is dead. It has been found more than once to free itself from the line, and then again seize the same bait with which it was taken before with greater voracity than ever. This monster of the lakes is a dreadful cannibal, preying extensively on smaller fish living in the same waters. We know well enough that an occasional fine trout has been taken out of the Thames and other English rivers,—as, for instance, the splendid fish taken near Kingston in Surrey by a banker, which weighed ten pounds, and was thirty inches long ; but as the trout is, par excellence, the angler's fish, so is Scotland, par excellence, the land of the trout. For trout angling, in all its most enjoyable

aspects, men must assuredly journey north of the Tweed. And once in "the land of brown heath and shaggy wood,"—away far from the populous city,—there is a wealth of water rich in fish, which generally speaking is free to anglers, who may, as a rule, fish for trout in any river they like; and there are hundreds of streams which a London angler would find worthy of a visit. We do not mean on the beaten paths which are now so well known to all fishers, such as the land of Tibby Shiels, or rather the water of lone St. Mary's, and the adjoining rivers and burns. Even in Scotland, distant as some of the streams are from the busy haunts of men, they have been somewhat over-fished; and although trout are not exactly scarce on some of the rivers, still that fish is not so plentiful as it used to be when, as a boy,—say thirty-five years ago,—we saw two men in the course of a forenoon fill a good-sized washing-tub with trout lured from a Dumfriesshire burn. In Scotland efforts are being made to introduce the grayling as an angler's fish, and we have had in our possession several fine specimens of considerable size taken from the Clyde, where it is now becoming rather plentiful. It may interest English anglers to know that we have in Scotland one or two peculiar fish, which must, we think, have been introduced pisciculturally like the grayling, such as the vendace, which, however, is so shy that it cannot be called an angler's fish. Quantities of this fish are taken once or twice a year by means of a net, in order that the people round about may hold a vendace feast, and have a little jollification. It is a fish that is confined only to one place, and that is the water of Lochmaben in Dumfriesshire. There is also in Scotland the far-famed and "marrowless" Loch Leven trout,—another of those mysteries of the piscine world which no fellow can understand. It is very accessible, and affords tolerable sport to the angler, who requires, however, to hire a boat to fish from. In our opinion lake fishing is not nearly so exciting as river angling; the fish have not the same scope for resistance as they have in a river or brook, where they can dart from bank to brae, and easily obtain a hiding-place; but the lake fish are of course much larger than burn trout, and Loch Leven trout are as a rule as costly, if not more so, than early salmon, and a profitable trade in these trout has existed for more than half a century. The fish of this far-famed loch, in which stands the prison-castle of Mary Stuart, are both rich in colour and fine in flavour, which is of course the result of a peculiar feeding ground. The run of Loch Leven trout at present average a pound per fish. We have seen one hundred fish weigh ninety-nine pounds. The vendace cannot for a moment be compared gastronomically with Loch Leven trout, which are delightful when plain boiled in well-salted water, or when baked in a slight paste. It is thought by some connoisseurs that Loch Leven trout have deteriorated in flavour since the lake was partially drained; but we know no difference,—their flavour to us is as delightful as it was thirty years ago.

It is surprising that steps have not been taken long ago to augment the supplies of these trout. Artificial breeding has, we know, been talked about; and a suite of ponds, as a trout nursery, might be easily constructed on the banks of Queich. The powan of Loch Lomond is rarely taken by the angler, like the vendace. It is not an angler's fish, but is worth capturing as a curiosity. There is no lack of fishes in that Queen of Lochs; indeed, the angler may consider himself in clover when he reaches this district of Scotland, for he is near all the best kinds of fishing with which the country abounds,—from minnow to salmon.

Scotland has been metaphorically called the Land o' Cakes,—it might as well have been called the Land of Fish. It is a country abounding in lochs and streams, mountain burns, hillside rivulets, and gigantic waters like the Tay. Scotland too, may be described as the trout fisher's Dorado,—that fish being the stock in trade of its lochs and rivers. It is useless, however, to expect good fishing in the neighbourhood of towns and cities; but is there not the railway or the steamboat to carry away the anglers to far-off solitudes, where nature, with all her pristine charms, is ready to fascinate the visitor? The land of the mountain and the flood, the land of Walter Scott, the land of cakes, the home of the salmon and the trout,—what can the traveller or the angler desire more?

“ Their groves of green myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon long glen of green breckan,
With the burn stealing under the long yellow broom!”

Scotland, as all northern anglers are aware, yields a very large share of the salmon which are brought every year to the London market. Very few of these commercial fish, however, are procured by angling, most of them being captured in a wholesale way by means of the net and cobble; but a goodly number of salmon are still caught by the rod, especially at the beginning and the end of the season. There are one or two Scottish societies of socially inclined fishers that rent a cottage and a stretch of water on the Tweed, to which they can proceed during the season in order to enjoy a day or two's angling, and there are other fishing clubs besides. We, however, prefer Tay as an angling stream, and consider its salmon superior to those of Tweed, and the former river has the advantage of not being infested by the bull trout, a fish which has already exterminated the salmon of some rivers, and is now playing havoc in Tweed. Anglers coming from England purely for fishing purposes, should at once get away north,—or south, if they prefer that route. Let the Thames fisher who is desirous of seeing sport in the far north put himself at St. Katherine's Wharf on board the Dundee steamboat. Arrived at Dundee, let him then go on to Perth, and as he is there at any rate, he should not forget to visit the salmon nursery at Stormont-

field, which is interesting both in a scientific and commercial aspect; firstly, because it has largely aided in the solution of several important problems in the natural and economic history of the salmon, which need not be detailed here, and secondly, because the operations carried on at these ponds have demonstrated that the cultivation of salmon on a fixed plan is worthy of commercial support because it pays. But what our angler is recommended to do is to get away at once to what may be called the angling districts of the Tay and its tributaries. True, at Stormontfield, or about Scone Palace, he may see Peter Marshall, the nurse of the young salmon, "Peter of the pools," "coaching" a brace of new beginners in a cobbie, on an active part of the water. See how deftly Peter zigzags too and fro across the rapid stream, telling his pupils how to comport themselves, anon changing a fly, than taking a leetle pull at the youngest gentleman's flask of very still Glenlivet. Many a salmon has Peter helped out of the water. As we look and listen there comes a double flop on the stream, and we obtain just for an instant a brief glimpse of an immense salmon,—that is to say, it looks immense, for we can see no definite boundaries to it, as it dashes into the water. Peter tells the novice, who looks frightened and is shaky, to give it plenty of line, and the fish rushes off with dreadful rapidity, Peter rapidly directing what is to be done next. The line seems more than once in danger of snapping, as the fish darts from side to side of the water, dashing at one time clean out of the river, and getting pulled back by the awkwardness of the angler. Peter manages the boat with great skill, so as to humour the fish to the top of its bent. After a game fight, lasting over half an hour, a very nice eighteen-pound fish is lifted clean out of the water with a landing net, and Peter, wiping his brow, takes a pull at the flask with much relish, and exclaims, "Hech, sirs, but we've got her at last!" There is some free salmon angling on the Tay, which at times yields a few fish; and in the neighbourhood of Perth and Dunkeld there are plenty of accessible trout streams where one may angle all the live long day, and no one will ask, what doest thou?

As has been already hinted, salmon angling is desperate hard work; men have been known before now to hook a fish, play it for two hours, and then lose it! A well-known Scottish editor got so excited in playing a fish that he jumped into the water nearly up to the neck, and drowned a leading article for his journal, which happened to be in the pocket of his breeches! but he secured his salmon. We prefer, as we have said, the gentler exercise of trout fishing, and whilst friends have fought a day on the Tay for the venison of the waters, and gone home very tired and unrewarded, we have filled our basket with prime trout from the Shockie or the Isla. Laying aside our own tastes and prejudices, and looking upon the salmon as being the monarch of anglers' fishes, a brief sketch of the economy of a salmon

stream may not prove uninteresting to fishers, or, at any rate, to those that like to read about fish. It is not long since grave apprehensions were entertained that salmon would be altogether extirpated from our rivers. Most of the large English streams were without fish of any kind,—even the mud-loving eel had been poisoned by the numerous impurities that manufactories have introduced into our rivers. The rental of the Tweed had fallen to a fourth of what it was at one time, the Tay was being ruined by stake nets, and the Solway by overfishing, and the fish that were left in those rivers that had not been polluted by an overflow of chemicals, were gradually becoming smaller, and, of course, lighter; the heavy ones being speedily captured, and the young ones not allowed time to attain a great size. The quick modes of carriage that came into use, the facilities afforded by railroads for reaching the larger seats of population, as well as the high price obtained for salmon from the dealers of London and elsewhere, served, and still serves, indeed, to spur the tenants of the fisheries into the greatest activity, inducing them not to allow a single fish to reach the spawning grounds in the upper waters,—where they would be most accessible to some anglers,—if they can possibly prevent it from ascending. Many years ago, when there was only a local demand both for salmon and sea fish, the idea of a failure of the supplies was never for a moment entertained either by proprietors or fishers; the fish were then plentiful enough to be “dirt cheap,”—a penny a pound weight being the common price in the neighbourhood of nearly every salmon stream. It was at one time attempted to carry salmon from Scotland to London alive in welled vessels, but as the fish killed themselves attempting to escape, that plan had to be given up as impracticable; the moment it was ascertained, however, that salmon could be carried to great distances if packed in ice, and be found in tolerably good condition at the end of the journey, the price rose to such a figure as put an end for ever to the grievance of those farm servants and apprentices who were determined not to eat that fish oftener than twice a week.

The enormous fecundity of fishes,—some of them yield their eggs in millions, and most of them in tens of thousands,—has given anglers and others the idea that it is impossible to affect the supplies by any amount of fishing. The female salmon yields eggs at the rate of one thousand for every pound of her weight. A fish of twenty pounds, as a general rule, yields twenty thousand eggs. As regards the productiveness of a salmon river, the question to be solved is, not how many eggs the fish produce, but how many eggs arrive at the stage of table fish, or, in other words, grow to be salmon of say twenty pounds weight. Well, we have the authority of Sir Humphrey Davy for saying that out of the 17,000 ova which each female salmon on an average annually deposits, only 800 in ordinary circumstances come to perfection. Some fishery economists do not allow that such

a large number ever grow to be table fish, and perhaps Sir Humphrey did not mean that the number specified by him became table fish, but merely that they were hatched into life. One writer on this part of the salmon question thinks that only one per cent. of the eggs emitted by the mother fish attain to the point of perpetuating their kind. The destruction of eggs and young fish must therefore be enormous. Large quantities of the eggs, it is known, never come in contact with the milt, and so they perish. Countless numbers of the ova are carried away by the floods into unsuitable places, and they too perish. Then, again, numerous fish-cannibals are waiting at the spawning-beds to feast on the appetising roe; the thousands so eaten cannot be calculated, but so they perish. The young fish, again, are always in danger; and although a river may be positively swarming with young salmon, comparatively speaking, only very few of them ever live to reach the salt-water; all kinds of fresh-water monsters are constantly extorting tribute from the shoal. The smolt slaughter which occurs when the juvenile army reaches the sea is awful. Hordes of large sea-fish are always in waiting in the estuaries at the period of migration, instinctively aware of the feast that is in store for them. That only a very small percentage of the young salmon which go down to the sea as smolts ever return as grilse is obvious. Yet that large quantities of grilse are still left is also obvious from the fact that tens of thousands of these fish are annually killed; indeed, the fishery-lessee is the greatest enemy of the young salmon. It has been shown very conclusively that grilse are young salmon that have not spawned. Then why kill them? It is surely the worst possible economy to kill these virgin fish before they have at least one opportunity of perpetuating their kind. If we were to kill all our lambs, for instance, where should we obtain our mutton? As a well-known angler has said in speaking of the salmon-fisheries, "The conduct of salmon-proprietors is as rational as high-farming with the help of tile-drains, liquid-manure, and steam-power would be for the purpose of eating corn in the blade."

Were it possible for some of our anglers who have a turn for arithmetic to take the census of any large salmon river, it would be found that by far the largest proportion of the fish were very young, not perhaps over four years old. Anglers have read of the enormous salmon of former days, the sixty and seventy-pounders that figure in various works of natural history, but we seldom see such fish now—forty-pounders are even very scarce. The great bulk of the salmon now taken are under twenty pound weight. The demand is so great that time cannot be allowed for growth. In fact, in this high-pressure age, nothing is allowed to grow old. If we want old wine, it has to be manufactured expressly for us, and as for getting a morsel of old cheese, our grocer says it is hopeless.

A river, however large, can only feed and breed a given quantity

of salmon. As anglers well know, when fish are very plentiful in a stream, they are often lean and poor in flavour. The fish population of such a river as the Tweed must be very large. Indeed, we know that it is, or at least has been, for, in the quinquennial period between 1841 and 1845, as many as 18,000 salmon, 81,000 grilse, and 69,000 bull trout were taken from it; and it would not be too much to say, that as many were left behind as were taken—not counting either parr or grilse. Two of the most essential elements of a first-rate salmon or trout water are breeding-ground for the old fish and feeding-ground for the young ones. Without good spawning places, the destruction of ova will be vastly greater than has been indicated, and without good feeding-ground the fish won't thrive. The condition of the proprietors of head-waters has been much improved by recent legislation. They deserved a great deal of sympathy; they had at one time to give their share of the river almost, as one might say, gratis, to the lower proprietors, as a nursery for their benefit. They were deprived of their sport of angling, because the few fish that were allowed to ascend the waters were not in a state to afford the angler any satisfaction. It was a hard case for the upper water and tributary stream men, that they could receive no consideration for the valuable privilege they afforded to the owners of the commercial fisheries on the lower waters, except a few baggit fish. Full justice will never be done to the upper proprietors till some new plan of working our salmon rivers be hit upon. Were each river worked as if it belonged to one man,—like the Spey,—were the workings of salmon rivers, in fact, made co-operative instead of competitive, there would be a greater chance of justice being done to all the proprietors.

It will be good news for all anglers to learn that pisciculture is extending itself. Messrs. Martin and Gillone, of Tongland, the lessees of the Dee salmon-fisheries in Kirkcudbrightshire,—where, by-the-bye, there is excellent salmon or trout angling at a moderate fee,—have carried it on successfully and on a considerable scale for some years; and in Galway, Mr. Ashworth, since he began the plan of artificial rearing, has increased the produce of his fisheries tenfold. We are instructed by an eminent salmon-farmer, who is too modest to allow us to give his name, that in considering the effect of any practical amount of artificial propagation as compared with the natural process adopted by the parent salmon itself, it is requisite to estimate, firstly, the quantity of ova that a given number of fish annually caught in any river may have deposited in the previous year; and, secondly, the number of years required to produce an average stock of fish varying in weight from six to thirty pounds each. It is rather difficult to fix the average weight of fish caught in various rivers, but the annual number killed may be taken to be, in some salmon rivers, twenty thousand fish. Experience enables us to

arrive at the conclusion that it requires four years to produce marketable fish—from the egg—of the average weight of seven pounds each. The twenty thousand fish annually caught may vary in size from six to thirty pounds, then again, in spite of the general rule referred to, various fish produce different numbers of ova. A fish of twenty pounds weight has been found to contain nearly twenty-seven thousand eggs, whilst another weighing fourteen pounds would only yield seven thousand eggs. Taking large and small together, it may be assumed that twenty thousand fish had visited their breeding-ground the previous year, and that one-half were females that produced seven thousand eggs each, in other words, that seventy millions of eggs had been left in the rivers annually, and had produced one marketable fish to every three thousand five hundred eggs. This large quantity of seventy millions of fish eggs annually deposited in a river whose produce of marketable salmon only amounts to twenty thousand fish, appears to be a very extraordinary estimate, and leads one to ask what becomes of the surplus?

The Stormontfield breeding boxes and ponds have now been greatly enlarged, so that the proprietors will be able to have an annual breeding, and thus pour into the Tay every year four or five hundred thousand fish! The primary conditions of salmon life, living, space, and spawning ground, are,—as all who have angled on that river will testify,—to be found in perfection in the Tay. Mr. Ramsbottom, the pisciculturist, says of this river that it is one of the finest breeding streams in the world, and that it would be presumption to limit the number of salmon that might be raised in it were the river cultivated to its capabilities. The main stream has a very large volume of water, and having many tributaries, there is such ample breeding-ground and such an abundance of fish, that if the wonder-working Stormontfield boxes were to throw an annual million of salmon into the river there would still be room enough for all. This is of importance, because a river will only hold a certain population. The sea has ample food for all the salmon kind that visit its deep waters, and as the fish return to the river fat in flesh and rich in flavour, it is not difficult to guess that the food they obtain is rich in quality and abundant in quantity. It is not likely, either, that the food which the ocean affords to the fish will vary much in its quality, but it is well known that the food supplied by some rivers is much less nourishing than that of other waters. The young fish of one river grow fast and have a fine flavour, whilst those of another river are slow of growth and are lean and comparatively flavourless. In one river a fish of a particular age will weigh nine pounds, but a fish of the same age in a different stream will be a pound or two lighter. Even in the same stream, fish of the same age will at different stages of their growth be found to weigh very differently. Anglers ought to note such facts as these with more exactitude than they generally do.

Were the proprietors of the Severn to enter into pisciculture, say to have a suite of boxes and ponds capable of turning into the main water a million of smolts per annum, and were they to co-operate so as to have only one or perhaps two fishing stations instead of fifty, they would undoubtedly solve the grand problem of how best to conduct a salmon fishery on a large scale. They would, of course, have to guard more and more against the pollution of the stream and its tributaries. The salmon is a dainty animal, and cannot exist except in the cleanest waters. The filthy Clyde has no salmon, neither has the Thames. Other rivers, as many of our anglers are aware, have become depopulated of salmon, and still more of them are likely to suffer from want of fish, unless they become purged of the filth that is allowed to flow into them. This is a consequence of the rapid rise of manufactories on the banks of waters which were at one time strictly pastoral streams. The question of river pollution is intimately associated with the occupation of the angler. The home of the fish should be pure, and living fish in a stream is the best test of its purity. The future of angling is so bound up in the purification of our waters that we claim permission to illustrate this part of our subject without waiting for the report of the Commissioners who have been appointed to take evidence on the state of our rivers. Alas ! our streams are not now what they were a quarter of a century ago ; some of them are but highways for the passage of all kinds of filth, dead dogs and cats,—putrid and smelling,—chemical wash, and the abounding liquid refuse of towns, by some uneconomic maladroitness sent to the river that ought to have been kept bright and pellucid, in order to supply the inhabitants with water ! In giving evidence before the Commissioners now inquiring into the state of our rivers, the Mayor of Wakefield told how in his young days he had seen the river Calder full of roach and perch, and now not a fish can live in it, nor did his honour think that the water of that river could be made fit to drink by any chemical process whatever. The proprietary of a stream would have also to look after the poachers ; for poaching, which was at one time purely a recreation, when the men in the neighbourhood of a salmon river only killed fish for their personal wants, is now a business, and a loathsome business too, seeing that the trade is chiefly in foul fish. The killing of spawning fish used to be,—it is happily a diminishing practice,—a great cause of hurt to the fisheries. Were the proprietors of any given river to co-operate, there is no doubt but that they could make that river an enormously profitable speculation. What is to hinder a body of anglers from leasing a stream and cultivating it as a salmon farm ? They could so regulate the take of fish as to keep out of the market when there was likely to be a glut, and, by employing one or two servants of their own, they could obtain the profit made by the usual twenty or thirty lessees ; they could also regulate and greatly extend their close

time, so that an abundant number of fish would be enabled to reach the spawning grounds, which would still further enhance the value of the property. "Routine," as Dr. Esdaile says, "is as fatal to fish as to men, and so torpifies the understanding that self-interest even is insufficient to stimulate to take a simple step in advance in a new direction." The river Spey may be cited as an example of what can be done by good management. It has been told in Parliament, by the Duke of Richmond in person, that the profits of that river, which is mostly his own, were over twelve thousand pounds per annum. To put the case in a stronger way, or as Mr. Russell puts it in his work on "The Salmon," "the weight of salmon produced by the Spey is equal to the weight of mutton annually yielded to the butcher by each of several of the smaller counties of Scotland." And the value of a salmon farm is still greater than that of a mutton farm, because there is no cost price of stock to put down, no food to purchase. As Benjamin Franklin has it, fishes are "bits of silver pulled out of the water." Common fishes may be represented by silver, but the salmon must be represented by good red gold. In the spring time of the year a twenty-five pound salmon on a Bond Street counter may be estimated at seven pounds ten shillings sterling. To conclude this part of our subject, we say that the Spey being providently managed as the property of one man, although it yields a greatly less number of fish than the Tweed, is far more profitable; and while the Tweed at one time was fished till the middle of October, the Spey closed in August, thus affording a long rest to the breeding fish, and ensuring the success of future seasons.

The reader may think that we are too partial to Scotland, with its lordly salmon and sport-yielding trout, and that we ought not to slight Wales, which some anglers describe as a perfect paradise. We have never fished there, but believe there is really as fine sport to be obtained in the principality, as there is in Cumberland and Westmoreland, where the lakes teem with trout and char. Men who visit these places during their few weeks of yearly holiday, and enjoy the sport they afford in temperance, may for a time "throw physic to the dogs." All we say is, that for real angling the sportsman must leave behind him the baited waters of the Thames, and the dace and chub which have hitherto made him happy, and take to the hills and dales of Scotland and Wales, and the capture of the trout and the salmon. Of course each angler has his own peculiar tastes, his likes and dislikes, both as to the rivers in which he prefers to fish, and the kinds of fish he prefers to take. We prefer an angling competition on Lochleven, but many will prefer "the Hoxton Derby." One man thinks any fish but the salmon below his notice; another man will prefer to angle in the broads of Norfolk, whilst many an enthusiastic fisher has to be contented with an hour or two's permissive sport on the ornamental water of the London parks. Exclusives, again, hie themselves away

to the fiords of Norway. In fact, anglers are being driven abroad because of the foul state of many of our own rivers.

Whilst the polluted rivers are being purified, and arrangements are being made to throw on to the hungry land that debris of the numerous mills and manufacture which would so enrich the soil, why should not men angle in the sea? We have over and over again tried sea-fishing as a sport and can pronounce it excellent. We have speared mullet in the basin of Arcachon, we have caught single herrings in the bay of Wick, we have killed saithe in the Clyde, we have handled a smelt net on the coast of Holland, we have taken mackerel in Largo Bay, we have "howked" for eels in the broads of Norfolk, have netted whitebait below Woolwich, caged lobsters at the Orkney Islands, "trotted" for whelks everywhere, dug sand eels from the banks of Fisherrow, dredged for oysters at the Pandores, caught sea trout at Lamlash, handled gobies at Joppa, seen a shoal of pilchards landed in the south of England, participated in the cod fishing at the Well-bank, taken parr wholesale out of the Isla, at the Brig o' Riven, and viewed a whale-hunt in the Frith of Forth! Therefore, we can vouch that sea-fishing has in it all the elements of sport,—and it will yet become fashionable! Does not the Duke of Argyll occasionally relieve the tedium of his intellectual pursuits by going out to the Loch Fyne herring fishery, and do we not know a noble Marquis who brings in his fish in the herring season, and sells his "take" on the quay at Dunbar? The angling apparatus required by sea-anglers too, is of the simplest kind, and is generally provided by those who have boats for hire in the villages of the coast. There are places on the English sea-board where this kind of sport may be pursued with the greatest possible success, and after a thoroughly economic manner. It is no joke to play a thirty-pound cod fish, and a large conger eel will try the powers of the most stalwart man we know. Crab fishing among the rocks is good sport, and the spearing of flat fish is not altogether devoid of excitement. Many a pleasant hour might be spent on the glancing waters of the sea in search of the minor monsters of the deep.

In penning the foregoing remarks we have not attempted to dogmatize or dictate in the matter of angling. Nor have we ventured to deal in the slang of the art, or to impart instruction to the novice. As we have hinted, angling cannot be effectively learned from a book. Practice is the one thing needful. A student would learn more from a day passed with Francis, Stewart, or Russell, than he can ever hope to learn from the books of these gentlemen, good as they are. Angling, as all the world knows or should know, was one of the chief recreations of Christopher North. He has described his work on the rivers with the enthusiasm of a keen fisher, but he says,—and we believe him,—that he never learned the art from books. In fact, the very best anglers cannot write. We knew a great angler living on the

banks of Till who could not sign his name ; yet he knew more about fish and fishing than all the writing anglers of the age. Persons about to angle for the first time should get a practised friend to "coach" them, and they should commence in a quiet and humble way, and they can begin on any "bit" of water that is within reach. They need not invest in an expensive salmon rod till they have been a few years at the business ! Try the worm to begin with. The art of fly fishing will come in good time. New modes of angling are difficult to find out. There are experts who, every year, invent and manufacture new flies, many of them being very unlike anything ever seen in nature. But after all that can be said or done, what the angler desires is a load of fish. Indeed, the crave for fish with some men is so insatiable that they are not too particular as to how they take them. Let them but fill their baskets, never mind the *modus operandi*. Other anglers, again, will treat with contempt all modes of fishing but fly fishing. Worm fishing to some is contemptible. Such cognoscenti are great in rods and tackle ; they have the slang of the art at the end of their tongue ever ready for use ; but we like the quiet fisher best. He is more deadly at the business, and, as has been already hinted, the gipsy will beat most of our anglers in obtaining fish, and that too with the humblest kind of apparatus. Angling can at least be praised for this,—that, like fox-hunting, it is a purely recreative sport. It can never become, except to a very few, a business or trade ; neither can it ever become a business for betting on, such as is horse-racing. We cannot charge our recollection with ever having seen as much as one shilling change hands on a bet about fishing.

Some anglers hold that their year does not commence till May,—that they cannot fish till they find the May fly upon the water ; while others, more determined for sport, are on the river side early in April, and keen salmon fishers will have a pull at the monarch of the brook in February. Again, there are enthusiasts who will be at work before the end of January. These are like the gouty man in the well-known engraving. They would angle in a tub in their dining-room rather than not fish ! Men who never obtain their annual holidays till August or September, or who do not live near a river, do not obtain the full pleasure of the angler, however fond they may be of the sport. The country, to our mind, is more beautiful in May than at any other season of the year ; the leaves are greener, the water is more crystalline, the birds chirrup more cheerfully on the trees, and the fish, after a stormy winter, "feed" with greater willingness than at the fall of the year. Happy is the angler who is able to pursue his vocation during the balmy springtime, when the surrounding scenery is surpassing in its beauty, and fresh from the easel of the sublimest of all painters—Nature.

BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.

BRITISH rule in India has been placed upon its trial. A few pregnant words that fell from the thoughtful lips of Lord Cranborne have led to an official inquiry into the comparative advantages and disadvantages of British supremacy in that vast dependency of the English Crown. At first sight the question may seem to be important rather from a sentimental than from a practical point of view, and to belong rather to the province of speculative essayists than to that of governors and statesmen. To certain minds, too, it will appear a foregone conclusion that a Government founded on the just, liberal, and enlightened principles which characterise British domination in every quarter of the globe, must necessarily be preferable to the tyranny, caprice, and extortion of Asiatic despotism. A very little consideration, however, will show that there is a good deal to be said on the other side; that the drawbacks to an administration by foreigners are many and grievous; that our European civilisation harmonises but ill with Eastern traditions, usages, habits, modes of thought, feeling, and action.

In the first place, it is well to bear in mind the various steps by which the conquest of India was accomplished. English people generally speak of our Indian Empire as if it had sprung up like Jonah's gourd, or been built by genii, in a single night. They forget that it was the work of a century—that exactly one hundred years intervened between the Sepoy War and the Battle of Plassey—that the valour of our troops and the intrigues of our statesmen would have failed to achieve such a mighty consummation, had the native princes laid aside for a time their mutual jealousies, and made common cause against the common enemy. The story of our Indian conquests is, in many parts, little more than an illustration of the old fable of the horse that called in the aid of man to enable him to overcome the stag. Our allies not unfrequently suffered at our hands quite as much as our enemies. Subsidiary alliances paved the way to ultimate absorption or annexation, and the supplicant of yesterday became the pensioner of the morrow. The advance from Fort William to Peshawur was not the onward rush of a mighty wave, which sweeps away every barrier, levels the high places, fills up the hollows, and leaves a flat, monotonous waste, whereon to build palaces and plant gardens. It was rather the slow, stealthy, tortuous movement of the serpent, that seeks to avoid obstacles and shuns all hostile encounter,

and only flies at its opponent under the influence of fear and in self-defence. The country and the people remain but slightly changed from what they were a hundred years ago, when the provinces of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa passed into the hands of the British. The improvements we have so zealously, so conscientiously, yet so injudiciously laboured to introduce, lie all upon the surface, and have taken no root, for seed and soil were alike unsuited to each other. The very thinnest veneer has been laid over the native teak—so thin that it warps, and cracks, and splinters if taken into every-day use.

When first the English traders ventured to depart from their strictly mercantile character, and to assume that of territorial proprietors, India was broken up into numerous rival states, each hoping to overcome its neighbour by the help of the foreign adventurers, potent in arms and skilled in warfare. The Mogul still nominally wielded the paramount power, but his satraps rendered him scant homage and obedience, and were more intent upon their own schemes of personal aggrandisement than careful to uphold the majesty of the Mongol dynasty. Oudh was governed by a Nawab-Wuzeer, as ready to wage war upon his sovereign as to do him service in the field. The fertile provinces of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa were administered by another Mohammedan viceroy, who soon became a mere puppet in the hands of the English. The Deccan was ruled in kingly style by the Nizam, who made treaties with whom he pleased, and broke them when it suited him. His neighbour was the Mohammedan upstart, Hyder Ali, who had usurped the government of the Hindoo State of Mysore. Yet more powerful and independent than these Moslem princes were the great leaders of the Mahratta Confederacy, the Peishwah, Scindiah, Holkar, and the Rajah of Nagpore. The Rajpoot chiefs were sovereign princes, each in his own principality. The Sikhs were a name of power far away in the north-west. Cashmere and Nepaul were lands of poetry and romance. Sindh, so far as the English were concerned, was scarce even a geographical expression. Mohammedan or Mahratta, Sikh or Hindoo, every race alike was ever ready to make war upon each other. The baronial feuds of England or of France in the middle ages were there reproduced on a gigantic scale. The highest prizes in the lottery of human life were to be won by boldness or by wile. The first of the Gaekwars was a herdsman, the ancestor of Scindiah carried the slippers of the Peishwah, Holkar rose from the Sudra caste, Hyder Ali was a trooper, and somewhat of a freebooter. There was little security for life or limb, and still less for property. Wealth had its pleasures and its privileges, but it also invited pillage, and was often the prelude to torture and a violent death. The peasants were little thought of, though at times a lordly proprietor would distribute largesses with lavish hand, in celebration of a wedding or the birth of an heir; and upon the whole their material condition was probably

not inferior to that of English labourers of the same period. Warriors and priests were naturally the most favoured classes, as pandering to the passions, the power, the superstitions, and the vanity of rulers and adventurers. But amid all these elements of confusion and strife, that mysterious link was recognised which unites all the peoples of a country as by a blood relationship. The old enmity between the conquered Hindoos and their Mohammedan masters had greatly abated. The former had risen to posts of honour and emolument, especially in the financial department, while the latter had in many ways assimilated themselves with their subjects, notably in the matter of caste. Nor was there any wide difference in manners and social usages. The same patriarchal familiarity of address existed among the followers of the Arabian lawgiver and the worshippers of Brahma or of Buddha. Neither the one nor the other was troubled with a "mission." They cared not for proselytes, they vexed not each other with tentative and piecemeal legislation, they bestowed not a thought upon the intellectual or spiritual amelioration of the masses. And yet they founded schools and colleges, they constructed observatories, they erected temples and mosques of surpassing grandeur and loveliness, they brought water to thirsty lands, and, so far as we know, charged nothing for irrigation: the Government was a father, not an usurer. The lot of the inhabitants was rudely chequered with good and evil, but hope was ever at hand to gild the dark hues of adversity. The husbandman whose hut was burnt down, whose yoke-oxen were driven off, whose small store of grain was rifled or destroyed, consoled himself with the thought that his turn might come on the morrow, and that, as Holkar had been as poor and humble as himself, he might yet be as great and powerful as Holkar. There was compensation on all sides. There was some oppression, but there was much enjoyment. Justice might be uncertain, but was never tardy. The police might not be always vigilant, but neither were they always vexatious. India, in short, belonged to the Indians.

By skilfully availing themselves of the mutual jealousies and dissensions of the native princes, Clive, Warren Hastings, and the Marquis Wellesley, laid, broad and deep, the foundations of the Anglo-Indian empire; while their successors, by open war or covert wile, gradually built up the towering and stately edifice, not less the object of envy to Continental nations, than of pride to Englishmen. Were mankind moved more by reason than by passion and sentiment, the people of India could not do otherwise than rejoice at the change from an unstable, vicarious, and capricious mode of government, to a system that holds prince and peasant as equal before the law, that affords impartial protection to person and property, that maintains peace, and fosters plenty throughout the length and breadth of the land. Men, however, are neither mere

machines nor seraphim. They cling to old associations, to the customs of their forefathers, to the prejudices of youth, to ancient tradition—whether religious, political, or social—and, above all, to national independence. It may be true that nationality, as we understand the word, did not exist in the pre-English era—at least, it was inapplicable to India as a whole, though each fragment had a nationality of its own. Thus, the Mahrattas were, so to speak, a nation; the Sikhs likewise; the Rajpoots, most decidedly; the Mysoreans, the Bengalees, the people of Oudh, were all distinct nations. It is the British Government that has effaced these distinctions, and bestowed a certain homogeneity upon the most heterogeneous agglomeration of peoples on the face of the globe, not even excepting the Austrian Empire. This process of fusion will, no doubt, prove ultimately in the highest degree beneficial to the various populations of India, though fraught with the elements of extreme peril to the permanence of British supremacy. For the rest, the question accidentally mooted by Lord Cranborne, and so heartily taken up by Sir John Lawrence, is by no means one of recent suggestion. From the earliest days of British rule grave doubts have been entertained and expressed by those best qualified to form a correct opinion, as to the personal contentment and happiness of the people under their new masters. In a letter to the Secret Committee of the Board of Directors, dated Fort St. George, April 22, 1799, Lord Mornington, in reporting the discovery of the plot at Benares to restore Wuzeer Ali to the viceroyalty of Oudh, to favour Zeman Shah's project of invasion, and to expel the English from India, remarks:—

“You will observe that the persons concerned in this treason are almost exclusively Mohammedans, and several of them of high rank. It is a radical imperfection in the constitution of our establishments in India, that no system appears to have been adopted with a view either to conciliate the good-will, or to control the disaffection, of this description of our subjects, whom we found in possession of the Government, and whom we have excluded from all share of emolument, honour, and authority, without providing any adequate corrective of those passions incident to the loss of dignity, wealth, and power.”

Not more favourable was Lord William Bentinck's opinion of the policy pursued by the British:—

“In many respects,” he said, “the Mohammedans surpassed our rule; they settled in the countries which they conquered; the interests and sympathies of the conquerors and conquered became identified. Our policy, on the contrary, has been the reverse of this—cold, selfish, and unfeeling: the iron hand of power on the one side, monopoly and exclusion on the other.”

This cold reserve, this want of sympathy, is at the bottom of our unpopularity in Europe as well as in India. We pride ourselves something overmuch on not carrying our hearts upon our sleeves; by so

doing we may escape, indeed, the pecking of the daws, but we also lose the billing of the doves. The benefits conferred upon the peoples of India have been destitute of all graciousness in the manner of their bestowal. We have given lordly gifts, but with a lordly air of haughty superiority. We bear ourselves towards the natives as if they were children or semi-barbarians, notwithstanding the monuments of an advanced, if peculiar, civilisation which meet us at every turn. We do not even trouble ourselves to consider whether the boons we bestow are suited to the recipients. We make no allowance for difference of ideas, of early training, of hereditary feelings and prejudices, and then complain of ingratitude because our favours are sometimes received as insults, and our blessings as if they were curses. This over-haste to reform the natives of India according to our own model, was denounced well-nigh half a century ago by Sir John Malcolm, than whom few men have ever enjoyed a more familiar acquaintance with the people of that country.

"We may lay it down as a first principle," he writes, in his work on Central India, "that no system can be good that is not thoroughly understood and appreciated by those for whose benefit it is intended. The minds of men can never be tranquillised, much less attached, until they are at repose regarding the intentions of the authority under which they live, which they never can be till all classes see and comprehend its principles of government. If our system is in advance of the community, if it is founded on principles they do not comprehend, and has forms and usages adverse to their habits and feelings, we shall experience no adequate return of confidence and allegiance. To secure these results we must associate ourselves with our subjects. . . . We are not called upon to lower ourselves to their standard, but we must descend so far from the real or supposed eminence on which we stand as to induce them to accompany us in the work of improvement. Great and beneficial alterations in society, to be complete, must be produced within the society itself; they cannot be the mere fabrication of its superiors, or of a few who deem themselves enlightened."

Unhappily, the natives of India, even at this day, fail to understand the disinterestedness of our motives in labouring to place them on a par with European nations in practical knowledge and material well-being. Do what we will, say what we will, every innovation is suspected to be a mine driven under their ancient religion. The sole object and purpose of the British Government, as they steadfastly believe, is to make Christians of them all; that is, to defile and render them impure on earth, and to deprive them of all hope of bliss hereafter. Nor is it surprising that they should be disquieted in their minds when they contemplate the incessant alterations that are introduced into every department of the Government. There is nothing permanent, nothing complete. The legislative results of one season are rendered null and void by the amendments of the ensuing one. There is a perpetual making and repealing of laws and regulations. One year the natives are assured that such a measure is passed for their present and lasting benefit, and the very next year it is cancelled to

make way for a fresh experiment. This danger, too, was foreseen by Sir John Malcolm.

"I consider," he writes in his "Instructions," "and the opinion is the result of both experience and reflection, that all dangers to our power in India are slight in comparison with those which are likely to ensue from our too zealous efforts to change the condition of its inhabitants, with whom we are yet, in my opinion, but very imperfectly acquainted. A person who entertains such sentiments as I do on this question, must appear the advocate of very slow reforms; but, if I am so, it is from a full conviction that anything like precipitation in our endeavours at improvement is likely to terminate in casting back those we desire to advance; on the contrary, if, instead of overmarching, we are content to go along with this immense population, and to be in good temper with their prejudices, their religion, and usages, we must gradually win them to better ways of thinking and of acting. The latter process, no doubt, must be one of great time; but its success will be retarded by every hasty step."

A more shrewd observer, and certainly a greater statesman, than Sir John Malcolm, equally deplored the combined ignorance and precipitancy manifested in the feverish, spasmodic, impulsive system of legislation pursued by the British Government. In a minute "On the State of the Country and the Condition of the People," dated Dec. 31, 1824, Sir Thomas Munro made the following remarks:—

"We proceed in a country of which we know nothing as if we knew everything, and as if everything must be done now, and nothing could be done hereafter. We feel our ignorance of Indian revenue and the difficulties arising from it; and, instead of seeking to remedy it by acquiring more knowledge, we endeavour to get rid of the difficulty by precipitately making permanent settlements, which relieve us from the troublesome task of minute or accurate investigation, and which are better adapted to perpetuate our ignorance than to protect the people."

What follows is still more pertinent to the object of this paper:—

"Though we cannot eradicate corruption, we may so far restrain it as to prevent it from causing any serious injury to the public interest. We must, for this purpose, adopt the same means as are usually found most efficacious in other countries; we must treat the natives with courtesy, we must place confidence in them, we must render their official situations respectable, and raise them in some degree beyond temptation, by making their official allowances adequate to the support of their station in society. With what grace can we talk of our paternal government if we exclude them from every important office, and say, as we did till very lately, that in a country containing fifteen millions of inhabitants no man but a European shall be entrusted with so much authority as to order the punishment of a single stroke of a rattan. Such an interdiction is to pass a sentence of degradation on a whole people, for which no benefit can ever compensate. There is no instance in the world of so humiliating a sentence having ever been passed upon any nation. The weak and mistaken humanity which is the motive of it, can never be viewed by the nation as any just excuse for the disgrace inflicted on them by being pronounced to be unworthy of trust in deciding on the petty offences of their countrymen. . . . Our books alone will do little or nothing: dry, simple literature will never improve the character of a nation. To produce this effect, it must open the road to wealth, and honour, and public employment. Without the prospect of such reward, no attainments in science will ever raise the character of a people. . . . The ruling vice of our

Government is innovation, and its innovation has been so little guided by a knowledge of the people, that, though made after what was thought by us to be mature discussion, it must appear to them as little better than the result of mere caprice. . . . One of the greatest disadvantages of our Government in India is its tendency to lower or destroy the higher ranks of society, to bring them all too much to one level, and, by depriving them of their former weight and influence, to render them less useful instruments in the internal administration of the country."

Thus, clearly and succinctly, did Sir Thomas Munro indicate the weak points in our armour, and point out the only remedy. If in the case of the European officials it had been twice judged expedient to raise their salaries to place them above temptation, it was surely not less necessary in like manner to strengthen the probity of native magistrates educated in a less severe code of public honour and private morality. Instead of this, the allowances of natives in the Government service were calculated on the lowest scale, and barely sufficed for subsistence. In Sullivan's "Remarks on the Affairs of India," it is stated that in the year 1852 there were in the Madras Presidency upwards of 200 European officials whose salaries ranged from £300 to £6,000 a year, and some twenty natives drawing from £5 to £800 per annum. In Bengal, out of a population of nearly forty millions, there were only 105 natives whose salaries amounted to £360 a year, while there were 321 Europeans whose incomes varied from £600 to £6,000. It implies, however, an entire misapprehension of the Oriental temperament and character to suppose that a native official is content with a salary upon which a European would starve. His table expenses, indeed, may be small, but the proper maintenance of his dignity in the eyes of his neighbours demands a large expenditure upon "pomp and circumstance." Money he must have, by fair means or foul, and, knowing this, it is unjust and unreasonable to place him in the way of temptation without the safeguards that are deemed requisite in the case of a European, and then to expect stainless impeccability. Bishop Heber, an upright and charitable man, saw and admitted the hardship of the situation.

"Much evil," observed the worthy prelate, "arises in India from the insufficient manner in which the subaltern native servants of Government are paid. In the case of the town duties, a toll-keeper, through whose hands the dues of half a district pass, receives as his own share three rupees a month! For this he has to keep a regular account, to stop every boat or hackery, to search them in order to prevent smuggling, and to bear the abuse and curses of all his neighbours. What better could be expected from such a man but that he should cheat both sides, withholding from his employers a large portion of the sums which he receives, and extracting from the poor country people, in the shape of presents, surcharges, expedition and connivance money, a far greater sum than he is legally entitled to demand?"

Sir Charles Metcalfe, a very high authority on Indian matters, was of opinion that native agency should be more extensively employed,

that the natives should receive full credit for the work that was really done by them, instead of the merit being ascribed to their European superiors, while only failures were assigned to themselves. The system then, and still pursued, was characterised by that clear-headed statesman as "deplorable," and the real cause both of "the inefficiency of the European and the corruption of the native."

"The main evil of our system," we read in a memorandum from the fluent pen of Sir Thomas Munro, "is the degraded state in which we hold the natives. We suppose them to be superstitious, ignorant, prone to falsehood, and corrupt. In our well-meaning zeal for their welfare we shudder at the idea of committing to men so depraved any share in the administration of their own country. We never consider that their superstition has little or no influence on their public conduct; that individuals, and even whole nations, the most superstitious and credulous in supernatural concerns, may be as wary and sceptical in the affairs of the world as any philosopher can desire. We exclude them from every situation of trust and emolument; we confine them to the lowest offices, with scarcely a bare subsistence; and even these are left in their hands from necessity, because Europeans are utterly incapable of filling them. We treat them as an inferior race of beings. Men who, under a native Government, might have held the first dignities of the State, who, but for us, might have been governors of provinces, are regarded as little better than menial servants, are often no better paid, and scarcely permitted to sit in our presence. We reduce them to this abject state, and then we look down upon them with disdain, as men unworthy of high station. Under most of the Mohammedan princes of India the Hindoos were eligible to all the civil offices of Government, and they frequently possessed a more important share in them than their conquerors."

This matter of "sitting in our presence" may possibly appear a small grievance in the eyes of practical, prosaic Englishmen, but it wears a very different aspect in the eyes of a sensitive, punctilious people, brooding over wrongs far other than imaginary, and habitually subjected to slights at the hands of beardless boys and vulgar-minded seniors of an alien race. The Government, aware how little they could confide in the natural courtesy and true gentlemanly feeling of their European officers, formally recognised the right of native commissioned officers to sit in the presence of their brothers-in-arms of the dominant race. And yet this simple grace is so frequently evaded, that Bishop Heber notices the fact in his "Journal," and remarks that "men of old families are kept out of their former situation by this and similar slights; and all the natives endeavour to indemnify themselves for these omissions on our part by many little pieces of rudeness, of which I have heard Europeans complain as daily increasing among them." In this respect the old French adventurers in the North-West Provinces acted with far greater propriety. The "easy and friendly intercourse in which they lived with natives of rank" was favourably remembered long after their downfall, and contrasted with the boorish reserve and supercilious demeanour of their English successors. The French were spoken of in Bishop Heber's time as "often oppressive and ava-

ricious, but as of more conciliating and popular manners than the English sahibs. Many of them, indeed, had completely adopted the Indian dress and customs, and most of them were free from that exclusive and intolerant spirit which makes the English, wherever they go, a caste by themselves, disliking and disliked by all their neighbours." "We are not guilty," the good bishop goes on to say, "of injustice or wilful oppression; but we shut out the natives from our society, and a bullying, insolent manner is continually assumed in speaking to them." In truth, insults are far less easy to forgive than injuries. At the same time, no one would desire to see our countrymen in India lay aside the costume of their race, or adopt the customs and ideas of the people among whom their lot is temporarily thrown. The position of the French adventurers was very different. They were there not by right of conquest, but by sufferance; they were not masters, but mercenaries; and, as such, were unburdened by any higher responsibility than that of rendering faithful service to their employers. It may be fairly doubted if the natives of India would be the gainers by the exchange of French for British rule. Sir Thomas Munro, indeed, questioned the superior advantage to the natives of being subject even to the latter, in preference to remaining under their own princes.

"The strength of the British Government," he observes, in that nervous English of which he was, perhaps, an unconscious master, "enables it to put down every rebellion, to repel every foreign invasion, and to give to its subjects a degree of protection which those of no native Power enjoy. Its laws and institutions also afford them a security against domestic oppression unknown in those States. But these advantages are dearly bought. They are purchased by the sacrifice of independence, of national character, and of whatever renders a people respectable. The natives of the British provinces may, without fear, pursue their different occupations, as traders, *meerassidars*, or husbandmen, and enjoy the fruits of their labour in tranquillity; but none of them can aspire to anything beyond this mere animal state of thriving in peace. . . . There is, perhaps, no example of any conquest in which the natives have been so completely excluded from all share of the government of their country as in British India. Among all the disorders of the native States, the field is open for every man to raise himself; and hence among them there is a spirit of emulation, of restless enterprise, and independence, far preferable to the servility of our Indian subjects. The existence of independent native States is also useful in drawing off the turbulent and disaffected among our native troops."

In the course of the half-century that has elapsed since the above remarks were made, momentous changes have been effected by the right of conquest, and by the "Right of Lapse." Sattara and Nagpore have been absorbed, Oudh has been annexed, the Punjab conquered, Sindh seized by a robber's hand, Mysore appropriated. Some of the Rajpoot and Cis-Sutlej States are, indeed, nominally independent, as are also the territories of Scindiah, Holkar, and the Gaekwar; but none of these any longer afford a field for enterprise, or an opening for genius and valour. The sphere of employment,

indeed, within the British provinces, has been greatly enlarged since the days of Lord Hastings and Sir Thomas Munro, though the door is still closed against native military talent. The bar, the bench, the revenue and magisterial departments, the Legislative Council itself, are now all accessible to natives. A native has been received within the covenanted, and once exclusive, branch of the Civil Service, and is consequently eligible for the highest offices of the State. The government of a province, more extensive than great Britain, may one day be entrusted to him. And yet no native may hope in the military service to attain the virtual rank, responsibility, and authority of an English ensign. Every encouragement is given to the pursuits of commerce; book-learning is sure of honours and emolument; plagiarism, and a slavish imitation of European ideas and sentiments, are certain to achieve higher reward than real merit or originality; but for men of action there is no career whatever. Men of large views, of a noble ambition, of talents and character that raise them above their fellows, are condemned to fret and fume, and waste their lives in ignoble sloth or more ignoble sensuality. Instead of conciliating these leading spirits, instead of interesting them in the durability of our empire, instead of making them the very bulwarks of our power, we keep them in obscurity, we treat them with contumely, we convert them into our bitterest enemies. No tall poppy may hope to thrive and raise its head on high in our Indian garden. Not even the so-called Independent States are permitted to encourage freedom of thought and boldness of action. The British Government undertakes to protect the rulers of these States against all comers, against all enemies from within or from without, and thus perpetuates, as formerly in Oudh, tyranny, exaction, and gross debauchery, until an opportunity occurs of availing itself of the state of things produced or maintained through its intervention, as an excuse for dethroning the prince and declaring the forfeiture of his country and people. The inevitable consequence of this jealous, ungenerous system of government is, as Sir Charles Metcalfe never wearied of reiterating, that we have no root in the country, and are entirely dependent on our military superiority. And that superiority has now to be demonstrated by the actual presence of an overwhelming force of European breach-loaders and Armstrong guns. It will no longer suffice to trust to prestige. "Our greatest danger," Sir Charles Metcalfe observed in 1838, "is not from a Russian invasion, but from the fading of the impression of our invincibility from the minds of the natives of India. . . . We have ceased to be the wonder that we were to the natives; the charm that once encompassed us has been dissolved, and our subjects have had time to inquire why they have been subdued." They have also acquired a more definite knowledge of our power and resources. "I am not alarmed at what I see of the force and resources of the

Company, but at what is unseen," said Hyder Ali ; but that vague, shadowy, mysterious impression of remote and apparently inexhaustible power has been gradually effaced by a more exact acquaintance with prosaic facts. The natives are beginning to perceive that however strong may be our internal means of defence, our aggressive power is no longer so formidable as it used to be ; not so much from any diminution of material strength as from the growth of Parliamentary influence and the adoption of a higher standard of international honour and morality. They have also come to understand that much of our ancient success was owing to their own dissensions and intrigues. On this point there is nothing to be added to the following extract from Sir John Malcolm's "Instructions," which sums up the whole question in a few comprehensive sentences :—

"The want of union of the natives appears one of the strongest foundations of our power ; it has certainly contributed, beyond all others, to its establishment. But when we trace this cause, we find it to have originated in the condition in which we found India and the line we adopted towards its inhabitants. That it will continue to operate when the condition of that country is changed, and under any alteration in our course of proceedings, is more than can be assumed. The similarity of the situation of the great proportion of the people of this continent, now subject to our rule, will assuredly make them more accessible to common motives of action, which is the foundation of all union ; and the absence of that necessity for conciliation which times have effected will make us more likely to forget its importance. Our power has hitherto owed much to a contrast with misrule and oppression ; but this strength we are daily losing. We have also been indebted to an indefinite impression of our resources, originating in ignorance of their real extent : knowledge will bring this feeling to a reduced standard. We are supported by the good opinion of the lower and middling classes, to whom our Government is indulgent ; but it has received the rudest shocks from an impression that our system of rule is at variance with the permanent continuance of rank, authority, and distinction in any native of India. This belief, which is not without foundation, is general to every class, and its action leaves but an anxious and feverish existence to all who enjoy station and high name ; the feeling which their condition excites, exposes those who have any portion of power and independence to the arts of the discontented, the turbulent, and the ambitious ; this is a danger to our power which must increase in the ratio of its extent, unless we can counteract its operation by a commensurate improvement of our administration."

Much may depend upon the ultimate success of the great experiment that is now being made in Oudh. Should the advantages of administering the country through the agency of the native aristocracy be proved by actual experience to be as incontestable as they appear to be to many of the more thoughtful and impartial Anglo-Indians, there can be no valid reason for withholding the boon from the other provinces subject to British sway. By commingling more freely and frankly with natives of rank and influence, the English magistrates and rulers will work far more effectually towards raising the moral tone of society than any number of schoolmasters and professors by expounding *Rasselas* or proposing Sir Roger de

Coverley as the type of a high-minded Zemindar. That the germs of future power, wealth, and happiness are being prepared for the natives of India by the species of ordeal through which they are passing, can hardly be denied. The development of the spirit of nationality is, perhaps, the most beneficial as well as the most magnanimous means of securing to the people of India, after the termination of the British supremacy, whatever advantages they are supposed to be enjoying while under it. It is only too certain, that were the British troops to evacuate the peninsula within the life of the present generation, their departure would be the signal for wars and commotions from the mountains of Afghanistan to the Bay of Bengal, from Mount Everest to Rama's Bridge. Before the last soldier was embarked, the Sikhs would be over the border on their march to Delhi; Holkar and Scindiah would be grappling for the Mahratta mastery; the Nizam's Arabs and Rohillas would be scouring the rich table land of Mysore,—everywhere bloodshed, devastation, and misery. But, if ever Hindoo and Mohammedan, Sikh, Bengalee, Rajpoot, and Mahratta could be brought to sink their mutual feuds and jealousies in an aspiration for one common fatherland, if they could be taught the advantages of union, of one general interest, one commonwealth, our mission would then have been fulfilled; and in restoring India to herself we should earn the respect of our contemporaries, the admiration of posterity, and the grateful attachment of the people we had elevated to the dignity of a nation. But there is much to be done before that grand consummation be attained. There is much to be done, and much to be left undone. We must cease to vex and harass the natives by our ceaseless manufacture of Acts and Regulations. We must learn to let well alone. We must think more of opening up the country, of constructing roads, canals of navigation and irrigation, tanks and aqueducts, of diffusing a practical knowledge of science as applied to mechanics, of imparting the elements of social and political economy, of teaching the universal brotherhood of mankind. On the other hand, we may repose from our missionary labours, we may relinquish the hopeless task of engrafting European ideas upon an Asiatic stock, we may forbear to force upon our Eastern fellow-subjects a civilisation unsuited to their nature, and which, even in our own land, is the privilege of the few. To conclude, in the words of Sir John Malcolm, "let us calmly proceed in a course of gradual improvement; and when our rule ceases, for cease it must (though probably at a remote period), as the natural consequence of our success in the diffusion of knowledge, we shall, as a nation, have the proud boast that we have preferred the civilisation to the continued subjection of India. When our power is gone, our name will be revered; for we shall leave a moral monument more noble and imperishable than the hand of man ever constructed."

PHINEAS FINN, THE IRISH MEMBER.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FINN FOR LOUGHTON.

By three o'clock in the day after the little accident which was told in the last chapter, all the world knew that Mr. Kennedy, the new Cabinet Minister, had been garrotted, or half garrotted, and that that child of fortune, Phineas Finn, had dropped upon the scene out of heaven at the exact moment of time, had taken the two garroters prisoners, and saved the Cabinet Minister's neck and valuables,—if not his life. "Bedad," said Laurence Fitzgibbon, when he came to hear this, "that fellow'll marry an heiress, and be Secretary for Oireland yet." A good deal was said about it to Phineas at the clubs, but a word or two that was said to him by Violet Effingham was worth all the rest. "Why, what a Paladin you are! But you succour men in distress instead of maidens." "That's my bad luck," said Phineas. "The other will come no doubt in time," Violet replied; "and then you'll get your reward." He knew that such words from a girl mean nothing,—especially from such a girl as Violet Effingham; but nevertheless they were very pleasant to him.

"Of course you will come to us at Loughlinter when Parliament is up?" Lady Laura said the same day.

"I don't know really. You see I must go over to Ireland about my re-election."

"What has that to do with it? You are only making out excuses. We go down on the first of July, and the English elections won't begin till the middle of the month. It will be August before the men of Loughshane are ready for you."

"To tell you the truth, Lady Laura," said Phineas, "I doubt whether the men of Loughshane,—or rather the man of Loughshane, will have anything more to say to me."

"What man do you mean?"

"Lord Tulla. He was in a passion with his brother before, and I got the advantage of it. Since that he has paid his brother's debts for the fifteenth time, and of course is ready to fight any battle for the forgiven prodigal. Things are not as they were, and my father tells me that he thinks I shall be beaten."

"That is bad news."

"It is what I have a right to expect."

Every word of information that had come to Phineas about Lough-

shane since Mr. Mildmay had decided upon a dissolution, had gone towards making him feel at first that there was great doubt as to his re-election, and at last that there was almost a certainty against him. And as these tidings reached him they made him very unhappy. Since he had been in Parliament he had very frequently regretted that he had left the shades of the Inns of Court for the glare of Westminster; and he had more than once made up his mind that he would desert the glare and return to the shade. But now, when the moment came in which such desertion seemed to be compulsory on him, when there would be no longer a choice, the seat in Parliament was dearer to him than ever. If he had gone of his own free will,—so he told himself,—there would have been something of nobility in such going. Mr. Low would have respected him, and even Mrs. Low might have taken him back to the friendship of her severe bosom. But he would go back now as a cur with his tail between his legs,—kicked out, as it were, from Parliament. Returning to Lincoln's Inn soiled with failure, having accomplished nothing, having broken down on the only occasion on which he had dared to show himself on his legs, not having opened a single useful book during the two years in which he had sat in Parliament, burdened with Laurence Fitzgibbon's debt, and not quite free from debt of his own, how could he start himself in any way by which he might even hope to win success? He must, he told himself, give up all thought of practising in London and betake himself to Dublin. He could not dare to face his friends in London as a young briefless barrister.

On this evening, the evening subsequent to that on which Mr. Kennedy had been attacked, the House was sitting in Committee of Ways and Means, and there came on a discussion as to a certain vote for the army. It had been known that there would be such discussion; and Mr. Monk having heard from Phineas a word or two now and again about the potted peas, had recommended him to be ready with a few remarks if he wished to support the Government in the matter of that vote. Phineas did so wish, having learned quite enough in the committee-room up-stairs to make him believe that a large importation of the potted peas from Holstein would not be for the advantage of the army or navy,—or for that of the country at large. Mr. Monk had made his suggestion without the slightest allusion to the former failure,—just as though Phineas were a practised speaker accustomed to be on his legs three or four times a week. "If I find a chance, I will," said Phineas, taking the advice just as it was given.

Soon after prayers, a word was said in the House as to the ill-fortune which had befallen the new Cabinet Minister. Mr. Daubeny had asked Mr. Mildmay whether violent hands had not been laid in the dead of night on the sacred throat,—the throat that should have been sacred,—of the new Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; and had expressed regret that the Ministry,—which was, he feared,

in other respects somewhat infirm,—should now have been further weakened by this injury to that new bulwark with which it had endeavoured to support itself. The Prime Minister, answering his old rival in the same strain, said that the calamity might have been very severe, both to the country and to the Cabinet ; but that fortunately for the community at large, a gallant young member of that House,—and he was proud to say a supporter of the Government,—had appeared upon the spot at the nick of time ;—“As a god out of a machine,” said Mr. Daubeny, interrupting him ;—“By no means as a god out of a machine,” continued Mr. Mildmay, “but as a real help in a very real trouble, and succeeded not only in saving my right honourable friend, the Chancellor of the Duchy, but in arresting the two malefactors who attempted to rob him in the street.” Then there was a cry of “name ;” and Mr. Mildmay of course named the member for Loughshane. It so happened that Phineas was not in the House, but he heard it all when he came down to attend the Committee of Ways and Means.

Then came on the discussion about provisions in the army, the subject beeing mooted by one of Mr. Turnbull's close allies. The gentleman on the other side of the House who had moved for the Potted Peas Committee, was silent on the occasion, having felt that the result of that committee had not been exactly what he had expected. The evidence respecting such of the Holstein potted peas as had been used in this country was not very favourable to them. But, nevertheless, the rebound from that committee,—the very fact that such a committee had been made to sit,—gave ground for a hostile attack. To attack is so easy, when a complete refutation barely suffices to save the Minister attacked,—does not suffice to save him from future dim memories of something having been wrong,—and brings down no disgrace whatsoever on the promoter of the false charge. The promoter of the false charge simply expresses his gratification at finding that he had been misled by erroneous information. It is not customary for him to express gratification at the fact, that out of all the mud which he has thrown, some will probably stick ! Phineas, when the time came, did get on his legs, and spoke perhaps two or three dozen words. The doing so seemed to come to him quite naturally. He had thought very little about it beforehand,—having resolved not to think of it. And indeed the occasion was one of no great importance. The Speaker was not in the chair, and the House was thin, and he intended to make no speech,—merely to say something which he had to say. Till he had finished he hardly remembered that he was doing that, in attempting to do which he had before failed so egregiously. It was not till he sat down that he began to ask himself whether the scene was swimming before his eyes as it had done on former occasions ;—as it had done even when he had so much as thought of making a speech. Now he was

astonished at the easiness of the thing, and as he left the House told himself that he had overcome the difficulty just when the victory could be of no avail to him. Had he been more eager, more constant in his purpose, he might at any rate have shown the world that he was fit for the place which he had presumed to take before he was cast out of it.

On the next morning he received a letter from his father. Dr. Finn had seen Lord Tulla, having been sent for to relieve his lordship in a fit of the gout, and had been informed by the Earl that he meant to fight the borough to the last man;—had he said to the last shilling he would have spoken with perhaps more accuracy. “You see, doctor, your son has had it for two years, as you may say for nothing, and I think he ought to give way. He can’t expect that he’s to go on there as though it were his own.” And then his lordship, upon whom this touch of the gout had come somewhat sharply, expressed himself with considerable animation. The old doctor behaved with much spirit. “I told the Earl,” he said, “that I could not undertake to say what you might do; but that as you had come forward at first with my sanction, I could not withdraw it now. He asked me if I should support you with money; I said that I should to a moderate extent. ‘By G——,’ said the Earl, ‘a moderate extent will go a very little way, I can tell you.’ Since that he has had Duggen with him; so, I suppose, I shall not see him any more. You can do as you please now; but, from what I hear, I fear you will have no chance.” Then with much bitterness of spirit Phineas resolved that he would not interfere with Lord Tulla at Loughshane. He would go at once to the Reform Club and explain his reasons to Barrington Erle and others there who would be interested.

But he first went to Grosvenor Place. Here he was shown up into Mr. Kennedy’s room. Mr. Kennedy was up and seated in an arm-chair by an open window looking over into the Queen’s garden; but he was in his dressing-gown, and was to be regarded as an invalid. And indeed as he could not turn his neck, or thought that he could not do so, he was not very fit to go out about his work. Let us hope that the affairs of the Duchy of Lancaster did not suffer materially by his absence. We may take it for granted that with a man so sedulous as to all his duties there was no arrear of work when the accident took place. He put out his hand to Phineas, and said some word in a whisper,—some word or two among which Phineas caught the sound of “potted peas,”—and then continued to look out of the window. There are men who are utterly prostrated by any bodily ailment, and it seemed that Mr. Kennedy was one of them. Phineas, who was full of his own bad news, had intended to tell his sad story at once. But he perceived that the neck of the Chancellor of the Duchy was too stiff to allow of his taking any interest in external matters, and so he refrained. “What does the doctor say about it?”

said Phineas, perceiving that just for the present there could be only one possible subject for remark. Mr. Kennedy was beginning to describe in a long whisper what the doctor did think about it, when Lady Laura came into the room.

Of course they began at first to talk about Mr. Kennedy. It would not have been kind to him not to have done so. And Lady Laura made much of the injury, as it behoves a wife to do in such circumstances for the sake both of the sufferer and of the hero. She declared her conviction that had Phineas been a moment later her husband's neck would have been irredeemably broken.

"I don't think they ever do kill the people," said Phineas. "At any rate they don't mean to do so."

"I thought they did," said Lady Laura.

"I fancy not," said Phineas, eager in the cause of truth.

"I think this man was very clumsy," whispered Mr. Kennedy.

"Perhaps he was a beginner," said Phineas, "and that may make a difference. If so, I'm afraid we have interfered with his education."

Then, by degrees, the conversation got away to other things, and Lady Laura asked him after Loughshane. "I've made up my mind to give it up," said he, smiling as he spoke.

"I was afraid there was but a bad chance," said Lady Laura, smiling also.

"My father has behaved so well!" said Phineas. "He has written to say he'll find the money, if I determine to contest the borough. I mean to write to him by to-night's post to decline the offer. I have no right to spend the money, and I shouldn't succeed if I did spend it. Of course it makes me a little down in the mouth." And then he smiled again.

"I've got a plan of my own," said Lady Laura.

"What plan?"

"Or rather it isn't mine, but papa's. Old Mr. Standish is going to give up Loughton, and papa wants you to come and try your luck there."

"Lady Laura!"

"It isn't quite a certainty, you know, but I suppose it's as near a certainty as anything left." And this came from a strong Radical Reformer!

"Lady Laura, I couldn't accept such a favour from your father." Then Mr. Kennedy nodded his head very slightly and whispered, "Yes, yes." "I couldn't think of it," said Phineas Finn. "I have no right to such a favour."

"That is a matter entirely for papa's consideration," said Lady Laura, with an affectation of solemnity in her voice. "I think it has always been felt that any politician may accept such an offer as that when it is made to him, but that no politician should ask for it."

My father feels that he has to do the best he can with his influence in the borough, and therefore he comes to you."

"It isn't that," said Phineas, somewhat rudely.

"Of course private feelings have their weight," said Lady Laura. "It is not probable that papa would have gone to a perfect stranger. And perhaps, Mr. Finn, I may own that Mr. Kennedy and I would both be very sorry that you should not be in the House, and that that feeling on our part has had some weight with my father."

"Of course you'll stand?" whispered Mr. Kennedy, still looking straight out of the window, as though the slightest attempt to turn his neck would be fraught with danger to himself and the Duchy.

"Papa has desired me to ask you to call upon him," said Lady Laura. "I don't suppose there is very much to be said, as each of you know so well the other's way of thinking. But you had better see him to-day or to-morrow."

Of course Phineas was persuaded before he left Mr. Kennedy's room. Indeed, when he came to think of it, there appeared to him to be no valid reason why he should not sit for Loughton. The favour was of a kind that had prevailed from time out of mind in England, between the most respectable of the great land magnates, and young rising liberal politicians. Burke, Fox, and Canning had all been placed in Parliament by similar influence. Of course he, Phineas Finn, desired earnestly,—longed in his very heart of hearts,—to extinguish all such Parliamentary influence, to root out for ever the last vestige of close borough nominations; but while the thing remained it was better that the thing should contribute to the liberal than to the conservative strength of the House,—and if to the liberal, how was this to be achieved but by the acceptance of such influence by some liberal candidate? And if it were right that it should be accepted by any liberal candidate,—then, why not by him? The logic of this argument seemed to him to be perfect. He felt something like a sting of reproach as he told himself that in truth this great offer was made to him, not on account of the excellence of his politics, but because he had been instrumental in saving Lord Brentford's son-in-law from the violence of garrotters. But he crushed these qualms of conscience as being over-scrupulous, and, as he told himself, not practical. You must take the world as you find it, with a struggle to be something more honest than those around you. Phineas, as he preached to himself this sermon, declared to himself that they who attempted more than this flew too high in the clouds to be of service to men and women upon earth.

As he did not see Lord Brentford that day he postponed writing to his father for twenty-four hours. On the following morning he found the Earl at home in Portman Square, having first discussed the matter fully with Lord Chiltern. "Do not scruple about me," said Lord Chiltern; "you are quite welcome to the borough for me."

"But if I did not stand, would you do so? There are so many reasons which ought to induce you to accept a seat in Parliament!"

"Whether that be true or not, Phineas, I shall not accept my father's interest at Loughton, unless it be offered to me in a way in which it never will be offered. You know me well enough to be sure that I shall not change my mind. Nor will he. And, therefore, you may go down to Loughton with a pure conscience as far as I am concerned."

Phineas had his interview with the Earl, and in ten minutes everything was settled. On his way to Portman Square there had come across his mind the idea of a grand effort of friendship. What if he could persuade the father so to conduct himself towards his son, that the son should consent to be member for the borough? And he did say a word or two to this effect, setting forth that Lord Chiltern would condescend to become a legislator, if only his father would condescend to acknowledge his son's fitness for such work without any comments on the son's past life. But the Earl simply waived the subject away with his hand. He could be as obstinate as his son. Lady Laura had been the Mercury between them on this subject, and Lady Laura had failed. He would not now consent to employ another Mercury. Very little,—hardly a word indeed,—was said between the Earl and Phineas about politics. Phineas was to be the Saulsby candidate at Loughton for the next election, and was to come to Saulsby with the Kennedys from Loughlinter,—either with the Kennedys or somewhat in advance of them. "I do not say that there will be no opposition," said the Earl, "but I expect none." He was very courteous,—nay, he was kind, feeling doubtless that his family owed a great debt of gratitude to the young man with whom he was conversing; but, nevertheless, there was not absent on his part a touch of that high condescension which, perhaps, might be thought to become the Earl, the Cabinet Minister, and the great borough patron. Phineas, who was sensitive, felt this and winced. He had never quite liked Lord Brentford, and could not bring himself to do so now in spite of the kindness which the Earl was showing him.

But he was very happy when he sat down to write to his father from the club. His father had told him that the money should be forthcoming for the election at Loughshane, if he resolved to stand, but that the chance of success would be very slight,—indeed that, in his opinion, there would be no chance of success. Nevertheless, his father had evidently believed, when writing, that Phineas would not abandon his seat without a useless and an expensive contest. He now thanked his father with many expressions of gratitude,—declared his conviction that his father was right about Lord Tulla, and then, in the most modest language that he could use, went on to say that he had found another borough open to him in England. He was going to stand for Loughton, with the assistance of Lord Brentford,

and thought that the election would probably not cost him above a couple of hundred pounds at the outside. Then he wrote a very pretty note to Lord Tulla, thanking him for his former kindness, and telling the Irish Earl that it was not his intention to interfere with the borough of Loughshane at the next election.

A few days after this Phineas was very much surprised at a visit that was made to him at his lodgings. Mr. Clarkson, after that scene in the lobby of the House, called again in Great Marlborough Street, —and was admitted. “You had better let him sit in your armchair for half an hour or so,” Fitzgibbon had said; and Phineas almost believed that it would be better. The man was a terrible nuisance to him, and he was beginning to think that he had better undertake to pay the debt by degrees. It was, he knew, quite on the cards that Mr. Clarkson should have him arrested while at Saulsby. Since that scene in the lobby Mr. Clarkson had been with him twice, and there had been a preliminary conversation as to real payment. Mr. Clarkson wanted a hundred pounds down, and another bill for two hundred and twenty at three months’ date. “Think of my time and trouble in coming here,” Mr. Clarkson had urged when Phineas had objected to these terms. “Think of my time and trouble, and do be punctual, Mr. Finn.” Phineas had offered him ten pounds a quarter, the payments to be marked on the back of the bill, a tender which Mr. Clarkson had not seemed to regard as strong evidence of punctuality. He had not been angry, but had simply expressed his intention of calling again,—giving Phineas to understand that business would probably take him to the west of Ireland in the autumn. If only business might not take him down either to Loughlinter or to Saulsby! But the strange visitor who came to Phineas in the midst of these troubles put an end to them all.

The strange visitor was Miss Aspasia Fitzgibbon. “You’ll be very much surprised at my coming to your chambers, no doubt,” she said, as she sat down in the chair which Phineas placed for her. Phineas could only say that he was very proud to be so highly honoured, and that he hoped she was well. “Pretty well, I thank you. I have just come about a little business, Mr. Finn, and I hope you’ll excuse me.”

“I’m quite sure that there is no need for excuses,” said Phineas.

“Laurence, when he hears about it, will say that I’ve been an impertinent old fool; but I never care for what Laurence says, either this way or that. I’ve been to that Mr. Clarkson, Mr. Finn, and I’ve paid him the money.”

“No!” said Phineas.

“But I have, Mr. Finn. I happened to hear what occurred that night at the door of the House of Commons.”

“Who told you, Miss Fitzgibbon?”

“Never mind who told me. I heard it. I knew before that you had been foolish enough to help Laurence about money, and so I put

two and two together. It isn't the first time I have had to do with Mr. Clarkson. So I sent to him, and I've bought the bill. There it is." And Miss Fitzgibbon produced the document which bore the name of Phineas Finn across the front of it.

"And did you pay him two hundred and fifty pounds for it?"

"Not quite. I had a very hard tussle, and got it at last for two hundred and twenty pounds."

"And did you do it yourself?"

"All myself. If I had employed a lawyer I should have had to pay two hundred and forty pounds and five pounds for costs. And now, Mr. Finn, I hope you won't have any more money engagements with my brother Laurence." Phineas said that he thought he might promise that he would have no more. "Because, if you do, I shan't interfere. If Laurence began to find that he could get money out of me in that way, there would be no end to it. Mr. Clarkson would very soon be spending his spare time in my drawing-room. Good-bye, Mr. Finn. If Laurence says anything, just tell him that he'd better come to me." Then Phineas was left looking at the bill. It was certainly a great relief to him,—that he should be thus secured from the domiciliary visits of Mr. Clarkson; a great relief to him to be assured that Mr. Clarkson would not find him out down at Loughton; but, nevertheless, he had to suffer a pang of shame as he felt that Miss Fitzgibbon had become acquainted with his poverty and had found herself obliged to satisfy his pecuniary liabilities.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LADY LAURA KENNEDY'S HEADACHE.

PHINEAS went down to Loughlinter early in July, taking Loughton in his way. He stayed there one night at the inn, and was introduced to sundry influential inhabitants of the borough by Mr. Grating, the ironmonger, who was known by those who knew Loughton to be a very strong supporter of the Earl's interest. Mr. Grating and about half a dozen others of the tradesmen of the town came to the inn, and met Phineas in the parlour. He told them he was a good sound Liberal and a supporter of Mr. Mildmay's Government, of which their neighbour the Earl was so conspicuous an ornament. This was almost all that was said about the Earl out loud; but each individual man of Loughton then present took an opportunity during the meeting of whispering into Mr. Finn's ear a word or two to show that he also was admitted to the secret councils of the borough,—that he too could see the inside of the arrangement. "Of course we must support the Earl," one said. "Never mind what you hear about a Tory candidate, Mr. Finn," whispered a second; "the Earl can do what he

pleases here." And it seemed to Phineas that it was thought by them all to be rather a fine thing to be thus held in the hand by an English nobleman. Phineas could not but reflect much upon this as he lay in his bed at the Loughton inn. The great political question on which the political world was engrossed up in London was the enfranchisement of Englishmen,—of Englishmen down to the rank of artisans and labourers ;—and yet when he found himself in contact with individual Englishmen, with men even very much above the artisan and the labourer, he found that they rather liked being bound hand and foot, and being kept as tools in the political pocket of a rich man. Every one of those Loughton tradesmen was proud of his own personal subjection to the Earl !

From Loughton he went to Loughlinter, having promised to be back in the borough for the election. Mr. Grating would propose him, and he was to be seconded by Mr. Shortribs, the butcher and grazier. Mention had been made of a Conservative candidate, and Mr. Shortribs had seemed to think that a good stand-up fight upon English principles, with a clear understanding, of course, that victory should prevail on the liberal side, would be a good thing for the borough. But the Earl's man of business saw Phineas on the morning of his departure, and told him not to regard Mr. Shortribs. "They'd all like it," said the man of business ; "and I daresay they'll have enough of it when this Reform Bill is passed ; but at present no one will be fool enough to come and spend his money here. We have them all in hand too well for that, Mr. Finn !"

He found the great house at Loughlinter nearly empty. Mr. Kennedy's mother was there, and Lord Brentford was there, and Lord Brentford's private secretary and Mr. Kennedy's private secretary. At present that was the entire party. Lady Baldock was expected there, with her daughter and Violet Effingham ; but, as well as Phineas could learn, they would not be at Loughlinter until after he had left it. There had come up lately a rumour that there would be an autumn session,—that the Houses would sit through October and a part of November, in order that Mr. Mildmay might try the feeling of the new Parliament. If this were to be so, Phineas had resolved that, in the event of his election at Loughton, he would not return to Ireland till after this autumn session should be over. He gave an account to the Earl, in the presence of the Earl's son-in-law, of what had taken place at Loughton, and the Earl expressed himself as satisfied. It was manifestly a great satisfaction to Lord Brentford that he should still have a borough in his pocket, and the more so because there were so very few noblemen left who had such property belonging to them. He was very careful in his speech, never saying in so many words that the privilege of returning a member was his own ; but his meaning was not the less clear.

Those were dreary days at Loughlinter. There was fishing,—if

Phineas chose to fish ; and he was told that he could shoot a deer if he was minded to go out alone. But it seemed as though it were the intention of the host that his guests should spend their time profitably. Mr. Kennedy himself was shut up with books and papers all the morning, and always took up a book after dinner. The Earl also would read a little,—and then would sleep a good deal. Old Mrs. Kennedy slept also, and Lady Laura looked as though she would like to sleep if it were not that her husband's eye was upon her. As it was, she administered tea, Mr. Kennedy not liking the practice of having it handed round by a servant when none were there but members of the family circle, and she read novels. Phineas got hold of a stiff bit of reading for himself, and tried to utilise his time. He took Alison in hand and worked his way gallantly through a couple of volumes. But even he, more than once or twice, found himself on the very verge of slumber. Then he would wake up and try to think about things. Why was he, Phineas Finn, an Irishman from Killaloe, living in that great house of Loughlinter as though he were one of the family, striving to kill the hours, and feeling that he was in some way subject to the dominion of his host ? Would it not be better for him to get up and go away ? In his heart of hearts he did not like Mr. Kennedy, though he believed him to be a good man. And of what service to him was it to like Lady Laura, now that Lady Laura was a possession in the hands of Mr. Kennedy ? Then he would tell himself that he owed his position in the world entirely to Lady Laura, and that he was ungrateful to feel himself ever dull in her society. And, moreover, there was something to be done in the world beyond making love and being merry. Mr. Kennedy could occupy himself with a blue book for hours together without wincing. So Phineas went to work again with his Alison, and read away till he nodded.

In those days he often wandered up and down the Linter and across the moor to the Linn, and so down to the lake. He would take a book with him, and would seat himself down on spots which he loved, and would pretend to read ;—but I do not think that he got much advantage from his book. He was thinking of his life, and trying to calculate whether the wonderful success which he had achieved would ever be of permanent value to him. Would he be nearer to earning his bread when he should be member for Loughton than he had been when he was member for Loughshane ? Or was there before him any slightest probability that he would ever earn his bread ? And then he thought of Violet Effingham, and was angry with himself for remembering at that moment that Violet Effingham was the mistress of a large fortune.

Once before when he was sitting beside the Linter he had made up his mind to declare his passion to Lady Laura ;—and he had done so on the very spot. Now, within a twelvemonth of that time, he made up his mind on the same spot to declare his passion to Miss Effing-

ham, and he thought his best mode of carrying his suit would be to secure the assistance of Lady Laura. Lady Laura, no doubt, had been very anxious that her brother should marry Violet; but Lord Chiltern, as Phineas knew, had asked for Violet's hand twice in vain; and, moreover, Chiltern himself had declared to Phineas that he would never ask for it again. Lady Laura, who was always reasonable, would surely perceive that there was no hope of success for her brother. That Chiltern would quarrel with him,—would quarrel with him to the knife,—he did not doubt; but he felt that no fear of such a quarrel as that should deter him. He loved Violet Effingham, and he must indeed be pusillanimous if, loving her as he did, he was deterred from expressing his love from any fear of a suitor whom she did not favour. He would not willingly be untrue to his friendship for Lady Laura's brother. Had there been a chance for Lord Chiltern he would have abstained from putting himself forward. But what was the use of his abstaining, when by doing so he could in no wise benefit his friend,—when the result of his doing so would be that some interloper would come in and carry off the prize? He would explain all this to Lady Laura, and, if the prize would be kind to him, he would disregard the anger of Lord Chiltern, even though it might be anger to the knife.

As he was thinking of all this Lady Laura stood before him where he was sitting at the top of the falls. At this moment he remembered well all the circumstances of the scene when he had been there with her at his last visit to Loughlinter. How things had changed since then! Then he had loved Lady Laura with all his heart, and he had now already brought himself to regard her as a discreet matron whom to love would be almost as unreasonable as though he were to entertain a passion for the Lord Chancellor. The reader will understand how thorough had been the cure effected by Lady Laura's marriage and the interval of a few months, when the swain was already prepared to make this lady the depositary of his confidence in another matter of love. "You are often here, I suppose?" said Lady Laura, looking down upon him as he sat upon the rock.

"Well;—yes; not very often; I come here sometimes because the view down upon the lake is so fine."

"It is the prettiest spot about the place. I hardly ever get here now. Indeed this is only the second time that I have been up since we have been at home, and then I came to bring papa here." There was a little wooden seat near to the rock upon which Phineas had been lying, and upon this Lady Laura sat down. Phineas, with his eyes turned upon the lake, was considering how he might introduce the subject of his love for Violet Effingham; but he did not find the matter very easy. He had just resolved to begin by saying that Violet would certainly never accept Lord Chiltern, when Lady Laura spoke a word or two which stopped him altogether. "How well I

remember," she said, "the day when you and I were here last autumn!"

"So do I. You told me then that you were going to marry Mr. Kennedy. How much has happened since then!"

"Much indeed! Enough for a whole life-time. And yet how slow the time has gone!"

"I do not think it has been slow with me," said Phineas.

"No; you have been active. You have had your hands full of work. I am beginning to think that it is a great curse to have been born a woman."

"And yet I have heard you say that a woman may do as much as a man."

"That was before I had learned my lesson properly. I know better than that now. Oh dear! I have no doubt it is all for the best as it is, but I have a kind of wish that I might be allowed to go out and milk the cows."

"And may you not milk the cows if you wish it, Lady Laura?"

"By no means;—not only not milk them, but hardly look at them. At any rate, I must not talk about them." Phineas of course understood that she was complaining of her husband and hardly knew how to reply to her. He had been sharp enough to perceive already that Mr. Kennedy was an autocrat in his own house, and he knew Lady Laura well enough to be sure that such masterdom would be very irksome to her. But he had not imagined that she would complain to him. "It was so different at Saulsby," Lady Laura continued. "Everything there seemed to be my own."

"And everything here is your own."

"Yes,—according to the prayer-book. And everything in truth is my own,—as all the dainties at the banquet belonged to Sancho the Governor."

"You mean," said he,—and then he hesitated; "you mean that Mr. Kennedy stands over you, guarding you for your own welfare, as the doctor stood over Sancho and guarded him?"

There was a pause before she answered,—a long pause, during which he was looking away over the lake, and thinking how he might introduce the subject of his love. But long as was the pause, he had not begun when Lady Laura was again speaking. "The truth is, my friend," she said, "that I have made a mistake."

"A mistake?"

"Yes, Phineas, a mistake. I have blundered as fools blunder, thinking that I was clever enough to pick my footsteps aright without asking counsel from any one. I have blundered and stumbled and fallen, and now I am so bruised that I am not able to stand upon my feet." The word that struck him most in all this was his own Christian name. She had never called him Phineas before. He was aware that the circle of his acquaintance had fallen into a way of mis-

calling him by his Christian name, as one observes to be done now and again in reference to some special young man. Most of the men whom he called his friends called him Phineas. Even the Earl had done so more than once on occasions in which the greatness of his position had dropped for a moment out of his mind. Mrs. Low had called him Phineas when she regarded him as her husband's most cherished pupil; and Mrs. Bunce had called him Mr. Phineas. He had always been Phineas to everybody at Killaloe. But still he was quite sure that Lady Laura had never so called him before. Nor would she have done so now in her husband's presence. He was sure of that also.

"You mean that you are unhappy?" he said, still looking away from her towards the lake.

"Yes, I do mean that. Though I do not know why I should come and tell you so,—except that I am still blundering and stumbling, and have fallen into a way of hurting myself at every step."

"You can tell no one who is more anxious for your happiness," said Phineas.

"That is a very pretty speech, but what would you do for my happiness? Indeed, what is it possible that you should do? I mean it as no rebuke when I say that my happiness or unhappiness is a matter as to which you will soon become perfectly indifferent."

"Why should you say so, Lady Laura?"

"Because it is natural that it should be so. You and Mr. Kennedy might have been friends. Not that you will be, because you are unlike each other in all your ways. But it might have been so."

"And are not you and I to be friends?" he asked.

"No. In a very few months you will not think of telling me what are your desires or what your sorrows;—and as for me, it will be out of the question that I should tell mine to you. How can you be my friend?"

"If you were not quite sure of my friendship, Lady Laura, you would not speak to me as you are speaking now." Still he did not look at her, but lay with his face supported on his hands, and his eyes turned away upon the lake. But she, where she was sitting, could see him, and was aided by her sight in making comparisons in her mind between the two men who had been her lovers,—between him whom she had taken and him whom she had left. There was something in the hard, dry, unsympathising, unchanging virtues of her husband which almost revolted her. He had not a fault, but she had tried him at every point and had been able to strike no spark of fire from him. Even by disobeying she could produce no heat,—only an access of firmness. How would it have been with her had she thrown all ideas of fortune to the winds, and linked her lot to that of the young Phœbus who was lying at her feet? If she had ever loved any one she had loved him. And she had not thrown away her love

for money. So she swore to herself over and over again, trying to console herself in her cold unhappiness. She had married a rich man in order that she might be able to do something in the world;—and now that she was this rich man's wife she found that she could do nothing. The rich man thought it to be quite enough for her to sit at home and look after his welfare. In the meantime young Phœbus,—her Phœbus as he had been once,—was thinking altogether of some one else.

"Phineas," she said, slowly, "I have in you such perfect confidence that I will tell you the truth;—as one man may tell it to another. I wish you would go from here."

"What, at once?"

"Not to-day, or to-morrow. Stay here now till the election; but do not return. He will ask you to come, and press you hard, and will be hurt;—for, strange to say, with all his coldness, he really likes you. He has a pleasure in seeing you here. But he must not have that pleasure at the expense of trouble to me."

"And why is it a trouble to you?" he asked. Men are such fools;—so awkward, so unready, with their wits ever behind the occasion by a dozen seconds or so! As soon as the words were uttered, he knew that they should not have been spoken.

"Because I am a fool," she said. "Why else? Is not that enough for you?"

"Laura—," he said.

"No,—no; I will have none of that. I am a fool, but not such a fool as to suppose that any cure is to be found there."

"Only say what I can do for you, though it be with my entire life, and I will do it."

"You can do nothing,—except to keep away from me."

"Are you earnest in telling me that?" Now at last he had turned himself round and was looking at her, and as he looked he saw the hat of a man appearing up the path, and immediately afterwards the face. It was the hat and face of the laird of Loughlinter. "Here is Mr. Kennedy," said Phineas, in a tone of voice not devoid of dismay and trouble.

"So I perceive," said Lady Laura. But there was no dismay or trouble in the tone of her voice.

In the countenance of Mr. Kennedy, as he approached closer, there was not much to be read,—only, perhaps, some slight addition of gloom, or rather, perhaps, of that frigid propriety of moral demeanour for which he had always been conspicuous, which had grown upon him at his marriage, and which had been greatly increased by the double action of being made a Cabinet Minister and being garrotted. "I am glad that your headache is better," he said to his wife, who had risen from her seat to meet him. Phineas also had risen, and was now looking somewhat sheepish where he stood.

"I came out because it was worse," she said. "It irritated me so that I could not stand the house any longer."

"I will send to Callender for Dr. Macnuthrie."

"Pray do nothing of the kind, Robert. I do not want Dr. Macnuthrie at all."

"Where there is illness, medical advice is always expedient."

"I am not ill. A headache is not illness."

"I had thought it was," said Mr. Kennedy, very drily.

"At any rate, I would rather not have Doctor Macnuthrie."

"I am sure it cannot do you any good to climb up here in the heat of the sun. Had you been here long, Finn?"

"All the morning;—here, or hereabouts. I clambered up from the lake and had a book in my pocket."

"And you happened to come across him by accident?" Mr. Kennedy asked. There was something so simple in the question that its very simplicity proved that there was no suspicion.

"Yes;—by chance," said Lady Laura. "But every one at Loughlinter always comes up here. If any one ever were missing whom I wanted to find, this is where I should look."

"I am going on towards Linter forest to meet Blane," said Mr. Kennedy. Blane was the gamekeeper. "If you don't mind the trouble, Finn, I wish you'd take Lady Laura down to the house. Do not let her stay out in the heat. I will take care that somebody goes over to Callender for Dr. Macnuthrie." Then Mr. Kennedy went on, and Phineas was left with the charge of taking Lady Laura back to the house. When Mr. Kennedy's hat had first appeared coming up the walk, Phineas had been ready to proclaim himself prepared for any devotion in the service of Lady Laura. Indeed, he had begun to reply with criminal tenderness to the indiscreet avowal which Lady Laura had made to him. But he felt now, after what had just occurred in the husband's presence, that any show of tenderness,—of criminal tenderness,—was impossible. The absence of all suspicion on the part of Mr. Kennedy had made Phineas feel that he was bound by all social laws to refrain from such tenderness. Lady Laura began to descend the path before him without a word;—and went on, and on, as though she would have reached the house without speaking, had he not addressed her. "Does your head still pain you?" he asked.

"Of course it does."

"I suppose he is right in saying that you should not be out in the heat."

"I do not know. It is not worth while to think about that. He sends me in, and so of course I must go. And he tells you to take me, and so of course you must take me."

"Would you wish that I should let you go alone?"

"Yes, I would. Only he will be sure to find it out; and you must not tell him that you left me at my request."

"Do you think that I am afraid of him?" said Phineas.

"Yes;—I think you are. I know that I am, and that papa is; and that his mother hardly dares to call her soul her own. I do not know why you should escape."

"Mr. Kennedy is nothing to me."

"He is something to me, and so I suppose I had better go on. And now I shall have that horrid man from the little town pawing me and covering everything with snuff, and bidding me take Scotch physic, —which seems to increase in quantity and nastiness as doses in England decrease. And he will stand over me to see that I take it."

"What;—the doctor from Callender?"

"No;—but Mr. Kennedy will. If he advised me to have a hole in my glove mended, he would ask me before he went to bed whether it was done. He never forgot anything in his life, and was never unmindful of anything. That I think will do, Mr. Finn. You have brought me out from the trees, and that may be taken as bringing me home. We shall hardly get scolded if we part here. Remember what I told you up above. And remember also that it is in your power to do nothing else for me. Good bye." So he turned away towards the lake, and let Lady Laura go across the wide lawn to the house by herself.

He had failed altogether in his intention of telling his friend of his love for Violet, and had come to perceive that he could not for the present carry out that intention. After what had passed it would be impossible for him to go to Lady Laura with a passionate tale of his longing for Violet Effingham. If he were even to speak to her of love at all, it must be quite of another love than that. But he never would speak to her of love; nor,—as he felt quite sure,—would she allow him to do so. But what astounded him most as he thought of the interview which had just passed, was the fact that the Lady Laura whom he had known,—whom he had thought he had known,—should have become so subject to such a man as Mr. Kennedy, a man whom he had despised as being weak, irresolute, and without a purpose! For the day or two that he remained at Loughlinter, he watched the family closely, and became aware that Lady Laura had been right when she declared that her father was afraid of Mr. Kennedy.

"I shall follow you almost immediately," said the Earl confidentially to Phineas, when the candidate for the borough took his departure from Loughlinter. "I don't like to be there just when the election is going on, but I'll be at Saulsby to receive you the day afterwards."

Phineas took his leave from Mr. Kennedy, with a warm expression of friendship on the part of his host, and from Lady Laura with a mere touch of the hand. He tried to say a word; but she was sullen, or, if not, she put on some mood like to sullenness, and said never a word to him.

On the day after the departure of Phineas Finn for Loughton Lady Laura Kennedy still had a headache. She had complained of a headache ever since she had been at Loughlinter, and Dr. Macnuthrie had been over more than once. "I wonder what it is that ails you," said her husband standing over her in her own sitting-room up-stairs. It was a pretty room, looking away to the mountains, with just a glimpse of the lake to be caught from the window, and it had been prepared for her with all the skill and taste of an accomplished upholsterer. She had selected the room for herself soon after her engagement, and had thanked her future husband with her sweetest smile for giving her the choice. She had thanked him and told him that she always meant to be happy,—so happy in that room! He was a man not much given to romance, but he thought of this promise as he stood over her and asked after her health. As far as he could see she had never been even comfortable since she had been at Loughlinter. A shadow of the truth came across his mind. Perhaps his wife was bored. If so, what was to be the future of his life and of hers? He went up to London every year, and to Parliament, as a duty; and then, during some period of the recess, would have his house full of guests,—as another duty. But his happiness was to consist in such hours as these which seemed to inflict upon his wife the penalty of a continual headache. A shadow of the truth came upon him. What if his wife did not like living quietly at home as the mistress of her husband's house? What if a headache was always to be the result of a simple performance of domestic duties?

More than a shadow of the truth had come upon Lady Laura herself. The dark cloud created by the entire truth was upon her, making everything black and wretched around her. She had asked herself a question or two, and had discovered that she had no love for her husband, that the kind of life which he intended to exact from her was insupportable to her, and that she had blundered and fallen in her entrance upon life. She perceived that her father had already become weary of Mr. Kennedy, and that, lonely and sad as he would be at Saulsby by himself, it was his intention to repudiate the idea of making a home at Loughlinter. Yes;—she would be deserted by every one, except of course by her husband; and then—— Then she would throw herself on some early morning into the lake, for life would be insupportable.

"I wonder what it is that ails you," said Mr. Kennedy.

"Nothing serious. One can't always help having a headache, you know."

"I don't think you take enough exercise, Laura. I would propose that you should walk four miles every day after breakfast. I will always be ready to accompany you. I have spoken to Dr. Macnuthrie——"

"I hate Dr. Macnuthrie."

"Why should you hate Dr. Macnuthrie, Laura?"

"How can I tell why? I do. That is quite reason enough why you should not send for him to me."

"You are unreasonable, Laura. One chooses a doctor on account of his reputation in his profession, and that of Dr. Macnuthrie stands high."

"I do not want any doctor."

"But if you are ill, my dear——"

"I am not ill."

"But you said you had a headache. You have said so for the last ten days."

"Having a headache is not being ill. I only wish you would not talk of it, and then perhaps I should get rid of it."

"I cannot believe that. Headache in nine cases out of ten comes from the stomach." Though he said this,—saying it because it was the common-place common-sense sort of thing to say, still at the very moment there was the shadow of the truth before his eyes. What if this headache meant simple dislike to him, and to his modes of life?

"It is nothing of that sort," said Lady Laura, impatient at having her ailment inquired into with so much accuracy.

"Then what is it? You cannot think that I can be happy to hear you complaining of headache every day,—making it an excuse for absolute idleness."

"What is that you want me to do?" she said, jumping up from her seat. "Set me a task, and if I don't go mad over it, I'll get through it. There are the account books. Give them to me. I don't suppose I can see the figures, but I'll try to see them."

"Laura, this is unkind of you,—and ungrateful."

"Of course;—it is everything that is bad. What a pity that you did not find it out last year! Oh dear, oh dear! what am I to do?" Then she threw herself down upon the sofa, and put both her hands up to her temples.

"I will send for Dr. Macnuthrie at once," said Mr. Kennedy walking towards the door very slowly, and speaking as slowly as he walked.

"No;—do no such thing," she said, springing to her feet again and intercepting him before he reached the door. "If he comes, I will not see him. I give you my word that I will not speak to him if he comes. You do not understand," she said; "you do not understand at all."

"What is it that I ought to understand?" he asked.

"That a woman does not like to be bothered."

He made no reply at once, but stood there twisting the handle of the door, and collecting his thoughts. "Yes," said he at last; "I am beginning to find that out;—and to find out also what it is that bothers a woman, as you call it. I can see now what it is that makes

your head ache. It is not the stomach. You are quite right there. It is the prospect of a quiet decent life to which would be attached the performance of certain homely duties. Dr. Macnuthrie is a learned man, but I doubt whether he can do anything for such a malady."

"You are quite right, Robert; he can do nothing."

"It is a malady you must cure for yourself, Laura;—and which is to be cured by perseverance. If you can bring yourself to try——"

"But I cannot bring myself to try at all," she said.

"Do you mean to tell me, Laura, that you will make no effort to do your duty as my wife?"

"I mean to tell you that I will not try to cure a headache by doing sums. That is all that I mean to say at this moment. If you will leave me for awhile, so that I may lie down, perhaps I shall be able to come to dinner." He still hesitated, standing with the door in his hand. "But if you go on scolding me," she continued, "what I shall do is to go to bed directly you go away." He hesitated for a moment longer, and then left the room without another word.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MR. SLIDE'S GRIEVANCE.

OUR hero was elected member for Loughton without any trouble to him or, as far as he could see, to any one else. He made one speech from a small raised booth that was called a platform, and that was all that he was called upon to do. Mr. Grating made a speech in proposing him, and Mr. Smallribs another in seconding him; and these were all the speeches that were required. The thing seemed to be so very easy that he was afterwards almost offended when he was told that the bill for so insignificant a piece of work came to £247 18s. 9d. He had seen no occasion for spending even the odd forty-seven pounds. But then he was member for Loughton; and as he passed the evening alone at the inn, having dined in company with Messrs. Grating, Smallribs, and sundry other influential electors, he began to reflect that, after all, it was not so very great a thing to be a member of Parliament. It almost seemed that that which had come to him so easily could not be of much value.

On the following day he went to the castle, and was there when the Earl arrived. They two were alone together, and the Earl was very kind to him. "So you had no opponent after all," said the great man of Loughton, with a slight smile.

"Not the ghost of another candidate."

"I did not think there would be. They have tried it once or twice and have always failed. There are only one or two in the place who

like to go one way just because their neighbours go the other. But, in truth, there is no conservative feeling in the place !”

Phineas, although he was at the present moment the member for Loughton himself, could not but enjoy the joke of this. Could there be any liberal feeling in such a place, or, indeed, any political feeling whatsoever? Would not Messrs. Grating and Smallribs have done just the same had it happened that Lord Brentford had been a Tory peer? “They all seemed to be very obliging,” said Phineas, in answer to the Earl.

“Yes, they are. There isn't a house in the town, you know, let for longer than seven years, and most of them merely from year to year. And, do you know, I haven't a farmer on the property with a lease,—not one; and they don't want leases. They know they're safe. But I do like the people round me to be of the same way of thinking as myself about politics.”

On the second day after dinner,—the last evening of Finn's visit to Saulsby,—the Earl fell suddenly into confidential conversation about his daughter and his son, and about Violet Effingham. So sudden, indeed, and so confidential was the conversation, that Phineas was almost silenced for awhile. A word or two had been said about Loughlinter, of the beauty of the place and of the vastness of the property. “I am almost afraid,” said Lord Brentford, “that Laura is not happy there.”

“I hope she is,” said Phineas.

“He is so hard and dry, and what I call exacting. That is just the word for it. Now Laura has never been used to that. With me she always had her own way in everything, and I always found her fit to have it. I do not understand why her husband should treat her differently.”

“Perhaps it is the temper of the man.”

“Temper, yes; but what a bad prospect is that for her! And she, too, has a temper, and so he will find if he tries her too far. I cannot stand Loughlinter. I told Laura so fairly. It is one of those houses in which a man cannot call his hours his own. I told Laura that I could not undertake to remain there for above a day or two.”

“It is very sad,” said Phineas.

“Yes, indeed; it is sad for her, poor girl; and very sad for me too. I have no one else but Laura,—literally no one; and now I am divided from her! It seems that she has been taken as much away from me as though her husband lived in China. I have lost them both now!”

“I hope not, my lord.”

“I say I have. As to Chiltern, I can perceive that he becomes more and more indifferent to me every day. He thinks of me only as a man in his way who must die some day and may die soon.”

“You wrong him, Lord Brentford.”

"I do not wrong him at all. Why has he answered every offer I have made him with so much insolence as to make it impossible for me to put myself into further communion with him?"

"He thinks that you have wronged him."

"Yes;—because I have been unable to shut my eyes to his mode of living. I was to go on paying his debts, and taking no other notice whatsoever of his conduct!"

"I do not think he is in debt now."

"Because his sister the other day spent every shilling of her fortune in paying them. She gave him £40,000! Do you think she would have married Kennedy but for that? I don't. I could not prevent her. I had said that I would not cripple my remaining years of life by raising the money, and I could not go back from my word."

"You and Chiltern might raise the money between you."

"It would do no good now. She has married Mr. Kennedy, and the money is nothing to her or to him. Chiltern might have put things right by marrying Miss Effingham if he pleased."

"I think he did his best there."

"No;—he did his worst. He asked her to be his wife as a man asks for a railway-ticket or a pair of gloves, which he buys with a price; and because she would not jump into his mouth he gave it up. I don't believe he even really wanted to marry her. I suppose he has some disreputable connection to prevent it."

"Nothing of the kind. He would marry her to-morrow if he could. My belief is that Miss Effingham is sincere in refusing him."

"I don't doubt her sincerity."

"And that she will never change."

"Ah, well; I don't agree with you, and I daresay I know them both better than you do. But everything goes against me. I had set my heart upon it, and therefore of course I shall be disappointed. What is he going to do this autumn?"

"He is yachting now."

"And who are with him?"

"I think the boat belongs to Captain Colepepper."

"The greatest blackguard in all England! A man who shoots pigeons and rides steeple-chases! And the worst of Chiltern is this, that even if he didn't like the man, and if he were tired of this sort of life, he would go on just the same because he thinks it a fine thing not to give way." This was so true that Phineas did not dare to contradict the statement, and therefore said nothing. "I had some faint hope," continued the Earl, "while Laura could always watch him; because, in his way, he was fond of his sister. But that is all over now. She will have enough to do to watch herself!"

Phineas had felt that the Earl had put him down rather sharply when he had said that Violet would never accept Lord Chiltern, and he was therefore not a little surprised when Lord Brentford spoke

again of Miss Effingham the following morning, holding in his hand a letter which he had just received from her. "They are to be at Loughlinter on the tenth," he said, "and she purposes to come here for a couple of nights on her way."

"Lady Baldock and all?"

"Well, yes; Lady Baldock and all. I am not very fond of Lady Baldock, but I will put up with her for a couple of days for the sake of having Violet. She is more like a child of my own now than anybody else. I shall not see her all the autumn afterwards. I cannot stand Loughlinter."

"It will be better when the house is full."

"You will be there, I suppose?"

"Well, no; I think not," said Phineas.

"You have had enough of it, have you?" Phineas made no reply to this, but smiled slightly. "By Jove, I don't wonder at it," said the Earl. Phineas, who would have given all he had in the world to be staying in the same country house with Violet Effingham, could not explain how it had come to pass that he was obliged to absent himself. "I suppose you were asked?" said the Earl.

"Oh, yes, I was asked. Nothing can be kinder than they are."

"Kennedy told me that you were coming as a matter of course."

"I explained to him after that," said Phineas, "that I should not return. I shall go over to Ireland. I have a deal of hard reading to do, and I can get through it there without interruption."

He went up from Saulsby to London on that day, and found himself quite alone in Mrs. Bunce's lodgings. I mean not only that he was alone at his lodgings, but he was alone at his club, and alone in the streets. July was not quite over, and yet all the birds of passage had migrated. Mr. Mildmay, by his short session, had half ruined the London tradesmen, and had changed the summer mode of life of all those who account themselves to be anybody. Phineas, as he sat alone in his room, felt himself to be nobody. He had told the Earl that he was going to Ireland, and to Ireland he must go;—because he had nothing else to do. He had been asked indeed to join one or two parties in their autumn plans. Mr. Monk had wanted him to go to the Pyrenees, and Lord Chiltern had suggested that he should join the yacht;—but neither plan suited him. It would have suited him to be at Loughlinter with Violet Effingham, but Loughlinter was a barred house to him. His old friend, Lady Laura, had told him not to come thither, explaining, with sufficient clearness, her reasons for excluding him from the number of her husband's guests. As he thought of it the past scenes of his life became very marvellous to him. Twelve months since he would have given all the world for a word of love from Lady Laura, and had barely dared to hope that such a word, at some future day, might possibly be spoken. Now such a word had in truth been spoken, and it had come to be simply a trouble to him.

She had owned to him,—for, in truth, such had been the meaning of her warning to him,—that, though she had married another man, she had loved and did love him. But in thinking of this he took no pride in it. It was not till he had thought of it long that he began to ask himself whether he might not be justified in gathering from what happened some hope that Violet also might learn to love him. He had thought so little of himself as to have been afraid at first to press his suit with Lady Laura. Might he not venture to think more of himself, having learned how far he had succeeded?

But how was he to get at Violet Effingham? From the moment at which he had left Saulsby he had been angry with himself for not having asked Lord Brentford to allow him to remain there till after the Baldock party should have gone on to Loughlinter. The Earl, who was very lonely in his house, would have consented at once. Phineas, indeed, was driven to confess to himself that success with Violet would at once have put an end to all his friendship with Lord Brentford;—as also to all his friendship with Lord Chiltern. He would, in such case, be bound in honour to vacate his seat and give back Loughton to his offended patron. But he would have given up much more than his seat for Violet Effingham! At present, however, he had no means of getting at her to ask her the question. He could hardly go to Loughlinter in opposition to the wishes of Lady Laura.

A little adventure happened to him in London which somewhat relieved the dullness of the days of the first week in August. He remained in London till the middle of August, half resolving to rush down to Saulsby when Violet Effingham should be there,—endeavouring to find some excuse for such a proceeding, but racking his brains in vain,—and then there came about his little adventure. The adventure was commenced by the receipt of the following letter:—

“Banner of the People Office,
“3rd August, 186—.

“MY DEAR FINN,

“I must say I think you have treated me badly, and without that sort of brotherly fairness which we on the public press expect from one another. However, perhaps we can come to an understanding, and if so, things may yet go smoothly. Give me a turn and I am not at all adverse to give you one. Will you come to me here, or shall I call upon you?

“Yours always, Q. S.”

Phineas was not only surprised, but disgusted also, at the receipt of this letter. He could not imagine what was the deed by which he had offended Mr. Slide. He thought over all the circumstances of his short connection with the People's Banner, but could remember nothing which might have created offence. But his disgust was greater than his surprise. He thought that he had done nothing and

said nothing to justify Quintus Slide in calling him "dear Finn." He, who had Lady Laura's secret in his keeping, he who hoped to be the possessor of Violet Effingham's affections,—he to be called "dear Finn" by such a one as Quintus Slide! He soon made up his mind that he would not answer the note, but would go at once to the People's Banner office at the hour at which Quintus Slide was always there. He certainly would not write to "dear Slide;" and, until he had heard something more of this cause of offence, he would not make an enemy for ever by calling the man "dear Sir." He went to the office of the People's Banner, and found Mr. Slide ensconced in a little glass cupboard, writing an article for the next day's copy.

"I suppose you're very busy," said Phineas, inserting himself with some difficulty on to a little stool in the corner of the cupboard.

"Not so particular but what I'm glad to see you. You shoot, don't you?"

"Shoot!" said Phineas. It could not be possible that Mr. Slide was intending, after this abrupt fashion, to propose a duel with pistols.

"Grouse and pheasants, and them sort of things?" asked Mr. Slide.

"Oh, ah; I understand. Yes, I shoot sometimes."

"Is it the 12th or 20th for grouse in Scotland?"

"The 12th," said Phineas. "What makes you ask that just now?"

"I'm doing a letter about it,—advising men not to shoot too many of the young birds, and showing that they'll have none next year if they do. I had a fellow here just now who knew all about it, and he put down a lot; but I forgot to make him tell me the day of beginning. What's a good place to date from?"

Phineas suggested Callender or Stirling.

"Stirling's too much of a town, isn't it? Callender sounds better for game, I think."

So the letter which was to save the young grouse was dated from Callender; and Mr. Quintus Slide having written the word, threw down his pen, came off his stool, and rushed at once at his subject.

"Well, now, Finn," he said, "don't you know that you've treated me badly about Loughton?"

"Treated you badly about Loughton!" Phineas, as he repeated the words, was quite in the dark as to Mr. Slide's meaning. Did Mr. Slide intend to convey a reproach because Phineas had not personally sent some tidings of the election to the People's Banner?

"Very badly," said Mr. Slide, with his arms akimbo—"very badly indeed! Men on the press together do expect that they're to be stuck by, and not thrown over. Damn it, I say; what's the good of brotherhood if it ain't to be brotherhood?"

"Upon my word, I don't know what you mean," said Phineas.

"Didn't I tell you that I had Loughton in my eye?" said Quintus.

"Oh—h!"

"It's very well to say ho, and look guilty, but didn't I tell you?"

"I never heard such nonsense in my life."

"Nonsense?"

"How on earth could you have stood for Loughton? What interest would you have had there? You could not even have found an elector to propose you."

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do, Finn. I think you have thrown me over most shabby, but I won't stand about that. You shall have Loughton this session if you'll promise to make way for me after the next election. If you'll agree to that, we'll have a special leader to say how well Lord What's-his-name has done with the borough; and we'll be your horgan through the whole session."

"I never heard such nonsense in my life. In the first place, Loughton is safe to be in the schedule of reduced boroughs. It will be thrown into the county, or joined with a group."

"I'll stand the chance of that. Will you agree?"

"Agree! No! It's the most absurd proposal that was ever made. You might as well ask me whether I would agree that you should go to heaven. Go to heaven if you can, I should say. I have not the slightest objection. But it's nothing to me."

"Very well," said Quintus Slide. "Very well! Now we understand each other, and that's all that I desire. I think that I can show you what it is to come among gentlemen of the press, and then to throw them over. Good morning."

Phineas, quite satisfied at the result of the interview as regarded himself, and by no means sorry that there should have arisen a cause of separation between Mr. Quintus Slide and his "dear Finn," shook off a little dust from his foot as he left the office of the People's Banner, and resolved that in future he would attempt to make no connection in that direction. As he returned home he told himself that a member of Parliament should be altogether independent of the press. On the second morning after his meeting with his late friend, he saw the result of his independence. There was a startling article, a tremendous article, showing the pressing necessity of immediate reform, and proving the necessity by an illustration of the borough-mongering rottenness of the present system. When such a patron as Lord Brentford,—himself a Cabinet Minister with a sinecure,—could by his mere word put into the House such a stick as Phineas Finn,—a man who had struggled to stand on his legs before the Speaker, but had wanted both the courage and the capacity, nothing further could surely be wanted to prove that the Reform Bill of 1832 required to be supplemented by some more energetic measure.

Phineas laughed as he read the article, and declared to himself that the joke was a good joke. But, nevertheless, he suffered. Mr. Quintus Slide, when he was really anxious to use his thong earnestly, could generally raise a wale.



"I do not choose that there should be a riot here."

Pinchas Pina. Chap. xxxvii. Page 370

SAINT PAULS.

JULY, 1868.

THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD.

A STORY OF LIPPE-DETMOLD.

CHAPTER I.

AT THE PIED LAMB.

THREE years ago,—that is to say, in the year of grace 1865,—the little German principality of Lippe-Detmold came perhaps as near to being the realisation of an ideal “Land of Cockaigne” as ever did any sublunary territory. It may still, for aught I know, be a pleasant residence, combining many advantages for those whose leisure is large, and whose means are not so. But the beginning of the little story which I have to tell concerns the state of Lippe-Detmold three years ago, and deals with the fortunes of some humble and obscure individuals who then resided in that tiny principality. Very beautiful and rich woodlands adorn the country, and afford an immense revenue to its ruler,—a revenue which, in Germany, it would be saying very little indeed to term princely. But the woods and forests, although forming perhaps the chief boast and riches of Lippe-Detmold, are by no means the only signs of material prosperity to be found there. In every one of its few small hamlets and villages the stranger may perceive great barns of a very peculiar construction,—which I shall presently have occasion to describe more particularly,—with vast high roofs, and quaint inscriptions carved in wood over the doorways, importing that within is heaped goodly store of grain, and hay, and straw, food for man and fodder for beast, and always making reverent acknowledgment of the truth that “the earth is the Lord’s, and the fulness thereof,” after a simple, pious, thoroughly German fashion. Farming, therefore, as well as forestry, is understood and practised in Lippe. Perhaps a Norfolk proprietor of a thousand acres would scarcely deign to regard the small patch of corn-land, carved out of the skirts of the woodlands, as worthy to be termed a farm; and possibly an English agricultural labourer, accustomed to steam-

ploughs and patent thrashing machines, might stare with contempt at the rude implements by whose aid the Lippian peasant tills his mother earth, and piles up great heaps of food in his granaries. But nevertheless, three years ago plenty smiled in the farmsteads of Lippe-Detmold, and peace brooded softly with sleepy, folded wings over the land. Political peace and social security were there. As to domestic peace, which depends not on "amicable relations" with great governments, nor on the mild sway of a sovereign, however light his yoke, that, I suppose, suffered the same occasional flaws and interruptions in this model state that it is subject to in other communities of the sons of Adam.

If external circumstances could have insured harmony in any assemblage of men, surely one might have looked for it amongst the little company gathered together in the Speise-Saal,—eating-room,—of the Pied Lamb inn at Horn, on one frosty September evening in the year 1865. Horn is a small and singularly picturesque townlet, about seven or eight miles from Detmold. Its one long, wide street contains a series of treasures for the artist, in the shape of old houses with towering steep roofs and carved gable-ends. The inn of the Pied Lamb is not one of the most picturesque of these tenements, having its front facing the street, instead of, as in the majority of cases, its narrow gable-end, and bearing a comparatively modern and smartened-up air. But there are worse places in which to spend the dark hours of an autumn evening than the long low Speise-Saal of the Pied Lamb. Any lack of artistic merit in the fittings of the room was more than compensated for, in the eyes of its habitual frequenters, by the decided air of comfort,—as comfort is understood in Horn,—which pervaded it. The floor was strewn with fine white sand, that crackled under one's footsteps; a towering white earthenware stove, that filled up one end of the apartment, sent forth an oven-like heat which gave a baked flavour to the atmosphere; and breathing was rendered a yet more difficult process to unaccustomed lungs by reason of dense clouds of tobacco smoke that hung heavily in the air, and curled slowly around the thick, clumsy beams of the ceiling. But the place was undeniably very warm, and gave admission to as little of the outer oxygen as was at all compatible with human existence. So the inhabitants of Horn found the Speise-Saal of the Pied Lamb an extremely comfortable, and even luxurious place of resort. I have said that if external circumstances could insure harmony amongst men, the little company assembled there on the autumn night in question might have been expected to be very harmonious. They were all near neighbours and old acquaintance; they were warm; they had just partaken of a hearty supper; they were enjoying the ambrosial fumes of their pipes; each man had on the long narrow table before him a tall glass filled with beer, while behind him there hung, fastened to a nail in the wall, a leather cushion covered with knitted

work, so placed as to afford a comfortable rest for the back of his head ; thus combining ease with cleanliness, and preventing the blue and white stencilled wall from receiving any soil or sign of having been rubbed. Outward circumstances were surely favourable to placidity and good fellowship, but yet there were sounds of dissent and discord to be heard amid the stream of noisy gutturals that was being poured forth by the various members of the party. Let us look and listen awhile, and thus gather a little preliminary information as to some of the chief personages concerned in the simple tale I have to tell.

First let us glance at the host, Herr Quendel, landlord of the principal inn at Horn, and in his own and his fellow-townsmen's estimation a man of mark and authority. A man of weight he certainly was, being enormously fat and unwieldy. He had a shapeless clean-shaven face, a closely-cropped head of grizzled hair, which grew in so regular and marked a form on his forehead as to look at first sight like a grey velvet skull-cap, and a deep, grating voice. Next to Herr Quendel, who occupied an arm-chair nearest to the stove, sat Herr Peters, the apothecary of the town. This gentleman presented a laughable contrast to Quendel in his outward appearance. Peters was tall, and lean, and sandy-haired, wore glasses, and had hanging about his garments an undefined, but distinctly perceptible odour of drugs. That is to say, the odour of drugs was perceptible in Peters's garments under ordinary circumstances ; but in the Speise-Saal of the Pied Lamb the smell of tobacco smoke victoriously asserted its supremacy over all other smells whatsoever. Next to Peters sat Simon Schnarcher, the sacristan,—or Küster, as the Germans have it,—by many years the oldest, and by many degrees the sourest and sharpest-tempered of the party,—a keen-eyed, yellow-skinned, bald-headed old fellow, with thin bloodless lips, a nose like a hawk's beak, and a back so bowed as to present almost the appearance of a hump. These three worthies were engaged in eager discussion, and bore in fact the chief part in what talk was being held. The rest of the company,—consisting of farmers, small shopkeepers, and a stray commercial traveller,—uttered only occasional grunts of assent or dissent, and enjoyed the loud word-combat that was going on in their presence with a placid sense of being snugly out of harm's way in their stronghold of silence, such as one may imagine to have been the predominant sentiment in the breast of some smug Roman citizen looking down on the perils of the arena from the secure elevation of his seat in the Coliseum.

"But I say," cried Peters, the apothecary, in a high, thin voice, "I say that the world won't stand still, whatever we may wish !"

"It is our business, sir," said Quendel majestically, "to make it still, and keep it still."

Grunts of approbation from the prosperous farmers. The commercial traveller fidgeted slightly on his seat, and played with his

pinchbeck watch-chain. He had not been driving a thriving trade in Horn, and possibly thought the doctrine just enunciated by the landlord scarcely calculated to extend his business connection.

"Still, still, still, I say," repeated Quendel in his deep rough tones, and looking like the incarnation of immobility in his own ponderous person, "let us alone. Let us be at peace. Let us enjoy the blessings of Providence in quiet and thankfulness. The world is well enough, if we would but let it alone. I find it a very good world indeed, and I have lived now some five-and-fifty years in it, and not altogether in an obscure position either."

"Surely, surely, Herr Landlord," replied Peters humbly, "there is no doubt that you are a man much looked up to, none more so in the principality. But what I mean is, that if the world won't stand still,—and I'm afraid there's no use in our trying to make it,—why, our business ought to be to,—to guide, to direct the movement, as it were, into a right channel."

"And I," snarled old Schnarcher, "don't agree with either of you. I say and maintain that so far from encouraging new-fangled notions,—so far from even letting things stay as they are,—it is our business, and every man's business, to push them back into the old grooves."

"And how far back, sir, would you push things into the old grooves that you talk of?" broke in the commercial traveller impatiently. "I suppose you wouldn't quite go back to the beginning of the world? Would 1848 be your limit, for instance?"

Schnarcher glared at the speaker from under his bushy white brows. The eyes of all the assembly were turned upon this daring stranger. To them he did seem very daring.

"How old may you be, sir?" demanded Schnarcher with much deliberation.

"How old? Well, I don't see what that has to do with it, but I don't mind telling my age. I'm six-and-thirty,—quite old enough to remember '48."

"And I," rejoined Schnarcher, still glaring steadfastly at the other, "was seventy-nine last Pentecost."

With that he turned his back full on the stranger with the air of one who had victoriously put a stop to any further attempt at argument from him.

There was a low murmur of admiration throughout the company. No man could have told why the fact of old Schnarcher's having been seventy-nine last Pentecost should be considered to have completely gravelled his opponent, but each man had a vague idea that it was so. The commercial traveller shrugged his shoulders disdainfully, but said no more. Public opinion was too strong for him. After a while the sacristan resumed ;—

"We're all astray. New fashions and new notions are the ruin of us. The boys' heads are turned with them, and nowadays it seems

that the boys are to rule the men. That used to be thought neither according to sense nor Scripture in my time. But I suppose we shall 'progress,'—pouf! I hate the sound of the word!—until we come to be governed by babies in swaddling-clothes."

Old Schnarcher spoke with intense bitterness, and his sunken eyes sparkled angrily, and the grim laugh with which he finished his speech was not a pleasant sound to hear. There was a short uneasy silence. Nearly all present were aware that the sacristan had lately been at variance with his grand-nephew, an orphan lad, whom he had partly educated and brought up, and whose rebellious behaviour was a peculiarly sore point with the old man. Now this grand-nephew,—Otto Hammerich by name,—was personally a great favourite with the little community at Horn. Simon Schnarcher, on the other hand, although a man of unimpeachably correct and orthodox principles, was not much beloved. Which state of things was certainly very strange, seeing that old Simon was always in the right, and poor Otto always in the wrong!

Herr Quendel poured forth an unusually large volume of smoke from his mouth, and remarked, as though the sacristan had been expressly discussing his nephew's behaviour, "And how is Otto going on now, Herr Küster? I haven't seen him for some time past."

This abrupt descent from generals to particulars was not calculated to soften the acerbity of old Simon's temper. "Otto!" he repeated. "What, my boy Otto? Oh! he's all right enough, thank ye. Otto Hemmerich, eh? Now what put him into your head, I wonder?"

It was Simon's constant practice not only to ignore the fact that his grand-nephew differed from him on certain important points, but to assume, with dogged persistency, that any such difference of opinion between them was too wildly impossible a thing to be conceived. Presently he went on again;—

"Ah, now I'd wager it was my talking of babies in swaddling-clothes set your mind running on Otto. 'Tis but the other day he was a baby himself."

"Lord, ay!" rejoined Quendel solemnly. "How the time goes! Now he's as strapping a Junker as any in Lippe."

"And it seems to me," said Franz Lehmann, a weather-beaten farmer, "it seems to me no more than a week ago,—though it must be ten good years, as I reckon,—that his father, the head-ranger, was carried home one morning from the forest with three of his ribs broken, and his side bleeding and torn by the antlers of a stag, and his rifle twisted up just like,—like——"

"Like a corkscrew," suggested the host.

"How the boy took on, to be sure!" said Lehmann.

"Took on!" echoed Peters. "Nobody knows how he felt it. Nobody but me knows how that motherless boy nursed his father, and

sat up with him night after night, and gave him his physic, and placed his bandages, and——Talk of women! That twelve-year-old lad was a better nurse than fifty women."

Peters was a bachelor, and somewhat of a misogynist.

"Fifty!" exclaimed Franz Lehmann. "Well, I don't know about fifty! But women ain't bad to have round you when you're sick. My old woman looked after me, and cockered me up last winter when I had the rheumatism in all my joints, and I tell you there were times when I couldn't bear any hand but hers nigh me. No, no, women can nurse, mind ye!"

"And they can cook,—some of 'em," said Quendel musingly. His voice was almost tender as he spoke. There are reminiscences which have a softening influence on the least susceptible.

"And if a man's a bit of a fool to begin with, they can make a bigger fool yet of him," observed Schnarcher, with a ghastly grim on his puckered face.

Somehow, there had come to be a shade of constraint and ill-humour over the company, which nothing but a temporary separation would dissipate. One by one the guests rose to go, each man first putting on his hat, and then immediately taking it off again in parting salutation.

"Have you any commands in Detmold, Herr Landlord?" asked Peters, pausing at the door. The apothecary had cased his spare form in a long coat with a sheepskin collar and cuffs, and peered out from beneath a cloth cap which left but little of his face visible save his sharp pink nose.

"In Detmold? Ay, ay! Are you going to Detmold?"

"Yes, to-morrow, to buy drugs."

"I wish, Herr Peters," said Farmer Lehmann, "that you would do us the kindness to take a little bit of a parcel for our Lieschen. My wife has put some fal-lals together that the child needs, she tells me."

"Surely. I shall be driving by your place on my road, and I'll call for the parcel. Good night."

Old Schnarcher hobbled out side by side with the apothecary. They walked together for some distance up the wide, dark, silent street. "Lehmann's Liese," muttered the sacristan bitterly. "There's another of 'em."

"Another of what, Herr Küster?" was his companion's not unnatural query.

"Another of the pretty sly minxes that make fools of their betters."

"Lieschen is a right, good, honest little maiden," protested Peters. His general misogyny did not prevent him from making exceptions in favour of certain individuals of the sex.

"Bah!" cried the old man savagely. I cannot render on paper

the sound he uttered. It was more like the bark of an angry dog than anything else. "Don't tell me! They're none of 'em good for much, but the pretty ones are the devil!"

Peters took this outbreak very much as a matter of course. He possessed a clue which enabled him to understand Simon Schnarcher's bitter ill-humour. To make the reader understand it also must be the object of my endeavours in the following chapter.

CHAPTER II

UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

OTTO HEMMERICH's father, the head-ranger, had married in a way that had gravely offended his uncle, old Simon Schnarcher. The head-ranger had lived a bachelor until he was close upon thirty years old, and had then wedded a pretty penniless peasant girl.

The sacristan of the parish church in an obscure, insignificant German town was not likely to be a rich man. But by dint of saving and scraping throughout the course of a solitary life, Simon Schnarcher had gathered some money together, and was popularly supposed to have gathered more. He had inherited a house and a piece of garden-land, and lived upon his own small domain. His connection with the church, and the rigidity of his Protestant orthodoxy, were considered in Horn to be extremely respectable. He had, too, that strong faith in his own wisdom and the foolishness of almost everybody else which helped him, as it has helped many another man, to impose his will upon those around him. So that altogether Simon Schnarcher was little accustomed to meet with opposition either in word or deed. But one day his nephew and presumptive heir fell in love; and being in love, became at once insensible to the Solomonic precepts and authoritative advice with which the sacristan favoured him on the subject of marriage.

In brief, he took to wife little Lotte Müller,—Little Lotte Müller, whose brown bare feet were acquainted with every tangled path in the forest, and whose short, agile figure he had often furtively watched as she carried food to her father, the charcoal-burner. It was a connection entirely distasteful to Schnarcher, and he looked upon his nephew's marriage as a piece of unspeakable folly. Hemmerich, on the contrary, always declared that marrying Lotte had been the one wise action of his life. At all events, wise or unwise, he never once repented it up to the day of his wife's death. But this did not prevent old Simon from considering the marriage a very foolish one all the same. His nephew had been bewitched, he said, by a pretty face and an artful assumption of gentleness and simplicity. It was in vain to urge that Lotte the matron continued to be as simple and as gentle as Lotte the maiden

had been. That was her cunning, said Simon. "It would be well then if other folks could be as cunning! Lotte's cunning makes my life sweet and my home happy," retorted Hemmerich. And then the uncle and nephew had quarrelled seriously, and had ceased to speak to each other.

After eight peaceful, happy years of married life, Lotte died, leaving to the care of her bereaved husband a little son named Otto. Many of the least personally selfish among women have a keen, shrewd eye to the main chance on behalf of those whom they love. For herself Lotte Hemmerich desired nothing. For her husband and Otto she could be almost greedy. The estrangement between Hemmerich and his uncle had given her many an uneasy and self-reproachful thought.

Had it not been for her, Hemmerich would still have been the heir to all the sacristan's savings. And when her son was born these regrets became intensified. But all her efforts to bring about a reconciliation between the uncle and nephew were unavailing. Hemmerich resented the terms in which Schnarcher had spoken of his wife, and the old man would neither recall his words nor yield an inch in any way. After his wife's death the head-ranger was still less inclined to seek his uncle with words of humility on his lips. To have done so would have appeared, he fancied, like a slight to Lotte's memory. He devoted himself exclusively to his boy, refusing to be separated from him even for a moment. The little Otto was his father's companion in all excursions through the wild woodland country which the nature of his avocations required him frequently to traverse.

Many a moonlit night saw them threading the forest paths side by side. Sometimes the little one was perched on his father's shoulder; but more often his short, pattering footsteps rustled ankle-deep in fallen leaves, and his shrill, childish voice, mimicking the hunter's cry, awoke the sylvan echoes and startled the drowsy deer from their lair.

A strong vein of romance ran through Hemmerich's character. He was a man of some education, and had the love of reading which may be said to be almost a national characteristic of Germany. Active as his life necessarily was, there were many hours of the long winter evenings when the lonely lodge in the forest sent forth a bright red glow from its windows, and in the shine of the flaming pine-logs sat the head-ranger, with his boy on the hearth at his feet, the father reading or reciting aloud some old ballad or more modern poem, whilst the son employed his strong, skilful young hands in cleaning a pet rifle, or in manufacturing some cunning spring to snare the woodland creatures. Hemmerich had, too, a store of legends. Many were such as are to be found throughout Germany,—stories of wild huntsmen and magic bullets, of witch meetings and ghostly apparitions. But these were not Otto's favourites. He had not the dreaminess that formed part of his father's nature. The

legends Otto loved were those which related the exploits, the vicissitudes, and final triumph of the German hero, Hermann. The story of the Teuton chief's patriotic resistance to the Romans, and of his great victory over Varus, was one to which the boy was never weary of listening. And often in the summer dawn he would climb the commanding height whereon the Hermann's Denkmal,—monument,—stands, and watching the sunshine creep over the wide plain spread beneath him, make high resolves in his boyish heart that should the day ever come to test his patriotism, he, too, would be ready to fight and fall for fatherland.

This wild forest life was Otto's until he was nearly twelve years old; and by that time he knew the haunts and habits of every sort of bird, beast, and reptile that dwells in the great leafy solitudes of Lippe-Dehmold. Then came a change.

An accident, which it imports nothing to my story to relate in detail, brought the sacristan into contact with his grand-nephew, and the old man performed on that occasion an unprecedented act of generosity. He permitted the lad to fill his pockets from the ripe red store of apples on a tree in his own garden, and sent Otto home to the hunting-lodge in the forest, where his father dwelt, to give an account of the interview, which surprised the head-ranger not a little.

Men seldom avow their motives. And the good motives are quite as often disavowed as the bad ones. Simon would not have confessed it, but the real cause which produced in him the unaccustomed effect of kindness lay in a strong resemblance that young Otto Hemmerich bore to his grandmother. The wrinkled, crabbed, grasping old sacristan had once been a young, smooth-cheeked boy, whose shortcomings were hidden, and whose selfish faults were condoned, by a kind, motherly elder sister, named Dorothea. Now, little Otto, in some expressions of his frank face, was the living image of his dead grandmother, this very Dorothea.

After the boy had gone home, Simon Schnarcher sat musing until his pipe was cold. And there appeared before him out of the mist of the vanished years a sweet grave face and a girlish figure, to which a large family of younger brothers and sisters habitually turned for help and comfort in every trouble,—from a stocking that needed darning to an unfortunate attachment.

"Dorothea was a good woman," murmured the sacristan. "There are no women like my sister Dorothea, nowadays. I'm glad that boy doesn't resemble his mother's family."

Little more than a fortnight had elapsed, when the tidings came into Horn that Head-ranger Hemmerich had been attacked and badly wounded by a stag, and that he lay on what the doctor pronounced must be his death-bed. Otto's devotion to his father was the theme of talk for many a mile round. The doctor, in the course of his daily

visits, sounded Otto's praises unwearyingly, and thus there was much sympathy aroused for the motherless lad, and many speculations were afloat as to what would become of him when his father should be dead. These speculations were set at rest in a manner entirely unexpected by the good people of Horn. The day after his father's funeral, Otto Hemmerich was installed as an inmate in the sacristan's somewhat gloomy house, and within a fortnight he had become a regular attendant at the principal school of the place, and had apparently settled down unresistingly into a life as different as it is possible to conceive from that which he had led hitherto.

How all this had been brought about neither Schnarcher nor the boy ever troubled themselves to relate, and there was consequently a good deal of disappointment among the gossips. But the matter had been very simple, and the reader may be put in possession of it in a few words.

The old man had visited his dying nephew, and had offered to adopt and educate Otto,—should the boy be left fatherless,—to make him his heir, and, in short, to place him in the position which Hemmerich had forfeited by his marriage. The situation of his son had been Hemmerich's chief anxiety. He was not afraid to die, but he was afraid to leave Otto unprotected in the world; and he suffered some pangs of conscience, which gave him more pain than his wounds, from the consideration that Otto's education had not been such as to fit him to help himself. The sacristan's offer was at once gratefully accepted by the dying man, who declared, and truly, that it had taken a load from his heart. But it was not found quite so easy to induce Otto to acquiesce in this arrangement. He shrank with the horror of some wild, untamed creature of the woods,—and such in truth he was,—from the idea of being shut up in a city. To him Horn was a city,—nay, more, a prison. All arguments based upon his own welfare and interest fell powerless upon the weeping boy, who clung to his father's hand, and implored him not to send him away.

"Not as long as I last, my Otto. You shall stay with father to the end."

"But you won't die, father!—I'm sure you won't die! And if you were to be taken away, I don't care what becomes of me. I would rather be left alone here in the forest."

Then Hemmerich explained how great an anxiety the thought of his son's helpless condition had been to him, and how Simon Schnarcher's offer had relieved his conscience of a heavy load. "I haven't done my duty by you, my Otto," said he; "but you must help me to do it now, like a brave boy as you are. And besides, your blessed mother always wished so earnestly that my uncle and I should be reconciled."

"I will do whatever you tell me, father," whispered Otto, after a

pause. And when the time came for fulfilling this pledge, the boy kept his word to the letter.

Otto never uttered a complaint; and indeed his great-uncle was agreeably surprised by the quiet, almost stolid way in which he accepted all the somewhat stringent regulations that were laid down for his conduct, and by the implicit obedience with which he endeavoured to comply with them. But no human being knew or guessed the sufferings undergone by the lonely boy during the early days of his new life. Perhaps Herr Peters, the apothecary, came nearer than any one else to understanding him. There had grown up a sort of intimacy between the apothecary and Otto when the latter was in the habit of coming frequently to the Apotheke in Horn to get medicines for his father; and Peters comprehended somewhat of the suppressed feelings which the lad hid instinctively from unsympathising eyes.

"Some birds can't live in cages," said the apothecary, looking at Otto's downcast face, and shaking his head. But boys are not birds; and thoroughly healthy children of twelve years old do not,—Heaven be praised!—pine away and die of grief. So Otto Hemmerich grew and throve, and gradually reconciled himself to his new existence. But the old free woodland life never lost its hold on his heart. Not a holiday passed, wet or dry, without his revisiting some of the well-loved forest-haunts that his father had taught him to know. For book-learning, to say truth, Otto Hemmerich showed no special bent; but in all sports or employments requiring personal courage, strength, or dexterity, he reigned supreme over his schoolfellows by virtue of undisputed superiority.

Simon Schnarcher's theory of the education and bringing-up of young people did not, as may be supposed, err on the side of soft indulgence. Absolute, unquestioning obedience he exacted from his grand-nephew; and the lad's docility and natural sound-heartedness were such as to enable the sacristan to boast loudly,—behind Otto's back,—of the successful results of old-fashioned strictness in training and educating children. By degrees old Schnarcher grew to look upon Otto's good qualities and extended popularity in the neighbourhood as being the direct results of his, — Schnarcher's, — profound wisdom. "Ah," he would say, shaking his head solemnly, "if Otto's father, my poor nephew Hemmerich, could but have had the advantage of being brought up by me, things would have gone differently, I promise you. You won't catch Otto disgracing himself by marrying a barefooted peasant-wench!"

Once some such word escaped him in Otto's presence, and the boy rose up instantly with such a fire of indignation in his young face as made the old man quail for a moment,—albeit he had a stubborn will and tough nerves of his own,—and declared that another word of dis-

respect to the memory of his dead mother would send him forth from that house for ever, though he had to beg his bread on the highways.

"Tush!" cried Schnarcher, "you're a fool, boy." But he deemed it prudent to say no more about Otto's mother.

This was the first occasion on which old Simon Schnarcher had had a glimpse of the reserve-force of courage and decision that lay quietly beneath Otto's habitual gentleness. The feeling with which he discovered the existence of these unsuspected qualities was, strange to say, not altogether one of displeasure. Contest was very agreeable to Simon's nature. He looked forward with some zest to the task of battling with, and overcoming, his nephew's spirit. The idea that the victory might possibly be the other way never once entered his head. However, matters went on peaceably enough until Otto reached an age at which it was necessary to decide on his future calling in life. Then Schnarcher informed him, as one who pronounces an irrevocable decree, that he was to go into the church, and that the necessary funds would be forthcoming to complete his education with that view. "But, uncle," returned Otto, "I cannot be a pastor; I have no taste for preaching and teaching. I know I could not be a good pastor, and I will not be a bad one." Astonishment made the sacristan quite meek for the moment.

"Might I inquire, sir," he asked with deceptive calmness, "what business in life you do intend to follow?"

"I should like best to be a Jäger, a huntsman and forester, like my father. But I will do whatever you desire as far as I can. As to being a pastor, that I cannot do."

The storm that followed needs not to be described, but once more Simon retreated from the conflict, telling himself that it was absurd to argue with a mere boy, and that his will would surely prevail in the end. With this idea Otto was sent to college. Going to college in Germany is quite a different matter from being matriculated at Oxford or Cambridge. It implies,—to mention one difference alone,—no such social status as is, speaking broadly, understood amongst ourselves in the phrase, "a University man." Otto went to Halle, and returned to Lippe-Detmold from Halle; but he was as far as ever from consenting to embrace the profession on which his uncle had determined for him. Then the old man's heart became full to overflowing of bitterness and disappointment. He found himself baffled, and by one whom he had cited as the model result of his own training. In his anger he recalled Otto's words, "I will do whatever you desire as far as I can."

"If you are not a pastor you shall be a tradesman," said Simon. "There can be no scruples of conscience against that!"

The sacristan lost no time in going over to Detmold to see an old acquaintance of his there, a bookseller and stationer. It was agreed between them that Otto should be bound to the bookseller for three

years as his assistant, and Schnarcher returned in triumph to announce this arrangement to his grand-nephew. For not only to the outside world, but to Otto himself, Schnarcher kept up the fiction that all was going in accordance with his will. "I have changed my mind about you," he announced with autocratic brevity, and the young man made no protest against the form of words. He did desire to obey his uncle as far as he conscientiously might do so. In refusing to become a pastor, it is possible that his conscience may have been invigorated by a strain of the family obstinacy.

Affairs were in this position on the September night when I introduced my reader to the Speise-Saal of the Pied Lamb. And Herr Peters's thoughts were running much upon his friend the sacristan's family affairs as the apothecary drove the next morning out of Horn behind his corpulent, old white pony.

CHAPTER III.

A LIPPE-DETMOLD FARM.

THE road from Horn to Detmold lies in great part through a country rich with noble woods. It winds along with gentle rolling undulations of hill and dale, skirted by beech, oak, pine, and birch trees. September had dyed the varied foliage with lavish wealth of colour. The sun shone brightly out of a pale blue sky, and there was enough autumnal crispness in the air to make the sense of motion exhilarating. Herr Peters, the apothecary, jogged along pleasantly behind his plump pony. The roads were hard and smooth, so that the wheels of the clumsy chaise rolled over them very easily. In fact, it would have given the pony more trouble to walk than to trot; therefore the pony trotted. Peters was very glad that the old Schimmel chose to go somewhat briskly, and I may say felt grateful for his steed's unwonted alacrity; for both man and beast knew right well that the Schimmel would not under any circumstances be incited to mend his pace by flogging.

I have said that the apothecary's thoughts were running on Simon Schnarcher's family affairs. He thought of the sacristan's angry bitterness in last night's talk. He thought of Otto, and wondered how the young fellow would endure life behind a counter in Detmold. He reflected that the new arrangement would content neither uncle nor nephew; for it is scarcely needful to say that old Schnarcher's pretence that there was not, and never could be, any question of disputing his will, imposed on none of his old friends and neighbours.

"Otto wants to be a forester, like his father," said Peters to himself. "Simon wants him to be a pastor. But the sacristan compromises matters by making the lad a tradesman, which pleases neither of them. Simon Schnarcher is a long-headed man, but in this I think

him wrong. In his place, if I could not please myself, I would please the lad, instead of vexing both myself and him for nothing." But in so saying Herr Peters showed very little knowledge of human nature in general, and of his friend Schnarcher's nature in particular. In the midst of his meditations Peters arrived before the house of Farmer Franz Lehmann, and pulled up the pony rather suddenly. The Lehmann's house was an admirable specimen of a kind of dwelling which, as far as I know, is peculiar to Lippe-Detmold and the country immediately adjoining the little principality. In my first chapter I said that I should presently have occasion to describe with some minuteness one of the great buildings which give a distinctive character to the rural architecture of Lippe, and I cannot better fulfil that intention than in placing before my reader, with what vividness I can command, a picture of the singular old home-stead wherein the family of the Lehmanns had dwelt for generations.

A great, nearly square, timber-framed, brick building, low at the overhanging eaves, but with a sloping roof so extraordinarily and disproportionately vast as to run up to the height of a tall, three-storied house at its sharp apex. This roof is of bright red tiles, just sufficiently weather-stained and moss-grown to be picturesquely mellow in their tone of colour. The cross-timbers of the house beneath are black, and rudely, though lavishly carved, the interstices between them being painted a warm cream colour. The building, although nearly square, is yet not quite so, and stands with its narrowest side, or gable-end, towards the road. In the middle of this gable-end yawns an enormously wide and lofty arched doorway, the centre of which is precisely beneath the topmost angle of the towering roof; and the long lines of tiling slope rapidly down on either hand, and terminate in projecting eaves not more than ten feet from the ground. The reason for making so seemingly disproportionate an entrance as the great arch with its heavy wooden folding-doors is not apparent until you step within the threshold, but then it becomes at once obvious. The whole centre of the building is a large and lofty barn, piled high with hay and straw and store of grain. It is, too, a storehouse for farm implements, and so huge are its proportions, that a harvest waggon laden with sheaves, and drawn by three or four sturdy horses, can pass easily through the doorway, and stand beneath its ample shelter. From the barn, which entirely occupies the central length and breadth of the building, is the only possible ingress to the dwelling-house. On the right hand and on the left are doors and windows giving access to the living and sleeping rooms of the family. Nearly all the light and air which reaches these apartments gains admission through the wide-open double doors of the barn. Nearly all the light and air; but in the special dwelling which I am endeavouring to describe there was a range of small lattice casements under the eaves, into

which the last low rays of the setting sun managed to penetrate. The majority of these barn-dwellings have absolutely no exterior windows whatsoever. And the existence of Farmer Lehmann's casements was by many persons considered to be rather a disadvantage than an advantage.

"It is so snug when there are no windows outside," said the Lippe-Detmolders, "and the barn keeps the house right warm. There is no stove so good as a barn full of straw." Which was doubtless all very true, granting,—what the Lippe-Detmolders mostly assumed,—that fresh air is neither necessary nor desirable. However, in a purely picturesque sense, no one could deny that the little diamond-paned lattices, half buried in vine leaves, improved the aspect of the dwelling immensely. Farmer Lehmann's was an old house, and the vine trained over one side of it was old too, and rich in leaves, if not in grapes. The aspect of the farmyard would, I fear, have disgusted an English farmer. There was a great dunghill at one side of the door, and an indescribably filthy pond, wherein some fat ducks disported themselves with obvious enjoyment. Three or four mild-eyed cows with steaming nostrils stood knee-deep in litter by the closed cattle-shed. A mastiff lay blinking in front of his kennel, and barked now and then at the passers-by in a lazy, muffled voice. A family of lean, long-legged pigs was busily investigating the delicacies of a heap of heterogeneous scraps flung out from the kitchen; cocks and hens promenaded, with the self-sufficient air peculiar to their species, in and out and about the barn; and on the high-peaked roof a tribe of patriarchal pigeons cooed and sunned their shining wings. Over the doorway was carved an inscription, which, as it is a fair sample of many similar inscriptions in the country, I may here translate:—"Within is goodly store of food for man and beast. Behold, nowhere shall you find a garner fuller filled, or more overflowing with abundance. Gerhard Lehmann and Marthe Sieger, his wife, built this dwelling, and placed this inscription to the honour and glory of Almighty God, in the year 1679. He openeth His hand, and all things living are filled with good."

The sound of wheels on the hard road, and the barking of the old mastiff, brought Franz Lehmann to the door, and he advanced to greet Peters.

"Welcome, Herr Apothecary. I take it friendly of you not to forget us. So-ho, old Schimmel! You'd better drive right into the barn, Herr Peters. The threshing-floor is clear now, and 'tis ill standing still in this sharp air for either man or beast."

In this view of the case the fat pony appeared to coincide, for he immediately set off unguided for the shelter of the barn, taking the shortest line for the attainment of his object, and thereby tilting up the chaise and Herr Peters in it at a dangerous angle, as the wheels bumped heavily over heaps of refuse, and splashed through the duck-

pond. However, steed and driver arrived safely within the great warm barn, and there Peters alighted to pay his respects to the Haus-frau. To this end, he accompanied the farmer through one of the little low doors that opened from the barn, and passed into a long, stone-flagged kitchen. It was lighted on one side by three of the outer vine-draped casements, and on the other by two square, unglazed apertures near the roof, which were at this moment almost blocked up by a towering pile of wheat-sacks in the barn. On the floor were ranged a quantity of wide, shallow baskets filled with ruddy apples; and at an oaken dresser stood the Haus-frau and two sturdy maidens, peeling, coring, and cutting up the fruit, which was handed to them as they needed it by a barefooted little goose-herd, temporarily pressed into the domestic service. The farmer's wife dropped her knife and wiped her hands on her apron before offering one of them to her visitor.

"Ach je, Herr Peters!" she exclaimed, with as much astonishment in her voice as though she had not been expecting him all the morning, "now this is kind! I have the parcel ready for Lieschen,—a small parcel it is,—only a couple of neckerchiefs, real Manchester print they are,"—I would that I could convey to my reader any idea of the sound Frau Lehmann made in uttering the word *Manchester*,—"and two pairs of worsted stockings,—a bit darned, it's true, but my own knitting, and real warm for winter wear; and I'm sure the child will be thankful to you, Herr Apothecary, for taking the trouble to carry them to her; for as to me, there ain't much chance of my getting to Detmold this side Christmas, and all the hams to cure, and,—only see,—the apple compôte but just begun, as one may say!"

Frau Lehmann uttered all this with great rapidity, and in the high cackling voice peculiar to uneducated German women; and when she paused for breath, she wiped her hands once more on her cotton apron. She was a bony, active, hard-featured woman, with a shrewish light in her grey eyes, and her serving-maids were obviously afraid of her.

"I will do your errand willingly, Frau Lehmann," said Peters; "the more so that little Liese was always a favourite of mine from the first day I saw her."

"Ah, poor little maid," broke in the farmer, "how small and strange she looked amongst us all that first evening I brought her here! But she was so sweet in her temper and so soft and handy in her ways, that——"

"There, there, that's Franz Lehmann all over," said the mistress of the house sharply. She was tying an extra string round the parcel to be sent, to Detmold, and gave it as she spoke so sudden a jerk that it snapped. "Franz Lehmann, once he gets on one of his hobbies, will talk and prose and dream for an hour, and the precious minutes galloping away all the time, and everything to do and to see to. Liese was small and strange then, sure enough; and

she's small and strange now for that matter! Nobody in all this world but Franz Lehmann would have thought of saddling himself with other folks' children, as if there wasn't mouths enough to feed already, and the boys especially, eating one out of house and home."

The little goose-herd, knowing himself to be one of the omnivorous boys in question, was so overwhelmed with confusion at being thus publicly alluded to, that he let fall an armful of apples, which rolled swiftly in various directions. And under cover of the consequent confusion, Peters made a hasty farewell and withdrew, bearing the parcel for which he had come. Lehmann accompanied him to the chaise, and walked at the pony's head as far as the high-road. The farmer broke silence only when they had reached the boundary of his own land.

"You won't take any notice of what my old woman says about Lieschen, Herr Peters?"

"Not at all," said the apothecary; but he had not a very clear idea of his own meaning.

"You see my old woman she's,—she's an excellent body. Not a better wife in the principality. There ain't many housewives that would be as kind to a stranger's child, brought home to her without 'with your leave,' or 'by your leave,' as she has been to Lieschen. Are there, now?"

"N—no," answered Peters, the misogynist, "I don't think women mostly are kind to other folks' children."

"Well, there it is, you see, Herr Apothecary. We never had no little ones of our own; not to live, that is. Our only babe, she didn't stay many days in this world, and it well-nigh broke Hanne's heart. She has a sharp way with her sometimes, has Hanne, but, dear Heaven! if you had seen her then. Well, then, you understand, when I brought home little Lieschen, and said, 'Wife, this is the child of a dear dead cousin of mine, and we must give her shelter and home with us,' why, she just looked at the little one, and burst out a-crying, and got up and went away without a word. When she came back again, she fed and tended the child right motherly, and she's done well by her ever since."

"I suppose Lieschen went to service at Detmold quite of her own will, then?"

Franz Lehmann's honest face grew a shade graver as he answered, "Yes; of her own will? Yes. It was better for her not to stay at home. Lieschen never was fit for hard country work, and my old woman keeps her lasses pretty tight to it. Then Hanne said I should spoil the maiden, and make a fool of her. Mayhap I might. But what I really think," added the farmer confidentially, lowering his voice, "is that it fretted my old woman a bit to see me so fond of Lieschen. She was——"

"Jealous," suggested Peters, with a nod.

"Well, jealous, if you like, but in a queer kind of a way. My belief is that every time I patted the child's head, or took her on my knee, Hanne thought of our own little daughter, and what she might have been if the Lord had spared her to us, and felt somehow as if I was robbing the little dead babe,—poor lamb!—by——. There, I can't speak it out clear, but I've got it all in my head like print."

However little the apothecary might agree with Frau Lehmann on most points, he could not but sympathise with her impatience of her husband's tendency to prose. Franz stood bareheaded, with his hand on the pony's mane, and his blue eyes placidly staring at vacancy, apparently unconscious of a keen north wind which made Peters sink his face deeper and deeper into his sheepskin collar. Peters was a mild and irresolute man. He wanted to proceed on his journey, but he did not know how to arrest the flow of Lehmann's slow, musing utterances. The old Schimmel, however, was neither mild nor irresolute, and having by this time finished munching a mouthful of hay surreptitiously extracted from a truss in the barn, and feeling, moreover, rather chilly, he rid himself of Lehmann's hand on his mane by a vigorous shake of the head, and started off down the road at a round pace. The chaise had rolled some distance before Peters could pull up the Schimmel to listen to something which the farmer was calling after him.

"Heart's love to my little Lieschen. And hark ye, Herr Apothecary, you must promise to come and eat roast goose with us this winter. You've never tasted my old woman's apple compôte! Real good she makes it. Don't forget."

"Apple compôte!" muttered Peters. "I'd rather have peace and quiet to sweeten the roast goose than any sauce yonder shrew could make. I know she'd turn the fruit sour only by looking at it." But he nodded a sort of assent, and waved his hand to the farmer, who was still standing bareheaded in the road. And then the pony, whose small stock of complaisance was now exhausted, broke into a determined trot, and went steadily at his own pace until they reached Detmold.

HOW TO SETTLE THE EASTERN QUESTION.

In a previous article we endeavoured to place before our readers, as succinctly as possible, the condition of Greece, Servia, and Roumania, and to point out that none of those countries contained elements for what it is the fashion to call "the solution of the Eastern Question;" that is to say, that none of them offered a nucleus around which, in the event of the fall of the Ottoman rule in Europe, the various populations of the European provinces of Turkey could gather and form a Christian state sufficiently compact and powerful to maintain its independence, or sufficiently well governed to secure the contentment, happiness, and prosperity of the races, differing in origin and religion, which would inhabit it. We showed that the attempt to establish any such state would only introduce fresh elements of confusion into "the Eastern Question," would tend to promote the ambitious designs of Russia, and would lead, if not immediately to war, to the first step towards it, by necessitating the constant interference and intervention of the European Powers.

Let us now inquire whether, amongst the Christian populations still under the immediate rule of the Sultan,—that is to say, the Bulgarians, Bosnians, and Albanians,—there be one which could be substituted for the Turks, and which could become the dominant race of Turkey in Europe with any fair prospect of the establishment of a strong, independent, and settled government. Could these various races be consolidated into one Christian state, or could they be divided into several small independent states, like Greece and Servia, or could they form a confederation of states with republican institutions?

Before a satisfactory answer can be given to these questions, it is necessary to ascertain, as nearly as possible, the relative numbers of the Christians and Mohammedans forming the population of the provinces of Bosnia, Albania, Bulgaria, and Roumelia.* But this is no easy matter. Statistics of any value are utterly wanting. Although the Turkish Government is believed to possess tolerably accurate returns upon the subject, they have never been published. The calculations which are to be found in modern works on Turkey are

* For convenience-sake we include in Roumelia the provinces to the south of the Balkan, comprising ancient Macedonia and Thrace, and the modern governments or pashalics of Adrianople, Monastir, and Salonica, together with Constantinople, and its dependent districts. The Christian inhabitants of the country between the Danube and the *Ægean* Sea, with the exception of part of the populations of the cities and towns, are Bulgarians, and speak Slavonian.

altogether untrustworthy, and are generally based upon the political bias of the writer. In Bosnia there is reason to believe that the Mussulmans exceed the Christians in numbers. If the population be placed at one million, which is the ordinary computation, and is probably below the true number, we should say that the Mohammedans amount to about 600,000. They form a compact homogeneous race, with common interests, a common religion, and a common language. The Christians have been reckoned at 480,000, but these numbers comprise 280,000 belonging to the Greek Church, and 200,000 Latins or Roman Catholics. So that among the Christians there exists an antagonism of creed, which would render any complete and perfect union between them impossible. The proprietors of the soil are chiefly Mohammedans, but are the descendants of its ancient possessors, who changed their religion to keep their lands. Consequently they are of the same race and speak the same language as the Christians, and only differ from them in faith. The Mohammedans, however, having long belonged to the dominant class, and being accustomed to rule, are of a brave and warlike disposition, and inured to the use of arms. The Christians, naturally timid and afraid of the Mussulmans, and disunited on account of differences of creed, would be quite unable, without assistance from abroad, to rise successfully against them.

In Albania the Mohammedans probably exceed the Christians in the proportion of three to one, if we exclude the Southern districts, or Epirus, where the Christians are considerably in the majority. In this province, again, the landholders are principally Mohammedans, and the Christians, with the exception of some of the mountain tribes in the South, would not venture to rise against the Mussulmans. In Albania, too, it must be remembered that the Christians are disunited, being divided into two different sects, those of the Greek and those of the Catholic Church, though the former are much the more numerous.

It is very difficult indeed to come to any definite conclusion as to the populations of Bulgaria and Roumelia, as accounts on this subject vary so considerably. According to some writers the Christians are very greatly in the majority, and are perhaps more than double the Mohammedans. According to the authority of persons well acquainted with the country, such as Mr. Longworth, at present Her Majesty's Consul-General at Belgrade, who has filled the same post at Monastir, and has officially visited all parts of Bulgaria and Roumelia, the Turkish or Mohammedan population is much larger than is generally supposed, and is not much inferior in numbers, if at all, to the Christian.*

There is this difference between the Mohammedan landholders in

* It would be of great importance to obtain accurate statistics with regard to the populations of Turkey in Europe. We are convinced that at the present time the greatest ignorance prevails on the subject.

these provinces and those in Bosnia and Albania,—that they are not the descendants of the ancient proprietors of the soil, but, for the most part, of the Ottoman conquerors who occupied the country and appropriated the land. Consequently they differ in race and language from the Christians, who are descended from the original inhabitants. The Mohammedans, in fact, hold very much the same position in Bulgaria and Roumalia as the descendants of the English conquerors in Ireland, both as regards race, religion, and the possession of the land. The number of Christian landholders is, however, considerable, and is increasing. But the Christians are in general a timid and divided race, and have none of the warlike qualities of the Turks.

It is evident from what we have stated that in no part of Turkey in Europe would the Christians alone and single-handed have the slightest chance of success in an insurrection against the Turkish Government, supported as the Mohammedan population would be by the whole force of the empire. Without direct support and assistance from some foreign power, any attempt on their part to rise would inevitably end most disastrously. It must never be forgotten that the Mohammedans are perfectly well aware that a struggle with the Christians would be one for very life, and that in the event of a defeat their own fate would be literally expulsion from Europe and deprivation of their lands. It is not to be supposed that they would yield until every means of resistance had been exhausted, and until after terrible bloodshed.

But we will suppose for a moment that by the armed assistance of some European Power the Christian populations of Turkey in Europe had obtained the upper hand, and were to succeed in dispossessing the Mohammedans of their lands: could Bosnia and the other provinces be formed into independent states under Christian rulers, with a fair prospect of tranquillity, good government, and the development of free institutions? Would such an arrangement remove the danger which the weakness of the Turkish Empire is supposed to inflict on Europe? Would these Christian populations have greater elements of strength, would they be better able to maintain their independence than Turkey?

Neither the example of Greece, nor of Servia, nor of the Danubian Principalities, has afforded much evidence in favour of such a solution of the Eastern question. The provinces of European Turkey still under direct Turkish rule possess even fewer elements of stability and self-government than those states. In Servia and Roumania the populations are homogeneous in language and religion. In Bosnia and the other Turkish provinces, besides the large mixture of Mohammedans, there is a serious division amongst the Christians themselves, while the hatred and jealousy between Greeks and Catholics are scarcely less violent than between Christians and Mussulmans. Bosnia, Albania, Bulgaria, and Roumelia, left to themselves, would soon present a scene of anarchy and confusion which would compel

European interference, and probably result in their annexation to some European state.

But could it be possible to form one strong, independent, homogeneous state out of the Slavonian Christian populations of Turkey in Europe, or a confederation of states with a republican form of government? It must be remembered that any such attempt would be resisted by Russia, even to the extent of war. Whether Russia meditates the actual annexation of these provinces or not, one thing is perfectly clear,—that she will never allow, as long as she has the power to prevent it, the establishment of a powerful Slavonian kingdom in the South of Europe, with Constantinople for its capital. Such a state, with a popular government and free institutions, would be far too formidable a rival. The Emperor Nicholas expressed the national Muscovite sentiment when, in discussing with Sir Hamilton Seymour the various combinations which were possible in the event of the dissolution of the Ottoman empire, he declared that Russia would never tolerate, as long as she had a man or a musket left, the reconstruction of a Byzantine empire, that is, of an empire composed of the Slavonian populations of Turkey, or such an extension of Greece as would render her a powerful state. Nor would she, he added, permit Turkey to be broken up into little republics, asylums for the revolutionists of Europe.

Nor would Austria view with any favour such a settlement of the Eastern question. She, too, has Slavonian populations which might desire to join a great Slavonian kingdom, or republic, and form part of the Slavonian nationality. She would probably, therefore, join Russia in preventing the formation of any such rival state. Consequently, what with incapacity for government, internal weakness, and the jealousy and hostility of powerful neighbours, any Christian state that could be formed out of the Slavonian populations of Turkey would only be a source of danger to Europe, and its formation would probably lead sooner or later to war, or to the aggrandisement of Russia, and the realisation of her designs upon Constantinople. The utmost that could be hoped for would be the formation of several small states, each under a different ruler, native or foreign, too weak to defend themselves, or to maintain their independence for any length of time, and compelled by the force of circumstances to place themselves under the protection of Russia or Austria. And this sorry result would be accomplished after the shedding of an immense amount of human blood, at the cost of infinite human misery, and through the perpetration of acts of injustice and confiscation for which history could not find a parallel. The Christian nations of Europe would have to give their aid to drive above five millions of human beings out of Europe, and to deprive them of their homes and lands, in order that they might perish from misery and want in Asia, merely because they happened to be born Mohammedans.

It cannot be too often repeated that such is the design of the Greeks, and that such are the prospects held out to the Slavonian populations by Russian and Servian agents, and those who are urging them to rise in insurrection. These agents can point, to confirm their promises, to Servia and Greece, and to many parts of the East where the Christian element has prevailed. Their battle-cry is inextinguishable hatred between the Mohammedan and the Christian.

There are other results which would arise if the Mohammedans of Turkey were treated in this way, and which, although of no small moment, are usually overlooked. It should be remembered that, although there may be some doubts as to the relative proportion of the Christian and Mohammedan populations in Turkey in Europe, there can be no doubt on the subject with regard to the Asiatic provinces of the empire. In them the Mussulmans are in a very large majority. They belong for the most part to fierce and warlike races, easily excited, and little disposed to look with indifference upon the persecution and ill-treatment of their co-religionists in Europe. It is highly probable that, if the schemes of the Russians, Greeks, and Servians were successful, a terrible vengeance would be taken upon the Christians of Asia, and that massacres and bloodshed would be rife in Asia Minor, Syria, and other parts of the Asiatic territories of the Sultan. Would the European Powers look with indifference on this result of their policy, or would they actively interfere in behalf of the Christians of Asia also? Probably they would have quite enough on their hands on this side of the Bosphorus, while Russia would be in a position to take advantage of the horror which such events would excite in Europe, and to carry out her own policy,—a policy hostile to the interests of England.

It cannot be too strongly urged upon English public men that all these plans for Greek and Slavonian nationality are only so many schemes for the profit of Russia, and for the realisation of her ambitious designs.

That the designs of Russia on Turkey are such as we have described them to be, there can be no doubt. Her policy is probably the most unscrupulous that has ever been pursued by a nation claiming to be ranked amongst civilised peoples. Unless there were overwhelming evidence to prove its existence, it might be deemed incredible and impossible. Not daring to avow its determination to destroy the Turkish empire, or to carry on openly, in the face of Europe, its schemes for accomplishing this end, the Russian Government has resolved to weaken Turkey by constantly inciting her Christian populations to insurrection, and by preventing all improvement and substantial reforms. It calculates, justly enough, that if it is allowed to pursue this policy with impunity, either Turkey must sooner or later fall to pieces of herself, or Europe must at last be compelled to connive at her dismemberment. In order to carry out her schemes, Russia has secured the

services of the Greek clergy in Turkey by subsidies, and by affording them protection in their abuses, and has made use of Greece, Servia, and Roumania. By abetting and aiding the Greeks in their attempts to raise the Greek-speaking populations of Thessaly, Epirus, and Crete, she contrives to keep the southern provinces of Turkey in Europe in an unceasing state of agitation and disquiet. Through the Servians, Montenegrins, and Roumanians she is constantly urging the Slavonians to insurrection. Russian agents swarm amongst the Christian populations, inciting them to insurrection against the Turkish rule, and liberally supplying them with money, and even with arms when necessary. Every Russian consulate in Turkey is the centre of a conspiracy against the Turkish Government. The small states, such as Servia and Greece, are encouraged to look to Russia as their protector in their schemes of aggrandisement, and the Slavonian populations are taught to see in her their deliverer from Turkish rule. Any attempt made by the Porte to improve the condition of its Christian subjects is promptly opposed, and usually defeated. If the Turkish authorities aid in the establishment of a Christian school, or endeavour to found one themselves, a Russian consul immediately appears upon the scene, and either by inciting the Greek clergy against it, or by threatening those persons who would avail themselves of it, speedily contrives to have it closed. If the Christian laity is aided by the Porte in an attempt to obtain a reform of the intolerable abuses which exist in the Greek Church, Russia steps in as the protector of the Greek clergy, and compels the Porte to punish those who have ventured to oppose them. If the Turkish Government, on the other hand, supports the Greek clergy in maintaining any of their rights and privileges, Russia appears as the champion of the laity and as the defender of religious freedom. Whenever any changes in the law or in the local administration are attempted by the Porte with the view of bettering the condition of the Christians, every manner of intrigue is put in motion to prevent their success. If the finances of Turkey show any improvement and her revenue a surplus, fresh embarrassments are wilfully created, and insurrections brought about in some part of the empire, that money may be spent and new difficulties may arise. If these intrigues have been carried on too openly and have been exposed in the face of Europe, Russia calmly denies any knowledge of them, and disavows those who have been employed to carry them on. If the Turkish authorities detect Russian agents in the very act, and venture to complain of their proceedings,—as, for instance, in the case of the aid given to the Cretan insurgents,—Russia assumes the imperious line of an injured state, and demands that her accusers and calumniators should suffer signal punishment. The Turkish Government, unable to resist these demands, is compelled to yield, the too zealous public servant is dismissed or suspended, and a warning is thus given to other officials not to interfere with Russian agents.

The results of the policy pursued by Russia are these ; that the Christian populations are kept in a chronic state of discontent and uneasiness, that the hostility between them and their Mohammedan fellow-subjects is nourished and increased, that the authority of the Turkish Government is weakened, and that public opinion is gradually brought to believe that the dominion of the Sultan in Europe cannot be maintained, that it is incompatible with the prosperity and happiness of the Christians, and that any attempt to reconcile the conflicting interests of the different races under Turkish rule must necessarily fail.

The Eastern policy formerly pursued by England, and best known as the "Palmerstonian" policy, is commonly believed to have consisted in some unnatural sympathy for the Turks in their misrule and in their oppression of Christians, in a futile and impolitic attempt to "bolster up the Turkish empire," in hostility to free institutions and national independence in the East, and in a childish and unfounded jealousy and alarm of Russia. It seems strange that it should be necessary to show that this policy has been entirely misrepresented and misunderstood. Lord Palmerston was the last man to encourage oppression and tyranny in any part of the world. He had no sympathy with Turks as against Christians. He had no wish to see fertile provinces lying waste. No one ever denounced more earnestly and more effectively the misgovernment of Turkey and the corruption and bad faith of Turkish ministers and officials. The Christian populations have never had a more sincere friend than they had in him. But whilst he was ready to help the Christians of Turkey, he felt that her non-Christian populations were equally entitled to justice and sympathy.

The Eastern policy of Lord Palmerston, and that of some of the wisest statesmen of this country, was founded upon the following considerations. Turkey in Europe is inhabited by a mixed population of Mohammedans and Christians. It would be neither just, humane, nor politic to sacrifice Christians to Mohammedans, nor Mohammedans to Christians. To "drive the Turks out of Europe," and to confiscate their lands merely because they are Mussulmans, even if it were possible to do so without a great war, would be equally cruel and opposed to all true principles of justice and liberty. If Turkish rule in Europe were destroyed, there is no Christian population sufficiently civilised and prepared for the functions of government to put in its place. The result would be the formation of several small weak states, or of one large one equally weak, whose complete disorganisation would compel Europe to interfere, or would cause them to fall an easy prey to Russia. To play the game of Russia, and to place European Turkey and Constantinople within her grasp, would be dangerous to the liberties and independence of Europe and to the interests of England. The true policy of this country, therefore,

and the one most consistent with justice, liberty, and humanity, and with our own interests, is to give our moral support to the Turkish Government. That Government, with all its vices and shortcomings, is the only one now capable of maintaining order and imposing obedience amongst a variety of populations, made up of a number of different races with antagonistic creeds, which if left to themselves would persecute and massacre each other. At the same time, it should be the object of the European Powers to place Turkey in close and intimate relation with the rest of Europe, and so to bring public opinion to bear upon her, that the intolerant and exclusive spirit which once characterised Turkish rule may gradually give way before the civilisation and knowledge of the age. By these means improvements in the laws, in the administration of justice, in the education of the people, and in the general conduct of affairs, might be gradually introduced, and equal rights and perfect religious toleration might be secured to all races and creeds inhabiting the Turkish empire. In the course of a short time the Turks would see the absolute necessity of associating the Christians with them in the government of the empire. If the various populations of Turkey were only left alone they would of themselves find the means of reconciling their conflicting interests and jealousies of race, and of living in peace and harmony. By thus amalgamating the various elements of Turkey, and by so strengthening the Ottoman empire that it may maintain its integrity and independence, the cause of civilisation and peace would be more surely promoted than by conniving at and hastening its dissolution on the chance of developing the Christian element in the East. For the ultimate good of the Christians themselves, and as the best chance of enabling them to form hereafter a powerful Christian state or states, it is infinitely better to allow them to achieve their own independence, and to fit themselves for the task of government and the enjoyment of free institutions.

A policy founded on these considerations we believe to be just, humane, and liberal, and the one which it is most consistent with the interests of this country to pursue. It is absurd to compare the Christian population of Turkey with the people of Italy and Germany, and to taunt those with inconsistency or bad faith who have advocated national independence and unity in the centre and south of Europe, and at the same time have supported a policy favourable to the maintenance of the Turkish power on the Danube and Bosphorus. There is no analogy between the two cases. Neither in Italy nor Germany were there those vast distinctions of religion and race which exist in Turkey, nor were there several millions of people to expel from their homes and lands. The Austrians were merely encamped in Lombardy, and it may be said that they never possessed a rood of land in their Italian possessions. In Germany unity is merely a question of the expulsion of a few petty princes. Moreover, no one acquainted with

the history and condition of the Christian populations of Turkey would venture to compare them with the Italians or Germans ; that is, to compare races without national traditions, without the rudiments of knowledge, science, or education, without a literature, without ideas or experience of government, with nations which have the most glorious national traditions and literature, which have led the world in thought, science, and art, which have adopted the principles of religious liberty, and which have already shown all the great and noble qualities that fit a people for freedom and independence.

That the policy of Lord Palmerston was eminently calculated to produce the results which he anticipated can be fully proved by a fair and impartial comparison between the present condition of Turkey and her condition half a century, or even twenty-five years, ago. No country in the world probably ever made so great a progress in so short a time, when all the difficulties which surround the Sultan and his Government are taken into consideration. Notwithstanding all the vices and corruption which unquestionably still exist amongst the governing classes, an immense improvement has taken place in the condition of the populations of Turkey, and especially of the Christians, as well as in the material prosperity and wealth of the empire. To convince ourselves of this fact we have only to turn to the reports of our consular agents presented to Parliament. These gentlemen, who are scattered over the empire, and are not always disposed to render even common justice to the Turks, agree in admitting the fact of this progress. The intolerance and the invidious distinctions which once marked the treatment of the Christians by the Mohammedans are fast disappearing, if they have not already ceased to exist. Acts of tyranny and oppression on the part of the Turkish authorities are becoming rarer every day, and in many parts of the empire cannot possibly be committed. Life and property are secure. The laws are more equal and are better administered, although much is still needed in this respect. Christians are being gradually associated with Mohammedans in all branches of local and provincial administration, and even in some of the highest offices of state. The trade of Turkey has developed itself to an unexampled extent, and the revenues show a corresponding increase. The army is effective and well organised. The old proud exclusive spirit of the Turks is dying out, and they are gradually taking their place in the community of nations. The contentment of the Christians is increasing notwithstanding the unceasing efforts of Russia to create disaffection and discontent amongst them. And to complete these vast changes we have seen the Sultan breaking through the most sacred traditions of his race and setting the example of toleration and progress to his people by visiting Europe and mixing freely with the populations of Christendom.

If so much has been accomplished in so short a period, there is good hope for still greater progress in the future. We may reason-

ably look for the speedy disappearance of those barbarous laws and customs, and that intolerant spirit which still divide Mohammedans from Christians. Means will be found to reconcile their several interests and rights without inflicting injustice and wrong upon either. The Turks are as much entitled to justice as the Christians, and whilst we are urging the claims and denouncing the grievances of the latter, we should not forget that the Mohammedans are exposed to precisely the same misgovernment as their Christian fellow-subjects. It appears to us that a truly liberal policy, the one most worthy of a civilised nation, is that which respects the rights of all subjects of Turkey, without reference to race or creed.

But to give Turkey a fair chance of improving her institutions, of bringing her government into harmony with those of other European states, and of doing full justice to her Christian populations, non-interference and non-intervention on the part of the Great Powers, and internal peace and tranquillity, are absolutely essential. So long as Russia can outrage with impunity the law of nations, and can keep the Christian subjects of the Sultan in constant agitation by her intrigues, it is impossible for the Turkish Government to carry out those great reforms which are necessary to the consolidation of the empire.

We are no advocates for "bolstering up the Turkish empire," nor do we desire that this country should lend itself to any such policy. All we ask is that the doctrine of non-intervention which we would enforce with regard to other nations should be extended to Turkey. If she cannot maintain herself, then let her fall. If the Christians are desirous of establishing a national independence, let them achieve it if they are able. But let Turks and Christians be left to settle their own affairs, and let us not be guilty of the gross inconsistency and inhumanity of demanding justice for the Christians whilst we are prepared to inflict the greatest injustice and cruelty upon the Mohammedans. We are convinced that if Europe would only leave the Turks to themselves they would soon find the means of living in harmony and of devising a form of government which would respect and uphold the interests and rights of all classes, races, and creeds.

It would seem that some at least of the European powers have of late shown symptoms of returning to the views of Eastern policy which we have advocated, of uniting with England, and of abandoning the fatal course which they have followed since the Crimean war. These powers have discovered that the policy which they have pursued in Servia, Roumania, and Crete, has only tended to weaken and dismember Turkey for the benefit of Russia, without promoting the true interests of the Christians. France has found that she has lost instead of gained influence in the East since 1856. By constantly acting upon a policy hostile to the Porte, and by thus indirectly encouraging insurrection and disaffection amongst the Christian populations of Turkey, she has only weakened the Ottoman Empire,

added to the risk of prematurely bringing on the Eastern question, and promoted the schemes of aggrandisement entertained by Russia. She has derived no advantage whatever from the course which she has pursued. She has not even added to that showy influence which gratifies her national vanity, nor has she promoted the interests of Roman Catholicism, either in France or in the East. In aiding to establish the union of the Danubian Principalities under the rule of a foreign prince, and in thus bringing about their ultimate separation from Turkey, she has only abetted religious persecution of the most cruel and barbarous kind. She must be somewhat ashamed of her work. Indeed, as we know, she has been compelled by public opinion to address remonstrances to the Roumanian government on account of their infamous conduct towards the Jews, and their audacious attempts to raise an insurrection in Bulgaria. By thus stepping in to prevent the perpetration of these crimes, she has only destroyed the influence she had acquired amongst a certain class in Roumania by giving her assistance to the Republican party in their designs against Turkey and against the landed proprietors of the Principalities. She has encouraged the intrigues of the Servians amongst the Turkish populations, and their schemes of territorial aggrandisement, only to provide Russia with the most apt instruments to carry out designs in Turkey which are both anti-French and anti-Catholic. To counteract the results of her own policy, she is now obliged to threaten the Servian Government, and to oppose the proceedings of that party in Servia which she had made so many sacrifices of principle and good faith to conciliate. So that France has thus contrived by her uncertain and wavering policy to give cause of offence and suspicion to the Porte without satisfying the enemies of Turkey.

Austria, too, has now discovered that, by supporting the Servians and Roumanians in their attempts to establish their independence, and by encouraging their intrigues amongst the Slavonic populations of Turkey, she has only been promoting the designs of Russia at the expense of her own interests and influence in the East. To no European Power are the tranquillity and prosperity of the Ottoman empire of more vital importance than to Austria. For several hundred miles she borders on Turkish provinces. Any agitation amongst the Slavonians of Turkey cannot fail to find an immediate response amongst her own Slave populations. The conterminous peoples of both empires are more or less dependent upon each other for many necessities of life, and for their commerce. As Austria adopts a commercial policy more in accordance with the liberal spirit which now guides her counsels, and encourages instead of checking the intercourse between her own populations and those of the neighbouring Turkish provinces, a trade of great value will be established between them. Dalmatia, with her magnificent harbours and her skilled and hardy mariners, is the natural outlet for the produce of

Bosnia and the western corn-producing districts of Turkey. Hitherto that important part of the Austrian empire has been unaccountably neglected. No roads have united its northern and southern extremities, or connected it with the agricultural districts of Turkey, with which intercourse has been discouraged and impeded by heavy duties and vexatious frontier regulations. Austria under a more enlightened government, and under the pressure which Hungary and Bohemia are bringing to bear upon her, begins, when perhaps too late, to perceive the fault which she has committed in omitting to encourage and conciliate her Slavonian populations, and in allowing Russia to extend her influence amongst them, and amongst the adjacent subjects of the Porte. She is anxious, therefore, to repair her error by joining with England and France in pursuing a wiser policy with regard to Turkey. One of the first symptoms of this change was the proposal which, in conjunction with France, she has recently made to the British Government to present a collective note to the Prince of Servia reminding him of his engagements to the Porte, and calling upon him to desist from his aggressive and mischievous proceedings amongst the Bosnians and Bulgarians. Although Lord Stanley declined to take part in a joint remonstrance, and addressed a separate note, couched, we understand, in energetic terms, to the Prince, Austria and France did consent to act together, and appear to have brought the Prince to some sense of his duty.

But an important auxiliary to Turkey has recently appeared in the field. It would seem that the leaders of the Polish national party, after the failure of their recent attempt to achieve their independence as a nation by rising in arms against their oppressors, have come to the conclusion that their wisest policy, and the one best calculated to attain their object, is to counteract the schemes of Russia in the East, and to thwart her ambitious project of forming a vast Slavonian empire of which she is to be the head, and which is to swallow up not only the Poles, but all the Slave populations of Austria and Turkey. The best way to defeat these designs is, they believe, to make their fellow Slavonians of those two empires understand that they are merely used by Russia as tools for the promotion of her policy, and that if by her help they could succeed in separating themselves from Austria and Turkey, their inevitable lot would be to share the fate of Poland, and to be reduced to the condition of Russian provinces, and that their real civilisation thus would be retarded, while they would be altogether deprived of the chance of national independence. The employment of a considerable number of Poles by the Turkish Government in the army and in a civil capacity has enabled the Polish leaders to do much in this direction, and already they have succeeded in opening the eyes of many of the most influential Christian communities in European Turkey, and in counteracting the attempts of Russia to excite disaffection and revolt amongst them.

The Turkish Government will do wisely to avail itself of their powerful aid. Austria, in the meanwhile, has perceived the use that can be made of the Polish element to check the intrigues of Russia amongst her own Slavonic populations, and she has taken steps to turn it to good account by entering upon a more just and conciliatory policy towards her Galician subjects. The effect of this change in the relations between the Austrian Government and the Poles is already felt in the Polish provinces of Russia, and its importance is fully proved by the annoyance shown by Russia at the policy now pursued by Austria, and the efforts she is making to counteract it.

The attitude which France and Austria have thus assumed must lead to very important changes in the aspect of the Eastern question, and will tend to afford Turkey an opportunity of strengthening herself and of consolidating her power, by carrying out essential reforms, by setting her finances in order, by placing her army and navy in a more effective condition, and by further conciliating and contenting her Christian populations. If she avails herself wisely and without delay of this opportunity, her fall may not be so near as her enemies would wish the world to believe, or as those who are ignorant of her real condition and of her resources have been led to think.

Fortunately for Turkey, whilst France and Austria have altered their policy towards her, a marked change is taking place in public opinion in this country. The majority of thinking men are coming to the conviction that it is our true policy to encourage the Turkish Government in its efforts to improve the condition of all classes of its subjects, Mohammedans as well as Christians; to prevent, as far as possible, the intervention and interference of other countries in the internal affairs of Turkey, and to aid her in consolidating her strength and in maintaining her own independence and integrity,—in fact, to return, in a great measure, to the policy of Lord Palmerston.

Such a policy, without involving Europe in the risk of war, will tend more than any other to the solution of the Eastern question in the manner most consistent with the true interests of the various populations of different creeds and races which compose the Ottoman Empire. It has often been asserted that the Mohammedans of Turkey are dying out, and that the Christians, by their superior enterprise, industry, and intelligence, are gradually acquiring their lands and the wealth of the country. Whether this be only in part or altogether true, may be a question open to discussion. But if this process of absorption of the Mohammedan population is going on as rapidly as the enemies of Turkey assume, it is unnecessary that they should always be calling upon Europe to aid them in "driving the Turks into Asia;" for the time cannot be far distant when the Christians will of themselves take their proper place, and the Eastern question will thereby solve itself without the necessity of a bloody struggle and European interference or an European war.

AVICE.

"On serait tenté de lui dire, Bonjour, Mademoiselle la Bergeronnette."

V. Hugo.

THOUGH the voice of modern schools
Has demurred,
By the dreamy Asian creed
'Tis averred,
That the souls of men, released
From their bodies when deceased,
Sometimes enter in a beast,—
Or a bird.

I have watched you long, Avice,—
Watched you so,
I have found your secret out ;
And I know
That the restless ribboned things,
Where your slope of shoulder springs,
Are but undeveloped wings
That will grow.

When you enter in a room,
It is stirred
With the wayward, flashing flight
Of a bird ;
And you speak—and bring with you
Leaf and sun-ray, bud and blue,
And the wind-breath and the dew
At a word.

When you called to me my name,
Then again
When I heard your single cry
In the lane,
All the sound was as the "sweet"
Which the birds to birds repeat
In their thank-song to the heat
After rain.

When you sang the "Schwalbenlied,"
 'Twas absurd,—
 But it seemed no human note
 That I heard ;
 For your strain had all the trills,
 All the little shakes and stills,
 Of the over-song that rills
 From a bird.

You have just their eager, quick
 "Airs de tête,"
 All their flush and fever-heat
 When elate ;
 Every bird-like nod and beck,
 And a bird's own curve of neck
 When she gives a little peck
 To her mate.

When you left me, only now,
 In that furred,
 Puffed, and feathered Polish dress,
 I was spurred
 Just to catch you, O my Sweet,
 By the bodice trim and neat,
 Just to feel your heart a-beat,
 Like a bird.

Yet, alas ! Love's light you deign
 But to wear
 As the dew upon your plumes,
 And you care
 Not a whit for rest or hush ;
 But the leaves—the lyric gush,
 And the wing-power, and the rush
 Of the air.

So I dare not woo you, Sweet,
 For a day,
 Lest I lose you in a flash,
 As I may ;
 Did I tell you tender things,
 You would shake your sudden wings ;
 You would start from him who sings,
 And away.

A. D.

BALZAC AT HOME.

It is a question how far a natural desire to know the interior life and personality of men whose genius has made them famous, may be gratified by their survivors without any infringement of a delicate sense of honour. It is not a question, but a certainty, that in some cases curiosity of this nature has been pandered to by a profligate disregard of the most sacred obligations, and that seals have been broken which the scruples of common honesty and decency should have kept inviolate.

Therefore, before we approach any revelations of the dead, we should carefully inquire whether it was with their own sanction that such a source of knowledge was disclosed to us. We should respect a dead man's letter, a dead man's hidden thoughts, a dead man's secret passion or untold infirmity, more than a living man's; because he has passed beyond the possibility of self-defence.

But these considerations concern the interior rather than the exterior of life,—the concealed springs of action, and not such proceedings as are open to the light of day, wherever the sun chances to shine upon them. What coat a man wore, what dressing-gown, what slippers, what attitude he lounged in,—what occupation he loved,—what dinner he preferred,—how he talked,—when and where he wrote,—what was his favourite walk, his favourite flower, or his favourite fruit,—all these things may be told without treachery if they can be told without tedium. A certain dramatic power must belong to the narrator who can excite attention by such small records; the genius of comedy must distinguish a chronicler of this kind, and it is a rare genius, so rare that very few remarkable men have been introduced to us by their friends as they have been seen by them pleasantly taking their ease at home. It is, then, worth our while to give to the English public the substance of the entertainment which M. Léon Gozlan provided for the French in a small volume which he called "*Balzac en Pantoufles*," and which contains lively descriptions of his friend Balzac, the distinguished novelist of France, as he saw him at his own table, in his own bedroom, in his own garden, and in his undress without his coat and in his slippers. This volume is not new to the French, for it was published soon after Balzac's death, but it is less known in England than it deserves to be; for M. Gozlan is a humorous and graceful writer, with skill such as brings to the memorial of a man who has perished the spirit of his

living presence, and even the form of his bodily existence. Balzac's own works, original and exceptional in their introspective power, lead the reader into close mental relations with the writer, and necessarily suggest much speculation as to what the outer ways and habits of such a man may have been; with his vision which saw into the dark; with his probe which pierced the innermost core of the human heart.

His habit of beginning to work at midnight is in harmony with the impression which his writings make upon us. It is fit that his terrible investigations should be made in silence and secrecy, and that his pen should move to its dread office like the knife of the surgeon who deals with forbidden things dragged out of the tomb.

This was the way he operated; he went to bed very early, and slept till midnight, when he rose to write down those painful revelations of human suffering, human iniquity, and human folly which have fascinated mankind because they have laid bare the mysteries of an inner world hitherto known only in obscure glimpses, and exactly analysed flitting thought and unrecognised passion. Balzac would sometimes be so far lost in the contemplations which accompanied his work that he would discover himself, with a shock of surprise, at early dawn in the woods of Versailles or on the Place du Carrousel in his dressing-gown and slippers, without his hat; having wandered out in the agitation of composition, churning his thoughts by rapid movement. An unexpected highwayman darting out of the woods, or a lunatic escaped from the asylum, would hardly have startled him more than this apparition of himself; and first he would pause to wonder at his own position, and then he would hastily climb on to the roof of a Versailles omnibus and jog on steadily for awhile, and forget to pay; a forgetfulness which was not wholly unaccountable, for he rarely had a penny in his pocket. This proceeding excited no astonishment; for all the drivers knew him and humoured him, and they suffered the account to run on and the debt to accumulate *ad infinitum*.

One of the strangest of his bat-like flittings was that which brought him at 2 A.M., one winter morning, to the door of his friend Laurent Jan, Rue de Navarin, Paris. Laurent Jan, not expecting visitors at such an hour, was fast asleep; and Balzac rang repeatedly and vehemently, till at last an angry porter was roused from his dreams.

"What do you want? Who's there? What's it all about? Who are you, in the devil's name?" Amidst a storm of questions of this nature, and of bitter imprecations, Balzac reached his friend's sleeping-room. Laurent Jan, awakened by the clamour, startled by the apparition, sat bolt upright in his bed and rubbed his eyes in great agitation while he asked,—

"Is that really you, Balzac?"

"Yes, it is!" replied Balzac. "Get up at once; we are going a journey."

"A journey?"

"Yes,—a journey. . . . But get up directly, and I will tell you all about it."

"No, no,—before I get up, I must know where I am going."

"Well,—make yourself happy, I beg. We are about to start immediately on a visit to the Great Mogul."

"Are you mad?"

"No,—we are going to get rich; wonderfully rich; immensely rich; as rich as the Great Mogul's whole empire."

"Come, come; before I pack my things," said Laurent Jan,—but he spoke timidly in fear of an explosion from Balzac,—"I should like to know more fully what we have to do with this Great Mogul."

"Make haste!" cried Balzac impatiently; "while you are hesitating on the brink of your bed, we are losing millions of money; time will not stay for us, and we have to fetch Léon Gozlan."

"Indeed! is Gozlan going too?"

"Yes: I wish him to have a share in the treasures which await us."

Laurent Jan got up; resigned himself to the prospect of becoming a millionaire; dressed himself, and grumbled; and at last, when he was ready, said to Balzac, who was stamping with impatience,—

"I must say that I should like to know what we are to do with the Mogul, since I have consented to visit him in your company."

Balzac then drew Laurent Jan with an air of mystery towards the lamp, and said, when its light shone full upon them, "Look at this ring."

"I see it quite well, and I should think it is worth fourpence or thereabouts."

"Fourpence! Nonsense,—look again."

"Well, sixpence, then; and now let us have done with it."

"Have done with it? No!—not quite. I beg to inform you that this ring was presented to me at Vienna by the famous historian, M. de Hammer, when I was last in Germany."

"Well?"

"Well; as he gave it to me, M. de Hammer smiled and said, 'One day you will know the importance of this small token.' I took the ring, attaching little importance to this observation, and I believed that I merely possessed one of those small green pebbles which are everywhere so common."

"What else?"

"What else? Why, in the first place, there are letters engraved upon this stone . . . these letters;—but no, I will not anticipate the glorious surprise which came upon me yesterday, and which has brought me breathless to you to-night. You must know then that yesterday, at the Neapolitan ambassador's party, I bethought me of

making inquiries of the Turkish ambassador concerning the meaning of these letters on my ring. I showed him the ring, and he no sooner set eyes upon it than he uttered a cry which shook the whole assembly. 'This ring,' said he, bowing down to the ground while he spoke, 'belonged to the Prophet; it has been worn by the Prophet, and the Prophet's name is engraved upon it. The English stole it from the Great Mogul about a hundred years ago, and afterwards sold it to a German prince.' Here I interrupted him, 'It was presented to me at Vienna by M. de Hammer.' 'Go at once,' said the ambassador, 'lose no time in introducing yourself to the Great Mogul; for he has offered barrels of gold and diamonds to whoever will restore to him the Prophet's ring; and you will come back with unheard-of wealth.' You may fancy my state; just imagine how high I jumped. And now you know, Laurent Jan, why I have come to fetch you. Lose no time; the barrels are waiting for us!"

"And this is what you have called me up for in the middle of the night?" replied Jan; and then, to the unspeakable rage of Balzac, he reiterated his conviction that the ring was not worth more than fourpence.

Balzac's fury when it was once roused knew no bounds; and he thundered out anathemas and roared like a lion; but at last, exhausted by the violence of his own passion, rent in pieces by the storm he had himself lashed up, he laid himself down upon his friend's carpet and slept till the next day, dreaming of the Mogul's treasures. After that the subject was quietly dropped, and from that time forth the ring was seldom to be seen on Balzac's finger.

Such an extraordinary delusion, whether it was wholly self-evolved or whether it was the result of the Turkish ambassador's jocosity, would seem to us hardly compatible with Balzac's sanity, if we did not know by personal observation that the most brilliant intellect, feeding itself on thought in solitude, will become subject to the dominion of fancies which are incomprehensible to a sound understanding;—vagaries, whims, delusions, which alter their characters with the changing moods of the lonely man,—sometimes presenting to him visions of power and glory within his easy grasp,—sometimes with the idea of bitter unendurable human wrong, robbing him of the fruits of the divine gift, and forcing him to curse his fellow-men. The truth is that the keenest intellect suffers the most from want of friction with the outer world. When Balzac was working for the public, his imagination was checked by the notion of the reader's presence, and by a necessary reference to his probable opinion; so that, though he wrote in darkness and silence, he was conscious of the world he wrote for; and besides, as an artist, his ideas were then limited to the proper confines of his art, and to the necessity of verisimilitude in his representations of life. But his imagination, when speculating on personal matters, knew of no restraints or limits.

This may account for some apparent discrepancies between the realistic author and the fanciful dreamer who existed side by side in the person of this singular man, and belonged, however wide apart they may seem, to one distinct individuality. That his favourite vision should be a miraculous treasure of wealth was not surprising; for the purchase of a house and land, which he made with his usual indiscretion, pressed hard upon his pecuniary resources, and became, also, the subject of many small vexatious lawsuits. This house, which he called "*Les Jardies*," was known far and wide for its architectural absurdities, and for its very uncomfortable position on a steep declivity, where it stood in a sliding attitude, threatening an immediate descent upon the road below it, which leads from *Sèvres* to *Ville d'Avray*. As Balzac's favourite recreation was building, his house was for ever being built; the happiest of conditions for the builder, and the most miserable for his friends; a state of gradual advancement and uncertain progress, in which there is always a hope to be developed, an expectation to be realised, a desire to be accomplished, and a small seed to bring forth an enormous fruit. His ideas were vast, and his means of carrying them out were narrow, so that his friends had to draw largely on their imagination for what they were intended to see. They had to look at rough, bare plaster walls, and to suppose them richly decorated; the master-hand having inscribed on them all their potentialities. They saw written directions out of which their fancy was to construct the furniture of the room;—"there a splendid mirror;" "here first-rate wood-carving;" "here an antique frieze;" "here a superb book-case," &c.; out of such phrases the imagination was to supply comfort and beauty. They satisfied the mind of the author; and his guests, if they were not very luxuriantly lodged, were at any rate well entertained. This house was of all Balzac's works the most romantic; the only one, perhaps, which could not be accused of a painful realism; and, as a proof of his eccentricities, it was a comfort to the commonplace, who knew that he was a genius, and who felt that it struck a balance in their favour. Indeed, to this large class of society Balzac was altogether a satisfactory phenomenon. His intellectual superiority did not cast them at his feet; for he was ridiculous, and they could laugh at him.

In spite of his plain features and strange, slovenly costume, Balzac was a favourite with Parisian ladies; because, though he exhibited them in his novels as vicious, frivolous, and cold-hearted, he was a great extoller of their personal beauty; and he allowed them the gift of beauty not only in the days of sunny youth, but gave them a further grant in their more mature years.

He postponed to the furthest possible date the death of loveliness; and so the coquettish matron, full of days, poring over his pages, saw her hours of enchantment prolonged further than she had ventured

to hope, and beheld an empire created for her more extended and more solid than her most sanguine mood had ever dared to shape.

There is not in the whole range of Balzac's comments on humanity any one satire so bitter upon the fair and feeble sex whose secret vanities he delighted to explore ; there is not in the whole catalogue of his denunciations any one clause so cruel, so savage, so damaging as this fact,—that women were found to worship the writer who exhibited in the strongest colours their physical beauty and their moral depravity. Unwittingly, in this way they proved his sum for him,—and it was the sum of their own iniquity.

Whatever their follies, however, and whatever their misdemeanours, Balzac had a great relish for their admiration, and a pretty woman's smile was worth all the laudation of all the critics in his eyes,—his eyes in that case governing his thoughts. But, though his success in that direction was very dear to him,—though he was extolled on all sides,—and though, as a novelist, he was the fashion,—he had a personal grievance. He was not a dramatist ; and he saw in the large proportions of his contemporary Victor Hugo's genius, in the comprehensiveness of his grasp, in the fulness of his imagination, in the vigour and vastness of his conceptions, a power of such magnitude as seemed to reduce his own to a contracted span. Hugo was a novelist, a poet, and a successful dramatist ; and every play that he produced caused a strange fermentation and irritation in the mind of his rival. Balzac, on each of these occasions, wondered and wondered, and struggled vainly after plots and situations. He was perplexed ; how was it that such a man as himself, who could see so deeply into the intricacies of human passion,—into the most remote and winding ways of the human heart, should fail when he tried to write a play ? He resented his deficiency, and could not find its explanation ; yet, to any one who has read his novels, it is evident that their peculiar force depends upon qualities essentially opposed to those which are required for the construction of a drama. He makes his impressions by careful detail and elaborate description. His characters explain themselves by the help of minute circumstance. His story unfolds itself gradually, and in his satire his own presence is always felt. Every one of his works is stamped with the special image of his features, and his view of life is one-sided. The large range of the dramatist, the various passions, the exaltation of the poetic mood, the concentration of plot, the construction of situations which at once reveal a character or unravel a tissue of events,—all these things, which constitute the power of a play-writer, were wholly alien from the mind of Balzac. But he would not believe that any gift could be denied to him, and while the loud applause of Hugo's audiences rang in his ear, he resolved that he too would be the author of a drama. And, so resolved, he foresaw, according to his wont, a mine of inexhaustible wealth as the necessary result of his determination.

"Listen," he said, "I have a great idea,—no less sound than dazzling. I have in my head a piece full of scenic effects for the *Porte St. Martin*. *Frederick le Maitre* promises to play for me. With *Le Maitre* to help us, don't doubt it, we shall have at least 150 representations, averaging 5,000 francs apiece, and these will bring into our treasury 750,000 francs. Now, just calculate, with twelve per cent. as the rights of the author, I shall receive more than 90,000 francs. Add to that a sale of 10,000 copies of the play, at three francs apiece, and we get a further sum of 80,000 francs."

In this way Balzac shaped for himself certain profits out of uncertain projects, and was the undisputed master of theoretical millions. In order to facilitate the fulfilment of his great enterprise, he resolved to engage an assistant dramatist,—a proceeding not unusual in France, where division of labour is a vital principle in all kinds of art. It is often very successful; for there are some men who are ingenious in devising plots, others who are brilliant in dialogue, and a union of their faculties may produce a satisfactory whole, while each might use these qualities separately with an inadequate result. But however wise Balzac might be in having recourse to some partner in his undertaking, he showed a great deficiency of wisdom in the instrument he selected for this purpose.

The choice fell on a poor, pale, emaciated youth, named *Lassailly*,—dead since, but not dead of this effort, though very much tried by it. He was a dreamy youth, wholly unable to cope with the temper of Balzac, or to fulfil any of the conditions of his engagement. However, he accepted the post of literary assistant, and undertook, in return for board and lodging and a comfortable home, to provide Balzac with a plot, a situation, or a scene, whenever he should be called upon to do so. Balzac's part of the agreement was perfectly carried out, and the thin youth was so well taken care of, so amply fed, and so luxuriously treated, that his figure began to acquire new proportions; but what he gained by wholesome nourishment he lost by unwholesome affliction. He went through much anguish in his futile efforts. Balzac, as we have said, was a bat-like man, and took his flights at midnight. It was at two o'clock in the morning that he rang vehemently for *Lassailly*, and requested him to enter upon his functions.

Poor *Lassailly*! Timidly and hurriedly he rose, partly dressed himself, and then, like the man John in the nursery rhyme, with "one stocking off, and one stocking on," he crept through the long, dreary, silent passages which separated his room from that of Balzac. He was a strange-looking figure, with his cotton night-cap drawn down over his ears, his tremulous taper in his hand, and his face of complete consternation,—for he had the gift of exhibiting consternation in the highest degree. He found Balzac pale with watching, troubled with thought, jaundiced by the lamp-light which fell upon

his cheeks and brow,—not in any way resembling the Balzac of the drawing-room or the Boulevards. He looked formidable now, and Lassailly trembled as a slave questioned by a savage taskmaster, when the novelist demanded of him,—“What have you done for me, Lassailly? What do you suggest? What is your idea?”

The wretched youth lifted his cotton night-cap, rubbed his eyes, trying to disperse the impression of his dreams, and stammered out,—“Ah, well! certainly something ought to be contrived,—something ought to be thought of——”

“Well! and have you invented this something? Come, make haste! The manager wrote to me this very afternoon. I have seen Frederick le Maître.”

“Indeed! You have seen Frederick le Maître?”

“Yes, and his whole heart is in our play. He is hungry, he is thirsty, for a drama which is to arouse all Paris. But where is this rousing drama? What is it to be?”

“Ah! What is it to be?” repeated Lassailly.

“Have you got hold of the drama, Lassailly?”

“Not altogether; but——”

“You have partly made it out, then?”

“Yes;—no.”

“Speak; I am all attention.”

“I should prefer,” muttered Lassailly, “that you should first let me know your ideas on the subject. We might then blend our thoughts together, and then——”

“Lassailly, you are asleep.”

“Oh dear, no.”

“Oh dear, yes; I tell you, you are asleep. You have gone to sleep in that erect posture. I see it. Your heavy eyelids are closing.”

“No,—no, indeed,—I assure you.”

“You are yawning.”

“It is only the cold; it——”

“Go to bed again, Lassailly; and in an hour’s time we will see whether the muse can do something better for you.”

Lassailly resumed his flickering taper, and, shuffling along in his slippers, reached his room like a tortured ghost, and threw himself upon his bed again for a short interval of rest. He slept; but at the end of an hour he was startled out of his short uneasy slumber by repeated peals of Balzac’s bell. Bare-footed now, and with nothing on but his knitted drawers, Lassailly answered the summons, concealing his actual distress under an appearance of extraordinary eagerness. The old dialogue was renewed between the author and his assistant,—Balzac wide awake as a roaring lion, and Lassailly as torpid as a dormouse. Six times in the course of that night the unhappy Lassailly was called up from his warm bed to be put to the

question; six times he found himself unable to reply. It was evident that this state of things could not go on; and when M. Gozlan, some days afterwards, met Lassailly at the corner of the Rue Lafitte, he was looking more miserable, more haggard than usual, having parted from his employer for ever. His eyes, which were of a watery habit, were now cast up to heaven full of tears. And M. Gozlan, sympathising with his evident suffering, observed to him, that it was a pity he had quitted Balzac, for he seemed to be well off at the Jardies.

"Well off!" cried Lassailly. "Well off, indeed! What a delicious existence! Roast meat every day; vegetables twice a day; profuse desserts; and oh! what coffee!"

"Then why have you given it up?"

"Why? Do you ask why? Who could bear such a life. Six, —eight times called up in one night; and that is not all. Ordered, with a pistol held at my throat, to invent a drama which should set all Paris astir. Human endurance could not stand it. Mine, already tried by many vicissitudes and contending passions, was wholly exhausted."

Lassailly wept, and said, "Never, never, will I set foot again on the threshold of the Jardies."

He kept his word; and he not only avoided the Jardies from that day, but he never again heard the name of Balzac without a shudder.

The failure of this experiment did not diminish the ardour of Balzac's hopes. He sought the help of other friends, and the result of his efforts was the production of "*Vautrin*," at the Porte St. Martin, with Frederick Le Maitre playing the principal part. Although the genius of the novelist was, as we have before said, essentially undramatic, the drama, with such powerful support as that of Le Maitre, might have been carried through but for the pyramidal form of wig which he unaccountably and unfortunately chose to wear. This shape of wig was a personal characteristic of the reigning king. It was supposed to be typical of the monarchy, and the caricature of it was accepted as an insult to Louis Philippe, which was felt the more acutely because his eldest son, the Duke of Orleans, was present in the house.

Loud disapprobation saluted the favourite actor's first entrance, and accompanied him throughout the performance; and the next day a formal prohibition of any further representation of the piece was forwarded by the government to the manager. Balzac's friends looked upon this defeat as a cruel freak of destiny, but it probably spared his vanity much suffering. The author was not inculpatated; the whole failure was attributed to the absurdity of Le Maitre's head-dress, but in truth the drama was too monotonous in its criminalities to excite strong interest, and was too strongly flavoured with the aroma of the police-court. Balzac's peculiar analytical power served no stage purpose, and his accurate knowledge and minute description

were perhaps rather obstacles than aids. The stage has a rapid life of its own; concentration is its law; its developments are sudden; it cannot recognise the slowness of a chancery suit, nor follow all the niceties of a legal document. Its justice is poetical, and there is no such justice in the actual progress of human events. It rather complies with our aspirations than with our experience; and in this fact lies at once its strength and its weakness. Successfully to follow two vocations so distinct as those of the novel and the play-writer, a man's genius must take a very wide range. The novels of such a writer must be poetical, of the romantic school; or his play must be of the tea-cup small-comedy style.

The novelists who have produced good dramas are easily numbered,—Monk Lewis, Mrs. Inchbald, Lord Lytton, in England; Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, and Octave Feuillet, in France; and Goethe, in Germany. It is easier for a great dramatist to write a great novel than for an habitual novelist to create a drama, because the qualities required for a first-rate play are of a more varied character than those which will suffice for the construction of a first-rate novel. It would have been impossible to Miss Austen to write an effective drama, and it was almost as difficult for Balzac, though in his intensity of passion he had an element of tragic power, such as might at least have borne fruit in one great scene.

Knowing how little Balzac was ever doubtful of himself,—whatever the critics might say,—it was natural that his friends should expect to see him utterly bewildered and dismayed by the failure of "*Vautrin*;" but he was found the next day full of new speculations, looking forward, not backward, and expecting the realisation of the wildest of dreams.

The instant that Gozlan set foot in his room he called upon him to look out at window and carefully to examine the strip of land which bordered his property; and then he informed him that he intended to establish there, in the course of a few days, a large dairy, which was to supply an abundance of rich milk to the whole neighbourhood, now deprived of this important article of food by the immense consumption of Versailles and Paris. He saw before him from this source alone an annual profit of three thousand francs. And when that was done, an extraordinary growth of vegetables on another patch of land was to yield another three thousand; while a small square piece of dry gravelly soil was to produce annually twelve thousand francs of net profit by the cultivation of vines; so that altogether he might, he thought, reasonably expect an augmentation of income amounting to the sum of eighteen thousand francs. Under these circumstances, said he, what can it matter to me that "*Vautrin*" is prohibited? Any grave argument would have been misplaced in replying to such insane theories as these, and Balzac's friends contented themselves with a few light jests on the subject, or maintained

an absolute silence, leaving it to himself to discover the absurdity of his notions either by quiet meditation or by the experience of failure. His temper would not brook any immediate opposition, and so he sat in that white monkish dress, with cowl and girdle, which he loved to wear when he was quite at his ease, like Rogero, in Mr. Canning's play, "angling for impossibilities." Why Balzac preferred a monk's dress to any other form of attire nobody ever discovered. Perhaps he thought it specially picturesque, or peculiarly suited to his secluded way of life. But whatever his idea was upon this head, he never explained it to society. But he wore his favourite costume whenever he could; and herein he was wise, for persistence silences opposition better than argument.

One of the most remarkable events at the Jardies was a visit from Victor Hugo, whose distinction was at once a subject of feverish admiration and jealous apprehension to Balzac. The admiration, however, was stronger than the fear, and it was rather chance than intention which kept the two men habitually apart. The announcement of the poet's intended visit threw Balzac into a state of extraordinary elation, and all the morning he paced his room with agitated steps. Then he wandered into his garden; then back again into his room, uneasy, unsettled, expectant, till at last Victor Hugo's massive figure was seen toiling up the steep of the Jardies, down which the wall separating Balzac's garden from a neighbour's had tumbled three times, smashing a considerable property in vegetables each time it fell. Up the same steep Le Maître had proceeded, losing all the advantage of his theatrical demeanour through the difficulty of the ascent; for he had to lay down a large stone at every step to enable him to maintain his footing. Lassailly had trembled on the same declivity; and Balzac himself had slid half-way down as he attempted to sit under the shade of his one tree,—a walnut-tree which he had bought at a high price, expecting to realise some enormous profits by its possession. Victor Hugo, however, arrived without accident, and the meeting was full of interest.

The conversation was flowing and various. An extraordinary eloquence of speech distinguishes the author of the "*Misérables*." He does not require the medium of ink and paper to be poetical: his large grasp of subjects, his forcible and abundant imagery, the intensity of his thought, the volcanic energy of his genius, are equally recognised whether he talks or writes. The most insensible are roused by his presence, and Balzac's mind glowed at the contact, and presently burst out in fiery ebullitions.

Victor Hugo spoke of the king's preference for the citizen class, and of his comparative neglect of literature. He talked of the efforts of the Duke of Orleans to compensate for this neglect; of his attempts at literary meetings in his own home, or, as he expressed it, by his own chimney-corner. From this phrase the meetings got the

name of the chimney-corner parties. He told how the king objected to these assemblies as soon as they became popular, and sent for the prince, and observed to him that such evenings were unnecessary ; that his father's home was always open to him ; and that he was at liberty to introduce any friends he pleased to the chimney-corner of the Tuileries.

Balzac overflowed in eloquent indignation. He was devouring a large pear at the moment with eager gluttony, for he was a vegetarian who ate nothing but fruit and bread, and who had a hearty appetite ; into this pear he dug his teeth deep down, sputtering and scattering the juicy mellowness he loved,—boiling and bubbling, stammering and stuttering, before his rage could find its full expression. Then came what might well be called a grand philippic, beginning with these words, “ Miserable wretches ! stupid, ignorant, idiotic kings ! Are they not aware, then, that without our help none would know what they were, whence they came, whither they went, how they reigned, how they lived, what they did ; that without us they would be nothing,—nothing but nothingness ? What of all the monuments in bronze, in stone, in marble, with which they overwhelm the land in order to keep their memory alive ? What of all the pictures with which they crowd whole museums to record their victories ? What of the medals which they hand about as signals of their glory when they are crowned ? What of all this ? I say, what of all this ? Does it not perish ? Does it not end in utter annihilation ? Stones tumble down, pictures fade, marble gets stained, and rots, and cracks ; granite itself crumbles away,—only our written words remain ; we alone can rescue a dynasty from oblivion. We are their glory, their immortality, their posterity. We, and we alone ! They owe it to us, to our hands, to our ink, to our pens ! Without Virgil, Livy, Ovid, who would distinguish one Augustus from a thousand others of the same name, though he was the nephew of Cæsar, and an emperor himself ? Without the little briefless barrister, called Suetonius, not three of the twelve Cæsars whose lives he has condescended to write would be remembered. Without Tacitus the Romans of his period would be confounded with the German barbarians. Without Shakespeare, the reign of Elizabeth would be blotted out of English history. Without Boileau, Racine, Corneille, Pascal, La Bruyère, and Molière, Louis XIV., reduced to his mistresses and his wigs, would be nothing better than a mere brainless beauty, the figure of a handsome man, or a sign-post at an inn attempting to represent the sun. Without our help Louis Philippe I. would have a name more obscure than that of Philippe the restaurateur, Rue de Montorgueil, or than that of Philippe the conjuror, who tosses balls in the air. It will be said, I hope, some day,—yes, I hope it, for the sake of Louis Philippe,—that in the reigns of Victor Hugo, of Lamartine, of Béranger, there lived a king who assumed the title of Louis Philippe I.”

As he concluded his peroration, Balzac plunged his teeth into the centre of his fourth pear; in his fury he had rapidly consumed three of an unusual size, and his speech had been interrupted by strange bubblings, by succulent sounds, by the shivering of glasses, by extraordinary commotion among the bottles, by the thunder of his fists upon the table.

Victor Hugo maintained an Olympian serenity in the midst of the storm which he had evoked, and when it had somewhat subsided the two men went out to enjoy their coffee on the terrace of the Jardies, and to breathe the sweet air of a sunny day.

It might have been some consolation to Balzac if, in the midst of his impetuous denunciation, he could have been assured that one of the poets whom his fancy crowned was destined actually to control the fierce democracy of Paris which the king was unable to face; and that the name of Lamartine was to be associated with an act of such true heroism as it is seldom the office of history to record; that his genius was to arrest, by an effort of eloquence unparalleled in the annals of human energy, the unreasoning rage of multitudes who pressed on with a great cry for blood and rapine; that his single attitude of resistance was to repel a host of advancing bayonets; that he was to deliver Paris from desolation by the fascination of his poetical inspirations and the force of his perfect courage.

But such an event was not to be foreseen, and it was only left to Balzac to anathematise the follies of monarchy. All this was forgotten, however: kings and empires sunk into insignificance when Victor Hugo discoursed upon his productions on the stage of the Français, upon his conquests over the classical drama, upon the joys of a great night of representation, upon the triumph of a high tragic passion when it found a noble utterance, and upon the large income derived from the rights of a successful dramatic author. Poor Balzac turned giddy with the description, and when he took leave of the poet he was more strongly than ever resolved to become a play-writer.

But it was not to be; only after his death his comedy of "Mercadet" was brought out, and being reconstructed for the stage by a skilful adapter, it had a considerable run both in Paris and London. It is well known to London audiences under the title of the "Game of Speculation," a drama in which the remarkable gifts of Charles Mathews find room for their display.

It seems a pity that the author should not have lived to see the fulfilment of his most ardent hope; yet it may be that the pleasure of an eager pursuit is more stimulating than the winning of the trophy; and that with a man of Balzac's temperament no reality could equal the splendour of his vision. And now we leave him to his last home, not without regret. He was a whimsical, absurd man, a humorist whom it is amusing to follow in his harmless extra-

gances; but it is painful to reflect that his works have done an injury to French literature. It was with no evil intention that he wrought evil; the inquisitive analytical tendency of his mind led him continually into curious investigations, into the examination of disease, distortion, and depravity. He exhibited his discoveries and brought his readers into a close contact and familiarity with vice, from which few minds can reasonably hope to escape with total impunity. There may be sometimes a warning moral attached to these scenes, but the cold and conventional counsel makes less impression than the strange and passionate error. And the mere fact of being brought into customary association with iniquity is damaging to purity of thought.

PAUL GOSSLETT'S CONFESSIONS.

CONFESSION THE LAST—AS TO LAW.

I do not exactly know why I sit down to make this my last confession. I can scarcely be a guide to any one. I even doubt if I can be a warning, for when a man is as miserably unlucky as I have proved myself, the natural inference is to regard him as the exception to the ordinary lot of mortals,—a craft fated to founder ere it was launched. It's all very well to deny the existence of such a thing as luck. It sounds splendidly wise in the Latin moralist to say, "*Non numen habes fortuna si sit prudentia*," which is the old story of putting the salt on the bird's tail over again, since, I say, we can always assume the "*prudentia*" where there is the "*fortuna*," and in the same way declare that the unlucky man failed because he was deficient in that same gift of foresight.

Few men knew life so thoroughly in every condition, and under every aspect, as the first Napoleon, and he invariably asked, when inquiring into the fitness of a man for a great command, "*Is he lucky?*" To my own thinking, it would be as truthful to declare that there was no element of luck in whist, as to say there was no such thing as luck in life. Now, all the "*prudentia*" in the world will not give a man four by honours; and though a good player may make a better fight with a bad hand than an indifferent performer, there is that amount of badness occasionally dealt out, that no skill can compensate; and do what he may, he must lose the game.

Now, I am by no means about to set up as a model of prudence, industry, or perseverance; as little can I lay claim to anything like natural ability or cleverness. I am essentially common-place,—one of those men taken "*ex medio acervo*" of humanity, whose best boast is, that they form the staple of the race, and are the majority in all nations.

There is a very pleasant passage in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. I cannot lay my hand on it, and may spoil it in the attempt to quote, but the purport is, that one day when Lockhart had used the word "*vulgar*" in criticising the manners of some people they had been discussing, Sir Walter rebuked him for the mistaken sense he had ascribed to the expression. *Vulgar*, said he, is only common, and common means general; and what is the general habit and usage of mankind has its base and foundation in a feeling and sentiment that we must not lightly censure. It is, at all events, human.

I wish I could give the text of the passage, for I see how lamentably I have rendered it, but this was the meaning it conveyed to me, and I own I have very often thought over it with comfort and with gratitude.

If the great thinkers,—the men of lofty intellects and high-soaring faculties,—were but to know how, in vindicating the claims of every-day people to respect and regard, in shielding them from the sneers of smart men, and the quips of witty men, they were doing a great and noble work, for which millions of people like myself would bless them, I am certain we should find many more such kindly utterances as that of the great Sir Walter.

I ask pardon for my digression, so selfish as it is, and return to my narrative.

After that famous "fiasco" I made in Ireland, I,—as the cant phrase has it,—got dark for some time. My temper, which at first sustained me under any amount of banter and ridicule, had begun to give way, and I avoided my relations, who certainly never took any peculiar pains to treat me with delicacy, or had the slightest hesitation in making me a butt for very coarse jokes and very contemptible drollery.

I tried a number of things,—that is, I begun them. I begun to read for the law; I begun a novel; I begun to attend divinity lectures; I got a clerkship in a public office, as supernumerary; I was employed as traveller to a house in the wooden-clock trade; I was secretary to an Association for the Protection of Domestic Cats, and wrote the prospectus for the "Cats' Home:" but it's no use entering into details. I failed in all, and to such an extent of notoriety had my ill-fortune now attained, that the very mention of my name in connection with a new project would have sentenced it at once to ruin.

Over and over again have I heard my "friends," when whispering together over some new scheme, mutter, "Of course Paul is to have nothing to do with it," "Take care that Paul Gosslett isn't in it," and such-like intimations, that gave me the sensation of being a sort of moral leper, whose mere presence was a calamity. The sense of being deemed universally an unlucky fellow is one of the most depressing things imaginable,—to feel that your presence is accounted an evil agency,—and that your co-operation foreshadows failure,—goes a considerable way towards accomplishing the prediction announced.

Though my uncle's stereotyped recommendation to become a coal-heaver was not exactly to my taste, I had serious thoughts of buying a sack, and, by a little private practice, discovering whether the profession might not in the end become endurable. I was fairly at my wits'-end for a livelihood, and the depression and misery my presence

occasioned wherever I went reacted on myself, and almost drove me to desperation.

I was actually so afraid of an evil temptation that I gave up my little lodging that I was so fond of, near Putney, and went to live at Hampstead, where there was no water deep enough to drown a rat. I also forewent shaving, that I might banish my razors, and in all respects set myself steadily to meet the accidents of life with as near an approach to jollity as I could muster.

The simple pleasures of nature,—the enjoyment of the fields and the wild flowers,—the calm contemplation of the rising or setting sun,—the varied forms of insect life,—the many-tinted lichens, the ferns,—the mosses that clothe the banks of shady alleys,—the limpid pools, starred and broken by the dragon-fly, so full of their own especial charm for the weary voluptuary sick of pampered pleasures and exotic luxuries, do not appeal to the senses of the poor man with that wonderful force of contrast which gives them all their excellence. I have seen an alderman express himself in ecstasies over a roast potatoe, which certainly would not have called forth the same show of appreciation from an Irish peasant. We like what awakens a new sensation in us; what withdraws us even in imagination from the routine of our daily lives. There is a great self-esteem gratified when we say, how simple we can be,—how happy in humility,—how easily satisfied, and how little dependant on mere luxury or wealth.

The postman who passed my window every morning had long ceased to be an object of interest or anxiety to me; for others he brought tidings, good or ill as it might be, but to me, forgotten and ignored of the world, no news ever came; when one day, to my intense surprise, at first to my perfect incredulity, I saw him draw forth a letter, and make a sign to me to come down and take it. Yes, there it was, "Paul Gosslett, Esq., The Flaggers, Putney," with "Try Sandpit Cottages, Hampstead," in another hand, in the corner. It was from my aunt, and run thus:—

"The Briars, Rochester.

"DEAR PAUL,

"I am rejoiced to say, there is a good chance of a situation for you with handsome pay, and most agreeable duty. You are to come down here at once, and see your uncle, but on no account let it be known that I have mentioned to you the prospect of employment.

"Your affectionate aunt,

"JANE MORSE."

I took the morning train, and arrived at Rochester by nine o'clock, remembering, not without pain, my last experiences of my uncle's hospitality. I breakfasted at the inn, and only arrived at the house when he had finished his morning meal, and was smoking his pipe in the garden.

"What wind blows you down here, lad?" cried he. "Where are you bound for now?"

"You forget, my dear," said my aunt, "you told me the other evening, you would be glad to see Paul."

"Humph!" said he with a grunt. "I've been a thinking over it since, and I suspect it wouldn't do. He'd be making a mess of it, the way he does of everything; that blessed luck of his never leaves him, eh?"

Seeing that this was meant as an interrogation, I replied faintly: "You're quite right, uncle. If I am to depend on my good fortune, it will be a bad look-out for me."

"Not that I value what is called luck a rush," cried he with energy. "I have had luck, but I had energy, industry, thrift, and perseverance. If I had waited for luck, I'd have lived pretty much like yourself, and I don't know anything to be very proud of in that, eh?"

"I am certainly not proud of my position, sir."

"I don't understand what you mean by your position; but I know I'd have been a coal-heaver rather than live on my relations. I'd have sold sulphur-matches, I'd have been a porter!"

"Well, sir; I suppose I may come to something of that kind yet; a little more of the courteous language I am now listening to will make the step less difficult."

"Eh?—What! I don't comprehend. Do you mean anything offensive?"

"No, dear, he does not," broke in my aunt, "he only says, he'd do anything rather than be a burden to his family, and I'm sure he would; he seems very sorry about all the trouble he has cost them."

My uncle smoked on for several minutes without a word; at last, he came to the end of his pipe, and having emptied the ashes, and gazed ruefully at the bowl, he said: "There's no more in the fellow than in that pipe! Not a bit. I say," cried he aloud, and turning to me, "you've had to my own knowledge as good as a dozen chances, and you've never succeeded in one of them."

"It's all true," said I sorrowfully.

"Owing to luck, of course," said he scornfully; "luck makes a man lazy, keeps him in bed when he ought to be up and at work; luck makes him idle, and gets him plucked for his examinations. I tell you this, sir: I'd rather a man would give me a fillip on the nose than talk to me about luck. If there's a word in the language I detest and hate, it is luck."

"I'm not in love with it myself, sir," said I, trying to smile.

"Did you ever hear of luck mending a man's shoes, or paying his washerwoman? Did luck ever buy a beef-steak, eh?"

"That might admit of discussion."

"Then let me have no discussion. I like work, and I dislike wrangling. Listen to me, and mend now, sir. I want an honest, sober, fixed determination;—no caprice, no passing fancy. Do you

believe you are capable of turning over a new leaf, and sitting down steadily to the business of life, like a patient, industrious, respectable man who desires to earn his own bread, and not live on the earnings of others?"

"I hope so."

"Don't tell me of hope, sir. Say you will or you will not."

"I will," said I resolutely.

"You will work hard, rise early, live frugally, give up dreaming about this, that, or the other chance, and set to like a fellow that wants to do his own work with his own hands?"

"I promise it all."

My uncle was neither an agreeable nor a very clear exponent of his views, and I shall save my reader and myself some time and unpleasantness if I reduce the statement he made to me to a few words. A company had been formed to start an hydropathic establishment on a small river, a tributary of the Rhine,—the Lahn. They had acquired at a very cheap rate of purchase an old feudal castle and its surrounding grounds, and had converted the building into a most complete and commodious residence, and the part which bordered the river into a beautiful pleasure-ground. The tinted drawings which represented various views of the castle and the terraced gardens, were something little short of fairyland in captivity. Nor was the pictorial effect lessened by the fact that figures on horseback and on foot, disporting in boats, or driving in carriages, gave a life and movement to the scene, and imparted to it the animation and enjoyment of actual existence. The place of director was vacant, and I was to be appointed to it. My salary was to be three hundred a year, but my table, my horses, my servants,—in fact, all my household, were to be maintained for me on a liberal scale; and my duties were to be pretty much what I pleased to make them. My small smattering of two or three languages,—exalted by my uncle into the reputation of a polyglot,—had recommended me to the "Direction;" and as my chief function was to entertain a certain number of people twice or thrice a week at dinner, and suggest amusements to fill up their time, it was believed that my faculties were up to the level of such small requirements.

From the doctor down to the humblest menial all were to be under my sway; and as the establishment numbered above a hundred officials, the command was extensive, if not very dignified. I will own frankly, I was out of myself with joy at the prospect; nor could all the lowering suggestions of my uncle, and the vulgar cautions he instilled, prevent my feeling delighted with my good fortune. I need not say what resolves I made; what oaths I registered in my own heart to be a good and faithful steward, and while enjoying to the full the happiness of my fortunate existence, to neglect no item of the interests confided to me.

All that I had imagined or dreamed of the place itself was as nothing to the reality ; nor shall I ever forget the sense of overwhelming delight in which I stood on the crest of the hill that looked down over the wooded glen and winding river ; the deep-bosomed woods, the wandering paths of lawn or of moss, the gently-flowing stream in which the castle, with its tall towers, was tremblingly reflected, seemed to me like a princely possession, and for once I thought that Paul Gosslett had become the favourite child of fortune, and asked myself what had I done to deserve such luck as this ?

If habit and daily use deaden the pangs of suffering, and enable us to bear with more of patience the sorrows of adverse fortune, they, on the other hand, serve to dull the generous warmth of that gratitude we first feel for benefits, and render us comparatively indifferent to enjoyments which, when first tasted, seemed the very ecstasy of bliss. I am sorry to make this confession ; sorry to admit that after some months at "Lahneck," I was, although very happy and satisfied, by no means so much struck by the beauty of the place and the loveliness of the scenery as on my first arrival, and listened to the raptures of the new comers with a sort of compassionate astonishment. Not but I was proud of the pretentious edifice, proud of its lofty towers and battlemented terraces, its immense proportion, and splendid extent. It was, besides, a complete success as an enterprise. We were always full ; applications for rooms poured in incessantly, and when persons vacated their quarters, any change of mind made restitution impossible. I believed I liked the despotism I exercised ; it was a small, common-place sort of sovereignty over bath-men and kitchen-folk, it is true ; but in the extent of my command I discovered a kind of dignity, and in the implicit obedience and deference, I felt something like princely sway.

As the host, too, I received a very flattering amount of homage ; foreigners always yield a willing respect to anything in authority, and my own countrymen soon caught up the habit, as though it implied a knowledge of life and the world. I had not the slightest suspicion that my general manners or bearing were becoming affected by these deferences, till I accidentally overheard a cockney observe to his wife, "I think he's pompious," a censure that made me very unhappy, and led me to much self-examination and reflection.

Had I really grown what the worthy citizen called "pompious ;" had I become puffed up by prosperity, and over exalted in self-conceit ? If so, it were time to look to this at once.

The directors generally were well pleased with me. Very gratifying testimonials of their approval reached me ; and it was only my uncle's opposition prevented my salary being augmented. "Don't spoil the fellow," he said ; "you'll have him betting on the Derby, or keeping a yacht at Cowes, if you don't look out sharp. I'd rather cut him down a hundred than advance him fifty." This fiat

from my own flesh and blood decided the matter. I sulked on this. I had grown prosperous enough to feel indignant, and I resolved to afford myself the well-to-do luxury of discontent. I was therefore discontented. I professed that to maintain my position,—whatever that meant,—I was obliged to draw upon my own private resources; and I went so far as to intimate to the visitors that if I hadn't been a man of some fortune the place would be my ruin! Of course my hint got bruited about, and people commonly said, "If Gosslett goes, the whole concern will break up. They'll not easily find a man of good private fortune willing to spend his money here, like Gosslett," and such like, till I vow and declare I began to believe my own fiction, and regard it as an indelible fact. If my letter was not on record, I would not now believe the fact, but the document exists, and I have seen it, where I actually threaten to send my resignation if something,—I forget what,—is not speedily conceded to my demands; and it was only on receiving an admonition in the mild vein peculiar to my uncle that I awoke to a sense of my peril, and of what became me.

I know that there are critics who, pronouncing upon this part of my career, will opine that the cockney was right, and that I had really lost my head in my prosperity. I am not disposed to say now that there might not have been some truth in this judgment. Things are generally going on tolerably well with a man's material interests when he has time to be dyspeptic. Doctors assure us that savage nations, amidst whom the wants of life call for daily, hourly efforts, amidst whom all is exigency, activity, and resource, have no dyspepsia. If, then, I had reasoned on my condition,—which I did not,—I should have seen that the world went too smoothly with me, and that, in consequence, my health suffered. Just as the fish swallow stones to aid the digestion, we need the accidents and frictions of life to triturate our moral pabulum, and render it more easily assimilable to our constitutions. With dyspepsia I grew dull, dispirited, and dissatisfied. I ceased to take pleasure in all that formerly had interested me. I neglected duty, and regarded my occupation with dislike. My house dinners, which once I took an especial pride in, seeking not only that the wines and the cookery should be excellent, but that their success as social gatherings should attract notoriety, I now regarded with apathy. I took no pains about either company or cookery, and, in consequence, contrarieties and bad contrasts now prevailed where before all had been in perfect keeping and true artistic shading. My indolence and indifference extended to those beneath me. Where all had once been order, discipline, and propriety, there now grew up carelessness, disorder, and neglect. The complaints of the visitors were incessant. My mornings were passed in reading. I rarely replied to the representations and demands of outraged guests. At last the public press became the channel of these complaints,

and "Publicola," and "One who had Suffered," and a number of similarly named patriots declared that the hydropathic establishment at Lahneck was a delusion and a sham; that it was a camp of confusion and mismanagement, and that though a certain P. Gosslett was the nominal director, yet that visitors of three months' standing averred they had never seen him, and the popular belief was that he was a nervous invalid who accepted a nominal duty in recompense for the benefit of air and climate to himself. "How," wrote one indignant correspondent of the Times, "how the company who instituted this enterprise, and started it on a scale of really great proportions, can find it to their advantage to continue this Mr. Gosslett in a post he so inadequately fills, is matter of daily astonishment to those who have repaired to Lahneck for healthful exercise and amusement, and only found there indifferent attendance and universal inattention."

From the day this appeared I was peppered at every post with letters for the secretary, demanding explanations, reports, returns, what not. The phrase, "the Managing Committee, who are hourly less and less satisfied with Mr. Gosslett's conduct," used to pass through all my dreams.

As for my uncle, his remarks were less measured. One of his epistles, I have it still by me, runs thus: "What do you mean? Are you only an idiot, or is there some deeper rascality under all this misconduct? Before I resigned my place at the Board yesterday, I gave it as my deliberate opinion that a warrant should be issued against you for fraud and malversation, and that I would hail your conviction as the only solace this nefarious concern could afford me. Never dare to address me again. I have forbidden your aunt to utter your name in my presence."

I don't know how it was, but I read this with as much uncarn as though it had been an advertisement about the Sydenham trousers or Glenfield starch. There must be a great dignity in a deranged digestion, for it certainly raises one above all the smaller excitements and conditions of passing events; and when on the same morning that this epistle arrived the steward came to inform me that of three hundred and twenty-four rooms twelve only were occupied, though this was what would be called the height of the season, I blandly remarked, "Let us not be impatient, Mr. Deechworth, they'll come yet." This was in June; by July the twelve diminished to eight. No new arrival came; and as August drew to a close we had three! All September,—and the place was then in full beauty,—the mountains glowing with purple and scarlet heath, the cactus plants on the terrace in blossom, the Virginian acanthus hanging in tangled masses of gorgeous flowers from every tree, the river ever plashing with the leaping trout,—we had not one stranger within our gates. My morning report ran, "Arrivals, none; departures,

none; present in house, none;" and when I put "Paul Gosslett" at the bottom of this, I only wonder why I did not take a header into the Lahn!

As we had at this period eighty-four servants in the house, sixteen horses in the stables, and a staff of thirty-two gardeners and boatmen, not to speak of runners, commissionnaires, and general loungers, I was not amazed when a telegram came in these words: "Close the house, place Deechworth in charge, and come over to London." To this I replied, "Telegram received; compliance most undesirable. Autumn season just opening. Place in full beauty.—P. G."

I will not weary the reader with a mere commercial wrangle;—how the Committee reproached me, and how I rejoined; how they called names, and I hinted at defamation; how they issued an order for my dismissal, and I demurred and demanded due notice. We abused each other all September, and opened October in full cry of mutual attack and defence. By this time, too, we were at law. They applied for a "mandamus" to get rid of me, and my counsel argued that I was without the four seas of the realm, and could not be attacked. They tried to reach me by the statute of frauds, but there was no treaty with Nassau, and I could not be touched. All this contention and quarrelling was like sulphate of quinine to me,—I grew robust and strong under the excitement, and discovered a lightness of heart and a buoyancy of nature, I had believed had long left me for ever; and though they stopped my salary and dishonoured my drafts, I lived on fruit and vegetables, and put the garrison on the same diet, with a liberal allowance of wine, which more than reconciled them to the system.

So matters went on till the ninth of October,—a memorable day to me, which I am not like to forget. It was near sunset, and I sat on the terrace, enjoying the delicious softness of the evening air, and watching the varying tints on the river, as the golden and green light came slanting through the trees and fell upon the water, when I heard the sounds of wheels approaching. There had been a time when such sounds would have awakened no attention, when arrivals poured in incessantly, and the coming or the departing guest evoked nothing beyond the courtesy of a greeting. Now, however, a visitor was an event; and as the post-horses swept round the angle of the wood, and disappeared behind a wing of the castle, I felt a strange sensation through my heart, and a soft voice seemed to say, "Paul, Fate is dealing with you now." I fell into a reverie, however, and soon forgot all about the arrival, till Mr. Deechworth came up with a card in his hand. "Do you know this name, sir,—Mrs. Pultney Dacre? She has only her maid with her, but seems a person of condition." I shook my head in ignorance of the name, and he went on: "She wants rooms on the ground floor, where she can walk out into the garden; and I have thought of No. 4."

"No. 4, Deechworth ? that apartment costs sixty francs a day."

"Well, sir, as there are few people now in the house,"—this was an euphemism for none,—“I have said she might have the rooms for forty.”

"It may be done for one week," said I, "but take care to caution her not to mention it to her friends. We have trouble enough with those tiresome people in London without this. What is she like?"

"A very handsome figure, sir; evidently young; but had a double veil down, and I couldn't see her face."

"How long does she talk of staying?"

"A month, sir. A husband is expected back from India early in November, and she is to wait for him here."

"So," said I thoughtfully, and I am sure I cannot say why, thoughtfully, "she is waiting for her husband's arrival."

"Those young women whose husbands are in India are always pretty; haven't you remarked that, sir?"

"I can't say that I have, Deechworth. These are speculations of a kind that do not occur to me. Let her have No. 4," and with the air of one who dismissed the theme, I waved my hand, and sent him away.

No. 4,—for so the occupant was called,—her name being entirely merged in her number,—never appeared in the grounds, nor showed in any way. The small garden which belonged to her apartment had a separate enclosure of its own, and within this she walked every evening. How she passed her days I know not. I was told that she sang like an angel, but I never heard her. She was, however, a most persistent bather. There was not a douche in the establishment she did not try, and, possibly by way of pastime, she was constantly experimenting on new modes and fashions of bathing.

When the establishment had been crowded and in full work, I had my time so completely occupied that I had little difficulty in keeping my mind estranged from the gossip and tittle-tattle which beset such places; but now, when the roof sheltered a single guest, it was wonderful how, in spite of myself, in spite of all my determination on the subject, I became perversely uneasy to hear about her; to know whether she read or wrote; whether she got letters or answered them; what she thought of the place; whether she was or was not pleased with it; did she praise the camelias? What did she think of the cook? She was evidently "gourmet," and the little dinners she ordered were remarkable for a taste and piquancy that stimulated my curiosity; for there is something very significant in this phase of the feminine nature; and when I heard she liked her ortolans "au beurre d'anchois," I confess I wanted much to see her.

This evidently was not an easy matter, for she courted retirement, and her maid let it be known that if her mistress found herself in the slightest degree molested by strangers, or her privacy invaded, she

would order her horses, and set off for somewhere else without a moment's hesitation. I was obliged, therefore, to respect this intimation. First of all, I felt that as long as No. 4 remained I was sustained in my resolve not to close the establishment. I was like a deposed monarch at whose residence one envoy still remained, and whose sovereignty therefore was yet recognised, and I clung to this last link that united me to the world of material interest with intense eagerness.

I ventured to present Mr. Gosslett's respectful compliments in a small note, and inquire if Mrs. Pultney Dacre would wish to see the Park, in which case his phaeton and ponies were always at her disposal, as also his boat if she felt disposed to take an airing on the river; but a few lines declined these offers, in very polite terms it is true, yet in a fashion that said, "No more of these attentions, Paul"—at least it was thus I read her.

Although my contention with the company still continued, and some new menace of law was sure to reach me by every second post, and my own counsel feelingly warned me that I hadn't an inch of ground to stand on, and my costs when "cast" would be something overwhelming, I had steeled myself so thoroughly to all consequences, had so resolved to make the most of the present, that I read these minatory documents with an unmoved heart, and a degree of placid composure that now strikes me as something heroic.

I was sitting one evening in study, thinking over these things,—not depressively, not desperately; for, strangely enough, since misfortune had befallen me, I had acquired a most wonderful stock of equanimity, but I was canvassing with myself what was to come next, when the fatal hour struck, as strike it must, that sounded my expulsion from Eden, when a gentle tap came to my door. I said, "Come in," and Virginie, Mrs. Dacre's French maid, entered. She was profuse of apologies for "deranging" me. She was in despair at the bare thought of interrupting I do not know what or which of my learned occupations, but her mistress had had an accident!

"An accident!" I started as I repeated the word.

"Oh! it was not serious," she said, with a sweet smile. "It was only troublesome, as occurring in a remote spot, and to a person who like Madame was of such refined delicacy, and who could not bear consulting a strange physician,—her own doctor was on his way from India,"—she went on rambling thus, so that it was with difficulty I learned at last that Madame, when feeding the gold fish in the pond of the garden, had stepped on the rock-work and turned her ankle. The pain was very great, and Virginie feared something had been broken, though Madame was certain it was a mere sprain; and now, as the doctor has been dismissed, Madame wished to know where medical advice could be soonest obtained. I at once declared I was fully competent to treat such an injury. I had studied surgery, and could certainly

pronounce whether the case was a grave one or a mere passing accident. Virginie smiled dubiously.

"Monsieur was very young. Madame never consulted a doctor under fifty-five or sixty."

"Possibly," suggested I, "in an ordinary case, and where there were time and opportunity to choose; but here, and with an accident, an accident that if neglected or improperly treated,"—

"Ah, mon Dieu!" cried she, "don't say it! Don't say there might be unhappy results; come at once and see her!" She almost dragged me along, such was her impatience, to her mistress's room, and in less than a minute I was standing beside a sofa in a half-darkened room, where a lady lay, her face closely veiled, and a large shawl so enveloping her that all guess as to her figure or probable age was impossible. A light cambric handkerchief was spread over one foot, which rested on a cushion, and this kerchief the maid hastily snatched away as I approached, saying,—

"Monsieur is a doctor himself, Madame, and will cure you immediately."

"La!" cried she, pointing to the foot. "La!"

And certainly I needed no more formal invitation to gaze on a foot and ankle of such faultless mould and symmetry as never, even in the Greek statues, had I seen equalled. Whether there had not been time for the process of inflammation to have set up swelling or disfigurement, or whether the injury itself had been less grave than might have been apprehended, I am not able to say; but the beautiful proportions of that rounded instep, the tapering of the foot, the hollowing of the sole, the slightly mottled marble of the flesh, the blue veins swelling through the transparent skin, were all uninjured and unmarred. Ivory itself could not have been more smoothly turned than the ankle, nor of a more dazzling whiteness. To have been permitted to kneel down and kiss that foot, I would have sworn myself her slave for ever. I suppose I must have shown some signs of the rapture that was consuming me, for the maid said—

"What does the man mean? has he lost his senses?"

"I must examine the part," said I, and kneeling down, I proceeded with what I imagined to be a most surgical air, to investigate the injury. As a worshipper might have touched a holy relic, I suffered my hand to glide over that beautifully rounded instep, but all so delicately and gently that I could not say whether the thrill that touch sent through me was not the act of my own nerves. She seemed, however, to tremble, her foot moved slightly, and a gentle action of her shoulders like a shudder bespoke pain. It was the sort of movement that one might make in being tickled, and as great agony causes this movement occasionally, I said, "I trust I have not hurt you? I'd not have done so for worlds." She took her handkerchief

and pressed it to her face, and I thought she sobbed, but she never said a word.

"Alors!" cried the maid. "What do you say is to be done?"

"Ice," said I. "Iced water and perfect repose."

"And where are we to get ice in this barbarous place?"

"Madame," said I, "the place is less savage than you deem, and ice shall be procured. There is a monastery at Offenbach where they have ice throughout the year. I will despatch an estafette there at once."

The lady bent forward, and whispered something in the maid's ear.

"Madame desires to thank you sincerely," said the maid. "She is much impressed by your consideration and kindness."

"I will return in a couple of hours," said I, with a most doctorial sententiousness, and in reality eagerly desiring to be alone, and in the privacy of my own room, before I should break out in those wild ecstasies which I felt were struggling within me for utterance.

I sat down to make a clean breast of it in these confessions, but I must ask my reader to let me pass over unrecorded the extravagances I gave way to when once more alone.

There are men,—I am one of them,—who require,—constitutionally require,—to be in love. That necessity which Don Quixote proclaimed to be a condition of knightly existence,—the devotion to a mistress,—is an essential to certain natures. This species of temperament pertained to me in my boyhood. It has followed me through life with many pains and suffering, but also with great compensations. I have ever been a poor man,—my friends can tell that I have not been a lucky one,—and yet to be rich and fortunate together, I would not resign that ecstasy, that sentiment of love which, though its object may have changed, has still power to warm up the embers of my heart, and send through me a glow that revives the days of my hot youth and my high hopes.

I was now in love, and cared as little for Boards of Directors and resolutions passed in committee as for the ordinances of the Grand Lama. It might rain mandamuses and warrants, they had no power to trouble me. As I wended my way to No. 4 with my bowl of ice, I felt like a votary bearing his offering to the shrine of his patron saint. My gift might lie on the altar, but the incense of my devotion soared up to heaven.

I would gladly have visited her every hour, but she would only permit me to come twice a day. I was also timid, and when Virginie said my ten minutes was up I was dismissed. I tried to bribe Virginie, but the unworthy creature imagined, with the levity of her nation, I had designs on her own affections, and threatened to denounce me to her mistress, a menace which cost me much mortification and more money.

I don't know that the cure made great progress, perhaps I have learned since why this was so—at all events, I pursued my treatment

with assiduity, and was rewarded with a few soft-voiced words, as thus: "How kind you are!" "What a gentle hand you have!" "How pleasant that ice is!" At length she was able to move about the room. I wished to offer my arm, but she declined. Virginie was strong enough to support her. How I detested that woman! But for her, how many more opportunities had I enjoyed of offering small services and attentions! Her very presence was a perpetual restraint. She never took her eyes off me while I was in the room with her mistress — black-beady, inexpressive eyes for the most part, but with something devilish in their inscrutability that always frightened me. That she saw the passion that was consuming me, that she read me in my alternate paroxysm of delight or despair, was plain enough to me, but I could not make her my friend. She would take my presents freely, but always with the air of one whose silence was worth buying at any price, but whose co-operation or assistance no sum could compass. Her very mode of accepting my gifts had something that smote terror into me. She never thanked me, nor even affected gratitude. She would shake her head mournfully and gloomily, as though matters had come to a pretty pass between us, and as though some dreadful reckoning must one day be expected to account for all this corruption. "Ah, Monsieur Gosslett," said she one day with a sigh, "what a precipice we are all standing beside! Have you thought of the ruin you are leading us to?" These were very strange words, and though I took my watch and chain from my pocket, and gave them to her in order to induce her to explain her meaning, she only burst into tears and rushed out of the room. Was I then the happiest of mortals or the most wretched? such was the problem that drove sleep that long night from my eyelids, and found me still trying to solve it when the day broke.

Days would often pass now without Mrs. Dacre permitting me to visit her, and then Virginie significantly hinted that she was right in this, that it was for my good as well as her own, and so on. I mourned over my banishment and bewailed it bitterly. "One would think, sir, you forget my mistress was married," said Virginie to me one day; and I protest it was no more than the truth. I had completely, utterly, forgotten it, and the stern fact thus abruptly announced almost felled me to the earth.

Mrs. Dacre had promised to take a drive with me as soon as she felt able to bear the motion of a carriage, but though I often recalled the pledge, she found excuses of one kind or other to defer performance, and as I now rarely saw her, she would write me a line, sometimes two lines, on a scrap of paper, which Virginie would lay open on my table and generally shake her head very meaningfully as I read it.

If Mrs. Dacre notes were very brief, they were not less enigmatical — she was the strangest writer that ever put pen to paper. Thus to

give an instance : the ice application she always referred to as "my coldness," and she would say, "How long is your coldness to continue, have I not had enough of it yet? This coldness is becoming tiresome, and if it be continued, how am I to go out with you?" In another note, referring to our intended drive, she says, "If it is a question of running away, I must have a word to say first, for though I believe you have no fears on that score, I am not so courageous." Virginie had been telling stories about my ponies; they were frisky, it is true, and it was thus her mistress alluded to them. Some disparagement of me as a whip provoked this remark from her. "As the time draws nearer I ask myself, Shall I trust myself to your guidance? Who can say what may come of it?"

At last came this one line: "I have summoned up all my courage, and I will go with you this evening. Come up at eight, and I will be ready." I ought to have mentioned before this that for nigh three weeks a vulgar-looking man, middle-aged and robust, had come to take the waters, and though he only spoke a few words of bad French, being English, had continued to put himself on terms of intimacy with all the subordinates of the household, and was constantly seen laughing with the boatmen and trying to converse with the gardeners.

Deechworth had conceived suspicion about him from the first, he connected him with the law proceedings that the company had instituted against me, and warned me to be cautious of the man. His opinion was that he belonged to the "Force." "I know it, sir," said he, "by his walk and his laugh." The detectives, according to Deechworth, have a laugh quite peculiar to themselves, it never takes them off what they are saying or thinking about. In fact, it is like the bassoon in a band, it serves just to mark the time while the air is being played by the other instruments.

"I don't like that Mr. Bracken, sir," Deechworth would say, "he ain't here for no good, you'll see, sir;" and it is not improbable that I should have perfectly agreed with this opinion if I had ever troubled my head about him at all, but the fact was my mind was very differently occupied. All Scotland Yard and Sir Richard himself might have been domiciled at the establishment without their ever giving me a moment of uneasy reflection.

Whether Mrs. Dacre's scruples were those of prudery or cowardice, whether she dreaded me as a companion or feared me as a coachman, I cannot say, but she constantly put off our intended drive, and though occasionally the few words in which she made her apologies set my heart half wild with delight, simply because I pleased to read them in a sense of my own invention, yet I grew feverish and uneasy at these delays. At last there came the one line in pencil, "I have made up my mind I will go with you to-morrow evening." It is in no extravagance or mock rapture I say it, but in plain homely truth,

I would not have changed that scrap of paper for a cheque of ten thousand on Coutts.

It was my habit to lay all the little notes I received from her before me on my writing-table, and as I passed them under review to weave out for myself a story of the progress of my love. The servants who waited on me, and who alone entered my study, were foreigners, and ignorant of English, so that I could permit myself this indulgence without fear. Now on the afternoon on which I had received the latest of her despatches, I sauntered out into the wood to be alone with my own thoughts unmolested and undisturbed. I wandered on for hours, too happy to count the time, and too deeply lost in my imaginings to remember anything but my own fancies. What was to come of this strange embroglio in which I now stood; how was Fate about to deal with me? I had clearly arrived at a point where the roads led right and left. Which was I to take, and which was the right one?

Thus canvassing and discussing with myself, it was very late ere I got back to the castle, but I carried the key of a small portal gate that admitted me to my own quarters unobserved, and I could enter or pass out unnoticed. As I found myself in my study and lit my lamp, I turned to my writing-table. I started with amazement on discovering that the little notes and scraps of paper which bore Mrs. Dacre's writing had disappeared. These, and a small note-book, a sort of diary of my own, had been taken away; and that the act was not that of a common thief was clear, from the fact that a valuable silver inkstand and an onyx seal mounted in gold, and some other small objects of value lay about untouched. A cold sweat broke over me as I stood there overwhelmed and panic-stricken by this discovery. The terrors of a vague and undefined danger loom over a man with an intensity far greater than the fears of a known and palpable peril. I examined the fastenings of the door and the windows to see whether force had been used, but there was no sign of such. And as I had locked the door when leaving and found it locked on my return, how had this thief found entrance except by a key? I rung the bell, but the servants were all in bed, and it was long before any one replied to my summons. Of course, servant-like, they had seen nothing, heard nothing. I sent for Deechworth; he was asleep, and came unwillingly and angry at being routed out of bed. He, too, knew nothing. He questioned me closely as to whether I had seen the papers on my table before I left home for my walk, and half vexed me by the pertinacity of his examination, and, finally, by the way in which he depreciated the value of my loss, and congratulated me on the circumstance that nothing of real worth had been abstracted. This was too much for my patience, and I declared that I had rather the thief had left me without a coat, or without a shilling, than taken these precious scraps of paper. "Oh," said he, with a sort of sneer, "I had

not the slightest suspicion of the value you attached to them." "Well, sir," said I, losing all control over my passion, "now that you see it, now that you hear it, now you know it, will you tell me at what price you will restore them to me?"

"You mean that it was I who took them?" said he quietly, and without any show of warmth.

"I don't suppose you will deny it," was my answer.

"That will do, Mr. Gosslett," said he; "that's quite enough. I hope to be able to teach you that it's one thing to defy a board of directors, and it's another to defame a respectable man. I'll make you smart for this, sir," and with these words he turned away, and left the room.

I don't know when or how the servants retired, whether I dismissed them, or whether they went of their own accord. I was like a madman. My temper excited to the last limits of reason, impelled me to this or that act of insanity. At one moment I thought of hastening after Deechworth, and with a revolver in my hand compelling him to give up the stolen papers, and I shuddered as to what I should do if he refused. At another, I determined to follow him, and offer him everything I had in the world for them: for all this time I had worked myself up to the conviction that he, and he alone, was the thief. Oh, thought I, if I had but the aid of one of those clever fellows of the detective order, whose skill wants but the faintest clue to trace out these mysteries! and suddenly I bethought me of Mr. Bracken, whom Deechworth himself had pronounced to be "one of the Force."

I rung my bell, and desired Mr. Bracken might be sent to me. The messenger was a long time absent, and came at last to say that Mr. Bracken had left the castle that evening, and taken all his luggage with him. The tidings struck me like a blow,—here, then, was the thief! And for what purpose could such a theft have been accomplished? "Tell Mr. Deechworth I want him," cried I, being no less eager to make him my deepest apologies for my false accusation, than to consult his strong common sense in my difficulty.

The servant returned to say Mr. Deechworth had gone too. He had left the castle almost immediately after our stormy interview, and was already miles away on his road to the Rhine.

In my misery and desolation, in that abandonment to utter terror and confusion in which, with the drowning instinct, one snatches at straws, I sent to know if I could speak to Mrs. Dacre, or even her maid. How shall I describe my horror as I heard that they also were gone! They had left soon after Mr. Bracken, in fact, the post-horses that took them away had passed Mr. Bracken at the gate of the park.

I know no more how the rest of the night was passed by me, how the hours were spent till day-break, than I could recount the

incidents of delirium in fever. I must have had something like a paroxysm of insanity, for I appear to have rushed from room to room, calling for different people, and in tones of heart-rending entreaty begging that I might not be deserted. Towards morning I slept, slept so soundly, that the noises of the house did not disturb me. It was late in the afternoon when I awoke. The servant brought me my coffee and my letters, but I bade him leave me, and fell off to sleep again. In this way, and with only such sustenance as a cup of milk or coffee would afford, I passed fourteen days, my state resembling that of a man labouring under concussion of the brain; indeed, so closely did the symptoms resemble those of this affection, that the doctor carefully examined my head to see whether I had not incurred some actual injury. It was five weeks before I could leave my bed and crawl down with difficulty to my study. The table was covered with the accumulated letters of thirty odd posts, and I turned over the envelopes, most of which indicated communications from the company. There was also one in my uncle's hand. This I opened and read. It was in these words:—

“So, sir, not satisfied with a life of indolence and dependence, you have now added infamy to your worthlessness, and have not even spared the members of your own family the contagion of your vice. If you can give information as to the present abode of your wretched victim, do so, as the last amends in your power, and the last act of reparation, before you are consigned to that gaol in which it is to be hoped you will end your days.”

I read this till my head reeled. Who were the members of my family I had contaminated or corrupted? Who was my wretched victim? And why I was to die in prison I knew not. And the only conclusion I could draw from it all was, that my uncle was hopelessly mad, and ought to be shut up.

A strange-looking, coarse-papered document, that till then had escaped my notice, now caught my eye. It was headed “Court of Probate and Divorce,” and set forth that on a certain day in term the case of “Macnamara versus Macnamara, Gosslett, co-respondent,” would come on for trial; the action being to obtain a rule nisi for divorce, with damages against the co-respondent.

A notice of service, duly signed by one of my own people, lay beside this; so that at last I got a faint glimmering of what my uncle meant, and clearly descried what was implied by my “victim.”

I believe that most readers of the Times or the Morning Post could finish my story; they at all events might detail the catastrophe with more patience and temper than I could. The Macnamara divorce was a nine-days' scandal. And “if the baseness of the black-hearted iniquity of the degraded creature who crept into a family as a suppliant that he might pollute it with dishonour; who tracked his victim, as the Indian tracks his enemy, from lair to lair—silent, stealthily,

and with savage intensity—never faltering from any momentary pang of conscience, nor hesitating in his vile purpose from any passing gleam of virtue; if this wretch, stigmatised by nature with a rotten heart, and branded by a name that will sound appropriately in the annals of crime, for he is called Gosslett;”—if all this, and a great deal more in the same fashion, is not familiar to the reader, it is because he has not carefully studied the Demosthenic orations of the Court of Atches. In one word, I was supposed to have engaged the affections and seduced the heart of Mrs. Macnamara, who was a cousin of my own, and the daughter of the Rev. W. Dudgeon, in whose house I had been “brought up,” &c. I had withdrawn her from her husband, and taken her to live with me at Lahneck under the name of Dacre, where our course of life—openly, fearlessly infamous—was proved by a host of witnesses; in particular by a certain Virginie, maid of the respondent, who deposed to having frequently found me at her feet, and who confessed to have received costly presents to seduce her into favouring the cause of the betrayer. Mr. Bracken, a retired detective, who produced what were called the love-letters, amused the jury considerably by his account of my mad freaks and love-sick performances. As for Mrs. Macnamara herself, she entered no appearance to the suit; and the decree nisi was pronounced, with damages of five thousand pounds, against Paul Gosslett, who the counsel declared was in “a position to pay handsomely for his vices, and who had ample means to afford himself the luxury of adultery.” I was told that the mob were prepared to stone me if I had been seen; and that, such was the popular excitement about me, a strong police force was obliged to accompany a red-whiskered gentleman to his house because there was a general impression abroad that he was Gosslett.

Of course I need not say I never ventured back to England, and I indite this, my last confession, from a small village in Bohemia, where I live in board—partial board it is—with a very humble family, who, though not complimentary to me in many things, are profuse in the praises of my appetite.

I rarely see an English newspaper, but a Galignani fell in my way about a week ago, in which I read the marriage of Mrs. Macnamara with R. St. John, Esq., the then secretary of Legation at Rio. This piece of news gave me much matter of reflection as to my unhappy victim, and has also enabled me to unseal my lips about the bridegroom, of whom I knew something once before.

The man who is always complaining is the terror of his friends; hence, if nothing but bad luck attend me, I shall trouble the world no more with my Confessions; if Fate, however, should be pleased to smile ever so faintly on me, you shall hear once more from poor Paul Gosslett.

PARLIAMENT AND ARMY REFORM.

THE purchase system has obtained a renewal of its lease for one year from the hands of a moribund House of Commons. This is only what was to be expected. With a general election imminent, it was too much to hope that members would commit themselves to a course which must unquestionably for some time largely increase the army estimates; and at an early stage of the debate on Mr. Trevelyan's motion, the Liberals, who were disposed to vote in his favour, were chilled by a reminder that it would be an awkward plea to advance on the hustings, that they had assisted in adding a penny or two to the income tax, in order to abolish a system under which we have rubbed along well enough for a couple of hundred years. Even Mr. Otway, an honest and zealous reformer, advised Mr. Trevelyan not to press his resolution until more prosperous times,—in other words, until the first year of a new Parliament, instead of the last year of an old one. But the whole tone of the debate showed with unmistakable clearness that, save in the minds of a few obstinate opponents of progress, the purchase system is virtually condemned, and that, if it were not for the expense necessarily attending its abolition, it would soon be numbered in the list of bygone abuses. It was admitted by Sir John Pakington that, "if we were now commencing to form and organise our army, no reasonable man would be likely to think of adopting the purchase system," and yet he immediately proceeded to argue in its favour. Captain Vivian, who moved a series of amendments to Mr. Trevelyan's motion, admitted that there were "grounds of complaint" against the system, and advocated the abolition of purchase above the rank of captain, but had no sooner risen to speak than he commenced to defend the system against Mr. Trevelyan's attack. The debate was full of similar inconsistencies. Men sought for excuses founded on expediency for a system which they are forced to admit is wrong in fact and theory; and having once resolved to oppose a change on the ground of expense, made a point of strengthening their case by other arguments. Those, however, who have watched narrowly the progress of the question marked this noteworthy difference between its state in the present and the past year. Twelve months ago, when the question was brought forward, it met with but small attention in the House of Commons, and the press was divided in opinion. This time Mr. Trevelyan's opponents in Parliament had furbished up their whole armoury of rusty weapons,

and the same men who opposed the abolition of flogging stoutly defended the retention of purchase; while, on the other hand, with two notable exceptions, the press was unanimous in urging that the system must be done away with, though, as a matter of course, the details of the proposed scheme were not always favourably considered. Thus in a year we have sprung from sleepy security among the military Conservatives in the House, and doubt among the public, to vigorous and armed opposition amidst the former, and settled conviction of the necessity of a change amidst the latter. Need we doubt which will win in the long run? We have seen an even more obstinate opposition overcome in the matter of corporal punishment. Twelve months ago, when Mr. Otway was about to divide the House, the Secretary at War solemnly assured the wavering Adullamites that his Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding in Chief had informed him that the Adjutant-General declared that, if flogging were abolished, he could no longer be responsible for the discipline of the forces. This year we have seen a majority in Parliament wipe out flogging from the list of punishments, and yet we have not heard that either the Adjutant-General or the Commander-in-Chief has felt it his duty to resign his office. In spite of Horse Guards influence,—and it is no secret how strongly that influence has been brought to bear on the matter,—we do not fear to adopt the simile used by the O'Donoghue, in the first Irish debate of the session, in speaking of the Irish Church Establishment, and describe the purchase system as a criminal who has been convicted in a court of justice, and has been discharged on his own recognizances, to appear for punishment when called for.

Nevertheless the advocates of army reform must in no way relax their efforts. There is a huge barrier of ignorance and prejudice to be broken down, and sturdy sinews and strong blows are needed for the task. And though the breach is yearly being widened, and fresh hands are coming up for the work, the defenders are in possession, and we know what advantage lies in that. Some stand in the gap, and fight like men; others try to make smoke that will obscure the vision, and hinder the attack. It was remarked by General Peel that a great deal is said on the subject of promotion by purchase by persons who understand very little about it; and the statement is well founded. But we should argue different conclusions from the same premises. We think it very unlikely that those who attack the system as it stands would do so without having paid attention to it beforehand, whereas nothing is more likely than that those who have never thought the matter out would object to change. Indeed, why should they do otherwise? The majority of those who wish things to remain as they are ground their preference on the desire to avoid trouble; while those officers who have purchased their steps shrink from any interference, lest it should damage

their chance of getting back all the money they have paid. Some few there are who base their Conservatism on conviction ; it is these only whom the reforming party has to fear, and it is to the arguments of these that we would devote our attention.

Even the strongest friends of the purchase system must acknowledge that a strong *prima facie* case has been made out against it. It cannot be denied that in theory, at all events, it is bad to buy and sell places of honour ; it is impossible to say that when two men have equal claims upon the country for promotion, it is right that the junior should go over the head of his senior, simply because he has more money ; and the principle must be admitted to be vicious which encourages risking the capital of a whole family on the life of a single member. If these points alone can be established, a strong *prima facie* case is, we submit, clearly made out for the abolition of the purchase system. Inasmuch as a conspicuous place in the Army List published by authority is given to a table of the prices of commissions,—as the fact of men purchasing over their brother-officers is notorious, instances occurring in the “Gazette” every week,—and further, as in the event of an officer’s death from any other cause than wounds received on service, the money he has sunk in the purchase of steps is lost to his representatives,—these points would appear to be established beyond the possibility of question. But a new champion of the purchase system has arisen, who takes issue with its opponents at the very commencement of their case. In a pamphlet on “Army Reform” in connection with the purchase system and regimental organisation, Mr. O’Dowd denies that there is such a thing as purchase in the British army. “The conventional appellation by which the system is known is as damning as it is undeserved,” says Mr. O’Dowd. “‘Purchase’ is no definition of the rule of promotion in Her Majesty’s cavalry, guards, and line, which is that of seniority and professional qualification, tempered or affected largely by an arrangement of money deposits.” He says that “this system, when examined, turns out to be one of strict seniority, in which, however, in the great majority of instances, the person eligible for promotion by seniority and professional fitness must also make a deposit of a fixed sum of money, which is religiously returned to him on the surrender of his position, or to his representatives in the event of his death through the casualties of war.” These are the statements upon which Mr. O’Dowd proceeds to build up a theory ; and it is important to bring to notice the fallacies which they contain, because Mr. O’Dowd has ready to his hand an influential organ in which to ventilate his views among all classes of military men, and because his pamphlet was largely quoted from in the debate in Parliament, while the phrase which he prints in capital letters, and proposes to substitute for the familiar expression “purchase system,” bids fair to

become the war-cry of a party,—namely, “a self-supporting system of retirement by means of deposits.”

In the first place, then, we utterly deny that the system, when examined, turns out to be one of strict seniority, no matter how the expression be qualified. It is an absolutely essential feature of a system of strict seniority that every man who enters shall be certain of obtaining his promotion before any of those below him, which is not the case here. The instant an officer fails to make the “deposit” of which Mr. O'Dowd speaks, his juniors pass over his head one after another, and seniority goes for nothing as far as he is concerned, while, on the other hand, the senior of those prepared with the “deposit” jumps over the heads of all above him not prepared with the money. It is therefore an entire misstatement to call this a system of strict seniority. Neither is it true to say that the deposit is religiously returned on the surrender of the position, for so soon as an officer arrives within two years of the time at which his promotion to the list of general officers will take place, he becomes unable to get back his purchase money; and when once he is promoted to be a major-general, every farthing of his “deposits” is gone for ever past possibility of recall. He may resign his position, but he will never see back one shilling of his lost capital. So that, in fact, the “deposits” are only “religiously returned” when an officer decides on quitting the service at a comparatively early stage, and abandoning all hope of making it permanently a profession. Then, as to the return of the money to the representatives “in the event of death through the casualties of war,” this expression is deliberately calculated to mislead; for it is only in the event of an officer's death by wounds received in action that his surviving relatives receive back the “deposits,” and then only if by his death they have been “deprived of their means of support.” Yet it is proverbial that deaths through wounds received in action form but a small portion of the casualties of war, as compared with the deaths from exposure and climate; while, again, the casualties of war are themselves but a drop in the ocean of the casualties caused by disease and bad climate in peace. Another point which the pamphleteer totally ignores is, that the sum returned to the relatives in the event of death in battle is but a fraction of the “deposits” actually made; for only the regulation price of the deceased officer's commissions is returned, while the price actually paid for them varies from a hundred and fifty per cent. to fifty per cent. in excess of the regulation price.

The fact that such loose assertions as these, devoid of foundation in fact, are taken as the groundwork for a superstructure under whose shelter the defenders of the purchase system gather in admiration, ought alone to be sufficient to show the weakness of the cause; but even this zealous advocate of the “deposit” system suggests that it might be improved. To begin with, he thinks purchase should

stop after the rank of captain; for that the important post of field-officer, involving the efficiency, comfort, and happiness of hundreds, ought not to be so obtained, although purchase does very well up to the rank of captain. Of course this would be a step in the right direction, but it needs small power to see that it is only a question of degree. If it is desirable that the promotion to a lieutenant-colonelcy should not be obtainable by purchase, the reason must be that purchase is a bad method of appointment; and if it is bad in one case, it must be bad in all, though the evil effects may be less in degree. For hundreds read scores; and the captain's fitness for his post involves the efficiency, comfort, and happiness of his men to almost, if not quite, the same extent as the field-officer's. And here again another fallacy is introduced. Of course, says the pamphleteer, promotion from subaltern's to captain's rank must be always an affair of seniority; and "where there is seniority there must be purchase of some kind; and if there be purchase, it is better to have it policed by the State," and so on. We distinctly deny that purchase must accompany seniority. The Royal Artillery, the Royal Engineers, and the Royal Marines have no purchase of any kind whatever, direct or indirect, and they have promotion purely by seniority. The statement affords another example of those loose and erroneous assertions which pass current with people who will not examine for themselves, but which only need to be brought to the touchstone of fact, to be proved utterly worthless. It is, however, a very favourite argument among the lovers of purchase. They point to the Indian army, before its amalgamation with the Royal army, and say, "These men were obliged to introduce a sort of purchase system among themselves, in order to quicken promotion, and you will find the same thing done wherever there is pure seniority." Now we are no advocates of the Indian bonus system. It was a wretched failure as far as accelerating promotion went. There were plenty of subalterns with from fifteen to eighteen years' service in the Indian army when the mutiny broke out, and they had been paying heavily for steps throughout their service. But even this plan had not the gross faults of the purchase system. There was no putting the man who had money over the head of the man who had not; and the subscriptions to the fund were paid by all alike from a professional income which enabled them, in those days, before India became so expensive as it is now, to afford to lay by something towards a future retirement. The East India Company never made this fund an excuse for refusing to pension its officers after a fair term of service. If they chose to make up a purse among them to supplement the retiring pension given by the Company, well and good; but it was not considered necessary, as in the Royal army, that an officer, after thirty years' service, should forfeit either his claim to pension from the State, or his claim to the return of the "deposits" he has made during his service. When an

Indian officer retired on full pay, he received from his regimental retiring fund the sum to which he was entitled. When an officer under the purchase system retires upon full pay, he loses every shilling of his purchase money. It is confiscated by the State.

The opponents of Mr. Trevelyan's motion for the abolition of purchase may be divided into two classes, the staunch bigots, who will have no change, who cling to the system under which, and in spite of which, England's army has done so well for two centuries; and the half-hearted negotiators who ask for a compromise, and are willing to see alterations made, but not to see the whole system destroyed. These last find their representatives in Mr. O'Dowd in the press, and Captain Vivian in the House of Commons, who have embarked in the same boat, and sail under the same colours. Their proposition is this, as it may be stated in a few words, to reduce the number of regimental commissioned ranks to three, viz: lieutenant-colonel, captain, and lieutenant, and to abolish purchase above the rank of captain. Thus there would be only two purchasable steps, the first commission and the promotion to a company; and instead of finding four barriers in his way to command a regiment, at his promotion successively to a lieutenantancy, company, majority, and lieutenant-colonely, the non-purchasing officer, once appointed, would only have one purchase promotion before him. It was very generally believed that this suggestion, in a modified form, would be adopted by the Government; but whatever intentions may have been in Sir John Pakington's mind when he came down to the House, the tone of the debate and the evident unwillingness evinced to authorise expenditure enabled him to go with the ruck, and save his pocket at the expense of his conscience. On the whole, we are not altogether sorry that this scheme died a natural death; for though it had merits of no mean order, it could only have been a temporary reform. If once the abolition of purchase above the rank of captain had condemned the system, purchase must before long have gone altogether, and then an entirely fresh arrangement would have been required. As it is, the system can be dealt with as a whole, and its entire removal with one and the same stroke will probably be far the most satisfactory course. For the more closely we examine the matter, the more distinctly do we see that the purchase system must be cut out root and branch, for that its existence interferes materially with the well-being of the whole army.

The charges which are brought against the purchase system are direct and indirect. It is charged with being in itself necessarily evil, inasmuch as the sale of office cannot but be a national sin. It is accused of bearing hardly on the purchasing officers, who sink large sums of money on the risk of their life, obtaining in their pay little or no more than the interest on the money invested, so that they actually give their services to the State for nothing, only receiving

back their principal on leaving the army; whereas in any other profession in the world they would have either the interest of their capital as an addition to their income during their service, or the accumulated interest as an addition to their capital on retiring, together with a pension from the State. It is accused of bearing hardly also on the non-purchasing officers, who are passed over simply because they have no money, and for no other reason in the world. These are the direct charges against the system; but, important as they are, they are small in comparison to the indirect charges. It is accused of introducing a spirit of dishonest traffic among our officers, of excluding many able men from high positions, and of promoting men who are not efficient; of closing the higher ranks of the army to those who have merit without money; of effectually preventing promotion from the ranks to any extent, and thus,—and this is, to our mind, the climax of the evil,—keeping up the shameful system of recruiting, which is a foul stain upon our national honour. To this the defendants reply that the army is well officered and well manned, and that there is no necessity for any change of system. On the one hand, we have Mr. Trevelyan, with epigrammatic terseness, describing the army as officered from the froth and manned from the dregs of society; on the other hand, we have Conservative military members appealing to the deeds performed by English soldiers, and the victories achieved by English arms, as proof of the excellence of the system as it exists.

The whole issue lies in this. Is the army to be a profession or not? Are the officers to enter it with a view to making it the pursuit of their lives, and devoting their entire energies to military service; or are they to enter for a brief space as a pastime, and therefore, as a matter of course, not to look seriously upon their duties? Are the ranks to be filled by men who seek the army voluntarily, with their eyes open, as a good profession,—in which case the highest punishment would be dismissal from the service,—or are we to bait traps with money and drink for the scapegraces of large towns,—for even these will not come voluntarily,—and force them to remain and do their duty in the service by means of a severe penal code? To our mind, the question admits of only one answer. If it were the case that the only duties of a soldier or an officer were to fight the enemy, we might say let matters remain as they are. However low one descends in the social scale, there will always be found there plenty of good pluck and courage. But the duties of war are rare and far between, and the duties of peace are constant, and ever at hand. The army which is best constituted and organised for a time of peace will also behave best in time of war, and during peace it will be a blessing instead of a curse to the nation. As matters stand, we take any man into the ranks without knowledge of his previous career; we angle for men with bounty; we pay recruiting sergeants levy

money, and crimps "bringing" money to get us men, concerning whom we make no inquiry, except as to their physical fitness to be food for powder. In these days we do make some effort to humanise them when once they are caught; but, assuming that they will be, or, at all events, that a large number will be bad characters, we fence them in with restrictions, and create a code of laws which are purely artificial, but whose infraction is severely punished. It is assumed that they must be kept in order with the strong hand, and the strong hand is held over them. Brought into the army by the promise of a life of freedom, what wonder that they desert in thousands? And then they are advertised in the "Hue and Cry," and a price is put upon them. Captured, they are brought in handcuffs to the regiment from which they have deserted, tried, imprisoned, and restored to duty, but with a bad name. The screw is put on harder than ever, and there is a second desertion, and another recapture; and so on, till the end comes in an ignominious dismissal, coupled with the marking of the breast with the letters of shame, and yet hailed with delight by the unwilling soldier. These bad bargains cost the State no small sum. The heavy votes for military law, prisons, and police,—the large sums of bounty money, levy money, bringing money,—the huge expenditure on hospital and medical attendance caused by misconduct,—the loss of service during desertion and imprisonment,—might all be either removed or greatly diminished by the recognition of the simple fact that the army should be made so desirable a profession as to render dismissal the highest possible punishment. When this is acknowledged, and the army is sought after eagerly by the youth of the country, a test of character may be applied before admission, and the bad men, who are the cause of the penal system now in vogue, kept out of the ranks. But how is this to be accomplished? The mere raising of pay will never suffice. It might draw a sufficient number of good private soldiers; but if we are to have good non-commissioned officers, on whom so much of our discipline depends, a better class of men must be induced to join. The complaint is universal throughout the army at the present time that it is most difficult to find good men to promote. How are such men to be brought into the army as we require for this purpose?

Before answering this question, we must touch on one other point,—the question of length of service. It is very generally admitted that the service would be far more popular if enlistments were for a shorter period; and probably most officers will admit that they would rather command young soldiers of less than ten years' service than old soldiers of more than twelve years. But if it is to become a matter of course that after a short period of service there must follow removal from the army, it ceases to be a profession, and few men would be so unwise as to sacrifice the best years of their youth to a career which holds out no promise for the future. In an article

which we published in February last, we discussed the relative merits of young soldiers and old soldiers, and quoted the very pertinent remarks of General Trochu on this subject. Since that time an interesting pamphlet on Army Organisation has been published by Major Leahy, of the Royal Engineers, in which he clearly shows the great expense thrown upon the country by the re-engagement of old soldiers; and puts very plainly before his readers that we might have 80,000 young soldiers in the ranks, and 80,000 old soldiers in an army of reserve, for the same cost as is entailed by the 80,000 old soldiers in the ranks. The advantages to a nation of keeping men only a comparatively short time in the ranks, and then passing them to a reserve, supplying their places with fresh troops, are so obvious, that there is small doubt but we shall before long see this system introduced. Under such a system there would never be any lack of privates; but how about the non-commissioned officers? Would really good men enlist if, at the end of seven years or so, they must leave the service? The ordinary working man would reap decided advantage from a seven years' service, with its opportunities of education and travel, and the subsequent pension or retaining fee for service in the reserve; but this would not meet the case of the better educated classes who aspire to something higher. To them the army must be made a profession, and it can only be made so by opening the higher posts to merit, even though it be shown in the ranks, which are now looked on as the one place from which a commission is never to be obtained.

On this point we are undoubtedly at issue with the majority of officers in the British army, who would have no promotion from the ranks; and, strange to say, we are at issue with the majority of non-commissioned officers as well, for, with their experience of matters as now constituted, they have no wish to be promoted. They have learned to look upon promotion to a commission, unless it be to a non-combatant post, a quartermastership or a paymastership, or something of that sort, as a positive misfortune. And why? Because, in the first place, they find themselves nearly ruined. They are launched into a position where the ordinary expenditure is twice or three times the income, and where their poverty prevents them from taking their share in the customary expenses of the officers. For this they are looked down upon, and they find themselves without society. No longer able to associate with the non-commissioned officers who were so lately their friends, tabooed by the officers among whom their lot is now cast, they are isolated and unhappy. Their habits, too, unfit them to a certain extent for the society of the officers, for the class from which they spring is other than that to which they are raised. Hence, in most cases, married men are chosen for promotion; because, being married, they will not live at the mess and become wet blankets to their brother-officers of superior breeding. Thus, as

matters now stand, it is, as a rule, an injury to a non-commissioned officer to give him a commission; and his promotion is a nuisance to his brother-officers, who complain that he interrupts the harmony of their society, and, if he is married, that his wife is neither by education nor habits a fit associate for the ladies of the regiment. That is the present state of affairs.

But suppose it were said that from a given date one-third of the commissions in the army would be given to non-commissioned officers of not more than seven years' service, and who would, as a matter of course, be unmarried. At once an immense alteration would take place. Instead of the utter hopelessness of any advancement deterring men of good education and position from enlisting, the prizes held out would be well worth acceptance. A short service in the ranks would be no hardship in comparison with the opportunities afforded of making a career, especially when the man of decent position would no longer be such a rarity in the ranks as now. Officers say that men of any refinement or education would never enlist, because of the discomforts of a soldier's life,—that men of respectable position would never consent to be herded up in a barrack-room, night and day, with men of the low class from which the majority of soldiers are taken, or to submit to the daily sights and sounds which would offend their eyes and ears. If this be true, it is a strong argument for some slight alteration in barracks, and that is all. Besides, if inducements sufficient were held out, there would not be only one such man in a regiment or a company, but many, and they might live together. There is no valid reason why men should not be allowed to choose their own companions for the barrack-room. A gentleman can keep his refinement through many rough times and much enforced submission to coarse usages. African travellers have not forgotten all their manners when they come home, though they may have been subject to strangely unpleasant customs. Only hold out sufficient inducements in the way of future prospects, not too remote, and the man of energy and courage will cheerfully submit to a present inconvenience. By these means young men of good position and education, without the means to pay for the expensive education of a military college, might easily be induced to enlist as the stepping-stone to a commission. Youth, education, intelligence, activity, zeal, would be their characteristics. What splendid material for non-commissioned officers, and, duly trained, what first-rate material for officers, is here! An educational test, before promotion to a commission, would be necessary; the real test would be the opinion of the officers of the regiment, who would form the recommending council. Sprinkle through the ranks a few such men as this in each regiment, and how soon the whole tone of the service will improve. How soon the parents, who now look upon enlistment as degradation and disgrace to their son, will learn to look upon it as the opening to an honour-

able career, and to the companionship of a superior class, instead of an enforced association with reprobates. Once begin to raise the tone, and the character test may soon be applied. Even as it is, the black sheep are the exception in the service; under the system proposed, there would be absolutely no place for them in the ranks. But whenever this opening is made, whenever the commissioned ranks of the army are opened to merit in the non-commissioned ranks, at the same time two existing abuses must be abolished,—public-house recruiting, with its train of levy money and bringing money, and the purchase of either first appointments or promotion. The recruiting system must be changed, to prevent the possibility of depraved characters troubling the service with their presence; the purchase must be abolished, to give the poor men who rise from the ranks an equal chance with those who obtain their appointments by other means.

But then, say the advocates of purchase, if you abolish this system of promotion by a combination of seniority and cash, what can you substitute for it? If you fall back on pure seniority, the result will be simple stagnation, as we have seen on former occasions, and as we shall very soon see again in the non-purchase corps,—the Artillery, Engineers, and Marines. If you fall back on selection, you will open the door to the very grossest jobbery, and interest will overrule seniority and merit together. Your proposed remedies, they say, are worse than the disease. To this we have a ready answer. The rate at which promotion shall go on lies entirely at the discretion of the State. To make the promotion as rapid as desirable is a mere question of providing proper retiring allowances; in other words, it is a mere question of money. The seniority corps have fallen into a wretched state of stagnation, only because there is a complete want of any proper system of retirement. In the words of the report drawn up by the Select Committee of last year, the present "combination of contrivances is unsatisfactory, complicated, uncertain in its operations, based upon no clear principle, and inadequate for its purpose;" and the principles which should govern a proper system of retirement are laid down by the committee as a limit of age for compulsory retirement from active duties, a graduated rate of retired pay, which every officer should be entitled to claim after a given number of years' service, and facilities for compounding the retired pay of officers for a sum of money down. Perhaps there never was a committee that went more carefully into its work than this. Including men of every shade of political opinion, men in office and men out of office, men famous as army reformers, such as Major O'Reilly, Mr. Otway, and Mr. Trevelyan, and men notable as rigid Conservatives, as Colonel Percy Herbert and Colonel North,—including the Secretary of State for War of the Liberal Government, the Marquis of Hartington, and having Mr. Childers, the Financial Secretary of the Liberal Government, as its chairman, its recommendations were not

likely to err on the side of undue expenditure of public money. Yet Sir John Pakington has overruled the scheme which, after mature deliberation and consultation with the Controller and Actuary of the National Debt Office, that committee brought forward; and a scheme of his own, concocted in a hole and corner of the War Office, is to be introduced, instead of this, which had given universal satisfaction to the regiments concerned, and to the country, so far as may be gathered from the fact that the press was unanimous in its favour. Thus this vitally important question has already been shelved for a year, and is still unsettled. Had the committee's plan been adopted, it would now have been in full operation, its working would have been seen, and an opportunity would have been afforded of judging what retirement scheme would answer, when the State takes up its proper duties of providing pensions for the officers of the line who have grown grey in its service. There is every reason to believe that such a scheme, modified to meet the requirements of the line, would answer every purpose in making promotion sufficiently rapid.

Then, as regards selection, although instances of interest overriding all other claims would probably occur, they would be shown up at the bar of public opinion, and a course of unfair dealing could never be persevered in. Look, for instance, at the commands or full colonelcies of regiments. There was a time when they were grossly jobbed; now the selections give universal satisfaction. With the press actively on the look out to detect and expose undue favouritism, it would scarcely be possible to make bad selections, either by choosing unfit men or passing over those who are fit. Besides, there is nothing new in the principle of selection for commands of regiments; only it has been hampered and crushed by the purchase system. A single instance given by Sir Duncan Macdougall, in his evidence before the Royal Commission on Purchase of 1857, will suffice to show this. Major Ferguson, of the 85th, who was "one of the most magnificent fellows in the army, and through everything during the Peninsular war," was purchased over for the lieutenant-colonelcy by an officer brought from another regiment. The Duke of Wellington felt that it was very hard upon him; and a disagreeable affair occurring not long afterwards in another regiment, and it being necessary to give the command to some energetic and determined man, the Duke selected Major Ferguson from the whole of the Peninsular army for the command.

The rest of the story had better be told in Sir Duncan Macdougall's own words. "A very singular thing was this, and it shows how much depends upon chance in purchase. If I had come off picquet at Bayonne five minutes later than I did one day, Major Ferguson never would have had the command of the — regiment, and Sir George Brown probably never would have been adjutant-general at the Horse Guards, nor second in command in the Crimea; and the

circumstances were these :—I was marching from picquet at Bayonne. I passed the tent of Major Ferguson, and he said, 'I want to speak to you.' I halted the picquet. 'Here,' said he, 'is a letter I have received from Lord Fitzroy Somerset.' It was offering him the command of the — regiment by purchase. I said, 'I am very glad to hear it;' and he said, 'But I cannot purchase, and I have written a letter to refuse.' I took the letter and tore it up, and I said, 'Write immediately, and say that you will purchase.' He said, 'I cannot: I have only so much.' 'Well,' I said, 'that is quite enough. Brown is the senior captain, and he shall give so much; Lieutenant Wilkinson shall give so much, and so on; I know that Gubbins will give £200 to become senior captain.' I was the fourth captain, and I said, 'I will give £100.' He wrote the letter, and got the lieutenant-colonelcy. Captain Brown was then away, and when he came up he found that we had arranged all about the purchase. But Lord Wellington would have been obliged to look out for another officer in consequence of Major Ferguson not being able to purchase; my coming off picquet five minutes later would have prevented it, but in consequence of this it was all arranged." Thus, if his brother-officers had not made up a purse to enable Major Ferguson to purchase, the Duke of Wellington's selection would have gone for nothing, the — regiment would not have had the efficient commanding officer they required, and the public would have been losers. It is worth the notice of our non-military readers that the increase of pay from a majority to a lieutenant-colonelcy, a step the regulation price of which is £1,800, is one shilling a day, or less than one and a half per cent. interest on the capital sunk.

This is a specimen of selection hampered by purchase. Now who are the men that object so much to a system of selection? As Mr. Trevelyan pointed out, the very ones who are always so angry with civilians presuming to say anything against the Horse Guards. But in truth the system of selection would be more a name than a reality. Seniority would be the rule by which men would be advanced to commands, except where there was either notorious unfitness on the part of the senior, or striking and exemplary claims on the part of a comparatively junior officer. In the Artillery, for example, where regimental promotion goes strictly and purely by seniority, the higher commands, such as districts and brigades, are given by selection; and we do not hear of perpetual jealousies and heartburnings being in existence. We are inclined to think that too much stress has been laid on the principle of selection, the application of which would really be very limited; while the jobbery which would arise from it has been unduly magnified into a gigantic bugbear.

Intimately connected with the purchase system, interwoven, indeed, with every part of our military scheme, is the question of education.

One-third of the commissions being given to non-commissioned officers, Sir Charles Trevelyan proposes to obtain two-thirds of the remaining officers by a combination of nomination and competition, followed by a course of training at a military college. He proposes that the commander-in-chief should keep a list, as now, on which the names of those candidates of whose antecedents he is satisfied should be inscribed, and that these should then be subjected to an examination, not in special subjects, but in their general education, so as to obtain the best material for the service which a liberal general education can bestow ; and that the selected candidates should go through a course of professional training at a military college, which would instruct them in military science and a soldier's duties, at the same time testing their moral fitness for a commission. No better course could be adopted, provided the age of entrance be not brought too low, provided the examination be such as really to test the whole work of the candidate's school-career, and to defeat the abominable system of cramming which is ruining half the energy and intellect of the country, and provided a better tone be introduced than now exists at Sandhurst.

The question of age is of vital importance. It is the taking a boy away from school, before he has obtained any liberal education, that is so fatal to all honest, independent thought. Before his mind is formed, his energies are all forced into one groove, and he is trained to view things only in one light. Sent to Sandhurst at sixteen, a boy learns to adopt the traditions of the college and of the regiment into which he afterwards is turned as his gospel and his creed. They must be right. It is treason to think otherwise. Take the purchase system for an instance. Lord Clyde said before the Commission of 1857, "I have not thought out the question. I found the system of purchase established when I entered as a boy of fifteen ; I am now in my 63rd year. I was present at the battles of Vimiera and Corunna, and on the expedition to Walcheren, and came home again before I was sixteen, and finding that, and living always with troops under the system that has gone on, I had ceased to think of it until now, and I have not thought it out." But when he did think it out, he strongly condemned the system. Perhaps no better illustration of this bigotry, on the part of military men, to the creed in which they are brought up can be found than in the fact that one officer gave evidence before the Commission that he had been purchased over eighteen times, and had been eighteen years getting his company, but was now, nevertheless, strongly in favour of the system. Few men have thought over the question of professional education more carefully than Lord Macaulay ; few men approached the question with a more powerful intellect ; and he writes, in speaking of education for the Civil Service of India, "Men who have been engaged, up to one or two and twenty, in studies which have no immediate connection with

the business of any profession, and of which the effect is merely to open, to invigorate, and to enrich the mind, will generally be found, in the business of every profession, superior to men who have, at eighteen or nineteen, devoted themselves to the special studies of their calling." But the majority of officers of high standing, or of more than ten years' service in the army, will be found crying out against giving commissions at a later age than seventeen or eighteen. They say that discipline cannot be taught, that the officers are not pliant enough, after that age. Depend upon it, if the system of discipline is good, it will commend itself more thoroughly to them when they are old enough to appreciate its value, than when they are mere boys, and look upon all discipline as a bore. But most fortunately, just as the tide of prejudice was sweeping backwards, and the age of entrance to the military colleges was to be reduced, Lord Eustace Cecil stepped forward and obtained the consent of Government to the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate and report upon the whole system of military education. He has done good service to the country and the army, and deserves the thanks of all sincere army-reformers.

We are a strange people in our dealings with military matters. We spend more money per man on our troops than any other army in the world, nearly twice as much, or more than twice as much, as some; yet we have to tout in public-houses for recruits, and we have an almost universal discontent on all sides. Much is due to our wretched double military government, with two conflicting interests perpetually hauling against each other,—much to the weakness and truckling to popularity or private interests of successive Secretaries of State for War. It is a hard task for those who have the interest of the army at heart, and who are willing to work with all their might for its improvement. They may seem to fail, as Mr. Trevelyan seems to have failed, for a time; but truth and honesty will win in the end; and if failures seem to be often repeated, we would ask them to learn from that noble-hearted prelate, Archbishop Whately, how never to fail. "Some consider me," he wrote, "as very sanguine, because I always attempt whatever has even a slight prospect of success, and am never disheartened by failure. But the fact is, I never do fail; for my orders are, not to conquer, but only to fight; and whenever I do happen to conquer also, that is so much over and above."

WOLVES AND WOLF-HUNTING IN FRANCE.

Barbican sportsmen must often envy France the possession of the wolf. Indeed, an undergraduate of Dublin, being called on to enumerate the most regrettable events in Irish history, commenced his list with that of the extermination of the last wolf in 1710. No brute in Europe is better adapted than the wolf for being run to death, and none affords the huntsman a better apology for hunting. A bear hunt is most frequently a duel or an assassination. The stag, the roe-back, and even the wild boar, are inoffensive when unmolested; the fox and the badger are too small to be personally dangerous, but the wolf is at once a foe to be respected for his teeth, a brigand accountable for a life of rapine, and a test of strength and mettle for the fleetest dogs. By the term dogs must, however, be understood the ordinary pack, for the greyhound is often able to attain the wolf on sight, and in such case he invariably mars the sport. In the Aube a couple or two of greyhounds usually accompany the meute both in boar and wolf hunting; the consequence is that most frequently, when the game takes the open country, the greyhounds follow the wolf on sight, and either seize it at once, or so impede its pace as to enable the pack to arrive and finish the hunt abruptly. In some cases the chances of an exciting run are further diminished by the admission of rifles, and it too often happens that a solitary wolf, the sole hope of the meet, is shot dead in the cover before the dogs give tongue, leaving the huntsmen to disperse for lack of game, or to go in for foxes. Still, occasionally, in spite of guns and greyhounds, a fair run takes place, and in such case the sport, for heat and spirit, is all the most ardent huntsman can desire; the wolf bursts unexpectedly from the cover, and straining for some distant point in possibly another department, bounds straight ahead through all kinds of country, and leads the hounds a chase which often ends in their exhaustion and discomfiture. But the wolf is far less often the object of a royal hunt than of a popular battue. His destruction is sought by persons whose sole aim is to destroy him, and the means least likely to fail are those adopted for the purpose; his retreat is surrounded by the peasants and villagers of the locality, and sometimes by the united populations of two or three cantons. All sorts of weapons are called into use; old musquets, horse-pistols, bayonets, swords, bludgeons, and above all, pitchforks. Dogs of every description join the hunt, from the huge farm watch-dog to the com-

mon village car. A circle is then formed round the thicket, and when the nature of the ground and the number of persons permit, the ring tightens gradually till the assistants are able to join hands. A second circle is then formed outside, composed of strong nets suspended across the runs and issues, and in order to scare the wolf from attempting to pass elsewhere, the men hang up their caps and blouses in the intervening spaces. Up to this moment everything is accomplished with the greatest precaution and the least noise possible, but no sooner are the arrangements complete than the dogs are let loose, and the men begin shouting and hallooing and thrashing the foliage with long sticks. Presently the dogs grow furious. Their instinctive aversion for the wolf becomes redoubled by the consciousness of his presence, and when excited from time to time with a heavy scent, they howl and gnash with a sort of frenzy. This excitement of the dogs soon gains the men, who, from mere noise and clamour, proceed gradually to yells and imprecations. They then set to, regularly abusing the wolf in terms, and the less disposed he shows himself to quit the cover, the more vehement are the invectives heaped upon him. The prevailing apostrophe is, "*Bouge là, affreuse bête qui manges les moutons*;" but many others, given in patois, require rendering to be understood, such, for instance, as the following: "Show up and fight, you great bony cadger." "Come out and pay the dogs, you mangy thief." "Fire his tail, the carrion howler." "Out with him, burn him, poke his ribs; ah, the eternal vermin! Ah! the unclean beast." "Peuh, the son of a polecat, how he stinks!" This last compliment alludes to the wolf's offensive odour, which, as Buffon remarks, is truly disgusting, and which issues with overpowering strength from any place he may have occupied for several successive days. The wolf meanwhile remains insensible to the abuse of his persecutors. A mortal fear detains him, and in spite of the terrific din around his lair, he lies close and immovable within a few yards of the enemy. Sometimes, when the woods are too dry to permit of the use of fire, it becomes necessary to probe the thicket with sticks and pitchforks; but in times of moisture, the men make powder-paste balls and throw them lighted into the wolf's retreat. This method, if well employed, soon dislodges him. The intent posture of the dogs prepares the spectators for a sudden belt, and the next instant the wolf dashes through the ring, and becoming entangled in the nets, the scene closes in confusion, amidst stifled groans and hard breathing. The conduct of the dogs is peculiar; the small ones howl strangely, hiding their tails and trembling with convulsion. The large ones appear transported with a kind of rapt ecstacy, their jaws grind and chop, their eyes become wild and bloodshot, and their hair bristles on all their limbs. When once, however, the dogs have fairly killed the wolf, they refuse to touch his dead body. Not so the men; these thump and fork the

carcass until the skin becomes utterly worthless for the furrier, and nothing remains in the way of profit but the small premium claimable at the Mairie. A cord is then attached to the poor animal's hind legs, by which he is trailed home in triumph, and the money received from the mayor, augmented by donations solicited from door to door, is spent in drunken revelry over his mutilated remains.

Unlike the fox, the wolf, when overpowered by numbers, becomes cowed and dies meekly. A wolf, surrounded in the way we have described, suffers himself to be killed by the dogs without exhausting his strength in the struggle. But woe to the luckless cur that meets him alone in the forest, unless of a size to inspire respect, or of strength to exact it. The wolf takes kindly to dog's-flesh, notwithstanding the dog's horror of wolf's-flesh; and when, rendered bold by hunger, the wolf approaches the village, his lure is not so much the farm livestock, which he knows to be well guarded, as the stray cur whom he hopes to find at large and unprotected. In some parts of Europe scarcely a winter passes without a visit from the wolves, and the smaller dogs are nearly always the first victims. Sweeping suddenly through the village at dusk or daybreak, they snap up and bear off without stopping some howling mongrel unable to get out of their way in time. Sometimes a poor cat disappears in the same manner; not unfrequently a fowl or a goose, and sometimes even a child. Later in the season, when the cold grows more intense, the wolves arrive in larger parties. Their visits are usually made before daybreak, when they may be heard pawing and scraping in the rubbish, and sniffing under all the doorways. At the same time the dogs of the village begin to howl and whine in concert, the peculiar noise they make on such occasions resembling nothing they make at any other time. The villagers of the Aube call it "*le réveil au loup*," and well understand its import. No sooner is the alarm heard than each one hastens to take the precautions he deems most needful—one flying to protect his pigs, another to unhang his fire-lock, in the hope of coming in for a shot from an open window.

At Clemecy, on the borders of Switzerland, a wolf towards nightfall entered the village, and immediately gave chase to a small grey terrier belonging to no one in particular. Instead of taking shelter in the nearest cottage, the dog rushed on to the end of the hamlet, and, entering a wheelwright's yard, leapt safe and sound into the kennel of a huge mastiff. The wolf had followed too closely to recede, and the mastiff, in spite of a heavy chain that cramped his movements, darted out suddenly and seized the wolf by the skin of the back. The sequel was remarkable. The mastiff, impeded by his chain, began to yield to the struggles of the wolf, which was a full-grown powerful beast, when, just at the right moment, another large dog arrived at full speed, accompanied by the little terrier, who had evidently seen his comrade's need of assistance, and gone off to procure it. This

unexpected ally put an end to the conflict, and the wolf was speedily mastered. Madame Bastide,—the wheelwright's wife,—her daughter, and servant—all three witnessed the scene, which they each describe as related ; and indeed there is nothing in the story incredible, many parallels having occurred to illustrate the intelligence of animals in comprehending a position of urgency, as well as the facilities they possess for making known to each other their wants and wishes.

Wolves grow desperate in the extremities of hunger. They then assemble in troops, and, from their disregard of their own lives, become dangerous even to men. Instances have also occurred where men have been attacked by wolves at other times. A single wolf has been even known to attack a man in open daylight. But these must be regarded as rare exceptions, the natural movement of the wolf being to hide at the approach of man ; and more excursionists than one, anxious to observe him in his native woods, have been disappointed by hearing him howl unseen within fifty yards of the footpath. It nevertheless occurs in hard winters that parties of wolves allow men to pass them without attempting to fly or caring to deviate from their route. In such cases it might be dangerous to molest them ; but if not interfered with, they pursue their way without betraying fear, or appearing to notice the traveller. A merchant of Cette, in crossing the landes of the Gironde, accompanied by a maquignon or horse-dealer, fell in with a party of seven wolves, attentively engaged in examining the skeleton of a mule. The merchant felt afraid to pass, but his companion was able from experience to assure him there was no danger. He had before encountered wolves in the same neighbourhood, and never observed in them the slightest disposition to be aggressive. At night there would be more risk, and it might be imprudent after sunset to cross the landes alone. But whether by night or day a man, travelling alone, must be careful to keep his feet ; for should he fall the wolves would be on him immediately, and a man once down, and fairly pinned by wolves, would have small chance of escaping with his life.

A letter-carrier, travelling from village to village across the mountains of the Côte-d'Or, fell in from time to time with parties of wolves in his winter journeys. On such occasions he looked straight before him, and walked on without appearing to notice them ; till at length, finding the animals passed him with perfect unconcern, he grew quite used to the danger of meeting them, and it ceased to make him uneasy. Once, however, on turning his head to observe three wolves that were ascending the heights in an opposite direction, his foot slipped on the frozen snow, and losing his balance, he fell with force on his back at full length. In an instant the wolves were down upon him, and he was only rescued from his peril by the providential approach of the Châlons diligence, which appeared opportunely on the nearest height, and frightened the animals away.

The sheep is usually regarded as the natural prey of the wolf; the consequence is, that all sorts of precautions are taken to prevent the two animals coming in contact, and accordingly few wolves get a chance of tasting mutton during the whole course of their lives. The flocks are guarded day and night by dogs, and the shepherds, in lieu of staves, are provided with powerful horns, the sound of which reverberates from hill to hill, causing terrific noise, and effectually scaring beasts of prey. In very severe weather, when cold and hunger urge the wolf to desperation, the flocks are conducted home and penned within sight of the farmer's habitation. Pigs are looked after with less care, and are more often killed by wolves. Cows and bullocks, in spite of their horns, are occasionally attacked and overpowered. The horse, so long as he confront the wolf, is able to defend himself with his forefeet; but should he once turn tail his fate is certain. The wolf leaps on his back, and seizing him behind the head, holds on suspended until the horse drops from pain and exhaustion. A single wolf in this manner will destroy a horse, and it would follow that no horse could long defend itself when attacked by several wolves together. Wolves make war equally on mules and asses; but these, and especially the latter, are extremely dexterous in the use of their forefeet. An ass, attacked by a single wolf, tramples him down without difficulty. A person of credibility relates that a she-ass was attacked one winter by a wolf while grazing within sight of a cantonnier's cottage. The ass held her head to the ground, and kept closely following the movements of the wolf, which was endeavouring to get behind her. This continued for some time, till the ass, raising herself suddenly on her hind legs, struck down the wolf with her two front feet, and killed him on the spot. She then made sure of her advantage by trampling on the carcass, which she did with such force as to break in the ribs and crush the skull to pieces.

Wolves have been asserted to be practically omnivorous; but the assertion is unfounded, inasmuch as they use as medicine, and consequently not as food, both grass and vetch, and further, when driven from the woods by famine they leave behind them many substances which omnivorous animals would utilise. But if not capable of digesting quite everything, wolves must be admitted, for tone and power, to possess enviable stomachs. Buffon informs us they have been known to feed on dried skins covered with lime; but a stronger fact is mentioned by a manufacturer in the south of France, who asserts that on his own premises they have sometimes devoured the refuse of an artificial manure prepared with oil of turpentine from some kind of liquid putrefaction.

In the conformation of the wolf the most striking feature is the size of the teeth and jaw bones, as well as the great strength of the neck, which is both bony and muscular. These parts are much larger and stronger than in a dog of the same size and weight, and yet such a

dog would more than match the wolf in equal fight. This superiority of the dog may perhaps be accounted for by his courage and self-reliance, qualities in which the wolf is conspicuously wanting. A modern writer gives an account of a fight which took place some time ago between a wolf and a dog at a place of popular entertainment in one of the suburbs of Paris. The dog in this case was the smaller animal, but as the wolf had been for some days in captivity, the dog's inferiority in size was probably compensated by his sense of freedom, and by the fact of his being in better health and training. The dog, although held in leash within sight of the wolf, showed no particular eagerness to begin the fight. On being released, however, he went straight up and attacked him resolutely, but without any of those demonstrations of implacable hostility which we have shown that dogs exhibit when attacking wolves in their wild state. The wolf fought desperately, and appeared at one time to be actually getting the advantage, when the dog, encouraged by the shouts of the spectators, succeeded in tearing off a strip of flesh which was hanging from the wolf's shoulder. The wolf on this began to lose heart, and by degrees giving in, was at last fairly strangled in a final and decisive struggle. The dog's victory was, nevertheless, rather glorious than gainful, as his own skin was badly torn, and the entire front part of his body presented a mass of pink and angry flesh.

The flesh of the wolf may be taken certainly to be about the rankest carrion in creation, not even excepting that of the common vulture and the turkey-buzzard. Yet all this in reality is less fact than imagination. M. Charles Gauthey, a well-known sportsman in the Côte-d'Or, relates that the landlord of a country inn, himself a sportsman, and wishing to play the brethren a confraternal trick—or as it is called in French, *leur jouer un tour de chasseur*,—had a piece of wolf's flesh cut into small square morsels, and stewed up with veal and mutton cut into pieces of a different shape. The landlord helped the ragoût himself, and being careful to serve each guest with one of the square morsels, was enabled to inform them after dinner that they had all been eating wolf. Two of the guests were thereupon seized with horror, and one to such a degree that he was compelled to retire from the table with precipitation. The others took the joke in good part, and one and all declared they had detected nothing in the dish to excite suspicion in the least degree.

De Foe makes his hero say of a bird he had shot, resembling a hawk, that its flesh "was carrion and good for nothing." Perhaps if Robinson Crusoe had taken the trouble to pluck this bird and roast it, he would have found it at least equal to crow, which passes easily for rook in a well-made pie; it could scarcely have been worse than wolf.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS, OLD AND NEW.

THE most pleasant of the known pastimes of society has always been what are called Private Theatricals. When well done,—that is, when there is a good play and good actors,—there is nothing so elegant or amusing. But at present the private histrionic stage shares in the decay of its greater sister, and to be asked out to see amateurs play some noisy, and too familiar farce, gives promise of anything but an agreeable evening. The truth is, there is always a fatal mistake made in the class of pieces chosen, and amateurs will drag on to their contracted little boards something that is in keeping with the great and promiscuous audience of a large theatre,—something that extorts the loud “guffaw” of the groundlings, and the simper,—under protest,—of the stalls. For all these broad effects and rough jokes are required distance, space, publicity; taken into the drawing-room, the whole becomes dwarfed, and inconsistent, and no effort of human imagination, even in the warmest “friend of the family” present, can see in the front drawing-room, and the shifts which cannot hide the cornices, &c., anything like a railway station, or a street in Venice, or a forest. What is wanted is elegant acting of the French pattern,—a little mental equivoque, so airy and delicate that it makes us forget the intrusive cornice and other drawbacks, and think only of the delightful copy of the great human drama which is going on before us. But this art is not with us, nor indeed, of us. The wonderful French have it all to themselves. And somehow the best translations cannot bring with them the light French bloom and airiness.

The old private stage has glories of its own like the old public one. A history of private theatricals would be very amusing and sparkling. We should see half the nobility masquerade before us, in bag wig and puce-coloured coats. What the private stage was about one hundred years ago and what it is now, can be shown by a comparison. Only a short time ago, the amateurs of our time reached the summit of their ambition, that is the height of publicity, by taking a theatre, admitting the public at fixed charges, and keeping the house open for a short season. This is certainly developing the amateur element as far as it can well go, and the line that separates it from professional work might seem a very faint one. In reality it was broader than ever: for a real theatre, and real prices, and a real public, do not make the professional actor, more than, according to the old proverb, does the cowl make the monk. The

entertainment chosen by the noble and simple amateurs was in keeping with the refined canons which now obtain, and the pun, the rhyme, the comic song, the universal slang, varied with fitful flashes of common sober prose, the break-down, the absurd dress, the grotesque disfiguring of face, all went on in the usual fashion,—of course, in an infinite degree behind the powers of the professionals; for good dancing and effective comic-song singing, and really good burlesque mumming, require much training and practice. Genteel and easy acting, where there are any natural gifts, are more easy of attainment,—or, at least, humbler merits will pass muster.

But gay as is the present tone of society in England, it would almost seem as though there was a greater enjoyment and relish of pleasure in the last century. Now a days, excitement,—a metaphorical dram drinking and opium eating,—gambling on horse races, show, display in dress and magnificence, a struggle for position among the elect and select, which is natural when wealth has become so diffused, have taken the place of mere physical enjoyments. Fifty or hundred years ago, people sought pleasure for itself; it was the aim of most to contribute something to the amusement of society; every young man tried to get the reputation of “being a young fellow of parts,” or “an ingenious young gentleman,” according to the old phrase, and could turn his copy of verses to his mistress’s eyebrow, or make an epigram on the slipper Lady D—— lost at the ball last night. Then, too, we had the graceful publicity of the minuet, the old formality of politeness exaggerated and quaint, the dramatic elements of duelling, the more dramatic costume, and the romance of what were gently termed amours. A good deal of all this taste was owing to the difficulties of travel, which confined people to their own districts. Even now we can hear old people telling what country towns were in their day,—how gay, how pleasant, what balls in that old street, what fiddling, what dancing! Now the railway, which was to “make” the town, as it was fondly hoped, has only served to draw off the trade and traffic to the greater town twenty miles away, and all the orders and the goods fly express by this hungry place, to enrich its greedy enemy.

A great pastime of these pleasant days was PRIVATE THEATRICALS. We are stagey enough at present, and amateur acting is diligently plied in all corners of the kingdom. This is but part of the existing rage for publicity, and every one is longing for some opportunity, either at the private concert, or the penny reading, or in the large drawing-room, to exhibit his or her gifts, and compete with others. But the amateur players of our day are mere journeymen compared with those of the past century. Long ago private acting was established on a solid and even magnificent scale. It was the favourite diversion of noblemen. It was chiefly in their hands; and certainly under such patronage it might be presented under the best

conditions. Magnificence at least, can make up for certain deficiencies. All the annals of amusement, in the past century, teem with accounts of this graceful and elegant shape of entertainment, in which the Royal family even took their part.

But it was in Ireland that the art became a sort of passion or craze, and was developed with something that approached magnificence. The amusements of Dublin, a hundred years ago,—its Court, shows, concerts, balls, and theatres,—have been described in the latest of theatrical biographies. It was a perfect city of Sybarites. It so continued until the end of the century, when the Union came, which, however beneficial in a political view, had an ill effect on the prosperity of the capital, and ended these high jinks for ever. Noblemen of the day built great palaces there in the Palladian style, and in each of these was sure to be a theatre. Even now, Aldborough House,—a place whose name is the best advertised in the world, and known to every nation, and to even recalcitrant tongues,—stands dismantled, turned into a barrack, yet is flanked by its two handsome wings or annexes, joined by corridors to the main building. One of these was the chapel, the other the private theatre. Its noble owner was far in advance of his day in theatrical arrangements. At his country place, he kept his own theatrical carpenter and tailor. He got the Duke of York's own private artist to design his stage and theatre, and to paint scenery. He had three side-scenes for "Street, Grove, and Chamber," and no less than twelve "flats," two rooms, one garden, one prison, one rialto, one rural, one palace, one camp, one library. This was really handsome, and with such resources he might justifiably be enthusiastic. The Irish gentlemen were passionately fond of acting, studied it carefully, sometimes became real actors themselves, delighted in the company of professionals, and held them in the highest honour.

The most important of the Irish amateur performances were the Kilkenny theatricals, a series that went on for seventeen years, from 1802 to 1819. This spirited and well sustained attempt,—continuing so long,—was of a very high order, and was certainly the best and most successful of any amateur performances anywhere. The festivals were held in the town of Kilkenny, when the old castle of the Ormondes was filled, and the little place itself, for six weeks, from a dull country town, was changed into a sort of gay and glittering settlement, the streets filled with grand equipages, with noble ladies and gentlemen, with long processions going out to ride, and with all the rank, beauty, or wit, in the country. The theatre was elegant, and no expense was spared. The gentlemen took good care that they should be supported by the best actresses that could be procured, and that these actresses should be paid liberal salaries. These ladies were of such mark as Miss Walstein, Mrs. Bartley, Miss Stephens, and, above all, Miss O'Neil. They were treated and honoured as

guests, and three of them made distinguished marriages. The greatest of them is now alive, and could tell the story of these old days.

The record of those pleasant festivals has been printed in a handsome quarto volume, and it is indeed a record of all that is witty and brilliant. The gentlemen actors were surprisingly good. Some of them obtained reputations beyond the cheaper one of the histrionic amateur, and Sir Wrixon Becher was pronounced by great actors of the day to be certain of success on any boards. This might have been more than the conventional compliment which the friends of every eminent amateur repeat for him,—“that Crummies had guaranteed him ten guineas a week if he would go on the stage;” for these gentlemen had many years’ diligent practice, through two or three months in each year, to say nothing of the instruction and encouragement of good actresses. Mr. Lyster’s Lord Ogleby was considered admirable. Mr. Becher’s Iago and Coriolanus vigorous and tremendous. Mr. Crampton, brother to the Crampton who so delighted Walter Scott, was said to be the best Sir Lucius O’Trigger on the stage; and one of his points, which an eye-witness recollected and described to Mr. Cole, shows a refinement that would escape most players of the traditional Irishman. It was when he said, “Faith, Mr. Acres, I believe you are little better than a coward.” The phrase was given doubtfully, as if a new and unexpected solution was breaking in on him, before ludicrously remote and almost out of nature. This is very happy. But who has seen on the modern stage even a respectable Sir Lucius—or one that was not odious, vulgar, low, and repulsive? The gentlemanly Irishman is the hardest of all parts to play.

About forty years before there had been theatricals at Lurgan, in the north, for which Kane O’Hara wrote his capital “Midas.” Two years later, in 1761, at Carton, the seat of the Duke of Leinster, was given the “Beggar’s Opera,” with a cast that included the well-known Captain Morris, of song-writing memory, Lord Charlemont, Lady Louisa Connolly, Lady Powercourt, with a real Dean of the Established Church in the part of Lookit. The reverend and diaconal player, however, apologized oddly in a lively prologue:—

“Lookit himself his knav’ry shall resign,
And lose the gaoler in the dull divine.”

At another house, Grattan and Flood played together in *Macduff* and *Macbeth*,—a curious anticipation of the inveterate hostility of these two combatants, on other boards. Grattan wrote the epilogue of another dramatic performance at Marley Abbey, near Dublin, which Lady Lanesborough spoke, after the performance of “*Comus*.” Think of their choosing such a piece at any country house now! The droll Flipper, who almost makes a livelihood, and secures board and lodging at a good many houses, by his histrionic wits, how he would

laugh at such a choice ! It would seem as though the audiences of those days had a more refined taste.

A long list could be made out of similar performances. In Dublin, there is a gloomy street near St. Stephen's Green, called Ely Place, in one of whose houses the Countess of Ely had a theatre, in rooms up at the top of the house, which the wits promptly dubbed "The Attic Theatre." But another most important series of Irish performances was the one given at the old music hall in 1798, in Fishamble Street,—a fine building in Lord Burlington's style, where Handel had accompanied his "Messiah" long before, in the very year that Garrick was playing at Smock Alley. It was under the direction of Lord Westmeath and a Mr. Jones. The whole performance was arranged in sumptuous style. The amateurs spared no expense, and actually re-modelled the house. It was laid out in three divisions, with a pit, boxes, and lattices. The pilasters which supported the boxes were gorgeous with gold, and mirrors,—then a very costly shape of decoration,—and the seats were fashioned on the principle of our present stalls. The draperies of the boxes were fringed with gold, and looped up with gold cords and tassels. There was always this sumptuousness in the festive arrangements of the "good old times." Caryatides supported the various galleries ; and Valerio, one of the many Italian artists whom Irish noblemen brought over to decorate their mansions, and whose exquisite stucco still embroiders many a Dublin ceiling, was employed to paint the whole. The ceiling glowed with a gorgeous apotheosis ; and a drop curtain—a temple with clouds, and Tragedy, and Comedy, and Apollo and his lyre, displayed the hospitable motto in a "glory"—"FOR OUR FRIENDS." As an eye-witness said, "so splendid, tasteful, and beautiful a theatre for the size is not in the three Kingdoms ; and indeed, I never saw anything comparable with it on the continent." The subscribers poured in—the highest in the land competed for places. On the nights of performances, the sight was, according to the hackneyed phrase, like Fairy Land ; ranks of lovely Irish ladies filling the seats, accompanied by distinguished men, of whom there were many in Dublin then. Servants in gorgeous liveries attended about the boxes, and on the stage, to obey the orders of the guests, or as the quaint account says "to accommodate the company." The opening night was in March, 1798, when the "Beggars' Opera," and Garrick's "Irish Widow" were played. Captain Ashe, Captain Browne, Mr. Lyster, Lord Thurles, Buck Whaley, and Lord Cunningham took parts. In "The Poor Soldier," Lord Westmeath's Father Luke became so popular, that his lordship's head, like that of Lofty, was stuck in the print-shops, and he was seen in character in many a popular magazine. Even this little fact gives us a hint of what popular taste was then. That histrionic nobleman would have been a little surprised at some unhistrionic freaks of a noble descendant of his. These sports went on for three years, but the upas-tree of the Union was

already spreading its fatal branches. In three years more, the curtains descended upon all these festivities, the great palaces were deserted and sold. In a single coachmaker's yard were lying, during one month, in 1801, nearly one hundred "coaches" of noblemen and gentlemen, all flying from what was no longer a capital.

The taste for private theatricals still survives. At every garrison town the officers give their plays, though there is no connection between soldiering and histrionics. In Dublin, there are dramatic societies, and many private houses, where there is the yearly play. During the reign of the late Lord Carlisle, always a patron of refined "divarshion," there were many of these performances; and people recall the pleasant evenings when the Viceroy went in state, and the pretty theatre was filled with a bright company, and the state box glittered with colours and beauty, and the new piece, written for the occasion, and "got up" with new scenery and dresses was played. There were other nights of a more private sort, when the genial "Lord Deputy" played himself, and played with spirit and humour.

We pass now to the English private stage, which has many glories of its own. Walpole, of course, furnishes much to the chronicle; but the brilliant letter-writer has been so drawn upon,—so cut up and extracted from,—that he has become almost too familiar, and to quote his reminiscences is merely going over ground that has been trodden and re-trodden, driven over with a traffic that has worn it into ruts. There are pictures not quite so familiar. As a pendant for the Dublin sketch of Lord Westmeath's theatricals, we may give a more famous one which took place at Drury Lane a century ago, and a description of which we may take from the recent "Life of Garrick," before alluded to. Garrick complaisantly, or "with great politeness," as it would have been phrased then, gave up his fine theatre to the noble amateurs. "Such interest and curiosity was excited by this performance, that the House of Commons adjourned at three o'clock to attend early. The Delaval family,—men about town, bitten with a craze for acting,—had performed 'Othello' at Lord Mexborough's, and were fired with a desire for a larger field of action. In those days even a small theatre would have been sufficient publicity, but to venture on the large expense of the Drury Lane stage seemed almost too daring. Garrick, one of whose little weaknesses was an inclination to favour anything associated with persons of quality, interrupted his regular performances and allowed his theatre to be used for the night. Never was there such magnificence. No expense was spared. The distinctions of pit and gallery were abolished, and all parts of the house shone indifferently with laces and jewels and costly dresses. Even in the footmen's gallery it was noticed that half a dozen stars were glittering; every part of the house overflowed with the best 'quality' in London; the Royal princes and some German ones,—rarely absent from any Court show in England,—were in the side boxes. All

these glories were lit up by the soft effulgence of waxlights. On the stage there were fresh scenes and new and gorgeous dresses. The music was excellent. The scene outside the playhouse is described to have been almost ludicrous from the confusion and block of chairs and coaches, which impeded each other from getting near the door; and the mob were delighted at seeing the fine ladies and gentlemen picking their steps through the mud and filth. Even at the mean public-houses close by, lords, in stars and garters and silk stockings, were seen waiting until the street should clear a little." The great actor himself was often invited to take part in private performances; but there was only one house which he seems to have thus favoured,—that of Sir Watkyn Wynne. The theatricals at Wynnestay were a regular series, and held for many years. There was a great festival, and the Welsh inns for thirty miles around were filled to overflowing. They lasted for six weeks; and the house was filled with the best English company,—sometimes thirty people were staying there. It was a place that Garrick always turned to with affection. Just before his death he seems to have meditated a visit down there, and there is preserved among his papers a draught of a prologue which he meant to have spoken himself. The theatre was always fitted up in the kitchen, which was a spacious hall; and it had this excellent feature, which might be well considered in modern theatres,—that there were no 'floats,' as they used to be called, or footlights, as they are known to us, but the scenery and performers were lit up by a row of lights behind an arch, which ran across the stage high over their heads. The rehearsals were conducted on diligent principles of sound hard work, the mornings being devoted to good practice and drilling. The performers had the advantage of the assistance of the two Colmans, father and son,—the elder being stage manager. The servants of the house were pressed into the service, to fill parts like the ones they played in real life. The butler was a little awkward, and could not be got to present a sword with freedom or naturally,—a more difficult thing than might be supposed. Colman lost patience, and when the man asked "how he was to do it," answered him, "Why just as you gave a gravy spoon to Sir Watkyn at dinner yesterday. I noticed you!" Other members of the company were the lively and facetious Bunbury, and "Bob Alderseys," who had the pleasant reputation among his friends "of being so like Garrick in his playing." More competent judges, however, pronounced that this likeness did not go beyond a certain "punchiness," to which Garrick inclined in his later days; but in other respects,—“Alas, alas!” says the reporter. Among the amateur corps of the present days, there is always some one indulgently considered to be “like Kean or Wigan,” or some other artist of equal eminence.

The Wargrave theatricals held at one time a very prominent place,

owing to some tolerable acting, but chiefly to the eccentric festivities with which the entertainer used to accompany the dramatic performances. This was the well-known Lord Barrymore, whose oddities were the talk as well as amusement of the house. What such a character had to do in that elegant "gallery" of histrionics seems a mystery; but there can be no doubt the acting was good, and that every one was eager to get to Wargrave.

There were other inducements. The company assembled there was of the strangest sort. Lord Barrymore had two aides on his staff,—chief jesters as it were,—whose duty it was to "keep the fun going." One was the younger Edwin, the actor,—the other the well-known Antony Pasquin; and these fellows of infinite jest did not allow the sport to languish. The Prince of Wales of the day would come down to see these shows, stopping with a Mr. Hill in the neighbourhood. This honour stimulated fresh exertions; and it was recollected how young Mr. Blackstone, son of the commentator, lying in bed after a roys-tering night, had suddenly roused himself, and, tying a wet towel about his heated head, wrote a prologue under such difficult conditions. On the "off-nights," the scenes of riot and revelry were amusing, and the company resolved itself into what was called the Bothering Club, whose humours were something of this sort. Guests were allowed,—or rather invited with a suspicious eagerness,—to bring with them any "friend" whom they fancied; and often some simple honest fellow was thus seduced, from curiosity, into this strange company, for the purpose of being "smoked" or "roasted." A Mr. Benson, perhaps, would be the name of the guest, an honest merchant; and his friend and introducer would slip out suddenly. Another guest, entering, would see Mr. Benson, and, with overjoyed surprise, would call out, "Ah, Higginbottom! So glad to see you!" The guest would repudiate this title; but, in about ten minutes, another guest entered, and again saluted the visitor with all the delight of recognition. "Higginbottom!—you down here!" The guest, indignant and amazed, and even confounded, now begins to protest loudly, but has yet uneasy suspicions of his own identity. The attention of the company is drawn, and then the host and Antony Pasquin interfere, with grave looks. Mr. Benson gets into a dispute with Mr. Pasquin, and the host says, gravely, "that it seems a very strange transaction,—your friend appears to have left——" Everybody takes part in the discussion; one tells him that he is "smoked," and that "it won't do;" and the hapless victim is well-nigh driven frantic. The same game is pursued every night with other butts. Sometimes Mr. Pasquin gets up a dispute with another guest, and discomposes him, with some such speech as: "I could expect anything from a man of your habits." "What do you mean, Sir,—what do you insinuate?" "I appeal to the company," says Pasquin. "What must be thought of a man who shaves himself every morning with the

razor his wife cut her throat with?" The scene that followed may be conceived.

The Royal family during the last century were inclined to theatrical amusement. Mr. Quin, who was warmly patronized by Frederick, Prince of Wales, was once honoured, in 1759, by being invited to superintend a performance of "Cato" "by the younger branches of the Royal family." Mr. Quin was all for the open vowels, and we may be sure told his august pupils to say, "It must be so,—Katto, thou reasonest well,"—for such was the affectation adopted by him and Mr. Sheridan. His Majesty George III. spoke the prologue. The Duke of York (Prince Edward), who was half mad after pleasure, played on the bass-viol, and himself acted with the Delavals. Not long after, he was to end all his fiddling and histrionics, and die in a foreign country of a cold caught "from excessive dancing." This seems an absurd way in which to leave a pleasant world. But, on the whole, the English royal family have never done much in the way of private theatricals, and have been completely passed, in the histrionic race, by the royal personages of foreign countries. French memoirs actually teem with records of these pleasant pastimes; and from the days of Louis XIV. to our own, the succession is almost unbroken. With us the thing is in rather a raw and rude state, and a little august patronage would do much to elevate the standard, which is at present low indeed.

One of the most indefatigable of amateur actors was "Mr. J. Cradock," who has left some amusing memoirs,—well larded with praises of himself and of his performances. He contrived to hang on by the skirts of Goldsmith, and Garrick, and Johnson, and has very much the air of a water-colour Boswell. His greatest honour was his blundering into a place of distinction, and through a sort of accident, or, perhaps, by Goldsmith's good-nature, succeeding in getting an epilogue tacked to one of the poet's comedies. He wrote plays himself, with which he persecuted managers and actors, but could not get them accepted. He was a sort of professional amateur,—having "engagements" at this country-house and that. For one proposed scheme he deserves our thanks; he had very nearly got up that dramatic performance at Lichfield in which Garrick and Goldsmith were to have played. He contrived, also, to extort good-natured praise from Garrick, who even promised to play the Ghost to his Hamlet; but the death of the great actor put a stop to this plan. Mr. Cradock said that Garrick had actually stipulated that the amateur was to support him; "that he might have some one to depend on." "I must say," he adds, "Garrick spoke with great satisfaction of my acting." This amateur fluttered about England, getting engagements; but his chief theatre was at Kelmarsh Hall, the seat of Mr. Hanbury, where theatricals were got up with all magnificence. They there secured Mr. Garrick's nephew, David Garrick, who played

Priuli, and whom Mr. Cradock had the satisfaction of "making up," as it is called, for the part. And it was considered that, with the grey locks and general elderly air, he presented a most surprising likeness of the uncle. There was the finest company,—the Duke of Dorset and others,—and the scenery was by Dahl,—a well-known artist of the day. At Cassiobury, Lord Essex's seat, the indefatigable Cradock was also "engaged." The famous Lord Coleraine was to have played Count Basset, but he quarrelled with his host and manager. Garrick, also, was to have been there, but was deeply hurt at the behaviour of the noble host, whom he had complimented by specially "putting-up" his great part of Hastings at Drury Lane, in obedience to an earnest request. With a carelessness which was rather a characteristic of the noblemen of that day, Lord Essex and his party did not arrive at the theatre until the piece was more than half over, being detained by a dinner-party. The Cassiobury theatricals thus lost an honoured and important spectator. But Lord North was present; and into prologue or epilogue were introduced allusions of a politico-complimentary sort, which brought down great applause. Mr. Cradock did wonders,—playing in everything, and finally giving imitations of the London performers. Just as the distinguished party was going in to supper, an unfortunate messenger, who had ridden up, was thrown from his horse at the door, and falling on his head on the ice, was killed. With a tact for which he was gratefully thanked by the host next day, Mr. Cradock had the man carried out of the way somewhere. Lord North and his fine company were thus happily kept in ignorance, and enjoyed their supper very much.

In 1777 Lord Villiers opened a new theatre near Henley-on-Thames, and gave the "Provoked Husband" and a little French after-piece. Lord Malden was Count Basset, the host himself Lord Townly, and the other characters were filled by Mr. Miles, Mr. Turge, the Hon. Mr. Onslow, and many more. A prologue was spoken by Lord Villiers, and it is characteristic to find how at all times these introductions have been couched in the same strain of affected humility and pretended trepidation:—

"But now, alas! the case is altered quite,
When such an audience opens on the sight;
Garrick himself in such a situation,
Though sure to please, might feel some palpitation.
Our anxious breasts no such presumption cheers,
Light are our hopes, but weighty are our fears."

Who has not heard these well-meant platitudes, even to "the case is altered quite;" and we almost expect that the appeal to "kind friends" will follow, and an entreaty to "give but your applause." The reporters were admitted, and dealt not merely indulgently, but even rapturously with these noble efforts. The Court newsman then

dared not be free or irreverent with the distinguished. Lord Townly was "admirable both as to voice, figure, action, and elocution,—easy, animated, and graceful; and perhaps the character never appeared to more advantage in the hands of any performer, except Mr. Barry." One fault indeed might be found: he was not enough displeased at his lady's conduct. But this is explained by an elegant compliment to the noble lady of the house, "who never gives him reason to practise it; and without practice it was impossible to be feigned, when the enchanting Miss Hodges was smiling before his eyes." Mr. Turge was far superior to Messrs. Yates or Macklin, and it would be to the advantage of the London managers if they engaged him at once. It was a pity that Lord Malden, who played Count Basset, was not "less delicate in his principles," as it required a more unprincipled person to do justice to the character. Squire Richard was so good, that it almost seemed as though Lord Villiers had engaged one of his own rustics to do the part. Miss Hodges was "incomparable . . . it is but common justice to say that she performed her part in a style far superior to anything we have ever seen in the theatres. The beauty of her face, the melody of her voice, the elegance of her person, her eyes amazingly expressive, her easy yet graceful deportment, were such as have never been united in any female who was an actress by profession." Miss Harvey seemed to show her stage children "such truly maternal affection, as makes one regret she had none of her own." The secret of all this contentment is presently disclosed. "After the play Lord Villiers entertained the company with a most elegant and sumptuous supper and a ball. There was a profusion of the choicest wines and most exquisite viands; and the most polite attention was paid to every person present."

One of the features of our time is the unbounded taste for acting amongst all ranks; that is, for learning a number of speeches by heart,—dressing up fantastically,—laying colour on the face,—and standing behind a line of lamps placed upon the floor. Something more seems to be required; but, in most instances, these seem sufficient credentials. The whole custom, it is to be feared, may be but a department of an alarming development of vanity,—the craving for some share of public attention. Music,—that is, playing or singing,—might seem at first sight to promise equal advantages, at less trouble; but, as is well known, music,—when a gentleman or lady favours us with song or piece,—is but the signal for agreeable intercourse and noisy conversation. During theatricals a sort of decent silence is enforced. Taking them as they are at present, they are a very agreeable shape of amusement. If well done, and directed with skill, there is nothing more elegant or entertaining. If badly organised, or "got up," as it is called, with indecent haste,—“scrambled through,” or, what is worse, “carried off” by buffoonery or gagging,—there is nothing more insupportable, more tedious, or a more outrageous

affront to a decent audience. Who does not pity the poor host who has intrusted all to the direction of Major Feebleman and his friends,—an officer to whom life is a sort of joke, and everything is “such fun!”—and who enlists young Wagtail and a few more out of his corps? The hosts, full of confidence and even enthusiasm, invite the whole county; incur prodigious outlay in carpentry, scenic work, hire of dresses, gas, &c.; which very ostentation of preparation is a challenge to public curiosity, and raises the most astounding hopes. Meanwhile the warriors have let things take their course,—have “no time to rehearse,”—there is the hunt here, the ball there,—and, besides, “never fear; when the time comes we’ll pull through, never fear.” The time does come, and perhaps the pulling through; for without any preparation at all it is possible, with the aid of dresses, &c., to go through some sort of antics to fill up time. Who has not seen some such melancholy exhibition, when the thing opened with a sort of promise, from the absurd costumes, but in which five minutes showed that all was over, the prepared resources run out, and that now dependence could only be had on ready buffoonery and sheer impudence? Between the gentlemen of the army and this private playing it seems to be understood there is a certain connection. The sock and buskin, it is supposed, come naturally to them. Having such opportunities, so much time, so much pleasure, it might be supposed they would excel in this department; yet soldiers are the worst of private players. At many a country town, when the Sixth (Du Barry’s) or the Tenth (Troubadours) take the theatre, and give “The Stranger” or “The Rose of Amiens,” we are sure of a diverting evening; when Captain McLisp, in powder and blue silk, pleads his passion to the “Rose,” Miss Annie Hiscoke, and says, standing stiff as though he were a fork stuck into the stage, and with the utmost quietness, “Lovely Marry! (Marie) I lay thith heart at your feet, whith is filled with a glowing pathion that burns only to potheth you;” or when some one else rushes in to save “Marry,” and shouting “Villain!” fiercely at him, whose designs are villanous, forgets the rest, and, standing still, repeats again more gaily “Villain!” More diverting again is often Lieutenant Vanille, who is considered very fine in tragedy, “who knows Wigan;”—how many boast their acquaintance with that excellent artist!—and works the love business up into passion and spasms of frantic fury. It is not possible to recall an evening of greater hilarity and good-humour than was furnished by such a lover, who, when he was rejected by the lady of the piece, let his head fall on the shoulder of a sympathising friend and brother officer, and thus, publicly concealed from view, produced slow and long-drawn groans of agony. Every one literally shrieked with another kind of agony—almost hysterical.

There are some surprising things in the social view of private theatricals. Almost every human creature is ready to take a part; or, at least, thinks he is capable of taking one. So that the power

of acting must be added to that other accomplishment of poking the fire or driving a gig, which every man believes he can do well. Not less surprising, too, is the way some men, with all their demerits, do contrive to "pull through." Another matter which seems surprising is that audiences,—private theatrical audiences,—should be as contented with indifferent playing as with good. This may be on the principle of not looking a gift-horse in the mouth. What is more curious still is this, that while on the regular stage the men are the better actors, taken as a whole, among amateurs, women acquit themselves infinitely better. Perhaps this may be from the same reason that on the stage of life most women can play their parts with infinitely more tact and grace than most men; and an interesting girl, with a moderate degree of ability, a modest air, and good-will, will conciliate her public, and lend a charm of elegance, a bloom of freshness, which is not found perhaps in the professional. It is to be feared, too, that this pastime engenders arrogance; it is amusing to contrast the company, their boisterous exuberance behind the scenes,—i.e., in the front drawing-room,—their almost rampant exultation, with the tranquil indifference of the audience, who begin, towards the end, to think it a little long, and are growing hungry. The "comic man," who is "carrying it all through" as he thinks, believes the eyes of Europe are on him.

It is, indeed, a most elegant pastime, and if carefully and conscientiously carried out, with that respect for the public which is only decent, would be the highest and most fascinating of all social shows. But there are pretenders and imposters abroad who are bringing the thing into disrepute. They do not care for the play, but for their own selfish vanity. Theirs is to be the one part; the rest need be but lay figures. These men, when some spirited host is willing to embark in all the risk and trouble,—in the dirt and discomfort, it may be added,—of such an enterprise, go near to shipwrecking the whole by their greed. The grand mistake is always in the choice of a play. When his grace, or his lordship,—who has a private theatre, and gets down Messrs. Nathan and other artists,—takes up the thing, it is a different concern; then the tragedy, the sensation, the rich dresses, &c., are all in keeping. But on the humbler drawing-room boards, where the guests have household reminders,—window curtains, carpets, chimney-pieces, obtruding themselves into "a street in Venice," or "the forest of Bondy,"—it is hopeless to think of theatrical effect. The scanty drawing-room will not lend itself. Judicious host, shut your ears to the selfish tempter who wants to use you and yours as a platform on which to exhibit his own buffoonery in tragedy or comedy. No. For such unpretending attempts choose pieces of one scene, and that scene laid in a drawing-room; choose a piece whose strength lies in dialogue, in elegant repartee, in pleasant equivocation; have ladies and gentlemen in the

dress of ladies and gentlemen, to be represented by ladies and gentlemen. Subject to these conditions, a little scenery will go a great way; your own natural drawing-room judiciously disposed, with a flat scene at the back, will fall in admirably. If the front room be kept in semi-darkness,—an arrangement not at all popular with young ladies,—and abundance of light disposed about what in strict courtesy you may call your stage; if you have foot-lights and side-lights, and a rod at each side with a number of tin sconces tacked on, and set upright, it is amazing what artificial brilliancy—what a theatrical air may be induced. The carpet must be got rid of as it suggests household arrangements; or a white cloth nailed down tightly over it throws out the figures of the actors with great effect.

The worst is, there are so few drawing-room pieces. The best are De Musset's elegant "*Morning Call*," as we know it on the English stage, and the charming "*Subterfuge*," as it was called when Mrs. Stirling played it, and which turns on the chapter in "*Gil Blas*." A more exquisite trifle than this could not be conceived; but it is amazingly difficult to play. But amateurs will play things like the eternal "*Regular Fix*" and "*Little Toddlekins*," which every one has seen at every theatre, and literally knows by heart. So with "*Dearest Mamma*." There are bold people who would exhume "*Box and Cox*" as a sort of classic, with some such speech as this,—"*Oh, it is a safe thing,—always makes 'em roar, and I've played it over and over again!*"—in short, the old selfishness. Scrape the amateur actor as you would a Russian, and the Tartar vanity comes through.

As for "*Hamlet*," "*Macbeth*," or "*Othello*," it is sheer lunacy, without benefit of the Commissioners, to attempt such things. This is generally done for the benefit of the ambitious man, who wants to "show off" in the heroes of these plays. The trouble is enormous, the expense vast, the contretemps certain. Then a long list of dramatis personæ, is unmanageable, and is unprincipled as well as unmanageable. Only the night before, Polonius is sure to write in a friendly off-hand way, that he is so sorry, "my dear fellow," he is obliged to be "off" to the country for the Pointdexter Meet, and "you can easily get some one else," or perhaps "cut him out altogether. You will pull through somehow." You are in the hands of these fellows; not they in yours, as on a real stage. How tired we grow of "*Still Waters*," with "*Hawksley,—Captain Jenkin Waters*." Hawksley is regarded with great affection. How many hunger and thirst after the "*Lady of Lyons*!" and the scornful Claude, who rants and defies everybody. Never could one forget this piece, and its five long acts, on a domestic stage, with a hundred and fifty persons herded in a back drawing-room, stewing, as it were, together in a sort of "*pot au feu*," whence there was no release,—for the hostess, economical of room, stood on guard at the narrow door, and had enrolled active young gentlemen as special constables, who "packed," as it is called,

every lady as she arrived, and forced every one to sit up close. To extricate any person would have frayed and unravelled the whole piece, upset chairs, disordered every one. Nothing short of fainting,—a desperate remedy,—could have secured release. The prostration of the last act is awful,—the exhaustion, the dull stare in old men's eyes, languor in the young girls, the indifference to Claude, and his scornful utterances, growing lower and more measured as the night wears on. He thinks the audience hanging on his lips,—one of the mysterious delusions of amateur acting. The relief when the bedroom curtains have fallen, and shut him out for ever;—this cannot be described.

The truth is, we want reform in this, as in so many things. It is being overdone, and as in music now-a-days everybody wishes to sing, and to form a society, which shall provide opportunities for being listened to, so everybody wishes to act. The difficulty is not to get actors but to get audiences. Above all, to hear plays which we have heard again and again done by good actors, mauled and mangled by inferior ones, is a dreary sort of entertainment. To sum up; if the amateur stage wishes to save itself from decay, and certainly contempt, it must first put forward what is new, so that if the acting be inferior, which it is not unlikely to be, we may have the surprise of novelty in the incident or dialogue set before us. These novelties should be either stolen from our usual victims, the French, or some of our native dramatists should try and give us new amateur pieces, written for the drawing-room. In fact, the most piquant shape of this amusement is, when the play has been written for the occasion.

It is cheaper, shorter, requires less brain, or rather no brain, to black the face, or sing the music-hall song, or "get up" Mr. Poppleton in pink trowsers, and an impossible calico coat. There must be not only cleverness and talent, but real labour, real hard work, and real grinding at rehearsal. The most remarkable amateur performances of our day were those which were connected with Mr. Dickens, and which owed their success and the delight they imparted to the audience, first, to his great dramatic talents, but in the next degree to his own untiring labour, to the conscientious industry of study and rehearsal, which made success secure.

PHINEAS FINN, THE IRISH MEMBER.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WAS HE HONEST ?

On the 10th of August, Phineas Finn did return to Loughton. He went down by the mail train on the night of the 10th, having telegraphed to the inn for a bed, and was up eating his breakfast in that hospitable house at nine o'clock. The landlord and landlady with all their staff were at a loss to imagine what had brought down their member again so quickly to his borough ; but the reader, who will remember that Lady Baldock with her daughter and Violet Effingham were to pass the 11th of the month at Saulsby, may perhaps be able to make a guess on the subject.

Phineas had been thinking of making this sudden visit to Loughton ever since he had been up in town, but he could suggest to himself no reason to be given to Lord Brentford for his sudden reappearance. The Earl had been very kind to him, but he had said nothing which could justify his young friend in running in and out of Saulsby Castle at pleasure, without invitation and without notice. Phineas was so well aware of this himself that often as he had half resolved during the last ten days to return to Saulsby, so often had he determined that he could not do so. He could think of no excuse. Then the heavens favoured him, and he received a letter from Lord Chiltern, in which there was a message for Lord Brentford. "If you see my father, tell him that I am ready at any moment to do what is necessary for raising the money for Laura." Taking this as his excuse he returned to Loughton.

As chance arranged it, he met the Earl standing on the great steps before his own castle doors. "What, Finn ; is this you ? I thought you were in Ireland."

"Not yet, my lord, as you see." Then he opened his budget at once, and blushed at his own hypocrisy as he went on with his story. He had, he said, felt the message from Chiltern to be so all-important that he could not bring himself to go over to Ireland without delivering it. He urged upon the Earl that he might learn from this how anxious Lord Chiltern was to effect a reconciliation. When it occurred to him, he said, that there might be a hope of doing anything towards such an object, he could not go to Ireland leaving the good work behind him. In love and war all things are fair. So he declared to himself ; but as he did so he felt that his story was so weak that it

would hardly gain for him an admittance into the Castle. In this he was completely wrong. The Earl, swallowing the bait, put his arm through that of the intruder, and, walking with him through the paths of the shrubbery, at length confessed that he would be glad to be reconciled to his son if it were possible. "Let him come here, and she shall be here also," said the Earl, speaking of Violet. To this Phineas could say nothing out loud, but he told himself that all should be fair between them. He would take no dishonest advantage of Lord Chiltern. He would give Lord Chiltern the whole message as it was given to him by Lord Brentford. But should it so turn out that he himself got an opportunity of saying to Violet all that he had come to say, and should it also turn out,—an event which he acknowledged to himself to be most unlikely,—that Violet did not reject him, then how could he write his letter to Lord Chiltern? So he resolved that the letter should be written before he saw Violet. But how could he write such a letter and instantly afterwards do that which would be false to the spirit of a letter so written? Could he bid Lord Chiltern come home to woo Violet Effingham, and instantly go forth to woo her for himself? He found that he could not do so, —unless he told the whole truth to Lord Chiltern? In no other way could he carry out his project and satisfy his own idea of what was honest.

The Earl bade him send to the hotel for his things. "The Baldock people are all here, you know, but they go very early to-morrow." Then Phineas declared that he also must return to London very early on the morrow;—but in the meantime he would go to the inn and fetch his things. The Earl thanked him again and again for his generous kindness; and Phineas, blushing as he received the thanks, went back and wrote his letter to Lord Chiltern. It was an elaborate letter, written, as regards the first and larger portion of it, with words intended to bring the prodigal son back to the father's home. And everything was said about Miss Effingham that could or should have been said. Then, on the last page, he told his own story. "Now," he said, "I must speak of myself:"—and he went on to explain to his friend, in the plainest language that he could use, his own position. "I have loved her," he said, "for six months, and I am here with the express intention of asking her to take me. The chances are ten to one that she refuses me. I do not deprecate your anger,—if you choose to be angry. But I am endeavouring to treat you well, and I ask you to do the same by me. I must convey to you your father's message, and after doing so I cannot address myself to Miss Effingham without telling you. I should feel myself to be false were I to do so. In the event,—the probable, nay, almost certain event of my being refused,—I shall trust you to keep my secret. Do not quarrel with me if you can help it;—but if you must I will be ready." Then he posted the letter and went up to the Castle.

He had only the one day for his action, and he knew that Violet was watched by Lady Baldock as by a dragon. He was told that the Earl was out with the young ladies, and was shown to his room. On going to the drawing-room he found Lady Baldock, with whom he had been, to a certain degree, a favourite, and was soon deeply engaged in a conversation as to the practicability of shutting up all the breweries and distilleries by Act of Parliament. But lunch relieved him, and brought the young ladies in at two. Miss Effingham seemed to be really glad to see him, and even Miss Boreham, Lady Baldock's daughter, was very gracious to him. For the Earl had been speaking well of his young member, and Phineas had in a way grown into the good graces of sober and discreet people. After lunch they were to ride;—the Earl, that is, and Violet. Lady Baldock and her daughter were to have the carriage. "I can mount you, Finn, if you would like it," said the Earl. "Of course he'll like it," said Violet; "do you suppose Mr. Finn will object to ride with me in Saulsby Woods. It won't be the first time; will it?" "Violet," said Lady Baldock, "you have the most singular way of talking." "I suppose I have," said Violet; "but I don't think I can change it now. Mr. Finn knows me too well to mind it much."

It was past five before they were on horseback, and up to that time Phineas had not found himself alone with Violet Effingham for a moment. They had sat together after lunch in the dining-room for nearly an hour, and had sauntered into the hall and knocked about the billiard balls, and then stood together at the open doors of a conservatory. But Lady Baldock or Miss Boreham had always been there. Nothing could be more pleasant than Miss Effingham's words, or more familiar than her manner to Phineas. She had expressed strong delight at his success in getting a seat in Parliament, and had talked to him about the Kennedys as though they had created some special bond of union between her and Phineas which ought to make them intimate. But, for all that, she could not be got to separate herself from Lady Baldock;—and when she was told that if she meant to ride she must go and dress herself, she went at once.

But he thought that he might have a chance on horseback; and after they had been out about half an hour, chance did favour him. For awhile he rode behind with the carriage, calculating that by his so doing the Earl would be put off his guard, and would be disposed after awhile to change places with him. And so it fell out. At a certain fall of ground in the park, where the road turned round and crossed a bridge over the little river, the carriage came up with the two first horses, and Lady Baldock spoke a word to the Earl. Then Violet pulled up, allowing the vehicle to pass the bridge first, and in this way she and Phineas were brought together,—and in this way they rode on. But he was aware that he must greatly increase the distance between them and the others of their party before he could

dare to plead his suit, and even were that done he felt that he would not know how to plead it on horseback.

They had gone on some half mile in this way when they reached a spot on which a green ride led away from the main road through the trees to the left. "You remember this place; do you not?" said Violet. Phineas declared that he remembered it well. "I must go round by the woodman's cottage. You won't mind coming?" Phineas said that he would not mind, and trotted on to tell them in the carriage.

"Where is she going?" asked Lady Baldock; and then, when Phineas explained, she begged the Earl to go back to Violet. The Earl, feeling the absurdity of this, declared that Violet knew her way very well herself, and thus Phineas got his opportunity.

They rode on almost without speaking for nearly a mile, cantering through the trees, and then they took another turn to the right, and came upon the cottage. They rode to the door, and spoke a word or two to the woman there, and then passed on. "I always come here when I am at Saulsby," said Violet, "that I may teach myself to think kindly of Lord Chiltern."

"I understand it all," said Phineas.

"He used to be so nice;—and is so still, I believe, only that he has taught himself to be so rough. Will he ever change, do you think?"

Phineas knew that in this emergency it was his especial duty to be honest. "I think he would be changed altogether if we could bring him here,—so that he should live among his friends."

"Do you think he would? We must put our heads together, and do it. Don't you think that it is to be done?"

Phineas replied that he thought it was to be done. "I'll tell you the truth at once, Miss Effingham," he said. "You can do it by a single word."

"Yes;—yes;" she said; "but I do not mean that;—without that. It is absurd, you know, that a father should make such a condition as that." Phineas said that he thought it was absurd; and then they rode on again, cantering through the wood. He had been bold to speak to her about Lord Chiltern as he had done, and she had answered just as he would have wished to be answered. But how could he press his suit for himself while she was cantering by his side?

Presently they came to rough ground over which they were forced to walk, and he was close by her side. "Mr. Finn," she said, "I wonder whether I may ask a question?"

"Any question," he replied.

"Is there any quarrel between you and Lady Laura?"

"None."

"Or between you and him?"

"No;—none. We are greater allies than ever."

"Then why are you not going to be at Loughlinter? She has written to me expressly saying you would not be there."

He paused a moment before he replied. "It did not suit," he said at last.

"It is a secret then?"

"Yes;—it is a secret. You are not angry with me?"

"Angry; no."

"It is not a secret of my own, or I should not keep it from you."

"Perhaps I can guess it," she said. "But I will not try. I will not even think of it."

"The cause, whatever it be, has been full of sorrow to me. I would have given my left hand to have been at Loughlinter this autumn."

"Are you so fond of it?"

"I should have been staying there with you," he said. He paused and for a moment there was no word spoken by either of them; but he could perceive that the hand in which she held her whip was playing with her horse's mane with a nervous movement. "When I found how it must be, and that I must miss you, I rushed down here that I might see you for a moment. And now I am here I do not dare to speak to you of myself." They were now beyond the rocks, and Violet, without speaking a word, again put her horse into a trot. He was by her side in a moment, but he could not see her face. "Have you not a word to say to me?" he asked.

"No;—no;—no;" she replied, "not a word when you speak to me like that. There is the carriage. Come;—we will join them." Then she cantered on, and he followed her till they reached the Earl and Lady Baldock and Miss Boreham. "I have done my devotions now," said Miss Effingham, "and am ready to return to ordinary life."

Phineas could not find another moment in which to speak to her. Though he spent the evening with her, and stood over her as she sang at the Earl's request, and pressed her hand as she went to bed, and was up to see her start in the morning, he could not draw from her either a word or a look.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MR. MONK UPON REFORM.

PHINEAS FINN went to Ireland immediately after his return from Saulsby, having said nothing further to Violet Effingham, and having heard nothing further from her than what is recorded in the last chapter. He felt very keenly that his position was unsatisfactory, and brooded over it all the autumn and early winter; but he could form no plan for improving it. A dozen times he thought of writing

to Miss Effingham, and asking for an explicit answer. He could not, however, bring himself to write the letter, thinking that written expressions of love are always weak and vapid,—and deterred also by a conviction that Violet, if driven to reply in writing, would undoubtedly reply by a refusal. Fifty times he rode again in his imagination his ride in Saulsby Wood, and he told himself as often that the syren's answer to him,—her no, no, no,—had been, of all possible answers, the most indefinite and provoking. The tone of her voice as she galloped away from him, the bearing of her countenance when he rejoined her, her manner to him when he saw her start from the Castle in the morning, all forbade him to believe that his words to her had been taken as an offence. She had replied to him with a direct negative, simply with the word "no;" but she had so said it that there had hardly been any sting in the no; and he had known at the moment that whatever might be the result of his suit, he need not regard Violet Effingham as his enemy.

But the doubt made his sojourn in Ireland very wearisome to him. And there were other matters which tended also to his discomfort, though he was not left even at this period of his life without a continuation of success which seemed to be very wonderful. And, first, I will say a word of his discomforts. He heard not a line from Lord Chiltern in answer to the letter which he had written to his lordship. From Lady Laura he did hear frequently. Lady Laura wrote to him exactly as though she had never warned him away from Loughlinter, and as though there had been no occasion for such warning. She sent him letters filled chiefly with politics, saying something also of the guests at Loughlinter, something of the game, and just a word or two here and there of her husband. The letters were very good letters, and he preserved them carefully. It was manifest to him that they were intended to be good letters, and, as such, to be preserved. In one of these, which he received about the end of November, she told him that her brother was again in his old haunt, at the Willingford Bull, and that he had sent to Portman Square for all property of his own that had been left there. But there was no word in that letter of Violet Effingham; and though Lady Laura did speak more than once of Violet, she always did so as though Violet were simply a joint acquaintance of herself and her correspondent. There was no allusion to the existence of any special regard on his part for Miss Effingham. He had thought that Violet might probably tell her friend what had occurred at Saulsby;—but if she did so, Lady Laura was happy in her powers of reticence. Our hero was disturbed also when he reached home by finding that Mrs. Flood Jones and Miss Flood Jones had retired from Killaloe for the winter. I do not know whether he might not have been more disturbed by the presence of the young lady, for he would have found himself constrained to exhibit towards her some tenderness of manner; and any such tenderness of manner

would, in his existing circumstances, have been dangerous. But he was made to understand that Mary Flood Jones had been taken away from Killaloe because it was thought that he had ill-treated the lady, and the accusation made him unhappy. In the middle of the heat of the last session he had received a letter from his sister, in which some pushing question had been asked as to his then existing feeling about poor Mary. This he had answered petulantly. Nothing more had been written to him about Miss Jones, and nothing was said to him when he reached home. He could not, however, but ask after Mary, and when he did ask, the accusation was made again in that quietly severe manner with which, perhaps, most of us have been made acquainted at some period of our lives. "I think, Phineas," said his sister, "we had better say nothing about dear Mary. She is not here at present, and probably you may not see her while you remain with us." "What's all that about?" Phineas had demanded,—understanding the whole matter thoroughly. Then his sister had demurely refused to say a word further on the subject, and not a word further was said about Miss Mary Flood Jones. They were at Floodborough, living, he did not doubt, in a very desolate way,—and quite willing, he did not doubt also, to abandon their desolation if he would go over there in the manner that would become him after what had passed on one or two occasions between him and the young lady. But how was he to do this with such work on his hands as he had undertaken? Now that he was in Ireland, he thought that he did love dear Mary very dearly. He felt that he had two identities,—that he was, as it were, two separate persons,—and that he could, without any real faithlessness, be very much in love with Violet Effingham in his position of man of fashion and member of Parliament in England, and also warmly attached to dear little Mary Flood Jones as an Irishman of Killaloe. He was aware, however, that there was a prejudice against such fulness of heart, and, therefore, resolved sternly that it was his duty to be constant to Miss Effingham. How was it possible that he should marry dear Mary,—he, with such extensive jobs of work on his hands! It was not possible. He must abandon all thought of making dear Mary his own. No doubt they had been right to remove her. But, still, as he took his solitary walks along the Shannon, and up on the hills that overhung the lake above the town, he felt somewhat ashamed of himself, and dreamed of giving up Parliament, of leaving Violet to some noble suitor,—to Lord Chiltern, if she would take him,—and of going to Floodborough with an honest proposal that he should be allowed to press Mary to his heart. Miss Effingham would probably reject him at last; whereas Mary, dear Mary, would come to his heart without a scruple of doubt. Dear Mary! In these days of dreaming, he told himself that, after all, dear Mary was his real love. But, of course, such days were days of dreaming only. He had letters in his

pocket from Lady Laura Kennedy which made it impossible for him to think in earnest of giving up Parliament.

And then there came a wonderful piece of luck in his way. There lived, or had lived, in the town of Galway a very eccentric old lady, one Miss Marian Persse, who was the aunt of Mrs. Finn, the mother of our hero. With this lady Dr. Finn had quarrelled persistently ever since his marriage, because the lady had expressed her wish to interfere in the management of his family,—offering to purchase such right by favourable arrangements in reference to her will. This the doctor had resented, and there had been quarrels. Miss Persse was not a very rich old lady, but she thought a good deal of her own money. And now she died, leaving £8,000 to her nephew Phineas Finn. Another sum of about equal amount she bequeathed to a Roman Catholic seminary; and thus was her worldly wealth divided. “She couldn’t have done better with it,” said the old doctor; “and as far as we are concerned, the windfall is the more pleasant as being wholly unexpected.” In these days the doctor was undoubtedly gratified by his son’s success in life, and never said much about the law. Phineas in truth did do some work during the autumn, reading blue-books, reading law books, reading perhaps a novel or two at the same time,—but shutting himself up very carefully as he studied, so that his sisters were made to understand that for a certain four hours in the day not a sound was to be allowed to disturb him.

On the receipt of his legacy he at once offered to repay his father all money that had been advanced him over and above his original allowance; but this the doctor refused to take. “It comes to the same thing, Phineas,” he said. “What you have of your share now you can’t have hereafter. As regards my present income, it has only made me work a little longer than I had intended; and I believe that the later in life a man works, the more likely he is to live.” Phineas, therefore, when he returned to London, had his £8,000 in his pocket. He owed some £500; and the remainder he would, of course, invest.

There had been some talk of an autumnal session, but Mr. Mildmay’s division had at last been against it. Who cannot understand that such would be the decision of any Minister to whom was left the slightest fraction of free will in the matter? Why should any Minister court the danger of unnecessary attack, submit himself to unnecessary work, and incur the odium of summoning all his friends from their rest? In the midst of the doubts as to the new and the old Ministry, when the political needle was vacillating so tremulously on its pivot, pointing now to one set of men as the coming Government and then to another, vague suggestions as to an autumn session might be useful. And they were thrown out in all good faith. Mr. Mildmay, when he spoke on the subject to the Duke, was earnest in thinking that the question of Reform should not be postponed even for six months. “Don’t pledge yourself,” said the Duke;—and Mr.

Mildmay did not pledge himself. Afterwards, when Mr. Mildmay found that he was once more assuredly Prime Minister, he changed his mind, and felt himself to be under a fresh obligation to the Duke. Lord De Terrier had altogether failed, and the country might very well wait till February. The country did wait till February, somewhat to the disappointment of Phineas Finn, who had become tired of blue-books at Killaloe. The difference between his English life and his life at home was so great, that it was hardly possible that he should not become weary of the latter. He did become weary of it, but strove gallantly to hide his weariness from his father and mother.

At this time the world was talking much about Reform, though Mr. Mildmay had become placidly patient. The feeling was growing, and Mr. Turnbull, with his friends, was doing all he could to make it grow fast. There was a certain amount of excitement on the subject; but the excitement had grown downwards, from the leaders to the people,—from the self-instituted leaders of popular politics down, by means of the press, to the ranks of working men, instead of growing upwards, from the dissatisfaction of the masses, till it expressed itself by this mouthpiece and that, chosen by the people themselves. There was no strong throb through the country, making men feel that safety was to be had by Reform, and could not be had without Reform. But there was an understanding that the press and the orators were too strong to be ignored, and that some new measure of Reform must be conceded to them. The sooner the concession was made, the less it might be necessary to concede. And all men of all parties were agreed on this point. That Reform was in itself odious to many of those who spoke of it freely, who offered themselves willingly to be its promoters, was acknowledged. It was not only odious to Lord De Terrier and to most of those who worked with him, but was equally so to many of Mr. Mildmay's most constant supporters. The Duke had no wish for Reform. Indeed it is hard to suppose that such a Duke can wish for any change in a state of things that must seem to him to be so salutary. Workmen were getting full wages. Farmers were paying their rent. Capitalists by the dozen were creating capitalists by the hundreds. Nothing was wrong in the country, but the over-dominant spirit of speculative commerce;—and there was nothing in Reform to check that. Why should the Duke want Reform? As for such men as Lord Brentford, Sir Harry Coldfoot, Lord Plinlimmon, and Mr. Legge Wilson, it was known to all men that they advocated Reform as we all of us advocate doctors. Some amount of doctoring is necessary for us. We may hardly hope to avoid it. But let us have as little of the doctor as possible. Mr. Turnbull, and the cheap press, and the rising spirit of the loudest among the people, made it manifest that something must be conceded. Let us be generous in our concession. That was now the doctrine of many,—perhaps of most of the leading politicians of the day.

Let us be generous. Let us at any rate seem to be generous. Let us give with an open hand,—but still with a hand which, though open, shall not bestow too much. The coach must be allowed to run down the hill. Indeed, unless the coach goes on running no journey will be made. But let us have the drag on both the hind-wheels. And we must remember that coaches running down hill without drags are apt to come to serious misfortune.

But there were men, even in the Cabinet, who had other ideas of public service than that of dragging the wheels of the coach. Mr. Gresham was in earnest. Plantagenet Palliser was in earnest. That exceedingly intelligent young nobleman Lord Cantrip was in earnest. Mr. Mildmay threw, perhaps, as much of earnestness into the matter as was compatible with his age and his full appreciation of the manner in which the present cry for Reform had been aroused. He was thoroughly honest, thoroughly patriotic, and thoroughly ambitious that he should be written of hereafter as one who to the end of a long life had worked sedulously for the welfare of the people;—but he disbelieved in Mr. Turnbull, and in the bottom of his heart indulged an aristocratic contempt for the penny press. And there was no man in England more in earnest, more truly desirous of Reform, than Mr. Monk. It was his great political idea that political advantages should be extended to the people, whether the people clamoured for them or did not clamour for them,—even whether they desired them or did not desire them. “You do not ask a child whether he would like to learn his lesson,” he would say. “At any rate, you do not wait till he cries for his book.” When, therefore, men said to him that there was no earnestness in the cry for Reform, that the cry was a false cry, got up for factious purposes by interested persons, he would reply that the thing to be done should not be done in obedience to any cry, but because it was demanded by justice, and was a debt due to the people.

Our hero in the autumn had written to Mr. Monk on the politics of the moment, and the following had been Mr. Monk’s reply:—

“Longroyston, October 12, 186—.

“MY DEAR FINN,

“I am staying here with the Duke and Duchess of St. Bungay. The house is very full, and Mr. Mildmay was here last week; but as I don’t shoot, and can’t play billiards, and have no taste for charades, I am becoming tired of the gaieties, and shall leave them to-morrow. Of course you know that we are not to have the autumn session. I think that Mr. Mildmay is right. Could we have been sure of passing our measure, it would have been very well; but we could not have been sure, and failure with our bill in a session convened for the express purpose of passing it would have injured the cause greatly. We could hardly have gone on with it again in the spring. Indeed, we must have resigned. And though I may truly say that I would as lief

have a good measure from Lord De Terrier as from Mr. Mildmay, and that I am indifferent to my own present personal position, still I think that we should endeavour to keep our seats as long as we honestly believe ourselves to be more capable of passing a good measure than are our opponents.

“I am astonished by the difference of opinion which exists about Reform,—not only as to the difference in the extent and exact tendency of the measure that is needed,—but that there should be such a divergence of ideas as to the grand thing to be done and the grand reason for doing it. We are all agreed that we want Reform in order that the House of Commons may be returned by a larger proportion of the people than is at present employed upon that work, and that each member when returned should represent a somewhat more equal section of the whole constituencies of the country than our members generally do at present. All then confess that a £50 county franchise must be too high, and that a borough with less than two hundred registered voters must be wrong. But it seems to me that but few among us perceive, or at any rate acknowledge, the real reasons for changing these things and reforming what is wrong without delay. One great authority told us the other day that the sole object of legislation on this subject should be to get together the best possible 658 members of Parliament. That to me would be a most repulsive idea if it were not that by its very vagueness it becomes inoperative. Who shall say what is best; or what characteristic constitutes excellence in a member of Parliament? If the gentleman means excellence in general wisdom, or in statecraft, or in skill in talking, or in private character, or even excellence in patriotism, then I say that he is utterly wrong, and has never touched with his intellect the true theory of representation. One only excellence may be acknowledged, and that is the excellence of likeness. As a portrait should be like the person portrayed, so should a representative House be like the people whom it represents. Nor in arranging a franchise does it seem to me that we have a right to regard any other view. If a country be unfit for representative government,—and it may be that there are still peoples unable to use properly that greatest of all blessings,—the question as to what state policy may be best for them is a different question. But if we do have representation, let the representative assembly be like the people, whatever else may be its virtues,—and whatever else its vices.

“Another great authority has told us that our House of Commons should be the mirror of the people. I say, not its mirror, but its miniature. And let the artist be careful to put in every line of the expression of that ever-moving face. To do this is a great work, and the artist must know his trade well. In America the work has been done with so coarse a hand that nothing is shown in the picture but the broad, plain, unspeaking outline of the face. As you look from the represented to the representation you cannot but acknowledge the

likeness ;—but there is in that portrait more of the body than of the mind. The true portrait should represent more than the body. With us, hitherto, there have been snatches of the countenance of the nation which have been inimitable,—a turn of the eye here and a curl of the lip there, which have seemed to denote a power almost divine. There have been marvels on the canvas so beautiful that one approaches the work of remodelling it with awe. But not only is the picture imperfect,—a thing of snatches,—but with years it becomes less and still less like its original.

“The necessity for remodelling it is imperative, and we shall be cowards if we decline the work. But let us be specially careful to retain as much as possible of those lines which we all acknowledge to be so faithfully representative of our nation. To give to a bare numerical majority of the people that power which the numerical majority has in the United States, would not be to achieve representation. The nation as it now exists would not be known by such a portrait ;—but neither can it now be known by that which exists. It seems to me that they who are averse to change, looking back with an unmeasured respect on what our old Parliaments have done for us, ignore the majestic growth of the English people, and forget the present in their worship of the past. They think that we must be what we were,—at any rate, what we were thirty years since. They have not, perhaps, gone into the houses of artisans, or, if there, they have not looked into the breasts of the men. With population vice has increased, and these politicians, with ears but no eyes, hear of drunkenness and sin and ignorance. And then they declare to themselves that this wicked, half-barbarous, idle people should be controlled and not represented. A wicked, half-barbarous, idle people may be controlled ;—but not a people thoughtful, educated, and industrious. We must look to it that we do not endeavour to carry our control beyond the wickedness and the barbarity, and that we be ready to submit to control from thoughtfulness and industry.

“I hope we shall find you helping at the good work early in the spring.

“Yours, always faithfully,

“JOSHUA MONK.”

Phineas was up in London before the end of January, but did not find there many of those whom he wished to see. Mr. Low was there, and to him he showed Mr. Monk's letter, thinking that it must be convincing even to Mr. Low. This he did in Mrs. Low's drawing-room, knowing that Mrs. Low would also condescend to discuss politics on an occasion. He had dined with them, and they had been glad to see him, and Mrs. Low had been less severe than hitherto against the great sin of her husband's late pupil. She had condescended to congratulate him on becoming member for an English

borough instead of an Irish one, and had asked him questions about Sansby Castle. But, nevertheless, Mr. Monk's letter was not received with that respectful admiration which Phineas thought that it deserved. Phineas, foolishly, had read it out loud, so that the attack came upon him simultaneously from the husband and from the wife.

"It is just the usual claptrap," said Mr. Low, "only put into language somewhat more grandiloquent than usual."

"Claptrap!" said Phineas.

"It's what I call downright Radical nonsense," said Mrs. Low, nodding her head energetically. "Portrait indeed! Why should we want to have a portrait of ignorance and ugliness. What we all want is to have things quiet and orderly."

"Then you'd better have a paternal government at once," said Phineas.

"Just so," said Mr. Low,—“only that what you call a paternal government is not always quiet and orderly. National order I take to be submission to the law. I should not think it quiet and orderly if I were sent to Cayenne without being brought before a jury.”

"But such a man as you would not be sent to Cayenne," said Phineas.

"My next-door neighbour might be,—which would be almost as bad. Let him be sent to Cayenne if he deserves it, but let a jury say that he has deserved it. My idea of government is this,—that we want to be governed by law and not by caprice, and that we must have a legislature to make our laws. If I thought that Parliament as at present established made the laws badly, I would desire a change; but I doubt whether we shall have them better from any change in Parliament which Reform will give us."

"Of course not," said Mrs. Low. "But we shall have a lot of beggars put on horseback, and we all know where they ride to."

Then Phineas became aware that it is not easy to convince any man or any woman on a point of politics,—not even though he who argues may have an eloquent letter from a philosophical Cabinet Minister in his pocket to assist him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

PHINEAS FINN MAKES PROGRESS.

FEBRUARY was far advanced and the new Reform Bill had already been brought forward, before Lady Laura Kennedy came up to town. Phineas had of course seen Mr. Kennedy and had heard from him tidings of his wife. She was at Sansby with Lady Baldock and Miss Boreham and Violet Effingham, but was to be in London soon. Mr. Kennedy, as it appeared, did not quite know when he was to expect his wife; and Phineas thought that he could perceive from the

tone of the husband's voice that something was amiss. He could not however ask any questions excepting such as referred to the expected arrival. Was Miss Effingham to come to London with Lady Laura? Mr. Kennedy believed that Miss Effingham would be up before Easter, but he did not know whether she would come with his wife. "Women," he said, "are so fond of mystery that one can never quite know what they intend to do." He corrected himself at once however, perceiving that he had seemed to say something against his wife, and explained that his general accusation against the sex was not intended to apply to Lady Laura. This, however, he did so awkwardly as to strengthen the feeling with Phineas that something assuredly was wrong. "Miss Effingham," said Mr. Kennedy, "never seems to know her own mind." "I suppose she is like other beautiful girls who are petted on all sides," said Phineas. "As for her beauty, I don't think much of it," said Mr. Kennedy; "and as for petting, I do not understand it in reference to grown persons. Children may be petted, and dogs,—though that too is bad; but what you call petting for grown persons is I think frivolous and almost indecent." Phineas could not help thinking of Lord Chiltern's opinion that it would have been wise to have left Mr. Kennedy in the hands of the garroters.

The debate on the second reading of the bill was to be commenced on the 1st of March, and two days before that Lady Laura arrived in Grosvenor Place. Phineas got a note from her in three words to say that she was at home and would see him if he called on Sunday afternoon. The Sunday to which she alluded was the last day of February. Phineas was now more certain than ever that something was wrong. Had there been nothing wrong between Lady Laura and her husband, she would not have rebelled against him by asking visitors to the house on a Sunday. He had nothing to do with that, however, and of course he did as he was desired. He called on the Sunday and found Mrs. Bonteen sitting with Lady Laura. "I am just in time for the debate," said Lady Laura, when the first greeting was over.

"You don't mean to say that you intend to sit it out," said Mrs. Bonteen.

"Every word of it,—unless I lose my seat. What else is there to be done at present?"

"But the place they give us is so unpleasant," said Mrs. Bonteen.

"There are worse places even than the Ladies' Gallery," said Lady Laura. "And perhaps it is as well to make oneself used to inconveniences of all kinds. You will speak, Mr. Finn?"

"I intend to do so."

"Of course you will. The great speeches will be Mr. Gresham's, Mr. Daubeny's, and Mr. Monk's."

"Mr. Palliser intends to be very strong," said Mrs. Bonteen.

"A man cannot be strong or not as he likes it," said Lady Laura.

"Mr. Palliser I believe to be a most useful man, but he never can become an orator. He is of the same class as Mr. Kennedy,—only of course higher in the class."

"We all look for a great speech from Mr. Kennedy," said Mrs. Bonteen.

"I have not the slightest idea whether he will open his lips," said Lady Laura. Immediately after that Mrs. Bonteen took her leave. "I hate that woman like poison," continued Lady Laura. "She is always playing a game, and it is such a small game that she plays! And she contributes so little to society. She is not witty nor well-informed,—not even sufficiently ignorant or ridiculous to be a laughing-stock. One gets nothing from her, and yet she has made her footing good in the world."

"I thought she was a friend of yours."

"You did not think so! You could not have thought so! How can you bring such an accusation against me, knowing me as you do? But never mind Mrs. Bonteen now. On what day shall you speak?"

"On Tuesday if I can."

"I suppose you can arrange it?"

"I shall endeavour to do so, as far as any arrangement can go."

"We shall carry the second reading," said Lady Laura.

"Yes," said Phineas; "I think we shall; but by the votes of men who are determined so to pull the bill to pieces in committee, that its own parents will not know it. I doubt whether Mr. Mildmay will have the temper to stand it."

"They tell me that Mr. Mildmay will abandon the custody of the bill to Mr. Gresham after his first speech."

"I don't know that Mr. Gresham's temper is more enduring than Mr. Mildmay's," said Phineas.

"Well;—we shall see. My own impression is that nothing would save the country so effectually at the present moment as the removal of Mr. Turnbull to a higher and a better sphere."

"Let us say the House of Lords," said Phineas.

"God forbid!" said Lady Laura.

Phineas sat there for half an hour and then got up to go, having spoken no word on any other subject than that of politics. He longed to ask after Violet. He longed to make some inquiry respecting Lord Chiltern. And, to tell the truth, he felt painfully curious to hear Lady Laura say something about her own self. He could not but remember what had been said between them up over the waterfall, and how he had been warned not to return to Loughlinter. And then again, did Lady Laura know anything of what had passed between him and Violet? "Where is your brother?" he said, as he rose from his chair.

"Oswald is in London. He was here not an hour before you came in."

"Where is he staying?"

"At Mauregy's. He goes down on Tuesday, I think. He is to see his father to-morrow morning."

"By agreement?"

"Yes;—by agreement. There is a new trouble,—about money that they think to be due to me. But I cannot tell you all now. There have been some words between Mr. Kennedy and papa. But I won't talk about it. You would find Oswald at Mauregy's at any hour before eleven to-morrow."

"Did he say anything about me?" asked Phineas.

"We mentioned your name certainly."

"I do not ask from vanity, but I want to know whether he is angry with me."

"Angry with you! Not in the least. I'll tell you just what he said. He said he should not wish to live even with you, but that he would sooner try it with you than with any man he ever knew."

"He had got a letter from me?"

"He did not say so;—but he did not say he had not."

"I will see him to-morrow if I can." And then Phineas prepared to go.

"One word, Mr. Finn," said Lady Laura, hardly looking him in the face and yet making an effort to do so. "I wish you to forget what I said to you at Loughlinter."

"It shall be as though it were forgotten," said Phineas.

"Let it be absolutely forgotten. In such a case a man is bound to do all that a woman asks him, and no man has a truer spirit of chivalry than yourself. That is all. Look in when you can. I will not ask you to dine here as yet, because we are so frightfully dull. Do your best on Tuesday, and then let us see you on Wednesday. Good-bye."

Phineas as he walked across the park towards his club made up his mind that he would forget the scene by the waterfall. He had never quite known what it had meant, and he would wipe it away from his mind altogether. He acknowledged to himself that chivalry did demand of him that he should never allow himself to think of Lady Laura's rash words to him. That she was not happy with her husband was very clear to him;—but that was altogether another affair. She might be unhappy with her husband without indulging any guilty love. He had never thought it possible that she could be happy living with such a husband as Mr. Kennedy. All that, however, was now past remedy, and she must simply endure the mode of life which she had prepared for herself. There were other men and women in London tied together for better and worse, in reference to whose union their friends knew that there would be no better;—that it must be all worse. Lady Laura must bear it, as it was borne by many another married woman.

On the Monday morning Phineas called at Mauregy's Hotel at ten o'clock, but in spite of Lady Laura's assurance to the contrary, he found that Lord Chiltern was out. He had felt some palpitation at the heart as he made his inquiry, knowing well the fiery nature of the man he expected to see. It might be that there would be some actual personal conflict between him and this half-mad lord before he got back again into the street. What Lady Laura had said about her brother did not in the estimation of Phineas make this at all the less probable. The half-mad lord was so singular in his ways that it might well be that he should speak handsomely of a rival behind his back and yet take him by the throat as soon as they were together, face to face. And yet, as Phineas thought, it was necessary that he should see the half-mad lord. He had written a letter to which he had received no reply, and he considered it to be incumbent on him to ask whether it had been received and whether any answer to it was intended to be given. He went therefore to Lord Chiltern at once,—as I have said, with some feeling at his heart that there might be violence, at any rate of words, before he should find himself again in the street. But Lord Chiltern was not there. All that the porter knew was that Lord Chiltern intended to leave the house on the following morning. Then Phineas wrote a note and left it with the porter.

“DEAR CHILTERN,

“I particularly want to see you with reference to a letter I wrote to you last summer. I must be in the House to-day from four till the debate is over. I will be at the Reform Club from two till half-past three, and will come if you will send for me, or I will meet you anywhere at any hour to-morrow morning.

“Yours, always, P. F.”

No message came to him at the Reform Club, and he was in his seat in the House by four o'clock. During the debate a note was brought to him which ran as follows :—

“I have got your letter this moment. Of course we must meet. I hunt on Tuesday, and go down by the early train ; but I will come to town on Wednesday. We shall require to be private, and I will therefore be at your rooms at one o'clock on that day.—C.”

Phineas at once perceived that the note was a hostile note, written in an angry spirit,—written to one whom the writer did not at the moment acknowledge to be his friend. This was certainly the case, whatever Lord Chiltern may have said to his sister as to his friendship for Phineas. Phineas crushed the note into his pocket, and of course determined that he would be in his rooms at the hour named.

The debate was opened by a speech from Mr. Mildmay, in which

that gentleman at great length and with much perspicuity explained his notion of that measure of Parliamentary Reform which he thought to be necessary. He was listened to with the greatest attention to the close,—and perhaps, at the end of his speech, with more attention than usual, as there had gone abroad a rumour that the Prime Minister intended to declare that this would be the last effort of his life in that course. But, if he ever intended to utter such a pledge, his heart misgave him when the time came for uttering it. He merely said that as the management of the bill in committee would be an affair of much labour, and probably spread over many nights, he would be assisted in his work by his colleagues, and especially by his right honourable friend the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. It was then understood that Mr. Gresham would take the lead should the bill go into committee;—but it was understood also that no resignation of leadership had been made by Mr. Mildmay.

The measure now proposed to the House was very much the same as that which had been brought forward in the last session. The existing theory of British representation was not to be changed, but the actual practice was to be brought nearer to the ideal theory. The ideas of manhood suffrage, and of electoral districts, were to be as for ever removed from the bulwarks of the British Constitution. There were to be counties with agricultural constituencies, purposely arranged to be purely agricultural, whenever the nature of the counties would admit of its being so. No artificer at Reform, let him be Conservative or Liberal, can make Middlesex or Lancashire agricultural; but Wiltshire and Suffolk were to be preserved inviolable to the plough,—and the apples of Devonshire were still to have their sway. Every town in the three kingdoms with a certain population was to have two members. But here there was much room for cavil,—as all men knew would be the case. Who shall say what is a town, or where shall be its limits? Bits of counties might be borrowed, so as to lessen the Conservatism of the country without endangering the Liberalism of the borough. And then there were the boroughs with one member,—and then the groups of little boroughs. In the discussion of any such arrangement how easy is the picking of holes, how impossible the fabrication of a garment that shall be impervious to such picking! Then again there was that great question of the ballot. On that there was to be no mistake. Mr. Mildmay again pledged himself to disappear from the Treasury bench should any motion, clause, or resolution be carried by that House in favour of the ballot. He spoke for three hours, and then left the carcass of his bill to be fought for by the opposing armies.

No reader of these pages will desire that the speeches in the debate should be even indicated. It soon became known that the Conservatives would not divide the House against the second reading of the bill. They declared, however, very plainly their intention of so

altering the clauses of the bill in committee,—or at least of attempting so to do,—as to make the bill their bill, rather than the bill of their opponents. To this Mr. Palliser replied that as long as nothing vital was touched the Government would only be too happy to oblige their friends opposite. If anything vital were touched, the Government could only fall back upon their friends on that side. And in this way men were very civil to each other. But Mr. Turnbull, who opened the debate on the Tuesday, thundered out an assurance to gods and men that he would divide the House on the second reading of the bill itself. He did not doubt but that there were many good men and true to go with him into the lobby, but into the lobby he would go if he had no more than a single friend to support him. And he warned the Sovereign, and he warned the House, and he warned the people of England, that the measure of Reform now proposed by a so-called liberal Minister was a measure prepared in concert with the ancient enemies of the people. He was very loud, very angry, and quite successful in hallooing down sundry attempts which were made to interrupt him. “I find,” he said, “that there are many members here who do not know me yet,—young members, probably, who are green from the waste lands and road-sides of private life. They will know me soon, and then, may be, there will be less of this foolish noise, less of this elongation of unnecessary necks. Our Rome must be aroused to a sense of its danger by other voices than these.” He was called to order, but it was ruled that he had not been out of order,—and he was very triumphant. Mr. Monk answered him, and it was declared afterwards that Mr. Monk’s speech was one of the finest pieces of oratory that had ever been uttered in that House. He made one remark personal to Mr. Turnbull. “I quite agreed with the right honourable gentleman in the chair,” he said, “when he declared that the honourable member was not out of order just now. We all of us agree with him always on such points. The rules of our House have been laid down with the utmost latitude, so that the course of our debates may not be frivolously or too easily interrupted. But a member may be so in order as to incur the displeasure of the House, and to merit the reproaches of his countrymen.” This little duel gave great life to the debate; but it was said that those two great Reformers, Mr. Turnbull and Mr. Monk, could never again meet as friends.

In the course of the debate on Tuesday Phineas got upon his legs. The reader, I trust, will remember that hitherto he had failed altogether as a speaker. On one occasion he had lacked even the spirit to use and deliver an oration which he had prepared. On a second occasion he had broken down,—woefully, and past all redemption, as said those who were not his friends,—unfortunately, but not past redemption, as said those who were his true friends. After that once again he had risen and said a few plain words which had called for no

remark, and had been spoken as though he were in the habit of addressing the House daily. It may be doubted whether there were half-a-dozen men now present who recognised the fact that this man, who was so well known to so many of them, was now about to make another attempt at a first speech. Phineas himself diligently attempted to forget that such was the case. He had prepared for himself a few headings of what he intended to say, and on one or two points had arranged his words. His hope was that even though he should forget the words, he might still be able to cling to the thread of his discourse. When he found himself again upon his legs amidst those crowded seats, for a few moments there came upon him that old sensation of awe. Again things grew dim before his eyes, and again he hardly knew at which end of that long chamber the Speaker was sitting. But there arose within him a sudden courage, as soon as the sound of his own voice in that room had made itself intimate to his ear; and after the few first sentences, all fear, all awe, was gone from him. When he read his speech in the report afterwards, he found that he had strayed very wide of his intended course, but he had strayed without tumbling into ditches, or falling into sunken pits. He had spoken much from Mr. Monk's letter, but had had the grace to acknowledge whence had come his inspiration. He hardly knew, however, whether he had failed again or not, till Barrington Erle came up to him as they were leaving the House, with his old easy pressing manner. "So you have got into form at last," he said. "I always thought that it would come. I never for a moment believed but that it would come sooner or later." Phineas Finn answered not a word; but he went home and lay awake all night triumphant. The verdict of Barrington Erle sufficed to assure him that he had succeeded.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A ROUGH ENCOUNTER.

PHINEAS, when he woke, had two matters to occupy his mind,—his success of the previous night and his coming interview with Lord Chiltern. He stayed at home the whole morning, knowing that nothing could be done before the hour Lord Chiltern had named for his visit. He read every word of the debate, studiously postponing the perusal of his own speech till he should come to it in due order. And then he wrote to his father, commencing his letter as though his writing had no reference to the affairs of the previous night. But he soon found himself compelled to break into some mention of it. "I send you a *Times*," he said, "in order that you may see that I have had my finger in the pie. I have hitherto abstained from putting myself forward in the House, partly through a base fear for which I despise myself, and partly through a feeling of prudence that a man

of my age should not be in a hurry to gather laurels. This is literally true. There has been the fear, and there has been the prudence. My wonder is, that I have not incurred more contempt from others because I have been a coward. People have been so kind to me that I must suppose them to have judged me more leniently than I have judged myself." Then, as he was putting up the paper, he looked again at his own speech, and of course read every word of it once more. As he did so it occurred to him that the reporters had been more than courteous to him. The man who had followed him had been, he thought, at any rate as long-winded as himself; but to this orator less than half a column had been granted. To him had been granted ten lines in big type, and after that a whole column and a half. Let Lord Chiltern come and do his worst!

When it wanted but twenty minutes to one, and he was beginning to think in what way he had better answer the half-mad lord, should the lord in his wrath be very mad, there came to him a note by the hand of some messenger. He knew at once that it was from Lady Laura, and opened it in hot haste. It was as follows:—

"DEAR MR. FINN,

"We are all talking about your speech. My father was in the gallery and heard it,—and said that he had to thank me for sending you to Loughton. That made me very happy. Mr. Kennedy declares that you were eloquent, but too short. That coming from him is praise indeed. I have seen Barrington, who takes pride in himself that you are his political child. Violet says that it is the only speech she ever read. I was there, and was delighted. I was sure that it was in you to do it.

"Yours, L. K.

"I suppose we shall see you after the House is up, but I write this as I shall barely have an opportunity of speaking to you then. I shall be in Portman Square, not at home, from six till seven."

The moment in which Phineas refolded this note and put it into his breast coat-pocket was, I think, the happiest of his life. Then, before he had withdrawn his hand from his breast, he remembered that what was now about to take place between him and Lord Chiltern would probably be the means of separating him altogether from Lady Laura and her family. Nay, might it not render it necessary that he should abandon the seat in Parliament which had been conferred upon him by the personal kindness of Lord Brentford? Let that be as it might. One thing was clear to him. He would not abandon Violet Effingham till he should be desired to do so in the plainest language by Violet Effingham herself. Looking at his watch he saw that it was one o'clock, and at that moment Lord Chiltern was announced.

Phineas went forward immediately with his hand out to meet his visitor. "Chiltern," he said, "I am very glad to see you." But Lord Chiltern did not take his hand. Passing on to the table, with his hat still on his head, and with a dark scowl upon his brow, the young lord stood for a few moments perfectly silent. Then he chucked a letter across the table to the spot at which Phineas was standing. Phineas, taking up the letter, perceived that it was that which he, in his great attempt to be honest, had written from the inn at Loughton. "It is my own letter to you," he said.

"Yes; it is your letter to me. I received it oddly enough together with your own note at Mauregy's,—on Monday morning. It has been round the world, I suppose, and reached me only then. You must withdraw it."

"Withdraw it?"

"Yes, sir, withdraw it. As far as I can learn, without asking any question which would have committed myself or the young lady, you have not acted upon it. You have not yet done what you there threaten to do. In that you have been very wise, and there can be no difficulty in your withdrawing the letter."

"I certainly shall not withdraw it, Lord Chiltern."

"Do you remember—what—I once—told you,—about myself and Miss Effingham?" This question he asked very slowly, pausing between the words, and looking full into the face of his rival, towards whom he had gradually come nearer. And his countenance, as he did so, was by no means pleasant. The redness of his complexion had become more ruddy than usual; he still wore his hat as though with studied insolence; his right hand was clenched; and there was that look of angry purpose in his eye which no man likes to see in the eye of an antagonist. Phineas was afraid of no violence, personal to himself; but he was afraid of,—of what I may, perhaps, best call "a row." To be tumbling over the chairs and tables with his late friend and present enemy in Mrs. Bunce's room would be most unpleasant to him. If there were to be blows he, too, must strike;—and he was very averse to strike Lady Laura's brother, Lord Brentford's son, Violet Effingham's friend. If need be, however, he would strike.

"I suppose I remember what you mean," said Phineas. "I think you declared that you would quarrel with any man who might presume to address Miss Effingham. Is it that to which you allude?"

"It is that," said Lord Chiltern.

"I remember what you said very well. If nothing else was to deter me from asking Miss Effingham to be my wife, you will hardly think that that ought to have any weight. The threat had no weight."

"It was not spoken as a threat, sir, and that you know as well as I do. It was said from a friend to a friend,—as I thought then. But it is not the less true. I wonder what you can think of faith and

truth and honesty of purpose when you took advantage of my absence,—you, whom I had told a thousand times that I loved her better than my own soul! You stand before the world as a rising man, and I stand before the world as a man—damned. You have been chosen by my father to sit for our family borough, while I am an outcast from his house. You have Cabinet Ministers for your friends, while I have hardly a decent associate left to me in the world. But I can say of myself that I have never done anything unworthy of a gentleman, while this thing that you are doing is unworthy of the lowest man.”

“I have done nothing unworthy,” said Phineas. “I wrote to you instantly when I had resolved,—though it was painful to me to have to tell such a secret to any one.”

“You wrote! Yes; when I was miles distant; weeks, months away. But I did not come here to ballyrag like an old woman. I got your letter only on Monday, and know nothing of what has occurred. Is Miss Effingham to be—your wife?” Lord Chiltern had now come quite close to Phineas, and Phineas felt that that clenched fist might be in his face in half a moment. Miss Effingham of course was not engaged to him, but it seemed to him that if he were now so to declare, such declaration would appear to have been drawn from him by fear. “I ask you,” said Lord Chiltern, “in what position you now stand towards Miss Effingham. If you are not a coward you will tell me.”

“Whether I tell you or not, you know that I am not a coward,” said Phineas.

“I shall have to try,” said Lord Chiltern. “But if you please I will ask you for an answer to my question.”

Phineas paused for a moment, thinking what honesty of purpose and a high spirit would, when combined together, demand of him, and together with these requirements he felt that he was bound to join some feeling of duty towards Miss Effingham. Lord Chiltern was standing there, fiery red, with his hand still clenched, and his hat still on, waiting for his answer. “Let me have your question again,” said Phineas, “and I will answer it if I find that I can do so without loss of self-respect.”

“I ask you in what position you stand towards Miss Effingham. Mind, I do not doubt at all, but I choose to have a reply from yourself.”

“You will remember, of course, that I can only answer to the best of my belief.”

“Answer to the best of your belief.”

“I think she regards me as an intimate friend.”

“Had you said as an indifferent acquaintance, you would, I think, have been nearer the mark. But we will let that be. I presume I may understand that you have given up any idea of changing that position?”

"You may understand nothing of the kind, Lord Chiltern."

"Why;—what hope have you?"

"That is another thing. I shall not speak of that;—at any rate not to you."

"Then, sir,—” and now Lord Chiltern advanced another step and raised his hand as though he were about to put it with some form of violence on the person of his rival.

"Stop, Chiltern," said Phineas, stepping back, so that there was some article of furniture between him and his adversary. "I do not choose that there should be a riot here."

"What do you call a riot, sir? I believe that after all you are a poltroon. What I require of you is that you shall meet me. Will you do that?"

"You mean,—to fight?"

"Yes,—to fight; to fight; to fight. For what other purpose do you suppose that I can wish to meet you?" Phineas felt at the moment that the fighting of a duel would be destructive to all his political hopes. Few Englishmen fight duels in these days. They who do so are always reckoned to be fools. And a duel between him and Lord Brentford's son must, as he thought, separate him from Violet, from Lady Laura, from Lord Brentford, and from his borough. But yet how could he refuse? "What have you to think of, sir, when such an offer as that is made to you?" said the fiery-red lord.

"I have to think whether I have courage enough to refuse to make myself an ass."

"You say that you do not wish to have a riot. That is your way to escape what you call—a riot."

"You want to bully me, Chiltern."

"No, sir;—I simply want this, that you should leave me where you found me, and not interfere with that which you have long known I claim as my own."

"But it is not your own."

"Then you can only fight me."

"You had better send some friend to me, and I will name some one, whom he shall meet."

"Of course I will do that if I have your promise to meet me. We can be in Belgium in an hour or two, and back again in a few more hours;—that is, any one of us who may chance to be alive."

"I will select a friend, and will tell him everything, and will then do as he bids me."

"Yes;—some old steady-going buffer. Mr. Kennedy, perhaps."

"It will certainly not be Mr. Kennedy. I shall probably ask Laurence Fitzgibbon to manage for me in such an affair."

"Perhaps you will see him at once then, so that Colepepper may arrange with him this afternoon. And let me assure you, Mr. Finn, that there will be a meeting between us after some fashion, let the

ideas of your friend Mr. Fitzgibbon be what they may." Then Lord Chiltern purposed to go, but turned again as he was going. "And remember this," he said, "my complaint is that you have been false to me,—damnably false; not that you have fallen in love with this young lady or with that." Then the fiery-red lord opened the door for himself and took his departure.

Phineas, as soon as he was alone, walked down to the House, at which there was an early sitting. As he went there was one great question which he had to settle with himself,—Was there any justice in the charge made against him that he had been false to his friend? When he had thought over the matter at Saulsby, after rushing down there that he might throw himself at Violet's feet, he had assured himself that such a letter as that which he resolved to write to Lord Chiltern, would be even chivalrous in its absolute honesty. He would tell his purpose to Lord Chiltern the moment that his purpose was formed;—and would afterwards speak of Lord Chiltern behind his back as one dear friend should speak of another. Had Miss Effingham shown the slightest intention of accepting Lord Chiltern's offer, he would have acknowledged to himself that the circumstances of his position made it impossible that he should, with honour, become his friend's rival. But was he to be debarred for ever from getting that which he wanted because Lord Chiltern wanted it also,—knowing, as he did so well, that Lord Chiltern could not get the thing which he wanted? All this had been quite sufficient for him at Saulsby. But now the charge against him that he had been false to his friend rang in his ears and made him unhappy. It certainly was true that Lord Chiltern had not given up his hopes, and that he had spoken probably more openly to Phineas respecting them than he had done to any other human being. If it was true that he had been false, then he must comply with any requisition which Lord Chiltern might make,—short of voluntarily giving up the lady. He must fight if he were asked to do so, even though fighting were his ruin.

When again in the House yesterday's scene came back upon him, and more than one man came to him congratulating him. Mr. Monk took his hand and spoke a word to him. The old Premier nodded to him. Mr. Gresham greeted him; and Plantagenet Palliser openly told him that he had made a good speech. How sweet would all this have been had there not been ever at his heart the remembrance of his terrible difficulty,—the consciousness that he was about to be forced into an absurdity which would put an end to all this sweetness. Why was the world in England so severe against duelling? After all, as he regarded the matter now, a duel might be the best way, nay, the only way, out of a difficulty. If he might only be allowed to go out with Lord Chiltern the whole thing might be arranged. If he were not shot he might carry on his suit with Miss Effingham unfettered by any impediment on that side. And if he were shot, what matter was

that to any one but himself? Why should the world be so thin-skinned,—so foolishly chary of human life?

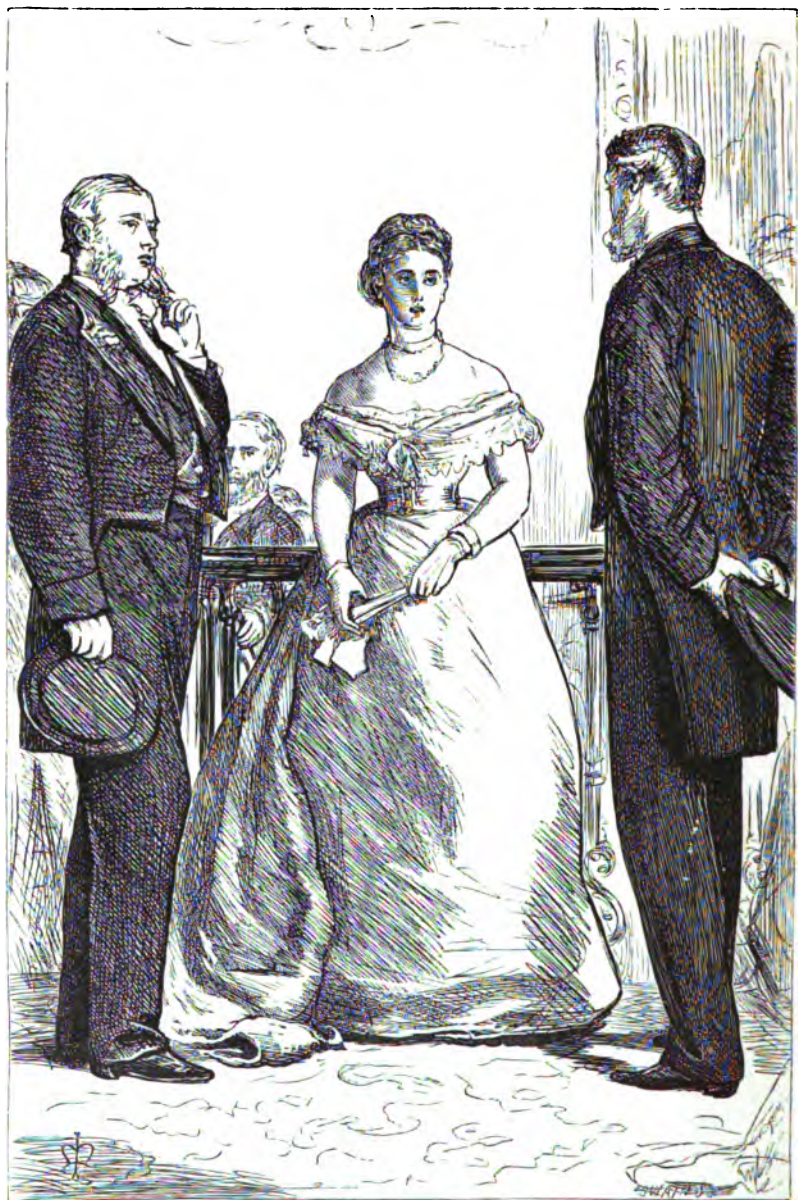
Laurence Fitzgibbon did not come to the House, and Phineas looked for him at both the clubs which he frequented,—leaving a note at each as he did not find him. He also left a note for him at his lodgings in Duke Street. “I must see you this evening. I shall dine at the Reform Club,—pray come there.” After that, Phineas went up to Portman Square, in accordance with the instructions received from Lady Laura.

There he saw Violet Effingham, meeting her for the first time since he had parted from her on the great steps at Saulsby. Of course he spoke to her, and of course she was gracious to him. But her graciousness was only a smile and his speech was only a word. There were many in the room, but not enough to make privacy possible,—as it becomes possible at a crowded evening meeting. Lord Brentford was there, and the Bonteens, and Barrington Erle, and Lady Glencora Palliser, and Lord Cantrip with his young wife. It was manifestly a meeting of Liberals, semi-social and semi-political;—so arranged that ladies might feel that some interest in politics was allowed to them, and perhaps some influence also. Afterwards Mr. Palliser himself came in. Phineas, however, was most struck by finding that Laurence Fitzgibbon was there, and that Mr. Kennedy was not. In regard to Mr. Kennedy, he was quite sure that had such a meeting taken place before Lady Laura’s marriage, Mr. Kennedy would have been present. “I must speak to you as we go away,” said Phineas, whispering a word into Fitzgibbon’s ear. “I have been leaving notes for you all about the town.” “Not a duel, I hope,” said Fitzgibbon.

How pleasant it was,—that meeting; or would have been had there not been that nightmare on his breast! They all talked as though there were perfect accord between them and perfect confidence. There were there great men,—Cabinet Ministers, and beautiful women,—the wives and daughters of some of England’s highest nobles. And Phineas Finn, throwing back, now and again, a thought to Killaloe, found himself among them as one of themselves. How could any Mr. Low say that he was wrong?

On a sofa near to him, so that he could almost touch her foot with his, was sitting Violet Effingham, and as he leaned over from his chair discussing some point in Mr. Mildmay’s bill with that most inveterate politician, Lady Glencora, Violet looked into his face and smiled. Oh heavens! If Lord Chiltern and he might only toss up as to which of them should go to Patagonia and remain there for the next ten years, and which should have Violet Effingham for a wife in London!

“Come along, Phineas, if you mean to come,” said Laurence Fitzgibbon. Phineas was of course bound to go, though Lady Glencora was still talking Radicalism, and Violet Effingham was still smiling ineffably.



“ You ought to have known. Of course she is in town.”

Phineas Finn. Chap. xii. Page 639.

SAINT PAULS.

—
AUGUST, 1868.
—

THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD.

A STORY OF LIPPE-DETMOLD.

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CHAPTER IV.

A METROPOLIS IN MINIATURE.

DETMOLD, the capital of the principality of Lippe-Detmold, is one of the pleasantest, prettiest, and most agreeably situated of the smaller Residenzen of Germany. The castle, or princely palace, is a fine old building, situated in the midst of well-arranged gardens, and around these the little town spreads itself in all directions. The streets are wide and clean and quiet. Beside the river Wern, which runs through Detmold, and is here banked in so as to form a canal, there are pleasant paths and picturesque houses, draped with the rich Virginia creeper, sombre ivy, or delicate woodbine. Further there are delicious woodland walks branching out hither and thither through the great forest which clothes the Grotenberg, upon whose lofty summit the colossal Hermann's statue is one day to stand.

But not of these romantic shades or river margins was Herr Friedrich Peters thinking when the old Schimmel paused soberly before the door of the chief inn in Detmold, and then allowed the hostler to lead him with much deliberation into the stable-yard. Herr Peters had his share of the German love for nature and appreciation of natural beauty; but it was the metropolitan aspect of Detmold which most attracted him. In his eyes the wide, clean streets, the well-dressed ladies who demurely paced them, the shops with windows filled with large squares of clear glass, revealing garments and stuffs of last year's fashion, were absolutely magnificent. He could have almost envied the chemist from whom he intended to buy a modest supply of drugs, when he contemplated the crimson, and blue, and yellow bottles in his shop-window, the little semicircular counter topped with marble, and the half-dozen coloured

scent-bottles arranged symmetrically within a glass case. It was very grand certainly, and very different from the dark little shop at Horn.

Peters made his purchases, and ordered them to be sent to the inn, and then he walked down the principal street, glancing at the inscriptions over the shop-doors, until he paused before a stationer's window and looked in with a hesitating air. There were two persons in the shop, an old man and a young one. The old man was making entries in a ledger or account-book; the young man was piling reams of coarse packing-paper on to a high shelf. He had taken his coat off, the better to perform his work, and his shirt-collar was turned down, showing a round, muscular throat. His movements were quick and dexterous, and he lifted and placed the heavy packets of paper with the ease of one whose strength was but slightly tasked. Peters stood staring in at the window until the old man, lifting his head, observed him, and then the apothecary walked away slowly. Presently he returned on the opposite side of the street, and this time, on looking in, he perceived that the stationer's shop was tenanted but by one person. The old man had disappeared. The younger one was still working, but had nearly filled the high shelf. Peters crossed the road briskly and went in. "Good day, Otto," said he. At the sound of the high, thin voice, the young fellow turned round sharply, almost letting fall the packet he held in his hands, and uttered a joyful exclamation. A brighter, franker face than he turned on the apothecary it would not be easy to find. Otto Hemmerich is a great favourite of mine, and I desire to make my reader also feel kindly towards him. Sure I am that if the portrait be not a pleasant one the fault will be wholly the painter's.

A well-balanced, somewhat square head, broadly developed in the regions of conscientiousness and firmness; thick, curling, brown hair, that lay in close rings on his forehead; bright keen blue eyes, which might have been almost fierce but for the merry, laughing spirit that danced in them; well-shaped, though not strictly regular, features; strong, white, wholesome teeth; a skin tanned to a dusky red by sun and weather; a powerful, well-knit figure, rather beneath the middle height; and in his voice and in his gestures, in all he said and all he did, a sense of youth, and health, and vigour, an atmosphere of clearness and honesty, which refreshed one's moral nature much as fresh air refreshes one's body.

"My good Herr Peters!" he exclaimed in a loud, ringing tone. It seemed impossible to imagine Otto ever whispering, or even talking low.

"Hem!" cried the apothecary with an elaborate cough. "Don't shout so, Otto. I'm not sure that my visit would be quite agreeable to your master."

In Detmold it is still possible to speak to a man about his "master" without offending him.

"What, Herr Schmitt? Well, but you didn't come to see him!"

"No, my boy, I came to see you. But,—the fact is, I,—to say the truth, your uncle does not know of my coming, and I am not certain that he would approve."

"Oh, because he will think you ought to have told him first, so that he might have sent a message, eh?"

"Ahem!" cried the apothecary again.

"Oh, well, Herr Peters, that can't be helped now. Here you are, and I am right glad to see you."

"And how do you get on here, Otto? A fortnight is but a short time to judge of your new life. But do you seem to,—to think you shall,—like it?"

Peters put his head on one side, and looked at Otto insinuatingly, as though to persuade him that he ought to like it very much indeed. It was the kind of manner which the apothecary assumed in administering a peculiarly nauseous potion to a sick child.

"Not a bit of it, my good friend," replied Otto in his fullest chest voice. "I don't like it at all. And, what is worse, I'm afraid I never shall like it. But I knew all that beforehand. I am not such a boy but what I know that it will be my duty to do a good many things that don't just please my fancy. I shall stick to it for the three years my uncle has bound me for, and then——"

"And then?"

"And then we shall see. Lord, we may be all dead and buried in three years! It's an awful long time to look forward to. But now tell me the news of the good people at Horn. How's my uncle, first and foremost?"

"The Herr Küster is wonderful for a man of his years. I saw him last night at the Pied Lamb. He was full of conversation, and very,—very pleasant. He is a man of great experience and wisdom, is your uncle Schnarcher."

It may be observed, for the credit of Peters' sincerity, that he really believed what he said.

"And old Quendel? Is he growing any thinner? Ha, ha, ha! And the Steinbergs? And Granny Becker? And big Hans? And the blacksmith's poodle? And your own Schimmel? Tell me all about everybody,—dumb beasts and all!"

"They're all well, as far as I know, Otto. But there is an old friend of yours whom you haven't asked for. And he was talking about you last night, too."

"Is there? An old friend whom I haven't asked for!"

"Farmer Lehmann! I thought he was your prime friend and favourite, Otto. You used to be always at the farm before you went to Halle."

The last packet of paper, which Otto at this moment placed on the

shelf, must have been peculiarly heavy, for the effort of lifting it seemed to bring the blood into his face, as he answered, "Ah, dear Farmer Franz! Was he talking about me, Herr Peters?"

"Yes. But, Otto, what dreadful weights you are lifting! Don't overtax your strength, my boy."

Otto burst out laughing. "My good Herr Peters," he said, "only see, I can lift these packets with one hand! Honestly, this is the part of my work I like best. I like to feel that I am using my muscles, and doing something for my daily bread. Head-work I'm a dunce at, and I'm afraid Herr Schmitt has got but a bad bargain."

"Yes, Lehmann was talking of you and of your poor father of blessed memory. I called at the farm this morning, and saw the Haus-frau. She's a bitter weed. Ach du lieber Himmel! And I got a parcel to bring to Detmold for Liese."

"For Liese! Is Liese in Detmold?"

"To be sure she is. Didn't you know it?"

"Not a word of it!" cried Otto hotly. "I went twice or thrice to the farm after I came back from Halle, but I never saw Lieschen, and Frau Lehmann gave me to understand that she was purposely keeping out of my way."

"O Lord," muttered Peters under his breath, "what a woman she is!" Then he added more loudly, "I never heard there was any secret in Liese's being in Detmold in service. She went off almost on a sudden. I don't think things were going quite comfortably at the farm. Poor little Lieschen! She's a kitten that hasn't yet grown to be a cat, as they all do sooner or later."

Otto stood quite still leaning on the counter, with a thoughtful, frowning face.

"Well, good-bye, lad," said Peters, holding out his hand. "Time is going, and the days are short now, and I have to dine and settle my score at the Blue Pigeon before I can turn the Schimmel's nose homewards. Besides, this errand for the Lehmanns will take up half an hour or so."

"Good-bye, good friend. I'm thankful to you for coming. Give my dutiful greetings to my uncle, pray, and messages to any one who may care to hear of me at Horn."

"Shall I greet Lieschen for you?"

"No, thank you. Liese Lehmann wants to hear nothing about me."

Otto wrung his old friend's hand hard, and stood for a few minutes watching the apothecary's tall, lank figure disappear down the street. Then he returned to the shop, and having resumed his coat, sat down to label and number, from a printed list which lay beside him, a series of photographic views which were presently to adorn the window. But, as Otto had himself confessed, head-work was not his forte, and he was unusually absent and preoccupied to-day. Under his fingers many beauties of the Rhine scenery were unjustly attributed to the

Moselle, and some views in the Harz country got labelled "Black Forest."

Peters meanwhile made his way to the house wherein Elizabeth, or, as she was always called, Liese Lehmann was filling the post of servant in the family of the Herr Justizrath von Schleppers. It was a pleasant house to look at,—built of dark-red brick, partly covered with ivy, and with its long, low façade fronting the river. Every window pane glistened crystal clear in the sunshine. The door-handle and knocker of polished brass were dazzling in their spotless cleanliness, and the white dimity curtains that shaded the parlour windows seemed to have come that instant from the hands of the laundress. But the house had an odd look of not being really used and inhabited. All its colours were as vivid and staring as those of a doll's house: the bricks very red, the door very green, the window-sashes and frames a bright yellow. Only the deep hue of the old ivy somewhat softened and harmonised the general effect. Peters's hand was raised to the knocker, when the door opened and a portly matron came forth, who looked at him with an expression of countenance which was, to say the least of it, not conciliatory.

"If you want the Herr Justizrath," said this stately dame, "you must go round by the back-door to his study. He receives no one on business by this entrance."

"My business is——" began Peters mildly. But the lady interrupted him.

"Excuse me, I do not seek to know your business. I make a point of never interfering with law matters. The Herr Justizrath is in his study."

"But," said Peters, a little nettled at this cavalier treatment, "I don't want to see the Herr Justizrath. I have neither the good fortune to know him as a friend, nor the ill-luck to need him as a lawyer. I suppose you are the mistress of the house?"

The lady made a magnificent bow, which might be translated into the vernacular, "I should rather think I am!"

"Then, if you please, madam, I should like, with your permission, to speak with your servant-maid, Elizabeth Lehmann. I have brought a parcel for her from her home."

"Liese!" exclaimed the lady sharply. "Liese is not within at this moment. I have sent her out on an errand, and she has already been twice the time necessary to do it in. You can leave your parcel on the table there, since you are here; but another time I beg you will be good enough to go round by the yard-gate. This entrance is only used by the family or our own visitors."

Peters was a man unapt to anger at all times; nevertheless he did feel considerable indignation at this lady's tone and manner. But Frau von Schleppers was stout and stately; with a deep voice and an unsympathising stare; and, above all, she was a woman! So

she frightened him. He put the little bundle down on the table without a word, and left the house.

The mistress of it waited to see him fairly off the doorstep, and then she closed the door with a bang, and walked, or rather waddled, away.

Peters adjusted his spectacles firmly on his nose, looked after her for a second, and exclaimed, with a short laugh, "Poor Justizrath von Schleppers! From my heart I pity thee!"

Then he turned towards his inn, feeling his spirits much relieved by this sarcastic ebullition. Herr Peters considered that he had been very bitter.

CHAPTER V.

THE PINK SATIN NOTE-PAPER.

It was true, as the apothecary had said, that before Otto Hemmerich had gone to Halle, the young man had been a frequent visitor at Lehmann's farm. Every one liked him there. Even Frau Hanne, who did not like many people, extended her favour to Otto. He was handy, he was cheerful, he was able and willing to do numberless odd jobs of carpentering for the thrifty housewife. He brought her heaps of ripe blackberries in the autumn, and store of hazel nuts. He helped in the apple-gathering, and did more work in play than the others got through in earnest. He mended, and made as good as new, some old leather harness that had hung disused for years in the stable. He cleaned and furbished up Franz Lehmann's rusty rifle, and with it shot,—hear it not, ye British sportsmen!—shot a fox that had for many a night made havoc among Frau Lehmann's fat geese. He caught and tamed a squirrel as a present for Liese; and moreover, partly manufactured with his own hands a cage to keep it in. In brief, his accomplishments were highly esteemed and appreciated at the farm, and he was a welcome guest on any holiday afternoon that he chose to spend there. But notwithstanding her personal predilection for Otto, Hanne Lehmann did by no means approve of the spirit of rebellion which,—rumour said,—he was manifesting towards his uncle. Frau Lehmann's own government of her family was an absolute despotism. She would have honestly scorned the idea of giving her subjects a constitution. Her husband's nominal position as head of the household may seem to us a little incompatible with this undisputed female supremacy. But Frau Hanne Lehmann never theorised. She knew what was best for everybody, and did it *proprio motu*. Otto's refusal to follow the profession his uncle had chosen for him was a high crime in Frau Lehmann's eyes. Above all was it a crime to decline to follow that special profession. A pastor! It was all that was respectable and reverend.

It gave a man authority in despite of youth, and rank in despite of humble birth. In fact, she looked upon it as a piece of unparalleled presumption on the part of a boy like Otto to decline preferment which she, Frau Hanne Lehmann, would have been glad of for a son of her own. And then the thought struck her that Otto and Liese had been allowed to be a great deal together, and that perhaps—Well, she would put a stop to that, at all events. She would have no rebellious notions put into Liese's head. And Franz was so foolish and soft-hearted that there was no knowing what concessions or promises he might be led to make if the young folks had a chance of talking him over. Otto paid a visit to the farm soon after his return from Halle, but he did not see Liese. He saw no one but the mistress of the house, who received him anything but graciously. Her husband, she said, was absent at Lemgo, selling some wheat. She supposed Otto knew his own business best,—though at his time of life that was scarcely likely,—but for her part she couldn't help thinking that it was a pity for him to go against his uncle Schnarcher. She should be sorry for their Lieschen to behave so, that was all.

"But, Frau Lehmann," cried Otto bluntly, "it is better to go against my uncle than against my conscience, isn't it?"

"Rubbish!" answered Frau Lehmann.

She was not strong in argument, and she didn't like being contradicted. Then Otto asked for Liese; and, to punish him, the Hausfrau simply said that he couldn't see her, without explaining that the good and sufficient reason why he could not see her was, that she was at that moment in the house of Frau von Schleppers, in Detmold. Then,—Hanne being one of those women who are capable of talking themselves into a passion on the shortest notice, and whose anger makes their tongues terribly unscrupulous,—she went on to say that she could not, as a matter of duty to Liese, approve of her having acquaintances whose ideas were so strongly at variance with all that a pious education had instilled into her mind; and that she must do the girl the justice to add, that she had heard Liese herself animadvert on the sin and evil of disobedience and presumption in young people. And so wound up a voluble and rather incoherent tirade, of which Otto understood very little, save that the Hausfrau was in a furious bad humour, and that Liese had been speaking unkindly of him and refused to see him.

Otto walked away from the farm with a heavy heart. Frau Lehmann's sharp speeches he might have borne with tolerable indifference; but Liese! Could she turn against him? And then his old friend Farmer Franz, too. He couldn't bear the idea of losing his friendship. He would go again to the farm on the chance of seeing Lehmann. But then came the announcement of Simon Schnarcher's resolution to send his grand-nephew to the stationer's shop in Det-

mold; and Otto's departure was so hurried that he had no time to revisit his friends at the farm.

The young man revolved all these things in his mind as he sat pasting the labels on to the photographs in Herr Schmitt's shop. He had refused to send greetings to Liese Lehmann, and now on reflection his heart misgave him somewhat for having so refused. Peters's announcement of Liese's being in Detmold had changed the aspect of affairs. Who knew how long she had been there? "But then, surely the Frau Lehmann would have told me the truth about her when I was at the farm?" thought honest Otto.

"If you please, have you any pink satin note-paper?" said a soft voice in his ear.

"Any what!" Otto jumped off his seat with a bound, and took two little cold hands in his. "Why, Liese, is it you? Thou dear Heaven!"

"Otto!" And the two cold little hands were left confidingly in his, and a pair of brown eyes looked at him in glad surprise. Little Liese Lehmann was very small and shy. She had a clear fair skin, soft brown eyes, and silky hair of the same colour. This hair was coiled in a twisted knot at the back of her head, and one plaited tress was brought down low on either cheek, and put up behind the ears, after a fashion prevalent amongst German maidens. She wore a grey stuff gown, a blue cotton handkerchief pinned across her breast, and a large checked apron.

"Dear Lieschen!" said Otto, "I had only just heard by accident that you were in Detmold. How goes it, Lieschen? Do tell me, are you well? Are you content here?"

He was too glad to see her to think of any ground of offence he imagined himself to have against her.

"And I,—did you think I knew that you were here, Otto? I never was so surprised to see anybody!"

It needed not many words between the two young people to explain the history of Otto's visit to the farm, and of Liese's having been kept in ignorance of his coming. Neither of them had a suspicion that Frau Lehmann's desire to keep them asunder originated in any other motive than her disapproval of Otto's persistence in opposing his uncle Schnarcher. Every one who knew Hanne well was accustomed to see great anger arise from causes seemingly quite inadequate to produce it. None of her household or family over thought of asking what reason the Haus-frau could possibly have for resenting this or that. They said, "She is angry," much as they might say, "It thunders." Both were phenomena which they could neither control nor account for.

"But she shouldn't have told a lie, and said that you had spoken against me," said Otto. "As to what she thinks, that don't so much matter."

"Oh, Otto!" cried Liese timidly. This was a tremendous assertion, she thought.

"Well, it don't much matter to me, though Frau Lehmann used to be kind and friendly, too, in the old days. Do you recollect the apple-gathering two years ago?"

"Yes; and the time you brought her the blackberries."

"And the fun we had at hay-harvest, Lieschen!"

"And that day when Claus got tipsy, and you chopped the wood for fuel, and nearly cut your finger off. Och Himmel! How frightened we were! But you didn't say a word. Cousin Hanne said you had the right manful courage. She likes folks to be brave. I ain't a bit brave. I remember she boxed my ears for crying when I saw the blood flow."

"What a shame!" cried Otto indignantly.

"Well, but, Otto," remonstrated gentle little Lieschen, "you know if we had all cried, and done nothing else, you might have bled to death. But I was only a child then. I hope I should be more helpful now."

"Yes; you are not a child any more, Liese. You are the same, and yet somehow not the same. You have grown so,—so different."

No human being had ever told Liese that she was pretty. And it may be doubted whether Otto had ever thought of considering whether she was so or not until that moment. But as he looked straight into her innocent, upraised eyes, he made up his mind very decisively on the subject.

"Yes; I've grown an inch," said she simply. Then they talked of Otto's prospects, and of his uncle Schnarcher. And Liese ventured timidly to ask Otto if it were not a pity that he could not be a pastor. It was so beautiful, she thought, to teach and comfort the poor people, and tell them good tidings to brighten their hard lives. And Otto, in the superior wisdom of his manhood and his two-and-twenty years, had to explain to Liese's simplicity why it would be impossible for him to play this lofty part in life well, and how wrong it would be to undertake it whilst his conscience told him clearly that he must fill it badly. And Liese listened with humility, and said that of course Otto knew best, and that it was right and brave of him to speak the truth that God put into his heart. And then,—the town clocks struck one! Liese jumped as if a bomb had burst in the shop.

"Oh dear, oh dear," she cried in dismay, "there's one going by the parish church! And there's the castle clock now striking the last quarter. Oh, please, have you any pink satin note-paper? I couldn't find it at the shop where we generally deal, and that delayed me, and now I've been talking here and forgetting the time. My mistress told me to make haste. Oh dear, oh dear!"

Otto lost not a moment in searching for the required article, and

after opening sundry drawers and boxes, he came upon a small store of it.

"Two sheets, please, and two envelopes," said Lieschen, who had been watching his proceedings anxiously. "How much is it?"

"I don't know. Pay me the next time you come by. Here it is, Liese. And, I say, you'll find a parcel at home for you. Herr Peters from Horn has been over, and——"

But Liese had taken up her little packet, and with a hasty farewell nod, had run out of the shop with it. She sped along at a pace very seldom seen among the sober denizens of Detmold. More than one housewife turned to look after "*Frau von Schleppers' maiden*," and shook their heads disapprovingly. But Liese was unconscious of their looks. Her heart was beating fast,—partly from the haste she was making, partly from agitation. The surprise and pleasure of seeing Otto, disappointment at having missed Herr Peters, who doubtless had brought news from the farm, self-reproach at her delay, and dread of her mistress's displeasure, were all jumbled together in the poor child's mind. Still she sped on with agile feet, when, on turning the corner of a street, she ran against somebody. Some very heavy body it seemed, for Liese's light figure bounded off it again like a shuttlecock, and on looking up, her eyes encountered the stern and astonished gaze of no less a personage than *Frau von Schleppers* herself.

CHAPTER VI.

FRAU MATHILDE'S TEA-PARTY.

FRAU MATHILDE VON SCHLEPPERS considered herself to be beyond question the leading character amongst the dramatis personæ of her somewhat limited society. Her self-importance was boundless. "*We Von Schlepperses* are not rich," she would say grandly, "but we are noble." It was true that the Justizrath was descended from the younger branch of a respectable old family. They could scarcely be termed "noble," but they had been gentlefolks time out of mind. Now the *Frau Mathilde's* papa had been court shoemaker in Hanover. The good lady would volubly discourse of the "*dear Baroness This*," or the "*charming Countess That*," giving odd little personal details about them that would seem to argue a great intimacy on her part with these aristocratic dames. But the fact was, she had never seen them out of her father's shop. People in Detmold, however, knew nothing about that; and it was so long ago that *Frau von Schleppers* herself seemed to have forgotten the true circumstances of her early life. She and her husband had endured many vicissitudes before coming to settle in Detmold. Their fortune seemed inclined to smile upon them. The Justizrath gained a lawsuit for a member of

the princely family, and in return received some courtesies from an illustrious personage. This circumstance fanned Mathilde's smouldering aspirations into flame. She gave herself airs of aristocratic hauteur, boasted of an invitation she had had to the Castle, and constantly reverted to the nobility of the Von Schlepperses.

At first some laughed, some sneered, some quarrelled with her. But in the end many people succumbed to her assumption of superiority. To such as did so she took care not to be too civil,—which caused a great many other people to succumb also. Meanwhile, her husband, the Justizrath, steadily increased his connection, and established a reputation throughout the principality as being a sound, cautious, old-fashioned lawyer. By the time at which this story begins, Frau von Schleppers, if not altogether so great a woman as she fancied herself, was undeniably somebody in Detmold.

Liese's life in service had hitherto been fairly comfortable. Frau von Schleppers was reputed to be a difficult mistress to content. But Liese was humble, submissive, and constitutionally incapable of giving a pert answer. She had been well instructed by Hanne in all branches of domestic industry. And she had, moreover, an air of natural refinement and modesty which her mistress felt was creditable to the gentility of her establishment. But for a week following her interview with Otto poor Liese led but a sad life of it.

"Barmherziger Himmel!" exclaimed Frau von Schleppers tragically, "to think of a young person in my employ tearing through the public streets in that indecorous manner!" And then she would treat Liese to a twentieth repetition of the severe lecture which she had pronounced on the day of that great misdemeanour. And it must be owned that circumstances had combined to aggravate Frau von Schleppers's wrath. When Liese had rushed against her mistress in the street the latter was not alone. She was walking with a new acquaintance, a hochwohlgeborne dame, the wife of a major in the prince's service. And this was not the worst. The pink satin note-paper had been needed to write an invitation to this very lady, and to impress her with an idea of Mathilde's elegance in the most trifling details. But, lo! the unhappy Liese, frightened, bewildered, taken by surprise, and trembling under her mistress's stern gaze, blurted out breathlessly that the pink satin paper could not be found in such a shop, but was at last discovered in such another,—that she had purchased two sheets, for which she had not paid, but which she supposed could not come to more than a groschen,—and adds, by way of averting her mistress's wrath, that she is very sorry to be so late, but that she had carefully set the cabbage-soup on the fire before coming away from home. Such a jumble of vulgarities was mortifying, it must be allowed. Cabbage-soup and elegant stationery, laid in a couple of sheets at a time!

When the major's high, well-born wife did come to tea, Liese scarcely dared to meet her eye as she handed round the cakes and the bread and butter. There were two or three other ladies present, each with her little bundle of fancy work ; but the major's wife, Frau von Groll, was the bright, particular star of the party. She was a wizened, greedy little woman, who gobbled up the crisp tea-cakes at a terrible rate. But Frau von Schleppers did not care for that. She thought her tea-cakes well paid for when Frau von Groll, having devoured the last fragment of them, observed that those she had eaten the other evening at the Castle were not half so good.

"I'm not sure that I quite like the Castle tea-cakes myself," said Frau von Schleppers musingly.

Liese, engaged in waiting on the ladies, did not find this kind of talk very interesting. She supposed it must be her rustic education which prevented her from enjoying it as the "quality" seemed to do. Presently her attention was attracted by the mention of a name which had been familiar to her in Otto's mouth,—"*Hermann*."

"*The Hermann's Denkmal*."

"You have not seen it yet, I suppose?" said a bony spinster, addressing Frau von Groll. The speaker was a lady of undoubted gentility, who existed on an infinitesimally small pension, which she enjoyed in consideration of her late father's services in some office in the princely household. "You have not been here long enough to have visited all the spots of interest around Detmold."

"No," answered Frau von Groll. "I don't generally care about seeing places. In my own country,—the so-called Saxon Switzerland,—people make a great fuss about the scenery ; but, for my part, I can't find it charming. When you are not clambering up-hill, you are sure to be scrambling down-hill ; and what pleasure is there in that ? I like a nice flat pavement, or neat gardens, such as those at the Herrenhausen Palace in Hanover."

"Ah, dear Herrenhausen !" sighed Frau Mathilde, plaintively and parenthetically.

"Oh, really !" rejoined the bony spinster, who was romantic. "I adore scenery. And the view from the Hermann's Denkmal is entrancing. Himmlisch schön ! But then you certainly have to go up-hill for it."

"What is the Hermann's Denkmal ?" asked Frau von Groll of her hostess.

"Well, it,—it isn't anything exactly, just now."

"Isn't anything ?"

"That is to say, it is only a sort of,—of stone,—what do you call it ?—a thing that they put statues on."

"Pedestal," suggested the spinster.

"Yes, a pedestal. Only it's very big, and there are stairs inside ; and you go up to the top, and the wind is awful there. Very few

days in the year are there when it doesn't blow a gale up on the Grotenberg."

"There is to be a colossal statue of Hermann there some day," said the spinster enthusiastically; "an heroic figure with a helmet and a drawn sword defying everybody like this." And the Fräulein brandished a long knitting-needle above her head.

"Ach!" exclaimed a stout, placid matron, who had not yet spoken, "that will look terrible."

"Well," asked Frau von Groll, rather contemptuously, "and who was this Hermann of yours? I never heard of him."

Mathilde von Schleppers positively envied the major's wife as the latter made this cool admission. There was something in rank, after all, which gave one wonderful courage, she thought. The Justizrath's wife had often longed to ask "who was this Hermann of yours?" But she had not dared to confess her ignorance.

Then the spinster explained to the hochwohlgeborne lady that Hermann had been a hero and patriot, who defended his fatherland in arms.

"Humph!" said Frau von Groll, pressing her thin lips together. "A patriot who fought for fatherland, and they are going to put up a statue to him? That sounds to me rather revolutionary."

Frau von Schleppers shook her head solemnly in a manner intended to imply that the same thought had given her many an uneasy moment.

"Oh, but," cried the spinster, "it was so long ago! And he fought against the Romans. Of course it would be very different now."

Liese carrying away the tea-cups wondered very much why it would be "so different now." She pondered over the question as she sat at her work in the kitchen, and resolved to ask Otto all about it the next time she should see him. When would that be, though? She had not hitherto dared to allude to the fatal pink satin note-paper. But now she remembered that it was not yet paid for, and she thought she would venture to ask her mistress's leave to go to the shop to discharge the debt. After all, it was a week ago, and the storm had pretty nearly spent itself, and the gnädige Frau, the high-born major's wife, had been to tea, and nothing dreadful had happened in consequence of her (Liese's) ill-bred revelation about the cabbage-soup. Yes; she thought she would venture to ask.

Presently the Justizrath came peering into the kitchen to get a light for his meerschaum. He was a snuffy little old man whose clothes were too large for him, and he wore red slippers down at heel. The Justizrath generally spent his evenings at the Blue Pigeon in company with a few old cronies; but on this occasion he had been kept at home by some law papers which required close attention. He always wrote in what his wife called his study.

It was a small, rather dark den, redolent of tobacco smoke, and littered with chaotic heaps of manuscript. Small as it was, there was a stove in it, so that the Herr Justizrath did not, at all events, suffer from the cold there. But the bright glow of the kitchen fire was pleasanter than the dull, suffocating heat of the stove. Everything in the kitchen was as clean as hands could make it, and cleanliness, like sunshine, has the power to beautify common things. And there sat little Liese, the fire-light playing on her soft brown hair, and reddening the folds of her grey gown. She was industriously hemming a neckerchief,—the real Manchester print neckerchief that Hanne had sent her,—and her neat figure and modest face supplied a homely grace to this domestic scene. It was an interior such as Meissonier might have painted.

The Justizrath lit his pipe and sat down by the fire. Liese stood up respectfully, work in hand, but he took no notice of her. The Justizrath had the character of being very absent. He would look at you vacantly when you spoke to him, and answer wide of the mark. But three weeks afterwards he was capable of correcting you in the minutest details of the interview, and of repeating your words letter by letter. He did not frequently choose to betray himself by doing so. It was convenient enough sometimes that people should behave in his presence as though he were a hundred miles away. But many were the unwary mice who had been terribly startled by the discovery that this motionless old Puss-in-Boots had been watching them unwinkingly with his half-shut eyes.

Liese sat down again after a while, drawing her chair away modestly into a corner, and stitching with downcast eyes. At first it made her uncomfortable to have her master sitting there silently staring at her out of a cloud of tobacco smoke. But by-and-by the feeling of shyness wore off. The Herr Justizrath wasn't thinking of her. No doubt his thoughts were busy with some of those wonderful law papers that she was forbidden to dust or move. Dear, dear, how clever and learned he must be to understand them all! And then she began to muse in a vague kind of way about the Hermann's Denkmal, and to wonder once more why it should be wrong and revolutionary to be a patriot nowadays. As she so mused, her lips unconsciously formed the words, "I wonder."

"Eh?" said the Justizrath sharply.

Leise knocked down the scissors by the great jump she gave, and her work nearly fell from her hand.

"Bitte, Herr Justizrath! I beg pardon," she stammered out.

"What's the matter?" asked her master mildly. "Were you not saying something?"

"N—no, I,—that is, I think I was thinking."

"Ah! So! You think you were thinking. Good. I think I was thinking too, but one never can tell."

There ensued so long a pause that Leise began to recover her composure. The Justizrath was so odd and abstracted. No doubt he had forgotten her very existence by this time. She ventured to glance at him timidly, and found his eyes fixed on a boar ham that dangled from the ceiling. But at the instant in which she looked, he said, without removing his gaze from the ham, "What about?"

"What about, sir?"

"What did you think you were thinking about?"

Liese blushed crimson. She felt very shy of discussing the subject of her meditations with the Herr Justizrath. But with her habitual obedient gentleness she answered, "About patriots, please, sir."

This was by no means the kind of answer which the Herr Justizrath had expected. He prided himself on a great power of reading faces; and not less did he pride himself on the inscrutability of his own countenance. There had been a tender half-smile on Liese's downcast face which had induced him to watch it with some curiosity. But he certainly had not conjectured that the tender half-smile had been called up by thinking about "patriots." No trace of surprise, however, did he allow to appear on his wrinkled face, or in his dry, subdued voice. Herr von Schleppers was a man who had fought the battle of life in ambush, so to speak. His nature and his tactics were alike opposed to coming out into the open.

"Any special patriot, Liese, or only patriots in general?" he asked gravely. Liese had no suspicion that she was being laughed at. Banter was a thing entirely out of her experience.

"I was thinking of Hermann, sir."

"Ah! So! And is Hermann a patriot?"

Herr von Schleppers complacently supposed himself to have gained the clue to that shy, tender smile. Since Liese was a member of his household, it might be as well to know all about this Hermann. Sweethearts were inevitable evils; but a sweetheart who was also a patriot might prove too troublesome. The Justizrath made a point of knowing all about everybody with whom he had any dealings or relations in life. A large undertaking, one would say. But he fancied he accomplished it.

"Hermann," repeated Liese doubtfully, "I,—I,—believe he's dead, sir. He is renowned, I know."

"Oho! And you think people are never renowned until they're dead, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

The Justizrath became interested. Liese proceeded, gaining courage as she saw her master's eyes still upturned meditatively, more as though he was talking to himself than to her.

"I know he fought for fatherland against the Romans; and that was right and good. There is the Denkmal on the Grotenberg that folks may remember him; but I was wondering,—you know I am but

an ignorant country maiden,—I couldn't help wondering why it would not be right and good now."

"Now where the deuce did the girl pick up all this?"

That was what the Justizrath thought.

What he said was, "Ay, ay, indeed? Ach so!" and waited to hear more. Just then the door of the sitting-room up-stairs was opened, and a sound of voluble and confused speech came forth. Above all other sounds, however, penetrated the shrill voice of Frau von Schleppers calling Liese.

"Oh, the ladies are going home, Herr Justizrath!" said the girl "I must run and help them with their hoods and cloaks," and she darted off.

When the honoured guests were trooping down-stairs, they encountered the master of the house, pipe in hand, gazing confusedly from one to the other.

"Pardon, meine Damen," said he, bowing. The Justizrath's bow was peculiar. He always wore a mass of limp, and too often dingy, muslin round his throat, and when he bowed, he merely stretched his neck so as to thrust his bald head a little way out of this envelope, and then drew it in again, in a way that reminded one irresistibly of a tortoise.

"Friedrich!" exclaimed his lady wife, with her most imperious air. "Now that is so like you! You bury yourself in your papers, and forget how time goes altogether. We wanted you among us this evening. Here is the Frau von Groll."

"Ach Himmel! I am so distressed! But you know I am a man of small leisure. There were all those papers in the affair of His Serene—— I mean I have been very busy, meine Damen, very busy indeed."

"He is so absent," whispered Mathilde to her chief guest. "It is really terrible. But all these learned men are alike, I fancy. You will excuse the Justizrath on this occasion."

The ladies took their leave, and pattered home through the silent streets. As they went they observed to each other how henpecked the poor Justizrath was, and how much in awe he seemed to be of his wife. But in this opinion they were entirely mistaken, as it sometimes happens, even to our intimate acquaintances to be, in their judgments of us.

CHAPTER VII.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

On the day after Frau Mathilde's tea-party, Liese asked and obtained permission to go to Schmitt's shop and pay for the pink satin note-paper. Her mistress was in good humour. Frau von Groll had paid

handsomely for her tea-cakes in words which would pass current in Detmold "society," as being good for a considerable amount of deference. Besides that, the romantic spinster *Fräulein Bopp*, had,—not to be behindhand in politeness,—compared *Liese* to a picture of Goethe's *Gretchen* which she had seen once in the private sitting-room of a member of the princely family. "You are like the dear Princess!" *Fräulein Bopp* had exclaimed to her hostess. "You love to surround yourself with the Beautiful! That maiden's face is ganz poetisch!" And *Frau von Schleppers* had professed that she thought she might venture to say she resembled her gracious highness in her absorbing devotion to the Beautiful. This profession had not been made in the presence of *Herr von Schleppers*; but even had he heard it, it would have caused no uncomfortable emotion in his breast. For did he not know full well how far higher a thing is spiritual beauty than any mere perfection of form? And, judged by this standard, his *Mathilde* doubtless deemed her husband's loveliness seraphic.

"Yes," said *Frau von Schleppers*, in answer to *Liese's* application; "yes, child, go and pay for the paper, and bring me another ball of grey worsted for the *Herr Justizrath's* socks. And mind you have your hair neat and nice. People know by this time that you are in my service, so it is of some little consequence how you look."

Liese had not long departed on her errand when the *Justizrath* shuffled into the kitchen. His down-trodden slippers made a clapping noise on the stone floor, and caused his wife to look up in surprise. That excellent lady, who was too thorough a German not to be a good housewife, was engaged in peeling and shredding onions for the soup. She prided herself on her cookery, and really was never so happy as when she could cover her gown with a large apron and devote her energies to the preparation of the daily food. But mere happiness was not *Mathilde von Schleppers'* end and aim. Noblesse oblige!

The *Justizrath* shuffled into the kitchen and shuffled to the fireplace, and stood there warming his hands.

"Do you want anything, *Friedrich*?" asked his wife. He made no answer, but slowly rubbed his wrinkled hands together over the red charcoal fire made up for cooking.

Mathilde was not a very acute woman, but she had been the *Justizrath's* wife for thirty years, and in the course of that time she had gained a very thorough knowledge of his disposition. She could not have made a psychological analysis of *Friedrich von Schleppers'* character, but she knew it in a dumb, instinctive way, as a dog knows the nature of his master. *Mathilde* was quite aware that her husband had perfectly heard and understood her question, so she did not repeat it, but went on shredding the onions, and occasionally wiping her eyes with a corner of her apron.

"What were you women talking about last night?" asked the Justizrath, presently, in his subdued, monotonous voice.

"Lord, Friedrich! I don't know, I'm sure."

There was a pause.

"Well?" said the Justizrath, by-and-by.

"Well;—let me see:—Dear, how the onions make one's eyes smart!—Frau von Groll said my tea-cakes were better than the tea-cakes at the Castle."

"Has she ever eaten or drunk in the Castle?"

"O yes, that she has! They're quite in the Court set, the von Grolls. Why else do you suppose I asked them here?"

The Justizrath nodded gently.

"Well, Friedrich; and it's true that Major von Groll is to be the new land-steward of the Prince's Detmold estates."

"Ah, yes," murmured von Schleppers, abstractedly.

"But it won't make a bit of difference to you. All the law business will be left in your hands. The old land-steward was a sharp, prying fellow, who thought he could manage everything himself."

"Bopp was a good man of business, my dear, and very zealous for the Prince's interests. He thought he knew law, which was a mistake. But Bopp was a very good man of business."

"Ah, well; you'll be master now. See if I am not right."

In strictly private and confidential conversations Frau von Schleppers was apt to relax a little in the aristocratic majesty of her deportment, and to speak with more energy than dignity.

"Humph!" said the Justizrath, poking out his head from the muslin cravat, and then drawing it in again with the tortoise-like action.

"You'll see. Von Groll is as stupid as an owl. And he doesn't know a bit about the state of affairs here. His getting the appointment was all a matter of interest. He will have the salary and you will do the work. But then—you'll also have the power, Friedrich."

"Tut, tut, tut! What power? what power? Nonsense, nonsense!"

The Justizrath spoke quite sharply, and seemed genuinely displeased. He did not approve of such things being said, even in a tête-à-tête.

"Lord!" cried his wife, answering his thoughts, though not his words, "who is there to hear? And if they did, what matter? I should think you are the proper person to have the power, Friedrich. In our position it's only natural and fitting that we should help to take all trouble off the Prince's hands. He is away so much, and has so many occupations,—and, besides, the well-born can always understand each other. As far as that goes, I should hope the von Schleppers are as noble as the von Grolls!"

"There's no question of being well-born or ill-born," said the

Justizrath testily. "I hope you didn't talk in that way last night."

"Why, Friedrich?"

But to this question her husband did not reply. There ensued so long a silence that Mathilde began to think her liege lord had extracted all the information he desired for the present. But after a while, she felt that the catechism was not yet at an end. Von Schleppers said nothing, but he stood in an attitude of expectation, rubbing his hands over the fire, and turning his head sideways towards his wife.

"And then," she proceeded, "and then,—oh dear me, how can I recollect every word? Fräulein Bopp was a good deal taken with Liese. She says she is like a picture of Goethe's Gretchen, that she once saw in the Princess's private sitting-room. Do you think she is, Friedrich?"

"Let us hope so, my dear."

"Yes. It looks well to have nice-looking servants. I recollect the Countess von Stumpfennasen in Hanover—— What did you say, Friedrich? Oh, about Fräulein Bopp. Well, she made up to Frau von Groll a good deal, and asked her if she had seen much of Detmold, and if she had been up to the Grotenberg to see the Hermann's Denkmal. I was vexed at the foolish romantic kind of way Fräulein Bopp talked in, for the major's wife didn't seem to approve of the Denkmal at all. But of course poor Fräulein Bopp, though her father was about his late blessed Highness so much, has no noble blood in her veins. And that makes such a difference!"

"How does the girl seem to get on?"

"Fräulein Bopp?"

"No; not Fräulein Bopp, Mathilde. I think I know pretty well how Fräulein Bopp gets on, and has been getting on any time these thirty years. I mean the little servant maid,—what do you call her?"

"Ah, to be sure. Well now, as to Liese——"

"Liese Lehmann."

Frau von Schleppers evinced no surprise at finding her husband quite well acquainted with the name he had just asked her to tell him, but went on:—

"Yes; as to Liese Lehmann, I have never had a fault to find with her but once, Friedrich."

Then Mathilde related to her husband the history of the pink satin note-paper, and of Liese's awkwardness.

"But," added the good lady, whose eyes and nose were by this time so inflamed as to give her countenance quite a pathetic expression, "after all, I don't think much of that. She is very rustic and untaught, but she is a creditable-looking girl, a good hand at pastry, darns a stocking the way I like, and we get her very cheap."

"No sweethearts?"

"Ach behüte! No, indeed. Not a soul has ever come to ask for

her since she has been in the house, except a person who brought her a bundle of clothes from Horn."

"What sort of person?"

"Rather a presuming person, I should say. Decently clad, certainly, but a common fellow. Came ringing at the front door instead of going round to the back yard."

"I think that sounds rather like a patriot," muttered the Justizrath.

"What, Friedrich?"

"I say that if he comes again I should like to see him. The girl is under our protection, and we are bound to look after her."

"I'll look after her, never fear!" said Frau von Schleppers majestically. Then she knew that the catechism was over; for although the Justizrath stood for some minutes longer warming his hands, he turned his face towards the fire, and paid no further attention to his wife.

Meanwhile Liese, having duly executed her mistress's commission respecting the grey worsted, tripped at as fast a pace as she dared towards Herr Schmitt's shop in the main street. There was no one in the shop when she entered it, but on tapping on the counter, a boy appeared,—a boy with a pale long face, and his jaws bound up with a black silk handkerchief. Liese had made so sure of seeing Otto that this cadaverous apparition startled her, and she stared at the boy for a moment unable to speak.

"I—I—want to know, please,—how much,—what is the price of pink satin note-paper?" she stammered out at length.

"Haven't got any," said the cadaverous boy, in a despondent tone of voice.

"No; but I want to,—to,—pay for it."

"I didn't expect you thought you'd get it for nothing!" retorted the boy gloomily.

"No; but I did have some last week, and I want to pay for it. How much is it, please?"

"I didn't sell it you; and, what's more, I don't believe there is any in the shop."

"O, indeed there is! I bought some: two sheets and two envelopes. Ask Herr Schmitt, or,—or the other gentleman."

"Herr Schmitt's ill in bed, and the other assistant is out. I tell you what it is, you'll have to come back again. I don't know what the paper costs. It may be two kreutzers or it may be four. I ain't going to name a fancy price, and get myself into trouble to oblige you. I haven't been here more than ten days, and you can't expect a chap to get a whole shopful of things by heart in that time. Specially if he's subject to the toothache."

"I'm very sorry," said Liese, gently. "I'll call again the next time I go by."

"Yes," said the cadaverous boy, a shade less gloomily; "it won't be any trouble to you, you know."

"Would you mind telling Otto that I think I can come on my way from the market to-morrow morning?"

"Telling who?"

Liese blushed crimson. "The assistant: I know him. Say Liese Lehmann, please."

As she left the shop she encountered her master walking at a brisk pace up the street. Contrary to her expectation, he recognised and stopped her.

"Tell your mistress, little one," said he, "that I shall not be at home until to-night, at all events, and perhaps not until to-morrow morning. Business will take me to Horn."

"Oh!" cried Liese, and then stopped short.

"Ay, ay," said the Justizrath, benevolently; "that's your home, isn't it? To be sure,—to be sure. Your father and mother live there, eh?"

"Not quite in Horn, sir, but just outside it. You pass the farm going to Horn from Detmold. And they ain't my father and mother, sir, but my cousins. My poor mother's cousin, that is, and they adopted me. I beg your pardon, sir."

Liese added the last sentence timidly, for the Justizrath's attention was apparently far removed from what she was saying, and he was absently forming letters on the pavement with the point of his walking-stick.

"Eh?" said he, looking up when she had ceased speaking. "Ah! No doubt;—no doubt, my good girl." And then he walked on, getting over the ground more quickly than one would have given him credit for, looking at his awkward, shuffling pace. As he passed Schmitt's shop, he looked in and beheld the cadaverous boy seated behind the counter with his head resting on his hands, and a sheet of coloured prints spread before him.

"That isn't the patriot," said the Justizrath to himself, with a transient grin. "No, no; the patriot must be the gentleman who rings at the front-door bell. I shall hear of him in Horn."

THE ELECTORAL OUT-LOOK.

UPWARDS of a year has now elapsed since Parliament, under the premiership of Lord Derby, took that "leap in the dark" which, according to his famous phrase, formed the best description of the late Reform Bill. Twelve months is a very brief period in the history of a nation; but still it is long enough to enable us to form some sort of opinion as to the character of a political crisis. If we as a nation did really take a leap in the dark, we ought by this time to be pretty well aware whether we have landed on our feet or on our head. It is quite true we have not yet gone through the decisive trial which alone can place us in a position to estimate the full significance, or want of significance, of the change we have introduced into our political system. Still, coming events cast their shadow before; and though we are as yet under the régime of an unreformed Parliament; though the exact character of the new Parliament which is to be elected within a few weeks' time has yet to be ascertained, we can make up our minds with some degree of certainty as to the nature of the changes which await us in the immediate future. After our leap in the dark, we may not yet have got back to the light; but we already feel instinctively that we are coming to the surface. In order, then, to form any opinion of what our condition will be when we have finally emerged from darkness into light, we must try and estimate the standing ground we have already reached.

Now, at the first glance, it would certainly seem as if there was little or nothing changed in our political position. To paraphrase the historic saying which, oddly enough, is ascribed indiscriminately to Charles II. of England and Louis XVIII. of France, on their return from exile, we may say that there is no change whatever, except a householder the more. And this estimate, we may add, is one formed both by those who hoped most, and those who feared most, from the results of the Reform Bill which enfranchised the borough householders of the United Kingdom. Everything seems running in the same old grooves. The cry which from time immemorial has inaugurated the commencement of the Christmas pantomime season, might,—if so undignified a metaphor can be pardoned,—be applied to the great political transformation-scene on which the curtain is about to rise. "Here we are again!" seems pretty well to describe the position of the day. We are about, as it would appear, to have once more the old parties, the old cries, the old measures, the old leaders, the old

tactics, and, to a great extent, the old men. On every side,—sometimes in exultation, sometimes in disappointment,—we hear the statement that the new Parliament will be very much such as its predecessor,—the new governors of the State very like the old.

Universal convictions of this kind are very apt to bring about their own fulfilment; and, whatever our personal wishes may be, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that this general expectation is tolerably certain to be correct. We can at least safely predict that the first elections after the Reform Bill of 1867 will not be accompanied by anything resembling the outburst of popular feeling which followed the passing of the Reform Bill of 1831. If we look through the programmes, speeches, and political professions of faith which have already been issued in anticipation of the approaching elections, we can discern therein no very marked and violent change from those which accompanied the elections of 1865. We know pretty well by this time what seats are likely to be contested,—who are the favourites at each contested election; and, though we cannot predict with certainty what candidate will win, we know that the number of outsiders who are likely to head the poll is extremely limited. That this is so, as a matter of fact, no competent observer would, we think, dispute. The causes, however, to which the existence of this fact may be assigned are very various; and yet its significance depends entirely on the consideration whether these causes are transitory or permanent, accidental or fundamental. It may be that the new electoral body, as constituted by the Reform Bill, is on the whole well satisfied with things as they are, and desires no change in what for them is, as Tories deem it, the best possible of worlds. It may be so,—but it is extremely improbable on antecedent grounds that it should be so; and we deem the phenomenon, such as it is, may be accounted for on much less abnormal grounds. In the first place, in politics, as in physics, the impetus is always in proportion to the strength of the force which created it; and we cannot prudently forget that Household Suffrage was not enacted in obedience to any overwhelming popular demand. Of course it is possible to argue, as the authorities of the Reform League are fond of doing, that if this act of popular justice had been delayed there would have been a terrible manifestation of public feeling.

But of all idle controversies, the most useless is to discuss whether something would have happened if something else, which did happen, had not happened. We neither dispute, therefore, nor admit the statement that the angry millions would have risen in their wrath and might, at the appeal of Messrs. Baxter Langley and Bradlaugh, if the Reform Bill of last year had not been passed. All we know is, that that appeal,—whether fortunately or unfortunately,—was not uttered, and that, in consequence, the excitement which such an appeal might have evoked is necessarily wanting. The truth is, Household Suf-

franchise was granted,—not, we think, before it was urgently needed, but assuredly before it was urgently demanded ; and boons given under such circumstances are never received with the intense satisfaction derived from the acquisition of privileges loudly and fiercely called for. Moreover, up to the present time, nobody seems to have formed any very clear or definite conception of the extent to which the new Reform Bill altered the distribution of political power ; and of all classes, the newly enfranchised ones have probably the most indistinct impressions on the subject. It is curious to observe how universal the uncertainty is about the practical operation of the new Reform Act. In every constituency where any serious contest is anticipated, the acutest electioneering agents will say, with scarcely an exception, that they know too little of the conditions of the electoral problem to offer any reliable solution. What the number of the new electors will be, how far they will qualify themselves to exercise the franchise, on what side they will exert it, or what influences they will be especially amenable to, are all questions to which no satisfactory answer can yet be given. The result of this uncertainty is, that the fact of Household Suffrage has hardly come home as yet to the mass of the new voters ; and, therefore, the practical management of the forthcoming elections remains in much the same hands as those which have hitherto transacted it, and will be conducted on much the same methods. And what has perhaps more to do with the apparent lack of excitement throughout the country,—there is no question before the public, which,—in England, at any rate,—appeals very strongly to popular passions or class interests. After all, the Irish Church, whether for good or bad, is not a subject which comes home in any very marked way to the average English elector. Of this we shall have something to say shortly. For the present it is enough to point out the obvious fact, that if the Irish Church is disestablished, it will be because the majority of the nation has set its heart on having a Liberal Government in office. The converse of the proposition could not be affirmed, namely, that if a Liberal Government comes into office it will be because the majority of the nation has set its heart on having the Irish Church disestablished.

These reasons seem to us to account not unsatisfactorily for the circumstance that the great political crisis through which we have passed seems likely to be unattended with such immediate results as were confidently expected not long ago. Under ancient institutions like our own, in which social changes are not necessarily coincident with political ones, any rapid transfer of electoral power is almost out of the question. We remember once being present at a conversation between mathematicians, when one of the party asserted as an axiom that water always finds its own level. The assertion was immediately qualified by a more cautious student with the retort, “ Yes ; but only after a time.” So it is in politics. Power, like other fluid

substances, will find its own level, but only after a time. Yet, sooner or later, we cannot doubt that the accidental and artificial obstacles which delay the transfer of power to the new electoral body will be swept away. The ultimate sovereignty must reside with the classes who possess the numerical majority of votes, and who therefore have in their own hands the power of nominating the virtual government of the country. Now, whatever estimate may be taken of the working of our remodelled constitution, thus much may be assumed without fear of contradiction,—in all our large boroughs, and in a very considerable proportion of our small ones, the power of returning members will be intrusted to the artisan and operative class. In what way this change will practically work, we can judge to some extent by our past experience. For the last five-and-thirty years a like power has practically been committed to the small tradesmen and shopkeepers of our boroughs. We have not, in consequence, had a Parliament of tradesmen,—we have not had our national policy directed, to any very marked extent, by the principles or prejudices of the class in question. But yet, in all our legislation, and in all our foreign administration, we have had to take the convictions, sympathies, and interests of this class, more or less, into account. In adopting any line of policy, every ministry and every party has had to consider the contingency of exciting the hostility of the class which, if it chose to exert its power, could pretty well determine the character of Parliament. In fact, we may say, that since 1831 the lower middle-class has enjoyed a right of veto on all important political measures,—a right none the less important because it has been exercised sparingly,—and that henceforward this right of veto must be handed over to the operative class. To explain our meaning, let us take one instance out of many. No candid person can deny that throughout the earlier period of the civil war in America, the majority of our legislators, and probably the majority of our statesmen, would have been inclined to render active assistance to the Confederacy, or at any rate to adopt measures which might probably have resulted in an open rupture between England and America. They were restrained from following the bent of their inclinations,—whether wisely or unwisely is not now the question,—by the knowledge that war would be too unpopular with the classes whose votes could turn the majority of the elections, for any policy of open alliance with the South to be adopted with impunity.

Again, we should doubt whether it would be possible to select at random, throughout the whole of England, six hundred and fifty-odd gentlemen who have less personal inclination than the Members of the House of Commons for Sabbatarianism or Total Abstinence. But yet whenever either of these topics is brought before Parliament it is treated with respect, and is supported at a division by a very creditable and influential minority. The reason of this anomaly is obvious. A large

section of our legislators represent constituencies in which the Non-conformist element is very powerful, and have to take into account the convictions, or, if you like, the prejudices of their constituents. A similar rule will hold good with reference to constituencies in which the artisan vote can turn the election. Upon the great majority of questions of the day working men are either indifferent or divided in opinion. But there are certain subjects on which their opinions are decided and unanimous; and on these subjects any member for a populous borough will be compelled either to "vote straight," or to give very satisfactory reasons for not so voting. For instance, when the question of Trades' Unions is brought, as it must be, before the reformed Parliament, it will be treated in a very different fashion from that which it has hitherto received under an electoral system wherein the working men's vote was of no great practical importance. How far this will be an advantage or otherwise we will not pretend to say. All we assert is, that as a matter of fact it will be so.

Now, unless we are mistaken, the course of the session now at its close has shown traces of the coming political change. Everything is disorganised, and the House of Commons, taken as a corporate body, has no very distinct idea of the degree to which the electoral conditions of the country are altered, or of the extent to which this alteration is likely to affect the local and personal interests of its members. But still a sort of instinctive feeling has gained ground, that the new constituencies will require more definite principles, a more rigid adherence to the party platform, than that which sufficed to satisfy their predecessors. The Adullamites have vanished into thin air at the mere approach of an appeal to the enlarged constituencies: "*Afflavit populus et dissipati sunt.*" There have been no Tea-room secessions in the Liberal camp, and the Opposition is once more united, not so much perhaps by virtue of any increased personal attachment to the Liberal leaders or the Liberal programme, as by the knowledge that the constituencies of the future would have no toleration for half-and-half Liberalism.

It is not, perhaps, very easy to define with exact accuracy how far the recent policy of the Opposition is the cause or the effect of the renewed energy of the Liberal party. Unless there had been a general conviction that the new constituencies would require the exercise of vigour, Mr. Gladstone could never have ventured on initiating so bold a measure as the disestablishment of the Irish Church. But, on the other hand, unless Mr. Gladstone had resolved on this course of action, we do not think the demand for a policy of action could possibly have attained its present proportions. The promptness with which Mr. Gladstone made up his mind at the critical moment, the energy with which he pushed his Bill forward through all its stages, and the unswerving resolution with which he

stuck to his purpose, in spite of open opposition and timid councils, and half-hearted support, seem to us to show that he possesses the highest attributes of a great political leader. It is the fashion to complain of certain deficiencies in tact and temper, which are supposed to interfere with Mr. Gladstone's popularity with his own supporters. What amount of truth there may be in these complaints we do not care to consider ; but these defects, if they exist, do not affect his popularity with the country. At the hustings little value is attached to parliamentary tactics ; and the wide sympathies, the enthusiasm, and even the indiscretions which characterise the Liberal leader have rendered him dear to the nation. He knows the temper of Englishmen, and that knowledge is the one thing above all others needful to an English leader. With all Mr. Disraeli's cleverness, and even genius, he lacks this essential quality ; and, therefore, from time to time he commits blunders compared with which the gravest of Mr. Gladstone's alleged errors are absolutely Lilliputian.

It was this instinctive appreciation of English feeling which enabled Mr. Gladstone to see that the time was come when the question of the Irish Establishment could be dealt with successfully. Viewed as a political move, the introduction of the famous resolutions was a masterpiece of strategy. The series of Fenian disturbances which commenced in the attack at Tallaght, and culminated in the Clerkenwell explosion, had created throughout England an unspeakable disgust and uneasiness. The one well-nigh universal sentiment was that something must be done to remove the disaffection of which Fenianism was the out-come ; and yet any proposition of a practical kind was surrounded with such a multitude of difficulties, presented such a mere choice of conflicting evils, that public opinion shrank from its endorsement. Six months ago, in discussing the prospects of the session, we stated that the disestablishment of the Irish Church was the only remedial measure for Ireland which could be advocated with any chance of success ; and the result has more than justified our expectations. It would be a very narrow and short-sighted view to regard the policy pursued by the Liberal party towards Ireland as a mere party move. The proposal to establish religious equality in the sister kingdom is none the worse,—nay, in our opinion, is all the better,—for the simple and obvious fact that its adoption tends to consolidate the Liberal party, and to restore them once more to power. If we are to have party government at all, the policy of both parties must be influenced by consideration of the effect it is likely to produce on their position with the constituencies, and to deny this patent truth is either absurd or dishonest. We could never appreciate the use of the attempt so commonly made in political criticism to condemn a certain policy by endeavouring to prove that its advocates are not altogether disinterested in its advocacy. No doubt the Established Church in Ireland was as

much of an abuse ten or twenty years ago as it is at the present day; but till the public mind of the United Kingdom had grown prepared to make almost any sacrifice for the sake of peace and quiet in Ireland, no scheme for the abolition of the Establishment could have been put forward with any chance of being carried. To urge, therefore, that the Liberal leaders have waited to take ground upon the Irish Church question till public opinion was on their side, is only to say that they are practical statesmen, not abstract reformers. The world has need of both classes of teachers,—of the men who preach out of season as well as of those who preach in season; but to decry the latter because they do not fulfil the functions of the former is an act of palpable injustice.

Thus, when we commend the tact with which Mr. Gladstone has raised the question of the Irish Church, we have no intention of disparaging the merit of his statesmanship. On the contrary, we hold it a circumstance to his credit that the proximate result of his having so raised the question will be to reseat himself and his party in power.

That this is likely to be the result cannot well be doubted. Throughout the last two years the Liberals have been in a majority, not only in Parliament, but in the constituencies. The reason why their power was turned to no practical purpose was that the party could not agree on any definite policy. This defect has been removed. It would be difficult to conceive of any question on which all shades of Liberals could unite so cordially as on that of the Irish Church. The only cause for apprehension arose from the possibility that the staunch Protestantism of the country might resent any act which could be regarded as a concession to the Catholic faith. This apprehension so far appears to have been groundless. All attempts to raise a strong No Popery cry have collapsed ignominiously. The causes of this collapse can be easily understood. The working classes, as a body, are too little attached to any distinct religious organisation to entertain any vehement preference for Anglicanism over Catholicism; the shop-keeping classes, amongst whom the “odium theologicum” against Rome rages most fiercely, are so generally wedded to Nonconformist principles that they view with favour the disestablishment even of a Protestant Church; and the educated classes have, as a rule, singularly little sympathy for the peculiar type of Evangelicalism which is characteristic of the Establishment in Ireland. Moreover, the very persons who would naturally have rallied most eagerly to the No Popery standard raised by Mr. Disraeli have been deterred from so doing by the insane proposal of endowing a Catholic university with which, rightly or wrongly, the Government is still credited,—or discredited.

Thus, thanks to Mr. Gladstone, the Liberal party will go to the hustings with a clear, definite, and popular cry. And what is more

important, they will have a cry in whose sincerity the public cannot help believing. We have had so much of Liberal professions which never were carried out in action, so many pledges given in opposition and neglected in office, that the country had, to a certain extent, lost faith in the practical character of modern Liberalism. If, following the advice of many of his more cautious supporters, Mr. Gladstone had contented himself with getting the House of Commons to assent to an abstract resolution condemning the existence of the Irish Church, very slight importance would have been attached to an act which would have been regarded as a demonstration only. But now that the Suspensory Bill has actually been passed through the House of Commons, the Liberal party have burnt their ships behind them, and are committed, willing or unwilling, to the overthrow of the Irish Establishment. The confidence which is always bestowed on a party about whose earnestness there is no room for doubt, has been already conceded to the Opposition; and the very rejection of the reform by the House of Lords has given the measure a popularity which it would have lacked otherwise.

On the other hand, the Tory party has absolutely no cry with which to appeal to the constituencies. The Conservatives have lost all faith in the Toryism of their acknowledged leaders. Church and State, even if it was a good cry nowadays, which it is not, must be raised by other lips than those of Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues. Possibly it may be said that the programme of the Conservatives under Mr. Disraeli is not more barren than that of the Liberals under Lord Palmerston, and that not three years ago the country accepted the latter gladly. In the first place, circumstances are changed since then; in the second, there is all the difference in the world between the personal popularity of the two Premiers. It is the fashion in some quarters to talk of Mr. Disraeli as popular with the public. If by the public is meant the world of London and of the clubs, the statement is more or less correct. But the great outside public, the public which returns members to Parliament, neither respects nor appreciates the Premier. Lord Derby, with all his faults,—possibly by reason of his faults,—was a statesman of a stamp on which ordinary Englishmen always look proudly. But the very virtues of Mr. Disraeli, his freedom from prejudices, his coolness of judgment, are qualities which hardly commend him to the average English elector. The familiar, stereotyped commonplaces, so dear to the bucolic English mind, sound barren and jejune when uttered by Mr. Disraeli, and clad in Disraelite phraseology. The words, indeed, are as the words of Derby, but the voice is as the voice of Disraeli. In fact, as far as the Conservative party is concerned, the question submitted to the electors is simply this,—Shall we exert ourselves, and make heavy sacrifices, in order to keep a certain number of gentlemen with Conservative proclivities in office? And the answer

to this question is likely to be greatly affected by the personal popularity or lack of popularity of the gentlemen in question.

Thus our own opinion,—not as a matter of partisanship, but of calculation,—is strongly in favour of the chances of the Liberal party at the approaching contest. They have the advantage of a good cry,—of a distinct programme,—of a leader popular with the country,—and of great traditions which endear them to the constituencies. Strong in their own cause,—stronger still in the weakness of their opponents,—the Liberals, we believe, will carry the day easily. In fact, our fear is that the victory, if anything, will be too easy and too complete. For,—and this is a feature in the electoral out-look which seems to us of much importance,—it is by no means certain that the first election under the new Reform Bill will be by any means a test of what our elections hereafter are likely to be.

The new electors, in the first place, do not know their strength; the force of custom and precedent,—stronger, perhaps, in the lower classes of English society even than in the upper,—will tend to keep things at starting in the old groove; and then the question before the country,—whether a certain institution should or should not be upheld in Ireland,—is not one which appeals strongly to the masses. We cannot, therefore, assume that the probable triumph of the Liberals at the polls next autumn will necessarily be the forerunner of a series of successes. We are not disposed to overrate Mr. Disraeli's power of prescience; but still it seems incredible that a man of his ability should have deliberately prepared and created a change in our electoral system which must infallibly exclude his own party from office. It is evident the Tory leaders think, or at any rate profess to think, that the new conditions of the constituencies will tell in their favour. We hear little now, and we shall probably hear less, of the safeguards and limitations by which the democratic tendencies of the ministerial measure were supposed to be kept within due bounds. But yet, notwithstanding the fact that these limitations have been discarded one after the other, we still find the Conservatives confident that the net result of the electoral revolution will be in their favour. The reason for this faith is of a kind which its holders are somewhat shy of confessing openly. But in itself it is intelligible enough. Nor can we see any reason for shrinking from a confession of the fact that the faith is not altogether unjustified. Henceforward, as we have stated above, the ultimate power of determining the character of Parliament will rest with classes who live by the week's wages. This "residuum,"—to adopt the phrase of the day,—will, so Mr. Disraeli expects, be amenable to various influences of a more or less corrupt kind; and as the Tories are more adroit and more unscrupulous in employing these influences than their opponents, they will,—so at least their leader imagines,—reap the benefit of the admission of the artisans within the electoral pale.

In confirmation of this belief the champions of Conservatism can point to the municipal elections. From henceforth the parliamentary and municipal franchises,—in England at all events,—will be practically identical. Now any one acquainted with English boroughs could point to instance after instance where the members are uniformly Liberals, and where the civic officials are, as a rule, Conservatives. There is no good in mincing the truth. This anomaly is due to the circumstances that the class of voters who have hitherto had votes for the wards, but not for the boroughs, are accessible to bribery to a greater degree than a higher class, and that the Tory interest has generally been willing to bribe more freely than the Liberal. We do not think that this assertion conveys a very serious reproach upon the Conservative party. In maintaining themselves in power through purchasing or influencing votes, the advocates of keeping things as they are cannot be said to be false to their principles in the same way as their opponents. When party spirit runs high men will consent to almost any device for securing triumph. But we cannot see how any sincere Liberal can justify such consent in cool blood. Bribery is inconsistent with the doctrines of progress, both in theory and practice; it is perfectly consistent with those of Conservatism in theory as well as in practice. This, at least, is the only explanation we can offer for the notorious fact, that men of high character and integrity amidst the Conservative ranks will consent to corrupt practices for the sake of returning their candidates, which Liberals of much lower personal worth and reputation will shrink from using. We trust the time will never come when both parties are equally matched in the art of employing undue influences. At any rate, that time has not come; and wherever any large portion of a constituency is accessible to corrupt influences, the Liberals will necessarily be at a disadvantage.

The peril we have alluded to is not at all an imaginary one. It may be said that gross and direct bribery either is, or may be, rendered impossible by penal statutes. Even granting this, we do not clearly see how any legislation can prevent indirect, but yet substantial, corruption. It is not, as a rule, by paying so many shillings a head that the Conservatives obtain a majority of votes at the municipal elections. It is by subsidising publicans, by retaining local attorneys, by spending money freely, that the result is obtained. We are told by some persons that the reason why the municipal electors vote for Tory aldermen in Liberal boroughs is because no grave importance is attached to these elections, and that the very electors who vote the Tory ticket at ward contests will vote according to their principles under the sense of the far graver dignity and responsibility attaching to the exercise of the parliamentary franchise. We hope sincerely this conviction may prove to be correct; to some extent we think it will prove correct. But we confess we have little faith

in sudden wholesale conversions, even under the influence of agencies far more potent than the privilege of voting for a borough member.

Moreover, we do not feel quite so confident as most political authorities appear to be, that even supposing the "residuum" vote according to their principles without any corrupt influences being brought to bear upon them, they will infallibly record their votes for the Liberal candidates. We utterly and entirely disbelieve in the orthodox Tory creed, that the working classes are very well satisfied with things as they are; but we believe that their discontent, strong as it is, is rather of a social than of a political character; and, as yet, the Liberals as a party can hardly claim to have taken ground on social questions to a much greater extent than the Conservatives. Ultimately, no doubt, the mission of Liberalism must be the improvement of the condition of the masses; and it is for this reason we deem its success of such urgent importance. But to see that this is the case, notwithstanding the latent Conservatism of a vast portion of the Liberal party, requires more intelligence and education than we can fairly ascribe to the ordinary run of working-men electors.

Assuming, then, that the political convictions of the new electors cannot be relied upon to teach them at once that the cause of Liberalism is identical with their own, we do not feel altogether sure that their support may not be enlisted on behalf of interests which are alien from, if not opposed to, their own. There is much in the principles of political economy professed by the Liberal school distasteful to the prejudices of the labouring class; there is, too, if we may be pardoned for so saying, a sort of Rowdyism in the True-Blue Tory profession of faith not likely to be without attraction for the class in question. And what is more than all, the process of log-rolling may be carried on as well on this side the Atlantic as the other. It is quite conceivable that a coalition may be formed at no very distant period between the Tory gentry on the one hand, and our mechanics on the other. We have seen in America how a political organisation, representing the wealth and station of the country, will support an Eight Hours Bill in order to secure the workmen's vote for their own candidates; and there would be nothing surprising in seeing the rights of Trades' Unions, or the duty of giving a fair day's wage for a fair day's work, supported by country squires and Conservative millionaires. This, or some such idea as this, must, we think, lie at the root of the confidence with which Mr. Disraeli has insisted on the enfranchisement of the artisan class in the boroughs.

Now, even supposing these prognostications should prove correct, we should not in the least regret the passing of Household Suffrage. In the long run, we believe any increase in the numerical numbers of voters must tend to advance the cause of Liberalism; and even if this were otherwise, we hold the vindication

of the right of the operative classes to the full privileges of citizenship a matter of far more importance than the temporary triumph of any political party. But notwithstanding this, the danger of the "residuum" being made use of to support the interests of Toryism is a very real one, and, as far as we can see, it can only be averted by the disappearance of the "residuum" as a class. Education is the one specific for purity of election; and the Liberals are bound to use their utmost efforts to establish a system of general education throughout the country, not only on account of national, but of party interests.

Moreover, there is, we think, a certain danger in the indeterminateness of the Liberal election addresses,—or perhaps we might say more justly, in the programme on which these addresses are founded. You may look through address after address, and you will find little else but variations on the one theme,—that the candidate is a staunch Liberal, an opponent of the Irish Church, and a supporter of Mr. Gladstone. Now this last saving clause may bear many different meanings. When the Tory peer, on being asked what he understood by Conservatism, said, "Voting with Lord Derby," his profession of faith was intelligible, if not logical. When, in 1865, Liberal candidates stated their intention of giving a warm support to Lord Palmerston, everybody knew exactly what they meant. But Mr. Gladstone is a statesman of far wider views, of a far more progressive character, than either of the above-named leaders. If anything can be predicted safely, it is that, if he becomes Premier, he will take decided views on many of the great questions of the day, and will endeavour to enforce those views in action. And we should be glad if the gentlemen who are so profuse in their general offers of supporting Mr. Gladstone had condescended from generalities to particulars. The disestablishment of the Irish Church is an excellent commencement for the work of a Liberal administrator, but it will not supply the place of all other reforms; and the country would like to know what the Liberals purpose doing when they enter office again. One of the candidates, who has recently offered himself to a southern constituency, sums up his pretensions in the statement that he is a "temperate, but sincere Liberal, who will do all in his power to oust the present Government." So far so good. No reform can be carried, no work done, till Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues are cleared out of the way. But when this is done,—and the enterprise is not likely to be an arduous one,—we should wish to know what this gentleman and the "temperate, but sincere Liberals," of whom he is a type, intend doing for us.

We know very well that this demand of ours may be criticised as premature. We may be told that you must do one thing at a time, and that, till the Government is replaced in Liberal hands, and the question of the Irish Church is settled, it would weaken the strength of the party

to pledge it to a general programme. As a mere question of parliamentary tactics, we have no doubt the objectors are in the right ; but we believe the importance of tactics in political as well as in military strategy may easily be overrated ; and we hold that the accession of strength gained by the issue of a programme which would rally popular enthusiasm to the support of the Liberals would more than counterbalance any injury resulting from a premature exposure of the plan of the parliamentary campaign. Unless we are mistaken, it will be found, in the long run, that the working-men electors, in as far as they take an interest in political issues, will care much more about measures than about men, and will be comparatively inaccessible to the party cries and personal considerations which of late years have had such influence with the old constituencies. It is most desirable, quite apart from any questions of party success, that the thinking and intelligent men, amidst the masses we have admitted to the franchise, should identify their cause with that of the Liberal party. At the elections now approaching we trust these men will do so from the simple fact that the Opposition is pledged to one distinct Liberal measure, which commends itself to the good sense of the artisan class. But, with this single exception, the prospectus of the Liberal party contains little beyond vague commonplaces ; and as far as addresses go, ordinary electors would find it hard to determine which of the rival candidates for his vote avoids most sedulously all allusions to the great issues of education, retrenchment, and administrative reform, which must inevitably be mooted in the next Parliament. With the elector nowadays the choice of a candidate, as far as any general programme is concerned, is still very much a "leap in the dark," and so long as this remains so we cannot hope for any manifestation of the popular enthusiasm required to return a Parliament which will support Mr. Gladstone as a matter of conviction, not as a matter of policy.

As far as the approaching elections are concerned we do not expect the vote of the "residuum" will exercise any very important influence. Neither party knows the exact electoral elements with which in future we shall have to deal, and till that knowledge is obtained the agencies through which electors are influenced are condemned to comparative inaction. The one thing upon which all parties appear to be agreed is, that the new election will be unusually and enormously expensive. This cost is partly owing to the uncertainty which attends all untried experiments ; partly to the fact that the question of the Irish Church and the fall of the ministry, though they have not excited much of popular passion, have roused the feelings of the classes who spend the most on electioneering matters. But the main reason for the expense of the approaching contest is the increased size of the constituencies ; and this reason is a permanent one. When the electors are numbered, as they will be henceforth in

many instances, by tens of thousands, a personal canvass is out of the question. It is difficult for the candidate even to bring himself before his constituents by public meetings. It follows, therefore, that the only way in which the electors can be got at is through the services of a number of local agents; and this system, as long as our elections are conducted on their present principle, is inevitably a most expensive one. Besides this, with the rapid increase of wealth throughout the country, the social distinction of a seat in Parliament is becoming daily more valued, and therefore a seat, like all articles in large demand and of limited supply, commands a very high price. Thus, just at the time when the mechanism of elections has been rendered more costly than ever, the competition for the honour of writing M.P. after one's name has become keener than before; and, in consequence, the access to Parliament is becoming more and more closed against men who either directly or indirectly have not the command of large means.

The result of all this is that the next House of Commons will contain a much larger proportion than usual of moneyed men. Whether this is a gain or not is a point we are not discussing now; we only wish to point out the fact. There is no indication whatever of that influx of needy adventurers which we were confidently told would be the fruit of an enlarged franchise; on the other hand, there is as little promise of that accession of new blood which was held out to us as one of the chief benefits of lowering the suffrage. The new Parliament will, in fact, be composed of similar materials to its predecessors; and though, as we have explained, we believe the practical policy of our representatives will be immensely influenced, whether for better or for worse, by the changed character of their constituencies, we have no doubt their normal tendencies will remain unaltered.

If, then, we are correct in our estimates, we should say that the following predictions may safely be made with reference to the Electoral Out-look. In the first place, the Liberals will have a very decided majority in the new Parliament; secondly, these Liberals will be pledged to support Mr. Gladstone in a very different manner from that in which they supported him last session; thirdly, the majority of the House will be united on behalf of a clear and definite programme, and will be compelled to adhere together so long as the question of the Irish Church remains undecided; and lastly, the House will be composed of men whose politics, whether ministerial or opposition, will eventually be tinged with the practical Conservatism inherent in the possession of wealth and station. These conditions are not, we think, uniformly favourable to the Liberal cause. Still they are vastly more favourable than any we have known of late years; and if Mr. Gladstone fulfils the expectation which those who know him best have formed of his genius, he will have a fair field for the exercise of his power of leadership.

At all events, the out-look is hopeful in one very important respect.

We have got nearly to the end of the Disraeli interregnum. Without joining in all the personal abuse that has been levelled at the Premier, we can state, without fear of serious contradiction, that the Disraelite régime has been a very mortifying one to all who valued the honour of the country and the dignity of parliamentary institutions. The spectacle of a ministry maintained in office by adroitness of tactics,—of a minority ruling because the majority could never summon up courage to assert its supremacy,—of a party sacrificing principle after principle, tradition after tradition, to retain power,—of a Prime Minister whose words carried no weight,—is one we have endured longer than we like to remember, and which, if it might be, we would forget gladly. If, after the next election, Mr. Disraeli should retain office, it must be as the leader of a clear majority, as the champion of distinct principles, not as a minister upon sufferance. And if, which is infinitely more probable, Mr. Disraeli should give place to Mr. Gladstone, the country will have exchanged a Prime Minister whose loyalty to principle is hardly asserted even by his friends, for one whose earnest sincerity is not disputed by his enemies. At all events, the present era of unworthy compromise must come to an end with the approaching appeal to the country; and for that, if for no other cause, we can look cheerfully towards the immediate future.

CRICKET.

DR. JOHNSON defines cricket as "a sport, at which the contenders drive a ball with sticks in opposition to each other." Whether this somewhat hazy description was an expression of ill-will, like that which he caused to explode upon fishing,—whether it was another specimen of the "interstitial vacuities reticulated or decussated," by which he disguised the simplicity of a net,—or whether it was "ignorance, madam,—sheer ignorance," does not matter much now. For the game at which Lord John Sackville and "Long Robin," good men of Kent, challenged all England and beat them; the game which was stigmatised by that stout old "Gentleman's Magazine" as leveling and mischievous, has become, at the end of a hundred and twenty years, that by which Englishmen may be recognised in every corner of the earth. Where a score or so of our sons are found, there is found cricket; where they are not, cricket is not; and the ethnologist may hereafter find a very sufficient guide to their presence by the inseparable concomitants of fossil stumps and bats.

Into the causes of this peculiar institution not merely failing to flourish, but steadfastly declining to take the smallest root, in soils unshadowed by the British flag or its successors, it is needless to enter here. Few of those who understand the game at all, and have any knowledge of national character, will fail to recognise, if they cannot define, the inaptitude of aught but the Saxon element for such a sport. At any rate, if the theory lacks precision, the fact is transparent enough. Far away north, our Russian colony at St. Petersburg fails to tempt the descendants of the Boyards to emulate us in the field: on the race-course they enter as participants; on the cricket-ground they will not step, even as spectators. Austria is, I believe, guiltless of the attempt. Germany may witness a few spasmodic efforts between "The World" and Public Schools, at Homburg or Wiesbaden. At Florence, Rome, or Naples, the unwonted spectacle of cricket-bags may startle the natives into momentary wonder at what the Forestieri are up to next. But it is the English alone who take part in the game; and, with the exception of a few misguided Frenchmen, who have been tormented by the superhuman energy of a certain secretary into supporting the game with their occasional appearance before, and hasty retreat from, a dangerous wicket, no progress has been made towards any international contest in this behalf. Even the Spaniard has got a love for horse-racing after the English fashion;

but neither Gibraltar nor Cadiz has seduced him, by Anglican example, to doff his sombrero for a club-cap; and the whole Continent of Europe may be safely pronounced to contain no real cricketer, save in these isles and their dependencies. America tells the same tale. In Canada the game flourishes. In the States of the Union, in which English blood is not much mixed, it maintains a precarious existence by the side of base-ball. Elsewhere, who ever heard of it? Our own dependencies in India cannot create native players; and although, by unremitting diligence,—more for the pleasure of overcoming difficulties than anything else,—one or two Englishmen have taught the Australian native to present a more than creditable appearance, their existence is a mere phenomenon which has no significance so far as the national character of the game is concerned.

Were it not for the special character which is here claimed, all this would be odd. Here have the French, to go no farther, copied other sports, which we have also carried to the end of the world, with almost ridiculous fidelity. At rowing they have managed to present a creditable front. Horse-racing they, like ourselves, are carrying to a reprehensible excess; the minutest details of an English race-course are reproduced, and, I may add, with improvements; the phrases familiar to us all reappear there in strange garb, such as "breack-down" and "gentlemans rider;" the very luncheon, pride of an English drag, is served up on the Marquis de T.'s coach-roof with lamb and mint sauce, sherry and "palale," within reach of what one would have supposed more appetising delicacies from Potel's. Yet on the selfsame day when this was going on at one end of the Bois de Boulogne in the afternoon, the secretary hereinbefore alluded to could not by smile, prayer, or menace, convene a dozen French people to the other end to partake in a match between Paris and the Marylebone Club itself, although duly set forth as the "premiers joueurs d'Angleterre." No; they could shoot pigeons, after the fashion of Hornsey Wood before its destruction, within earshot of the Lac at mid-day; they could go down with English grooms and English horses to the races in the afternoon; but your crickets, no. Tennis, some might urge as an exception to the rule I am about to lay down; it is not so really, and very, very few Frenchmen care even about that; but it may be safely affirmed that a game by which you get no money, which involves, nevertheless, much muscular exertion, and, above all, in which you may get very considerably hurt, has nothing to recommend itself to any one but an Englishman. Let us keep it so, and enjoy it by ourselves.

Of course every sport has its advocates. I read a good deal, very well said, about the special merits of hunting, rowing, fishing, and shooting, which may be fairly said to sum up the out-door exercises of our day. Football has gained a little temporary position, but few busy men can really partake of its somewhat hazardous con-

flict. Coursing is a cross between hunting and shooting, and is, in fact, like racing to the multitude,—a thing which is to be looked at only; while archery and croquet may pair off together. Now the great merit of cricket is that it combines so many of the merits, and so few of the demerits, alleged to exist in the other sports. Shooting, for instance, is social only by accident: in theory, and too often in practice, it is eminently selfish. So in hunting,—the grandest excitement out,—you share the sport with others, but you grudge them that share. It is not because everybody else is enjoying himself that I feel the sacred fire of joy; I do not object that he should do so; but if I am first over the brook, or can pound the whole lot, and go on alone, the consciousness that their pleasure is over for the day lends no pang of remorse to my heart, but, on the contrary, increases my demoniac delight.

So far, then, as competition goes, the dearest triumph in this case, as also in shooting or fishing, is obtained by the ill-success of everybody except yourself; the enjoyment is not therefore a social one in the true sense. Rowing brings in the element of joint success at once; but it seems to me to do so in rather too forcible a way; while the oarsman becomes only part of a machine, which will reflect great honour and glory on others, but very little on himself. It takes a keen eye and a good judge to pick out number four's merits: and the better the rest row with him, and he with them, the less he can be singled out for praise. Here the enjoyment is social enough, but the soul of man must pine for a little individual honour and dignity, which, while not impairing the joint effect, shall send him home with more satisfaction than that of the off-leader in a team. It is in this that cricket, as I conceive, shines pre-eminent, hitting, as it does, the exact line between the duties of citizenship and the sweetness of *monstrari et dicier*, &c. No man is an Ishmael here. "We won," says the eleventh man, and "I made two catches, or got runs when they were wanted," as the case may be. In rowing, the last choice is, or ought to be, the worst; he is the blot of the eight; he spoils the lift of the whole boat; he never ought to have been in. He may row out his very inside, he may be utterly unworthy of one tithe of the abuse which falls to his share; but there he is, and he cannot redeem himself, or ever be more than "that man we were obliged to put in when Robinson smashed up." Contrast him with the corresponding *bête noir* in the eleven. The latter has every minute an opportunity of becoming famous; every minute of each day during the match he has a marshal's bâton in his pocket; and on him at any moment may the countless cheers of Lord's be concentrated, as having done the thing which saves or pulls off the match. If he makes a mistake, he has the others' merits to fall back upon; if he does a good thing, it is all his own, and he

has the additional pride of feeling that his fellow-cricketers reap the advantage ; and therefore, I say, an eleven is better constructed for combining both sorts of competitive ecstasy, than is an eight-oar boat.

If, moreover, the cricketer can enjoy virtuous pleasures to a greater degree than his solitary rivals in the hunting field, or than the integral but consolidated crews on the river, he can hardly copy all their vices. He may be always riding jealous, he may be constantly trying to wipe other men's eyes, but he has this check, that there is a duty to others to be done. Riding over hounds, or disappointing other men at fences, are crimes against the code of gentlemen ; shooting your friend's bird is as bad ; but when you have avoided such sins, you may ride your horse to pieces in the first five minutes, or miss bird after bird, till you lie down and gnaw turnips with rage ; you have only yourself to injure and to blame. The man at the wicket is differently placed, he has a side to uphold, and a ring to detect his shortcomings in so doing ; and jealousy or ill-temper is best kept out of sight under such circumstances. It is very annoying to miss an easy leg-hit, but after a few explosions, a player subject to such supervision soon gets tired of whirling his bat about to show how he feels it. Very disheartening is it to see your field fail in catch after catch, but a bowler's benedictions are more usually deep than loud, after a good public education, such as his mates in the pavilion can and do give him. And the result is that, take it for all in all, specimens of submission to authority, and of self-sacrifice for common weal, may be seen every day in our great matches, which are earnest of ability to do the like in the sterner relations of life. A well-organised eleven out in the field, silent and obedient, is really a fine sight. Over after over, perhaps, the obstinate enemy retains his place at the wicket ; the bowler keeps "pegging away ;" the field relax no jot of vigilance ; by the mere beckon of a finger from the wicket-keeper a piece of strategy is carried out, and one or more of the force are moved to command a supposed weak point. As the good ball is bowled, played well, and fielded deftly, an answer of applause comes from many hands all round the black line of spectators, and the several performers have their reward. For it is curious how very soon the public learn to be critics, and just ones. Every now and then they make mistakes in injudicious approbation, or undistinguishing blame, but, as a rule, the ring's verdicts are sound ; and incompetence or buffoonery is soon detected and reprobated, while steady play, where brilliance would be wrong, is fully appreciated. At the public school matches indeed it is a point of honour to applaud everything, good, bad, or indifferent, done by your own side ; but, on other great occasions, no more discriminating audience than that at Lord's ever sat in the most fastidious opera house of Europe.

A striking instance of this true cricket feeling which animates the habitual frequenters of great matches was afforded us the other day

at Lord's. With any other clientèle, the combined attractions of a lovely day, a band playing, and twenty-two noble lords and honourable commoners engaged in strife with such men as I Zingari, would have drawn thousands from mere curiosity. How would the O'Donoghue field, I should myself have believed to be a question interesting of solution. But it was thought not to be real cricket, and such an entire absence of humanity has not been seen on the forms round the ring this year. As it happened, Parliament distinguished itself so much more up in St. John's Wood than it has of late at St. Stephen's Hall, and showed the blessings of good government and good temper in such an engaging light, that I hope, at any rate, one eminent statesman was there to take a lesson, and to see what a really good lot of fellows he had to sit among. But the general public set their face against aught but stern cricket, and stopped away accordingly.

It is amusing to see how the characteristics of different men show themselves in such an arena, and how opportunity is given for the exhibition of that which in ordinary life stands concealed. For instance, it has often been observed that a very conceited man, who seems to be shamelessly bumptious, is really the most nervous of creatures. At cricket this is detected to a certainty. More than alive to his own merits, fearful to a degree that something will happen to mar their due exposition, the brazen youth advances with his bat behind his back, under his arms,—a favourite attitude of this class,—or swinging it jauntily along as if he cared for nothing. Vain boasting! If you wish to see a real funkier, look at him when the dreaded moment arrives, and Wootton prepares to put down one of his best. He must still feign calmness, or he is nothing; but you see by the twitch of the hand, the glove rapidly raised to the face, and replaced on the bat-handle, the jerk of the elbow, and perhaps the uneasy lifting of the foot, that his fear of a "duck,"—as by a pardonable contraction from duck-egg, a nought is called in cricket-play,—outweighs all other earthly considerations. He escapes, the uplifted hands of the bowler proclaim how narrowly: therewith his spirits rise, and he walks round the wicket to show his muscle. The process repeated once or twice, he takes heart, conceit assumes her sway: he tries to hit a straight one to leg, and falls, returning to the pavilion with a full and complete explanation, inch by inch, of the extraordinary conduct on the part of the ball which led to the result.

There is one qualification which ought to be made with regard to the universality of cricket among us. The proposition is true only if applied to the ideal Englishman, the member of the upper and middle classes, who comes up to our large towns, or emigrates to our colonies, and who is looked at apart from local origin. When we get to considering England on the map, and divide it into counties or districts, the rule no longer holds good. Move your English labourer,

and he becomes a cricketer naturally, like others. While at home in the country village, he is governed by the habits of those immediately around him. Some counties have never done anything in the national game, so far as the working man is concerned; in others, it is his delight and almost single pastime. Hampshire was the earliest in the field; and although her cricketing powers have waned, they have never wholly failed. For the last thirty years, however, Kent, Sussex, and Surrey, in the south, have been conspicuous for village greens studded with evening practisers, and for matches, in which superior form is shown by mere labourers. Cambridge and Norfolk, in a less degree, maintain this position in the eastern counties; and then come Nottingham, Yorkshire, and, of late, Lancashire, in the north. The last-named county has improved wonderfully in the last few years, and the game may be fairly considered as safe to exist there for many a year to come. Sheffield has been the great fountain-head from which Yorkshire cricket has found its way into the three Ridings. But Nottingham has, from time whereof cricket memory runneth not to the contrary, stood firmly at the head of northern practice. And it is curious to note how style, as in the public schools, is perpetuated there to this day from early years in the century. Free hitting, more particularly to leg, has been a characteristic of their eleven ever since the oldest memory. Sometimes they have had bad bowling, more often, as just at the present moment, almost a superabundance of good; but no one has ever seen them come up without lots of hitting. Indeed, one particular branch of this specialty is indigenous. The old hands used to follow the ball when it was capable of being played to "leg," and with a laudable indifference to the laws of mathematics, believed that if hit in the same direction as it was already travelling, the ball went farther. It was at Nottingham that this was discovered to be a mistake, and that the true way is that now invariably inculcated, of getting forward to the pitch, and leaving the conflict of forces to direct the ball more or less square to the hitter. The value of the discovery is proved by the scores made, for it would not be too much to say that one-third of the hard hits are effected by this method alone. It is in the nature of things that batting should improve just as execution on the piano or violin does. Passages which our fathers were scared at are now played easily by every public performer; and in the same way boys now play balls by rote, as it were, which would have puzzled an early English professor to death. Constant practice, with a good eye and ready decision, will soon make an average man into a fair batsman. Bowling is more like poetry, and cannot be so manufactured; and a bowler must be created with natural advantages if he is ever to shine. When found, he is like a *tenore robusto*,—a priceless treasure. Some few years ago one of the counties named above had an apparently inexhaustible

supply. Now, they have not one. On the other hand, Nottingham, then weak, has at least half-a-dozen now in the very first rank.

The remaining counties may be divided into those who have some native cricket, and those which have none. Of the former, Leicestershire would doubtless stand well from her neighbourhood to Nottingham, were it not for a lamentable absence of grounds in her villages. Herefordshire, Wiltshire, and Devonshire, I believe, can do something; but for the rest there is little sympathy with the game,—and as for the Principality, a Welsh cricketer is as scarce an article as a Welsh cricket-ground. Probably the Welsh are too much employed in providing flannel for more enlightened districts.

A hundred and fifty years ago, our fathers played in the Artillery Ground, Finsbury Square. Then Londoners came to White Conduit Fields, and the “noblemen and gentlemen” made laws at the “Star and Garter,” in Pall Mall, scene of the Chaworth tragedy, in which Lord Byron’s predecessor in the title got off so easily. From this by lineal descent came the present Lord’s; the pedigree being first Dorset Square, then the site of the Regent’s Canal, between South and North Banks, and lastly, let us hope and believe, a final resting-place hard by the Clergy Orphans. Private liberality advanced the money necessary to acquire the ground so as to avoid future pilgrimages; and now, after many vicissitudes, the M.C.C. can boast of managing their own matches on their own ground. The other great metropolitan place of sport is far more modern than most visitors believe. It is not yet thirty years old, but in that short time it has fixed itself firmly, among a certain class more firmly, than ever the more exclusive club in the North-West has been able to do. There may be fewer carriages, and fewer ladies,—but a great day at the Oval will show more citizens, and witness more chaff, than the most crowded performance at its rival. They may drink less cider-cup; but then have they not ‘Atfield, as the pleasant compound of gin, noyeau, gingerbeer, and ice, is joyfully called? and with or without the initial aspirate, an excellent drink it is. Possibly the growing outrecuidance of the professionals may have at one time received a little more encouragement on the Surrey side than it ought, but the Committee seem to have seen the error of their ways in this respect. In all others they have done much for the cause of cricket, and although not law-givers, they have always set an example to law-abiders.

In the country, days gone by tell of Broad Halfpenny and the Hambledon Club, and these, with the grounds of Lord Tankerville, the Duke of Dorset, and Sir Horace Mann, formed the playing-grounds of the inventors of cricket as it is. Since then cricket at Canterbury and Nottingham, Oxford and Cambridge, has flourished on the same grounds till the present day, although at the latter university the ground has been changed from the public common to

an enclosed field hard by. Brighton has been driven from house and home more than once, and Sheffield also; both, however, finding pastures new. The Leicester ground, upon which many a grand match has been played, and as many runs got as on any, is now a series of streets of the conventional pattern of red brick houses with chimneys at each end. All honour to the Committee at Lord's for rescuing the old place from similar profanation.

It is not, however, to the old idea of a club with its local habitation, whence it sallied forth to do battle with the stranger, and to which it expected the stranger to come in his turn—not to the great county grounds with their home and return matches—that the present increase of cricket is due. It is no doubt true that in days gone by the idea of a club without a ground was an impossible one; but within the present generation of cricketers a new order of things arose. Subscriptions for keeping the turf in good order, for engaging professional players to the end of practice, and for defraying expenses of transit on the annual outings, were generally found to hamper the progress of cricket. Many a man was willing to play who had no ground near him; many another who could ill afford to subscribe to the numerous clubs anxious to avail themselves of his prowess; and all were inclined, if possible, to emancipate themselves from the trammels and expenditure which the employment of professionals involved. The founders of the far-famed Zingari saw this, and inaugurated a new phase of the game which bids fair to become of dimensions enough to swallow, or at least unduly interfere with, the older and more legitimate form of contest. They started the heresy of a purely amateur body, with no ground, and no professional assistance, to which the subscription should be nothing, and the entrance never to exceed the subscription, and which should play at the individual expense of each man wherever and whenever they could light upon ground fit to receive them, and entertainment for man and bat should be offered. The early advantages were great. The founders improved gentlemen's bowling,—always the weak point, and which few had the courage and determination to practise; they created a strong esprit de corps in the limited body of members, and they took good cricket into places where county contests were impossible. It seems strange that men should have waited so long for such a simple enlargement of a possible field of action; but when the egg had been once set on end the Zingari were not long in finding imitators. Cambridge set up her Quidnuncs, Oxford followed with her Harlequins; and now a countless body of cricketers, with nearly every name, reasonable or absurd, by which such a fellowship can be indicated, flood the columns of our newspapers. To say the truth, these imitators are but a *servum pecus* as to originality. The Zingari indicated their principle of action clearly enough, and were therefore for some time annoyed by absurd plagiarisms of their defining name and style. This wore

off after a space, and some attempt at originality was made. The army had their Knickerbockers, Rugby her Butterflies, Eton her Wanderers, Harrow, I think, her Blues. These were perennial. The Incogniti, the Etceteras, κ. τ. λ. &c., the Perambulators, the Cricket Company, are also all alive; of the Peripatetics and several like-named institutions, we do not hear much now; and many having been founded with no original bond of union, and for no imaginable reason except to have a name and a ribbon, perish almost in the first year of their existence. Their number becomes almost a nuisance; but it is at any rate a distinct testimony to the soundness of the original idea, and makes the reminiscence of a time when no such combination was dreamed of almost incredible. For after all there ought to be a moving, inspiring idea in the formation in every club of this sort. It is no use endeavouring to get up fictitious sympathy with what are technically termed sides. I can't do it, nor can you. Married and Single, Tall and Short, Old and Young, are only so many variations of the first half of the alphabet against the second; and, for utter lack of interest, commend me to an "A to K." Such a division makes a good practice game, and is better than none; but it never can be more than a side. Bring a lot of hardy Norsemen to fight inch by inch with the South, and you see a real contest, and take your side; better still, if you set county against county, and watch the patriotism which an artificial division can never evoke; or set school against school, university against university; and in days which seem never likely to return,—the Gentlemen against the Players. Party feeling is after all the true mainspring of life, and party success the pleasure above all others; if you cannot contribute, you can at least share it. The English are accused of reducing all things to pounds, shillings, and pence; the money-boxes at Lord's or the Oval know well by this standard the difference between the anxious crowds who watch one sort of match, and the listless indifference of the few loungers who drop in at the other.

And this brings me to the monster cricket nuisance of the day. It is bad enough to see a parcel of minnies airing a flaming ribbon and a sonorous name in the newspapers, and duly paying for the insertion. It annoys one, but it does no real harm. It pleases them, and don't hurt the game. But it is far otherwise with the so-called England Elevens, which go caravanning about the country playing against two bowlers and twenty duffers for the benefit of some enterprising publican. If it were only for the bad cricket on the side of the twenty-two, the thing would be intolerable enough. Imagine a whole district scoured for miles for anything in the shape of a player, and the strange ill-matched result in the shape of twenty-four beggars treading on each other's toes with bran-new spikes, missing catch after catch, and eventually going in one after the other, like sheep to the slaughter, to "ave their hover of Jackson," as "Punch" put it, and you have a

fair average of the locals. What good it does them to have a round O duly affixed to their names in the county paper, and to pay in purse and person for the privilege, is hard to conceive. But it is their own business. The real evil is that done to their hired antagonists, and to the game which they at any rate are competent to adorn. There are, perhaps, some thirty or forty men who would, before the name had become a byword, have been honoured by being called "England" players. In time past the mass of these men stuck to their counties, while a few of the best were hired by the great metropolitan clubs as bowlers, and released when claimed by their county. They were proud of being asked to play; they came up to Lord's and earned their five pounds for winning a match. They were civil and contented. In an evil hour for cricket, old Clark of Nottingham, a shrewd man, and one who saw where money was to be got, conceived the idea of propagating cricket in distant parts. In the exercise of his quasi-episcopal functions, he took to himself a dozen other missionaries, and before and after the regular cricket season transported them to any place ready to pay for their services. But then it was only before and after the regular season that this was done, except when a blank week offered itself. There can be no question that, for the time, a great deal of good was done. Many a man who had imbibed the rudiments already learnt to play better. Many more were stimulated to begin, who had never dreamed of cricket before. Clubs were formed, and all went well for the true interests of the game. The mine, however, was soon discovered to be rich enough to tempt fresh adventurers, and a second eleven was formed in opposition. Both sets, too, began to look upon the casual engagement in a great match, or the more permanent employment at so much a week, as a thing not to be compared in point of profit with the new method; and, moreover, the vanity of the professionals was tickled. They found themselves rated higher in the rural districts, more petted and praised, than was possible at a good honest inning or a fair day's bowling at Lord's; and by degrees the two duties began to clash. Fresh rivals, too, sprung up. The Eleven and The United Eleven found themselves met by new if less influential bands, and a competition arose which was not other than acrimonious. Unluckily, just at this time Australia and America seemed fair fields for earning fresh honours and fresh money. A rivalry as to who should share in the new venture was originated; animosity was engendered; and from the effect of this rivalry metropolitan cricket has not yet recovered. Whether it will ever do so is still a moot point. Nearly the whole available talent has been withdrawn. Men of one faction refused to meet men of the other in the field; and paid professionals insisted on dictating to those who paid them the associates with whom alone they would consent to act. The result has been to destroy one match of the greatest interest, for it is absurd to consider the matches between

Gentlemen and Players for the last two or three years as worthy of the name; and it would be an easy task to pick at least two elevens able to defeat that which contended under the name of the Players of England in the matches of the other day. What was still worse, this absurd jealousy for a time precluded some of the county matches altogether; and it is only in the present year that Nottingham has condescended again to enter the lists against her old antagonist, Surrey. At Lord's, the Marylebone Club, unable to endure the dictation of their own servants, are compelled to lose the services of men who have on that ground won all the honours on the prestige of which they now trade; and it is certainly well for the true interests of cricket that the committee persevere in refusing to give way. The struggle will be long, but, I fancy, none the less certain in its result. When those who have carried a reputation earned in London to the provinces have passed away,—and a career like that of a travelling cricketer is not a long one,—their place cannot be filled. No calico will be needed to conceal gaps in the hedge at Fuddleton-cum-Pipes, and to repress the undue attention of non-paying spectators, when all that can be offered to the rustic gaze is a worn-out Lord's man or two, backed by eight or nine youths who have never won their spurs. To London they must come before they can earn a livelihood at starring, and it will be the fault of the managers of our great clubs if they again find their engaged players deserting them in the middle of a season for the flesh-pots of Twenty-twos. But, in the meantime, much mischief will be done; the new hands will lose the chance of forming themselves on the style of the old, and many a day will probably go by before such cricket can be seen again as but a very few years ago might be seen any Monday at Lord's or any Thursday at the Oval. The evil of schism is bad, but I think that even worse remains behind. It must be that the style of play in the next generation will be materially injured by the habits induced. To play carefully against twenty-two fielders cramps the hitter; to play carelessly against the two poor slaves of bowlers who are engaged match after match to assist, and indeed supplant, rustic incompetence, must be still more injurious; while the effect on the professionals' own bowling and fielding, with nights spent in the train, and with days passed in hammering against a side positively annoying from its incapacity, may very well be conceived. I once saw a rural authority in one of these abominations hold his bat stiff and stark for three mortal hours against the best bowling England could then produce. He made four runs, or rather the ball did for him, in that time. Fancy a man like Hillyer having to bowl against forty-four such people every week! No wonder that bowling is not so straight, and not so killing,—no wonder that innings increase to figures which our forefathers would discredit.

This brings me to ask, Do people play better than they did? I

think an impartial looker-on would say that they hit loose bowling better, and then he would have nearly epitomised the truth. Hitting, like playing the violin, as I said in another page, is a matter of education, depending upon your tools and your experience. When a man had a hook to bat with, he was compelled to hook every ball to the side which nature points out. When he got the present bat to deal with, and three stumps to guard, he naturally learnt to keep his weapon straighter, and to hit in that position also,—in fact, to drive; his offensive tactics were governed by his defensive necessities. Individuals grow wiser, and so do nations; and the cut, the old leg-hit, the draw, the new form of leg-hit, and finally what they call, in cricket phraseology, the “Cambridge poke,” supplemented the original drive. As the bowling was not so straight as the old underhand, the power of making fresh hits supervened. And I think it would be wrong to deny that more balls are hit in more different places and different methods than was the case years ago. It is natural, and it is so, as far as we can learn from past heroes. But whether the game is played throughout as scientifically, whether bowlers are better,—they are certainly not so straight,—and fielders more careful, is a very different question, and would receive a different answer. Cobbett and Lillywhite, and in later days Hillyer and Wisden, were most assuredly better on the wicket than the same class of bowler is now; and, so far as brilliancy is concerned, I doubt, if Nottingham were polled, whether they would declare Wootton to be the equal of his predecessor, Redgate. The last-named man was, indeed, more like the present school of bowlers than any of the others mentioned above; but, in his day, I should think he was fully equal to any now at work. And it should be remembered that it had not then been found necessary to remove the restrictions on bowling which then fettered his arm. It may be that the new school of batters would have played down the above quartett as easily as they do some of the straighter men of the present day; but it seems, to one who has seen both epochs, that the older men found “devil” lacking in one lot of bowlers now-a-days, and had the precision and uniformity which is certainly not now a characteristic of the other school. You hear often now of “So-and-so’s day.” Cobbett never had a “day:” the evening and the morning were the same.

Still, to recur to the hitting, it must be acknowledged that the rising stars of the present day are more numerously brilliant. And it is with pride that the young men can tell their “*temporis acti*” friend to look at Buller and Lubbock as they are, at Mitchell as he was and may be again, and to mark how they get runs safely and easily off good balls, and how all round they hit. Our fathers admired Pilch, and referred all other batting to his standard: it may be presumption, but I suspect our young friends would be right in saying that off the same number of balls either of the two first-named would

get half as many runs again as that renowned ancient, and that without causing a pang to the most rigid precisian.

So far, then, let us rejoice in progress, and admit it is not altogether the badness of the bowling which has improved the hitting. If representative men are wanted of the two styles, one would give Pilch for the one, George Parr for the other; and those of the old school who might hesitate to put Kentfield behind Roberts at billiards would, I fancy, be nevertheless ready, taking them upon all sorts of ground and against all sorts of bowling, to give the palm to the younger man in cricket.

Before 1800 there may be said to have been two periods of cricket;—one antediluvian,—cricket in a state of nature, when everybody hooked balls to the one side with a thing like a packing-needle, in wood, and the ball might or might not run through the middle of a sort of gallows without getting the man out. When the wicket-keeper had to put the ball with his fingers into a hole, and the batsman might knock such fingers about as much as he liked. No Boxes or Lockyers then! After this came a great Star-and-Garter meeting in 1776, when, by adding a third stump, they made the game something like what it is now. Just before the present century began, the stumps were again raised, and so remained for many years, three inches lower, and one inch narrower, than at present.

Now that the Gentlemen and Players have lost their spell, and the North comes no more to fight the South, the two most interesting matches of the year are Oxford against Cambridge, and Eton against Harrow. We have one school-match left, and volumes might be written upon it, even shorn as it is of older glory. Why twelve thousand people come at all; why, when they do come, they all shout; why, if a ball is within a yard of the wicket, everybody bawls "bowled;" and why the batter, who hits round in empty space, and nearly knocks his stumps and the hostile wicket-keeper over in one fell blow, is always declared, by an elliptical form of expression, to have "played;"—these and many other matters, such as why people who never were at any school at all wear the supposed winning colour, are too wonderful to be found out. Not so difficult is it to see why Harrow beats Eton. They have no river, it is said sometimes; but that is, as all who know what a school eleven is, beside the question. There are quite as many good fish out of the river as in it. The real reason is shown as soon as the first ball is bowled; when the Eton boy, whether he be at the wicket with his bat, or out in the field with nothing but his good right and left hands to take care of him, stares startled at the bounce and hop. A dead flat,—dead in more senses than one,—does not prepare the young idea for Lord's, as does the side-long hill, lively enough itself, at Harrow. In the palmy days when Eton had fine elevens, she was much better than Harrow, and won accordingly. But when pretty evenly

matched, it seems that Harrow wins here; and as the ground has certainly not been better since 1850 than it was before, the score against Eton has told its tale. Many say it is always six to four against Eton at Lord's; and I really believe it is.

The literature of cricket is boundless. It fills half the sporting papers, and a good deal of the others. It may be rather monotonous, and, unless it be a very ready writer who holds the pen, it is necessarily so. There was once, I remember, an excellent reporter, whose evident pride it was to use a different word for every victory in the wrestling-rings of Cumberland. When as many as forty or fifty falls were tried, it was hard work; but he was quite equal to the occasion, and Rabelais, himself, could not have been more fertile in varied epithets. Such powers, however, are given to but few; and our cricket reporters are doomed to a head-roll of pretty cuts and magnificent drives. Still their reports are carefully studied. Every line has its earnest and conscientious reader; and when the final match of the year comes, greedy minds give themselves up to that most astoundingly recondite lore, the "Averages." Marvellous is the compiler; more marvellous the reader. There is one class of cricketers, indeed, who live but for this. They have been most unwholesomely stimulated by the prominence given, and do and think nothing but how to increase their figure. They will go down to obscure places, and obtrude themselves upon unwilling colleagues, whereby to do so; and they afford during the season unmixed amusement by the pertinacity of their efforts. Their sole aim is to get stuck at the end of their name some cabalistic figure, like this, 28—89, an ingenious device for avoiding fractions; and to add a number of asterisks, denoting "number of times not out."

The Lord Rector of Aberdeen lately thought fit to say, upon a recent occasion, that "athletics assumed the dimensions of a national calamity." It is from no personal experience of his own, we may feel sure, but at the same time, as an old Balliol man, he might remember that the most honoured names in the cricket-field, as well as on the river, sprung from the college which has long stood first in literary power at Oxford. I venture to give him one parting bit of advice to substitute for some portion of the metaphysical curriculum of the university which has placed him for a time at its head,—a mere modicum of cricket. It may teach his alumni one or two things they do not apparently learn at present, and it will, at any rate, contribute there, as it does here, to manliness, self-denial, and modesty.

A STRUGGLE FOR MASTERY.

I.

"*Faites vos jeux, Messieurs.*" The invitation, familiar to most of us, in the dry, metallic voice of the croupier, was uttered for the hundredth time that night in the crowded gambling-room at Homburg.

A pretty woman of forty, dressed in the height and depth of the last Paris fashion,—an excellent counterfeit of a Parisian altogether, even to her very accent,—leant forward from the second rank of spectators in which she stood, and threw, with her tightly-gloved little-hand, a napoleon on the table. The number on to which it rolled was as yet uncovered. The next minute, however, a young man with long flaxen moustaches, on the opposite side of the table, stretched an arm over the heads of an old Russian Countess and a distinguished ornament of the demi-monde, who were seated before him, and placed a napoleon on this same number. This occurred three times: each time the luck was in favour of these two, and against nearly every other player at the table. Had they been professed gamblers they would not have insulted the goddess who smiled on them by removing the gold each time, and continuing to stake their pitiful twenty francs. But the lady had never seen a roulette-table before: it was her first visit to Homburg. This evening, being wet, she was induced to enter the hot, crowded rooms, and, for want of something to do, threw down her money,—that was all. The first time she won, she smiled and raked up the gold pieces carelessly. The second time she looked at the young man opposite, her companion in good luck. The third time she turned and whispered something into the ear of a tall and beautiful girl behind her. She was unlike an English girl, and, except in the matter of her clothes, unlike a French girl too; with a marvellous complexion, and a strange independence of manner; listless, with sad brown eyes, and a weary little mouth, that looked as if it were sick of waiting for an interest in life that would not come. She scarcely looked at the table, or heeded whether her companion lost or won. But twice, after that whisper, she glanced between an avenue of bonnets and bald heads at the young gambler opposite. And each time her eyes met his.

An old officer, a sort of military Friar Tuck, with a twinkling eye, tapped him on the shoulder.

"*Potz-tausend! Lieber Waldstein!* You gambling? Why, what

would the gracious lady-mother say? You are the last man I ever expected to find at the tables!"

He laughed and coloured. "I have been here a month: my 'cure' is over, and I leave to-morrow. I have never staked a single thaler till to-night. Do you see that lady opposite?—the one in a white bonnet?"

"I should think so; and the handsome daughter. I have been asking who they were. Friends of yours? Have a care, Waldstein! The gracious lady-mother will not hear of your casting an eye on any one but Clara, and if she learns——"

"Nonsense! Why, I don't even know who the girl is! Never saw her till to-night; but I've scarcely taken my eyes off her since I came into the room. She is positively divine. Why are none of our German girls ever like that? What countrywoman is she, I wonder? You see the devil tempted me to come to the table, just by way of having an excuse for standing opposite her. I had one napoleon in my pocket, and now,—look here! I'll hand it all over to you if you'll find out for me who they are, General."

"And how about my poor Clara?" said the General, with a mock sigh, and a real chuckle. "It is too bad. What would the gracious ——" But here some one came between them. The General moved on, and the rest of his sentence was lost. The lady opposite, meantime, emboldened by success, had left her winnings on the table several times running, and still her luck did not desert her. Waldstein, with whom it was now a point of honour to stake as much as his unknown companion in good fortune, found himself, at the end of ten minutes, with a large pile of gold before him. The demi-monde looked up with a bland smile, and moved her chair a little to make room for him and his money. Indeed, the attention of most people round the table was directed to the extraordinary run of luck which, with scarcely a check, had been attending these two persons now for nearly half-an-hour. People began to pile their money on whatever numbers the lady backed, for she always took the initiative. And then, on a sudden, the goddess turned away her face, and smiled on them no more. The lady bore her reverses lightly; her embroidered portemonnaie seemed inexhaustible: but when she saw the young man throw down his last napoleon, and put his hands into his pockets with an air which said plainly, "I have no more, and must e'en be content now to watch you," she drew back, and the great wave of beards and bonnets round the table closed over her.

A servant with cloaks stood at the garden-entrance of the Kur-Saal.

"It's quite an adventure," laughed the elder lady, as they walked home: "Such persistence on the young man's part! I wonder who he is?"

"I wish you wouldn't play again, mamma. I don't like it, with all those people staring at one. I felt ashamed to see that man opposite

putting down his money just wherever you did, and looking at you with a smile whenever you won. It was very impertinent, I think. I hate this place. I wish we were going away. Why do you stay here?"

"Because——never mind why, my precious child. We are only just come, and having taken our apartment for a month, here we must stay."

They entered one of the large, white, green-verandahed houses on the Untere Promenade. And they did not observe a figure which had followed them at a cautious distance, on the opposite side of the road, and which now stopped under the shadow of a tree. A few minutes later Rudolph von Waldstein was examining the strangers' list in the reading-room:—

Bei Herrn Strauss. Untere Promenade.

Frau Fürstin Galitzin m. Gesellschafterin u. Gefolge, a. Russland.

Herr Fuchs u. Gattin, a. Berlin.

Herr Graf von Furstenberg m. Gemahlin u. Fam, a. Siegen.

Zwei Fraülein Le Gros, a. Brüssel.

Mrs. Willington, nebst Fl. tochter u. Drsch., a. New York, America.

Herr General Poplaws-Culloche, a. Schottland.

Frau Generalin Poplaws-Culloche, Fam. u. Beg.

The young man was puzzled. Which of these names was most likely to fit the individuals who engrossed his thoughts at this moment? Could it be the Russian princess and her companion? The two Misses Le Gros from Brussels? The wife and daughter of that Scotch general with a wonderful name,—which he owed to the compositor? They were not Germans, he felt very sure; so that he put Fuchs and Furstenberg aside. Of the other lodgers there remained the lady and her daughter from New York. Which of all these was it? General von Hanecke, who had been looking through all the rooms for the young man, entered opportunely.

"Good; here you are. And now, where is your pile of napoleons? The ladies lodge 'bei Strauss'——"

"I know it."

"They are mother and daughter. They arrived the day before yesterday from Paris. Their name is——"

"Willington, aus New York, America," struck in Waldstein, promptly. "Just so. You see I have been beforehand with you."

"All guess-work," said the General, shaking his head contemptuously, and pointing to the Fremden-List. "At all events, you have not effected an introduction, and I am promised one on the Promenade to-morrow morning. What is more, I could present you, only I feel it would be treachery to that niece of mine,—the good Clara, whom you are to marry."

"Don't talk like that, General, even in joke. You know very well what I told my mother. I have the highest regard for Fräulein Clara, but—— In short, I suppose I'm not a marrying man. As to this, you are quite safe, as I leave Homburg to-morrow."

"The gracious lady-mother calls you back? My dear young friend, it is time you loosened the apron-strings a little."

"Loosened the apron-strings? What do you mean? You know I do just as I please. I hate this sort of life for long. I like nothing but the country; and so, fortunately, does my mother."

"You may say that,—hasn't left the Schloss for the last twenty years, I suppose, eh? Well, you will end by marrying Clara,—see if you don't. A good girl,—pity she's so plain,—with a good dowry. She's the very thing for you; and the gracious——"

"I tell you I'm not going to marry at all. But about this introduction. I should just like to speak to the girl, if you really will introduce me. I needn't go till the afternoon train."

Of course he didn't go; and it was thus that Margaret Willington and he became acquainted. Instead of going that day, he stayed on some weeks,—as long as Mrs. Willington did,—at Homburg; and Margaret now saw the place in quite different colours. When the end of the month drew near, she was nothing loth to linger on by the week, as her mother decided on doing. For Mrs. Willington felt more than hopeful now; she felt very certain that her primary object in coming to Homburg,—in coming to Europe at all, indeed,—was near its accomplishment. She had spared no pains in learning all that was to be learnt about Rudolph von Waldstein, and all her information had been satisfactory. Counts were as thick as blackberries; but this one was of very old family, possessing large estates on the borders of Switzerland and Germany,—a fine château, a princely fortune. He was young, good-looking, had been most strictly brought up by the mother whose only son he was, and was a model of every virtue under the sun. The combination might have seemed an impossible one to a cynic; but Mrs. Willington was not cynical. It is possible she would have submitted to have a few of the virtues docked off, provided the more substantial advantages which the young Graf possessed, had remained. Rank, wealth, fashion; these were the gods Mrs. Willington adored. She had a tolerable fortune, but she had been recklessly extravagant ever since her arrival, the preceding autumn, in Europe. A season in Paris had procured for her and her daughter many social triumphs: invitations from royalty, the homage paid to Miss Willington's beauty from a crowd of foreigners; princes and dukes, not to speak of lesser fry. But of solid, practical gain, there was none. It was very essential to Mrs. Willington's purse and purpose that her daughter should marry,—marry, that is to say, according to her views; and Margaret had not had a single "good" proposal.

She had, indeed, refused an old French banker, whom her mother had given her the option of marrying or not, as she felt inclined ; but this was before Mrs. Willington had seen much of great Parisian society : her ideas expanded after that, and she felt that the banker was not to be regretted. No ; a title, and an old title,—not a Brummagem one,—this was now essential to her happiness. And, like a ripe peach from the wall, without a single flaw to disqualify him for the honour of being devoured, so to speak, lo ! Rudolph von Waldstein dropped into her ready grasp.

I feel that the description of such a mother, such antecedents, does not prepare one to sympathise much with the daughter ; and, unfortunately, the attachment between mother and daughter was very strong. Mrs. Willington's influence over Margaret was unbounded. Had the latter been a less blindly-devoted and obedient daughter, she would have been a better and a happier woman. Her tender heart, her warm, clinging, pliable nature were very different from her mother's ; but a number of the same foolish ideas, whose wide-spread branches, so to speak, overshadowed the mother's mind, had naturally shed their seed and taken root in the mind of the daughter too. The belief that the pursuit of pleasure is the main end of life had been religiously instilled into her, and vanity had been so sedulously ministered to, that it was impossible but that these should produce some fruits. That life of "unrest, which men miscall delight," afforded her little pleasure ; yet she could hardly conceive of any other. Margaret had a capacity for loving strongly, and her mother was as yet the only thing she had had to love. If she now fell into wise hands, and were removed from that mother's influence, it was not too late for the evils of her early training to be counteracted. But like a delicate creeper, clasped with the growth of years around a trellis, if she was now to be transplanted, and ever to grow firmly against another wall, it was above all things necessary to unwind her tendrils from their original support.

Six weeks after Waldstein's introduction to Margaret, this is what he wrote to his mother :—

.... " You wonder at my long silence, best of mothers ? You reproach me tacitly with my short letters, I know. I have taken up my pen daily to write to you ; but the truth is, I could not write upon indifferent matters, and it was impossible to me to enter fully upon the one subject which has been occupying all my thoughts. I can do so now, however, for my mind is definitively at rest. I have taken the most important step man can take in life ; and as I am confident that this step is for my own happiness, I hope very earnestly that it may meet with your approval. I am well aware that you would have wished to see and to sanction the choice of any one whom I entertained the thought of making my wife ; but as this

was impossible, and as I felt very certain of your cordial approbation, when you see and know my darling Margaret, I thought it better to spare you any anxiety on the subject until my fate was happily fixed. I am, indeed, a lucky man to have secured a pearl of so great price, my mother. She is the sweetest, the most angelic of creatures; and, believe me, her beauty is the least of her attractions. She is American, and with her mother, Mrs. Willington, has only been in Europe a few months. Mr. Willington was a gentleman in business in New York, I understand, and left his widow a competence. My Margaret has no fortune; and if that be a drawback in your eyes, my dear mother, I am sure it is the only one you will be able to find. For myself, I consider my fortune enough for all my wants, and I have never desired that my wife should have money. A far more essential particular is, that she is a Protestant,—that faith in which you have brought me up, and which you hold so dear.

“Mrs. Willington leaves this for Paris in the course of a few days. I shall then come home for a short time, to see you and talk matters over, and make some necessary preparations for my Margaret’s reception. The marriage will, I hope, take place in Paris in November. I am afraid it will be in vain to try and persuade you to leave home to attend it; but we shall at once come to you after the marriage, and settle down at Waldstein for the winter.

“Let me be assured at once, my dear and honoured mother, as to your sentiments on the point wherein all my happiness is vitally concerned. Believe me, it will be the object of my Margaret’s life, as it has ever been of mine, to study your wishes in all things; and her earnest desire is that you should continue to exercise that authority in the household for which your virtues and your experience so eminently befit you.

“Dearest mother, I embrace you with dutiful and loving veneration.

“RUDOLPH VON WALDSTEIN.”

The weakness of the man was, I think, very apparent in the above letter,—the weakness that shrinks from discussion or remonstrance beforehand, and takes refuge in a bold assertion of independence, when a decision is beyond recall. His word was now pledged; his rigidly-faithful, Calvinistic mother, however displeased she might be, would never ask him to go back from it. She would have worked, and might have worked successfully, to prevent his committing this deed; but, once done, the honour of a Waldstein,—nay, more than this, the truth and loyalty of a God-fearing man,—were at stake. She would fold her hands in grim silence, and pray inwardly for her son and this Moabitish woman who had enthralled him; she would utter no complaint, he well knew. Her reply was characteristic, and contained in these few words:—

"Marriage is a solemn thing, not lightly to be entered upon. I trust thou art not so entering upon it, my son. May the Lord prosper this, and whatever else thy hands find to do! Without his blessing, what is the beauty of the flesh?—the lust of the eyes? The excellent Clara von Hanecke, whom I desired for thee, is not comely; but she is a godly young woman, and her dowry would have been serviceable to thee. So that thy wife be spiritually minded, however, it is but of small account that she be poor in this world's goods. Yet will I not conceal that, for the sake of that vast marsh which needs reclaiming, it would be well if she had brought thee something, as Clara would have done. But the Lord has so willed it; and is not His word more than corn and oil? Therefore I say nought Since it is thy desire that I should pass the brief remainder of my days under thy roof, here will I remain. I have never been on a railroad; to undertake the journey to Paris were an impossibility. But I will wrestle with the Lord in prayer for thee, and prepare the green chamber, which has not been used since thy father's death. It is more commodious than the one thou hast hitherto slept in. The curtains, though faded, are serviceable yet I would that thy Margaret's father had not been in trade. One chief reason why thy father and I were so suitably and happily mated was that each of our families could trace a clear descent for four hundred years. Yet are we not all dust alike in the Lord's eyes? Therefore I say nought.

"My son, I press thee to my bosom.

"ELIZABETH VON WALDSTEIN (née de Gerzat).

"Post scriptum.—Pastor Goldfuss has been with me. He sends thee his blessing. He fears the Americans are but a lax people in spiritual things. The Lord hath seen fit to prosper the farm; our cheeses have fetched rare prices in the markets this month. Also of the vineyard the prospects are good."

It could hardly be called a cordial letter,—not so much as a kind message to Margaret; but it was all that Rudolph could hope for, and he breathed a great sigh of relief when he got it. The worst, at least, was over. He did not read the old Gräfin's letter to Mrs. Willington; but he told her and Margaret that his mother was ready to open her arms to his bride, and was already preparing a room for her reception.

Two days afterwards Mrs. Willington left Homburg for Paris, to prepare the *corbeille de mariage*, which now occupied all her thoughts; and the happy lover parted from her and her daughter at Strasburg, whence his road lay across the Black Forest to a certain solitary district, where the castle of Waldstein dominates the country round.

II.

"I HAVE had the green hangings turned, and the chamber is fit for a princess," said Madame Mère,—thus her son styled her sometimes,—severely.

"But, mother——" said the young Graf with some hesitation, "Margaret will require another room,—a sitting-room, you see. All women in the present day have a boudoir, and——"

"Is not the saloon good enough for her, pray? It has been good enough for me these five-and-thirty years. She will always find me there, when I am not at my devotions. What can she want of a private sitting-room?"

"Why, you see—to begin with, there—there will be her mother—Yes," he continued more rapidly, but taking care not to look the Gräfin in the face,—“yes, Mrs. Willington is coming, you know,—for a time, at least,—and I wish every attention to be paid to her comfort. I—I desire—I think it best that she should have the tapestried room that looks south, and then the one between it and ours Margaret can have as a boudoir, when she and her mother want to be together."

This was doing the thing firmly, and he gave himself great credit for his pluck. The Gräfin Waldstein folded her hands meekly; had her son boxed her on the ear she could not have looked more long-suffering, more mildly-reproachful.

"So, then—Madame Willington—is coming—to live here?"

"I didn't say to live,—not exactly to live, mother. I don't know how long she'll stay. But, of course, being alone in the world, it is natural Margaret should wish her mother to be with her a good deal,—just at first, at all events."

The Gräfin said no more, for she was not a lady who was accustomed to waste her words, and she saw that this thing was to be. It was a great aggravation to her trials, the prospect of this intrusion of the stranger-woman's mother, who would of course try and dispute the Gräfin's authority over her daughter. She had hated the thought of this marriage from the first, but at least she had looked to have a chance of moulding her young daughter-in-law according to her own pattern. And, lo! already a formidable obstacle arose. She said no more, but heaved a sigh, which was almost a groan in its intensity. Then she drew out her spectacles, and opened a volume of "*Méditations*" at the place indicated by a marker, and appeared to forget her son's presence, and all other mundane matters, in the book before her.

The Gräfin von Waldstein was of a very old German Swiss family, nurtured in the severest school of Calvinism, which is not the religion of those parts. She was looked upon with great reverence by all right-minded persons, being an admirable woman, whether morally

or theologically regarded, who had done her duty strictly,—very strictly,—to her son, her servants, the pastor she had brought here, and the poor of her persuasion,—they were but few,—ever since the late Graf's death, eighteen years ago. She was autocratic and narrow-minded,—as who would not be whose ideas were circumscribed to one small circle, where his power was absolute? She regarded her Zwinglian and Moravian neighbours with righteous intolerance. The absence of the demonstratively religious life, of all fervid dogmatism, of that slang in familiar intercourse which has been styled "*le patois de Canaan*," were so many offences in the eyes of Madame Mère. She would have better suffered their differences had they been more objective, for one may do battle to any hard, definite body of religious opinions, and belabour them soundly; but the tendency to avoid discussion, to set aside all outward signs of devotion, to use Faith solely as a spring of life and strength in the performance of duty,—this was miserable, unsatisfactory work. The Gräfin had very little intercourse with her neighbours in consequence. Her habits had become German in the course of all those years, but her faith was the faith of her youth, unmitigated—nay, harder and firmer than ever. She was not an unkind or a stupid old woman; she possessed considerable clearness of perception, as may have been already gathered, and that mysterious power of "management" against which most men struggle vainly. She did, and liked doing, a vast number of charitable things; but it was in her own way, with a pious tyranny, which was sometimes galling to the recipients of her bounty. She was white-haired, and rather infirm now; but had none of those ineffable charms of voice and expression which make old age sometimes the rival of childhood in attractiveness. She was generally dressed in a coarse black stuff, with a thick white cap, not very much unlike a night-cap,—if I may be permitted to say so,—tied under her chin; a book under her arm, and a large heavy bunch of keys hanging at her side. Let it not be supposed that because she was a Gräfin she was not a most vigilant housewife, devoting what time she had to spare from the study of eternal punishments in store for the unregenerate, to the mending of linen, the auditing of farm-accounts, the preserving of fruits, and the careful entry of market returns. The little town of Waldstadt, over against the Schloss, at the foot of the hill,—which was one great vineyard,—had its weekly market, and so had two other towns a few miles distant, one of these being on Swiss territory; so for the products of the Waldstein estate there was always a plentiful demand.

It had been a great disappointment to Madame Mère,—as may have been already gathered,—that her son, for the first and only time in his life, had stubbornly resisted her in the matter of that marriage upon which she had set her heart. The Fräulein von Hanecke was one of the ladies-in-waiting to the Queen of Württemberg. She was

an orphan, and possessed a pretty little fortune. She was of curiously old descent, and her rigid education in the Calvinistic faith pointed her out in a special manner as a fitting person to be the daughter-in-law of the Gräfin Waldstein, if not the wife of that lady's only son. Unfortunately, the "*hochwohlgeborne Fräulein*" was not personally attractive in the young Graf's eyes. He told his mother he was willing to do anything she wished, even to the selling of half his estate,—the value of which, by-the-bye, had been greatly over-estimated by Mrs. Willington,—and devoting it to pious and charitable objects; but this thing he could not do. He knew all Clara's good qualities, and he recognised all the advantages of an alliance which the General, her uncle, did not hesitate to say his niece was quite ready to contract. The young lady had made up her mind it would be a suitable marriage. She liked Rudolph; she esteemed him. She was one of those sensible, amiable women, who can take a dispassionate, bird's-eye view of such matters; and who, in the event of what is called a "*disappointment*," have far too well-regulated minds to become ill or give up the world. It was well for her that it was so. It was now two years since this scheme had first been bruited by Madame Mère, and as nothing had come of it, Clara von Hanecke still continued "*hofdame*" to her royal mistress, and went cheerfully through the monotonous routine of a petty court life. Nevertheless, the Gräfin had not yet abandoned her hopes when the news of her son's engagement shivered them to the dust.

I must say a word about Schloss Waldstein. The country about it is not beautiful, but it would be accounted pretty, I think, by a stranger, unless perhaps he comes to it from the Swiss side. If so, he has done with rocky peak and snowy fastness, with roaring avalanches and mighty river-falls, before he gets here; and must attune himself to a lower key. Soft undulating hills, clad sometimes with the vine, sometimes with thick pine-woods; valleys where flocks and herds feed in rich pastures to the continuous tinkling of little bells; quaint, timbered churches, with many-beamed cottages about them,—no longer the Swiss toys that are so suggestive of the *Opéra Comique*; here and there a ruined tower; here and there a narrow wooden bridge, that looks, with all its lateral supports thrust wide into the stream, like a monster stretching his many legs very far apart;—this, and the sudden inestimable relief from all tourists, is what he will find who wanders up to the little-known region I write of. It has nothing remarkable to attract the traveller, and near at hand is scenery with a world-wide repute; no wonder, then, that those who turn their steps this way are few indeed. A "*duller*" district, in the estimation of mundanely-disposed persons, it would be hard to find.

And to this district Mrs. Willington, with the vaguest views of country life in general and of a Swiss or German château in particular,

was now coming. I believe she had visions of a continuous round of guests; a sort of Decameron; a throng of finely-dressed folk wandering about stately gardens, with the addition of much fiddling and feasting; and I know she ordered a great variety of clothes, which, when added to Margaret's trousseau, she was quite unable at the moment to pay for.

"I've spent an awful quantity of money," she said to her daughter just before the marriage; "and if it wasn't that I'm going to live at Rudolph's expense for some months to come, I don't know what I should do. Dear, delightful Paris is such a seductive place! There's no other place worth living in,—only one ought to be made of money. What a bracelet that was we saw in the Rue de la Paix! I told Rudolph it was the very thing for you. Do you think he means to give it you, my darling?"

"No, mamma; he told me he couldn't afford it; but that if I had really set my heart on it, he would get it,—even if it put him to inconvenience. Of course, I told him not."

"That was weak, my pet. I should have had it. It could make no real difference to him, you know. The old lady hoards money, I am told, in the most frightful way. Of course, we must introduce a change into all that. Rudolph is very dear, and nice, but he wants his ideas being a little enlarged."

"I suppose he does," said Margaret, dolefully. "He made such a fuss about my going to the Bois on Sunday. He thought I ought to go to the Oratoire again, I believe. And, mamma, I am so fond of him, that I don't think, really, I should care how often I went, if it was to please him. Only, as you say, I suppose it is better that his ideas should be enlarged. But what a noble, generous, devoted nature his is! I never saw anyone half as lovable. How lucky I am, mamma!"

"Yes, dear, very. Marriage is such a lottery. Now we must be off to Monsieur Worth's, or your things won't be ready for next week."

Early in November they were married, with a pomp which Waldstein would willingly have avoided, but which nothing would induce his mother-in-law to forego. And immediately after the ceremony, contrary to all English conventionalities, the young Count and Countess set off for their home, accompanied by Mrs. Willington.

The day they reached Schloss Waldstein had been one of constant rain, and perhaps it was as well that they arrived long after dark; though the laurel arch, with "Wilkommen" in gilt letters thereon, was consequently invisible to those for whose honour and benefit it was meant, and the peasants who had constructed it were much disappointed in consequence. But the little town looked impressively dreary, with rain pouring out of the water-pipes in all directions, and uniting in one black torrent over the steep, ill-paved street; and the brown, bare vineyards beyond, seen through the

soaking November gloom, were hardly more reassuring. Therefore, as far as Margaret, who was unfortunately impressionable in such things, was concerned,—not to speak of her mother,—it was as well that Waldstadt and the surrounding country were not revealed under their least favourable aspect, but that the veil of darkness covered them. The peasants and town's folk might do what they liked, of course, but Madame Mère was not going to erect triumphal arches, dispense good cheer, or otherwise expend in wasteful folly to do honour to her son's marriage the money that could more profitably be employed in pious and charitable works. So the courtyard of the Schloss was as dark as pitch,—dark and wet; and Madame Mère sat in the old yellow drawing-room, where, after some demur, she lit a couple of candles, in addition to her ordinary lamp with its green shade. That was the only outward and visible sign of welcome that awaited the bridegroom and his bride.

Margaret had been lying asleep on her husband's arm for the last half-hour. She only woke as the steps of the carriage were let down, and came in a little nervous, but her beautiful face all a-glow with pleasure, and threw herself into Madame Mère's arms. The latter kissed her very kindly, and improved the occasion with a murmured prayer and exhortation; then she turned to Mrs. Willington, who was warming her hands at the stove, and examining with amazement the cap, the garments, the general aspect of Rudolph's mother.

"This is Mrs. Willington, liebe Mutter," said Waldstein.

"You are welcome to our home, madame," said the old lady, and held out a homely, unringed hand. Mrs. Willington put the tips of her Jouvin's glove, with its four buttons and the cascade of lockets falling over it, into the horny receptacle the Gräfin proffered, and smiled a galvanised smile. Then the latter, in her turn, passed her eyes with curious scrutiny over this new-comer, and sighed.

They were shown to their bed-rooms, while supper was being prepared.

"Good heavens! no fire in one's room such a night as this!" cried Mrs. Willington. Then she looked for a bell; but there was none,—none throughout the Schloss, as she soon learnt. Her remarkably penetrating voice soon brought some one to her assistance, however,—her maid was superintending the right allotment of sundry huge trunks to the several rooms,—and then Madame Mère was informed that Mrs. Willington demanded fire. Margaret did not demand it, though, to say the truth, she was shivering in her room; but, then, she had a Rudolph, and her mother had not; and this Rudolph, without screaming for servants, and without a word from his wife, went and lit the stove himself.

"It is a wretched room," exclaimed Mrs. Willington, looking round. "What a bed! It's like a chest of drawers! And such a washing-stand! And as to the toilet-glass,—good heavens! half the quick-

silver is gone. No carpet, too,—ugh! How I hate these horrid stoves! And I don't see any place to hang up my gowns; and,—Cécile, go and ask for some candles. I can't dress with that one horrid light,—it's really too bad!"

Then Madame Mère was informed that Mrs. Willington demanded candles,—wax candles; and, raising her eyes to heaven, she unlocked the store-closet, and took out a pair with her own hands.

There was plenty of food for supper, and, of its kind it was not bad; but to appetites accustomed to a French cuisine, heavy German dishes are a trial; and Mrs. Willington, especially, did not bear the trial well. Margaret ate what was brought to her, and tried to think it nice; for Rudolph, she knew, would be vexed if she appeared to think otherwise; but she felt as though she were almost guilty of a disloyalty to her mother all the time, who was entering a silent, but expressive pantomimic protest against one dish after another. Madame Mère made as though she saw it not; but she did see it. No movement or look of either mother or daughter escaped her. She had begun the meal with a thanksgiving, and by invoking a blessing, at considerable length, upon what they were about to eat; if Mrs. Willington was impious enough to disregard this, she, Madame Mère, was doubly bound to show that the invocation had been answered, and she accordingly partook of almost everything at the table. She spoke but little. Rudolph talked, and exerted himself to make conversation general; but it was a hopeless work,—like a game of battledore in which every player but one lets the shuttlecock fall to the ground. Margaret did, indeed, make a feeble attempt to second him, and laughed whenever she saw an opportunity; but she felt very tired, and rather awe-stricken with Madame Mère's long prayers, and was secretly longing to be in her own room with Rudolph, where she would be at her ease. But this was not to be,—not unless she fainted outright,—for a good hour yet. No trifling excuse would have availed to spare her the long evening psalms, with two chapters from the Bible, and an exhortation, which followed the removal of supper. Mrs. Willington might yawn as audibly as she chose; she might look at her watch, and even go the length of taking off her bracelets. Madame Mère was inexorable as Fate. She would not have spared them a denunciation,—not skipped a single sentence of the wrathful homily, if their lives had depended on it.

The next morning the two ladies did not come down to breakfast, and thereby missed the morning edition of what had caused them such protracted suffering the night before. Rudolph appeared, of course, and he brought his wife's excuses. She was tired, and not yet accustomed to such early hours. Madame Mère shook her head, and murmured a supplication that the benighted young woman might be brought to see the culpability of sloth and self-indulgence. Then Rudolph took up his wife's breakfast to her with his own hands.

"I have seen poor mamma," said Margaret plaintively, "and she is very unhappy at having no garde-robe. She says all her beautiful gowns cannot possibly remain packed up always. Mine, too, will be quite spoilt, I'm afraid. What is to be done? Do see about it, dear."

He remembered two fine roomy old oak cupboards. It was true that some shelves had been put into them, and they had been devoted to apples; but these might be taken out, and it would be better than nothing in the present exigency. Only, what would his mother say? Perhaps it were wise to have the thing done, if possible, without her knowing it? It was not to be. She came, and caught him with an old servant baling out the apples on the floor.

"What dost thou with the apples, Rudolph?"

He tried to put a bold face on it, but stammered a little when he came to the purpose for which the cupboards were wanted. The vain adornments of women! If there was one subject upon which his mother could be more severe than any other it was this. Did he not know how she would quote Saint Paul, and visit the Corinthians upon his unhappy wife? However, he had to get it out, and he did so with some attempt at pleasantry. The old lady stood aghast.

"And, pray, what are we to do with the apples?" she said at last.

"Eat them, liebe Mutter; there is nothing else for it," he replied, with a shocking effort to laugh.

The worst of it was, that his well-meant crusade to rescue these sacred places of his mother's, and hand them over to the strangers, was not rewarded with the gratitude it deserved. Mrs. Willington declared that her gowns smelt so abominably of apples, that they made her sick for weeks afterwards. The subject made him sick, I know; what with the old Gräfin, upon one hand, with her Jeremiads, and Mrs. Willington with her complaints, on the other, he suffered many things because of those apples, and used to declare,—for he was driven to small jests,—that if the famous tree in the garden of Eden was really an apple-tree, he had been unfairly dealt by, for the knowledge he had of that fruit was all of evil, and none of good.

To continue the programme of this first day,—which will serve as a sample of many succeeding weeks,—Rudolph led his wife out, as soon as she was dressed, into the quaint old garden overhanging the vineyard, on the south side of the Schloss. It was a soberly fine autumn morning; the splendours of the year, its blue and gold, its emeralds and many-coloured jewels, were departed; but there was the first hint of silver frost in the air, and the tender opal of the sky, and the soft lustre of pale smoke and sunshine over the little town of Waldstadt in the valley yonder. The garden, which was in terraces, was separated from the vineyard by a low parapet wall. The angles of this wall, which were turret-shaped, held circular benches, where,

of summer evenings, it was pleasant to sit and look over the great slope of vineyard, and beyond the steep, winding road, and across the valley to the fir-clad hills, so darkly green and cool. On such a morning as this, however, "*sub Jove frigido*," exercise was better than repose, and the young couple walked for an hour upon this lowest terrace of the garden. Margaret felt very happy; it was pleasant to walk thus, with his strong arm around her, and his handsome face bent over hers, in this quaint garden under the clear autumn sky. Away from her mother, she could forget all minor troubles; with Mrs. Willington present, they stood between Margaret and contentment.

"This is better than the noise of Paris, after all, *Herzchen*, is it not?" he said.

"'Tis with you, Rudolph; not alone."

"It seems as if, in great cities, in great crowds, two hearts can never hear each other beat in perfect unison, for the din and turmoil round them."

It was a little bit of German sentimentality, and Margaret was not sentimental; but she liked it in Rudolph's mouth, and could understand it on this occasion. She looked up with a lovely smile.

"Nothing can prevent our hearing each other here, can it? But you're going to do everything I ask, ain't you, Rudolph? Not for me, dear,—for, indeed, I feel as if I want nothing now with you,—but for poor mamma, who is making such sacrifices on my account in coming here. I couldn't be happy, you know, if she were miserable."

"I hope she will not be miserable. Why should she? My mother, I am sure, wishes—will try to do everything to make her happy. Our manner of life is very different to what Mrs. Willington is used to. We are very quiet, simple folk here, and she will have to accustom herself to the absence of society; but with you and me, *Herzchen*, she oughtn't to be dull, and won't be, I hope."

Margaret probably knew better; but she said nothing, and tried to dismiss the subject from her thoughts. This was not difficult at the moment, for she felt perfectly happy while alone with her husband. But some half-hour later they were joined by Mrs. Willington.

"My dear Rudolph, when are you going to begin refurnishing the château? The state it is in is perfectly disgraceful. Margaret cannot possibly receive her friends in such a salon, with tarnished mirrors and threadbare sofas. And as to our bed-rooms, I do hope you will write off to-day, and get a tapissier from Strasburg, or somewhere, to come and make them decent. I have been thinking about it, and I have decided on having rose colour and white for my room. What do you say for yours, my darling?"

Margaret murmured that perhaps blue would be pretty. Rudolph walked along in silence, his eyes upon the ground, his wife's hand, which he held in his, still resting on his arm.

"Of course you mean to alter this garden," continued Mrs. Willington, presently. "This arrangement is so dreadfully old-fashioned. A *jardin Anglais* is the thing here. Whose is that big white house on the distant hill? That looks like a rich neighbour,—and the only one, I suppose."

"It belongs to a rich manufacturer, whose mills you see in the valley below. He is a very worthy man, but we don't associate. The distinction of classes is still kept up in this country. It is very absurd, I think, but so it is."

Mrs. Willington, whose husband had been in the wholesale oil-cloth line in New York,—which did not prevent her having aristocratic preclivities, now that she was allied to one of the oldest families in South Germany,—was not so opposed to class distinctions.

"Well, one must draw the line somewhere, I suppose. But what do you do for neighbours? Have you absolutely no society?"

"None, except the village pastor, and one or two old ladies, friends of my mother's, who visit her occasionally."

"Good heavens!"—Mrs. Willington clasped her hands,—"*and you call this existence? How can you have lived all these years in such a state of things? But you have surely had friends staying with you?*"

"Occasionally a man or two from Switzerland. I was at college there, and have cousins at Geneva, moreover. Sometimes one of them comes for the *chasse* in the winter. No one else, except General von Hanecke, who lives not very far off, and sometimes rides over."

"Ah, my dear Rudolph! we must alter all that for you. We shall have to import our society from Paris, I see."

Again he was silent; and, turning to her daughter, she went on,—

"The dear marquise and her daughter promised to come to you, you know; and so did Monsieur de Boisjelin, and several more."

A bell here rang opportunely, summoning them, so Rudolph said, to dinner.

"Dinner at one! Good heavens! Rudolph, you don't mean to say that you keep such barbarous hours?"

"Call the meals by whatever name you like, my dear Mrs. Willington,—they are really the same. This is your luncheon, and our eight o'clock supper your dinner. Moreover, we have the tea and coffee of civilised life at half-past five. But my mother is old-fashioned, and does not like change, so we always keep to the old names and hours of our meals."

"Ah! people at that time of life are peculiar. Still,—how old is she? Wonderfully active."

"Yes; I am thankful to say she is, for her years. She is sixty-eight, and has a capital head for business still,—indeed, she has the enjoyment of all her faculties."

The expression of Mrs. Willington's face spoke volumes, if Rudolph

could have seen it ; but she said nothing, and they all entered the dining-room.

After dinner, a high and very spidery-looking vehicle, of the mail Phaeton tribe, was brought to the door by a stalwart groom "bearded like the pard," and dressed in what was meant to be the true English style. Of course, Rudolph wished to drive his wife out ; but it was a fine afternoon, and what was Mrs. Willington to do ? Was she to be left to a tête-à-tête with the Gräfin ? Rudolph thought that this was not likely to tend to the softening of either lady's sentiments ; and he wished to avoid it, if possible. But what was to be done ? Of course Margaret must sit beside him, and the only other place was at the back, alongside of the bearded groom. He put it to Mrs. Willington, and she hesitated. It was derogatory, no doubt ; but was not anything better than being left alone in that horrid dull old house, with that dreadful puritanical old woman ? She had a chance of seeing some one, at all events ; and she could address an observation occasionally over the hood to the young people in front. She elected, and wisely, no doubt, to endure the indignity ; and though they saw no one in their drive but a few peasants and one commis-voyageur, standing at the inn-door, as they rattled down the little street of Waldstadt,—Rudolph, like most foreigners, being a perfect Jehu in the fury of his driving,—yet "it was a change," as she said, "and anything is better than being alone." They passed a Roman Catholic church, and met a couple of priests,—I had forgotten them,—a little farther on ; when Rudolph explained to Margaret that the district here was not entirely Protestant, and that all religions were tolerated. She was glad to hear this : she began to have a fear that if the Gräfin's will were omnipotent there would not be such liberality on this point.

In the evening the Pasteur called to pay his respects to the young Graf's bride. He was a spare, mild-eyed man of fifty, simple-minded, ignorant of the world's ways, and "thinking no evil" of any one ; shambling, tedious, voluble. He was bidden to stay supper, and sat next to Mrs. Willington, to whom he addressed himself several times, but in vain. When he asked some question about the American Church, it was Margaret, across the table, who replied. When he expressed a hope that the elder lady had not suffered from the journey,—in the eyes of the good Pasteur, who had not been twenty miles from Waldstadt in as many years, Paris was at the world's end,—Mrs. Willington only shook her head, and yawned ; it was Rudolph who came to the rescue, with some statistical account of the French railroads, and the increased traffic to Strasburg, with a good deal about "kilos," which seemed to interest both gentlemen, and was incomprehensible to the ladies. The Pasteur's own talk was chiefly small and local, and directed principally to Madame Mère. She knitted her grey worsted stocking, even at the supper table, and discussed the temporal and spiritual

needs of those amongst the Waldstadt poor who belonged to the small number of the "elect," with forcible sense and rigorous justice. But to Mrs. Willington, and indeed, it must be confessed, to Margaret, too, all this was inexpressibly wearisome. The evening ended with a lengthy exhortation from the Pasteur, and prayers in which blessings were invoked in many long-winded phrases upon the bridegroom and his bride. At the time, Margaret got such a pain in her knees that she fervently wished the blessings shortened: she remembered them, years afterwards, in penitence and tears.

"That old woman will be the death of me!" said Mrs. Willington to her daughter, as she went to bed. "This sort of thing never can go on. You must very soon put a stop to it, my darling, if you don't wish to have my death at your door. I feel already ten years older than I did when I came here."

PLATO.

A vision of the bright and glorious past
Arose before me. In the golden haze
That glorifies our dreaming, one wide-browed,
With regal eyes and calm, his forehead bound
With violets, strode out of the mists of time
And filled my spirit with his radiant gaze.

A rapture as of an unearthly bliss
Possessed me, as I saw his grave, deep eyes
Shine, with unwavering lustre, through the dusk ;
For well I knew the godlike lineaments
And stately shape of Athens' greatest sage ;
And as I gazed upon his majesty,
My rapture blossomed into burning words.

" O Aristocles ! rightly named ! " * I said.
" For surely, since the term of thy brief life,
The grandeur of thy world-wide thoughts has spread
Over the surface of the teeming earth,
And all the pulsing flood of sympathy,
That courses through the veins of kindred men,
Linking their souls with an electric chain,
Throbs to the rhythm of thy magic words.
For though but to a chosen few are known
Thy luminous, clear glimpses of God's truth,
Yet, as a low and softly murmuring rill
Of sweetest music, rippling heedlessly
Close to the dull ears of care-centred men,
Enwinds itself unconsciously about
The tense-strung brain and toil-bewildered mind,
Chasing the grosser thoughts and meaner cares,
That erst did hold dominion there, until
The heaven-sweet melody is left alone
To work its own pure mission and enspell
The passionate pulses to a soothing calm,
Pregnant with all good things,—so, in our time,
The influence of thy glorious, fire-born soul,
Embodied in the wonder of thy words,
Reaches the heart of many a just man,
Although he wis it not, and makes him muse
Upon times past and times to come and dream
Wise, noble thoughts of Nature and of God,
That ripen into generous action's fruit,
Unconscious, all the while, from whence may come
The magic that enthralls him.

* Πλάτων.

" Would to God
 That thou wert living now, to lend thine aid
 To swell the voices,—few and weak, alas!—
 Of those unflinching, true and generous souls,
 That strive to win the grasping, blinded age
 Back to the nobler aims and purer thoughts!"

His visage lightened with a look of calm,
 Unsmiling sweetness and his brow seemed crowned
 With the majestic beauty of his soul.
 And he to me: " Fear not,—the dice of God
 Are loaded ever on the side of ill.*
 The good falls always uppermost. No need
 Is there of me to work the destinies
 Of ages yet to come. My work is done;
 And work well done can never pass away,
 But shines out through the vista of the years,
 A star of promise to all constant men.
 The gods adjust the balance. Every time
 Has its own nobleness. Although it hide
 Awhile beneath the film of current ills,
 Yet can the dust of evil no more crush
 The germ of truth than can o'erlying heaps
 Of plough-turned earth press out the principle
 Or life within a single grain of wheat.
 Take heart and wait,—the years bring on the light,
 That solves the problem. As old proverbs say,
 Truly Aurora's herald, Hesperus,
 The star of night and morn, brings everything.
 One needs but patience; and the disc of wrong
 Revolves in time and shows its other side
 Bright with the pure gold of accomplished right.
 No true work but must bear the load of years,—
 No noble thing that must not dare the test
 Of time and waiting, fear and darkling doubt,
 Before it shines out incontestably
 God's truth, as the dull crystal in the mine
 Matures for ages in the night of time
 Within the mystic bowels of the earth,
 Ere the pure diamond hardens into light.
 But all more precious is the work fulfilled,
 Since two of God's especial attributes,
 Patience and silence, usher in its life."

J. P.

* Οἱ εὐβοὶ Ἀνὴρ δαὶ συνέκρουσι.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

Of all the changes which time has worked in our social system, there is none so striking as that which has taken place during the last hundred years in the position of women. From the time when dexterity in wielding the pen was as remarkable a feat in a feminine hand as the use of the sword would be now, we have reached the day, when the most striking originality a woman can boast of is the fact that she has not yet published a book.

It is an originality which few preserve for long; a fretting fever breaking into multitudinous eruptions of ink is in general possession of the women of the nineteenth century, extending to almost all classes, from the daintily perfumed duchess to the unwashed maid-of-all-work.

That a vast mass of rubbish is the result of this excessive activity is not to be denied. It is not to be disputed that a large number of women, who cannot write well, do write ill; that many who would go harmlessly through life, if they sought nothing beyond the ordinary round of daily duties, do infinite damage by aspiring to gifts not intended for them, and industriously sow the seeds of a pernicious literature,—pernicious sometimes from sheer ignorance, which propagates bad models,—incomplete in thought, incorrect in language, and weak in invention; and in other cases more injurious still, from that dangerous pretension of weakness to strength, which seeks a refuge from inanity by a forced and unholy alliance with license and depravity. It is not to be gainsayed that these distinctive characters mark the bulk of womanish novels which load the counter of the circulating library; but if this be true of the larger proportion, it is also true that there exists besides a considerable number of excellent works of fiction produced by women, and that we may add to these a small sum marked by such genius as no man has yet surpassed.

Among the French there is at present a diminution in the quantity of novel-writing women, and those who are best known are of such doubtful character, that a Frenchman, intending to convey an unpleasant insinuation concerning a lady, shrugs his shoulders and says, "*Mais enfin elle a écrit un roman.*" On the other hand, in Sweden and Denmark some charming works bear the impress of a feminine hand, and the writing of fiction is on the increase in those countries as much with women as with men. Nor is it only in the

gardens of literature that the advancing education of women bears fruit. We find it in every domain of art. In sculpture the young American Miss Hosmer is eminent ; in painting Rosa Bonheur is paramount when she opens to our view a rich pasturage with cattle grazing, or wild moors with the mottled deer trooping across them, or great horse-fairs with sturdy men buying and selling, and bright suns and deep-blue skies shedding their radiance over all. But still it remains a fact, that the proportion of successful endeavour is smaller amongst women than men, and that very few women have shown themselves capable of a long-sustained effort ; so that when there appeared ten years ago a work of fiction in three volumes, called "Adam Bede," wherein there was no faltering chapter, which contained an equal combination of vigour, and beauty, and sagacity, and subtle observation, the world at large attributed the production to a man. It was thought by many critics that a performance so unwavering in its strength could not proceed from a feminine hand. But those critics were mistaken. It was a woman who wrote "Adam Bede ;" and the force and delicacy of touch, the profound and extensive knowledge of the humours and passions of mankind, of all nature, of art and of science, of history ; of times present and past, of all, in short, that men most wish to know,—these rare qualities, first recognised in "Adam Bede," were developed to the reader in fuller perfection in every succeeding volume from the same author. In one of these works, called "Felix Holt," fabricated poetical headings affixed to each chapter indicated the power of a poet ; and studious readers dwelt on them, wondering whether they might not one day see an ample stream swell from that hidden source. It has risen now, not with the fret, the brawl, and clamour which belong to shallow waters, but with the unbroken strength and divine radiance of a deep, majestic river. The poem of the "Spanish Gypsy," by George Eliot, is not of a fragmentary or spasmodic character ; nor is it of that slight melodious kind which pleases the ear for awhile and then satiates. It is a prolonged grave harmony of elevated and pathetic strain. Through all its ringing changes,—and it has many,—there still prevails a tone of meditative sadness.

The form in which the poem is cast is peculiar. It is an alternation of narrative with dramatic dialogue. A drama is explained by the presence of narrative ; or a narrative intensified by dramatic scenes,—a difficult and almost hazardous form to adopt, one which evidently requires great skill in the handling, lest in the passage from one kind of composition to the other the reader should experience too abrupt a transition, a sensation too much akin to that of a jolt or jerk ; too violent an interruption to the flow of thought and emotion. Nor has this danger been entirely escaped. There are times when the mind, lulled by the gliding movement of narration, is waked into uneasiness by the sudden appearance of characters who act and speak

for themselves with their separate individualities, startled with the breaks and pauses incidental to varied dialogue, with entrances and exits, and the blemish of stage directions; and there are moments also when the interest of dramatic action and passion is too much suspended by the interference of the story-teller.

But this fault is only recognised occasionally, and, on the whole, the machinery of the poem is conducted with astonishing dexterity and smoothness from the first geographical description of Spain to the last tragical parting-scene on the shores of Almeria. The impression left by the poem is that of a deep tragedy; not grasping at the heart with convulsive throes, but sinking into its depths with a tender, solemn, abiding music.

Sorrow is foreseen from the beginning; the fatal passion of a human heart at war with the established order of human institutions is indicated in the opening dialogue at the Spanish hostelry, when it is told that Duke Silva, one of the most powerful of Spanish nobles, is about to wed Fedalma, a foundling adopted in childhood by his mother, the Duchess. The Duchess is dead. The Duke is about to give the love, honour, and protection of a husband to the beautiful Fedalma, and for this cause he will delay the siege of an important Moorish fortress which ought to be attacked at once. The Duke's uncle, Isidor, is a priest and an inquisitor. Suspecting Fedalma to be the offspring of an infidel race, he vehemently opposes the projected marriage; and, finding his nephew inaccessible to remonstrances, he resolves upon giving up the maiden to the mercies of the Holy Inquisition; while the Duke, on the other hand, is determined upon hurried and secret nuptials. But a power alien from both steps in between these two, and carries Fedalma away. In the middle of the night a note reaches her, announcing a visit from her father, who is Zarca, the king of the gypsies. She has seen him a chained prisoner, the head of a band taken fighting for the Moors. Not knowing who he was, she was moved at the sight of his affliction and his noble bearing, and in her gentleness has sued the Duke for the deliverance of the captives. Zarca is a man of high purpose: he has been educated by skilled Hebrews and Moors; it is his great scheme to regenerate his race; to found a monarchy; to establish it in Africa; to reign himself, and to be succeeded by his daughter. He works upon her wavering imagination, upon strange impulses, dimly felt before, fully recognised now. He rouses her sympathy, her admiration, her sense of sacred filial duty, and she follows him, leaving her lover with only a short note of explanation. Silva cannot support her absence,—detects the scheme of the Inquisition to burn her alive,—abhors his lot among her persecutors,—follows her,—swears an oath of fealty to the gypsy tribe and its monarch,—and finds himself finally with the enemies of Spain, involved in the attack on that citadel of Bedmar, the strong fastness of the Moors, which it should have been

his special honour to defend. At his feet lies the corpse of his dearest friend; and, led out for execution, he recognises Isidor, the inquisitor,—a man he thought he hated, but still yet one of his kindred, and once a chief prop of his power; he strives to arrest the execution in vain, and, in a frenzy of passion, stabs the gypsy king, Fedalma's father. Zarca, with his last breath, orders that the Spaniard shall go away from among them unhurt. Fedalma, true daughter to her father and true mother to her tribe, with averted head suffers him to go. They meet once more, but only for an eternal parting; and with that parting the poem concludes.

It is not our present business to dwell upon the sublime sorrow of this scene; for in seeking to give some notion of the unflagging excellence of the work, it is fitting to observe, as much as lies in our power, the order of the poet,—that order out of which consistent beauty grows,—and therefore we now return to the opening description which may be considered as the prelude to the theme.

In a poem which never affects obscurity, it seems an almost whimsical chance that the two first lines are hard to understand: we cannot satisfy ourselves completely of the author's meaning in comparing the lands of Europe to "fretted leaflets breathing on the deep,"—but we pass on with delight to the intelligible music of the following passage:—

"Broad-breasted Spain, leaning with equal love
 (A calm earth-goddess crowned with corn and vines)
 On the Mid Sea that mourns with memories,
 And on the untravelled Ocean, whose vast tides
 Pant dumbly passionate with dreams of youth.
 This river, shadowed by the battlements
 And gleaming silvery towards the northern sky,
 Feeds the famed stream that waters Andalus
 And loiters, amorous of the fragrant air,
 By Córdoba and Seville to the bay
 Fronting Algarva and the wandering flood
 Of Guadiana."

We pause on the melodious sweetness of these lines, their soft pathos lingers in our recollection; they are touched with that tone of sadness which is the essence of poetical imagination, and which is gradually to swell, as the poem advances, into the fullest harmonies of passionate contrite sorrow and tender emotion. The flow of the narrative is not, however, uniformly smooth; occasionally, there is a movement in the rhythm unpleasant to the ear, which is probably introduced with intention to relieve monotony, but which is hardly needed in a work of which the construction affords frequent breaks and changes, deviating not only into dramatic dialogue, but into the by-paths of song.

One of the most agreeable characters unfolded in this dramatic poem is that of Juan, the minstrel, with his light tones and true heart, who

"Whistles low notes, or seems to thrum his lute
As a mere hyphen 'twixt two syllables
Of any steadier man."

"In his speech and look
A touch of graceful wildness, as of things
Not trained or tamed for uses of the world;
Most like the Fauns that roamed in days of old
About the listening whispering woods, and shared
The subtler sense of sylvan ears and eyes
Undulled by scheming thought, yet joined the rout
Of men and women on the festal days,
And played the syrinx too, and knew love's pains,
Turning their anguish into melody."

He follows Fedalma with the distant love of a chivalrous troubadour, always serving, never troubling her; risking all for her, sacrificing all to her, concentrating the whole energy of his nature upon the fulfilment of her wishes.

It is thus that he sings of her in the hostelry where the Duke's love, and the inquisitor's objections, and the maiden's theology have been made the subject of public talk, with some anxious interruptions of caution and apprehension :—

"Maiden, crowned with glossy blackness,
Lithe as panther forest-roaming,
Long-armed naiad, when she dances,
On a stream of ether floating—
Bright, O bright Fedalma !

"Form all curves like softness drifted,
Wave-kissed marble roundly dimpling,
Far-off music slowly winged,
Gently rising, gently sinking—
Bright, O bright Fedalma !

"Pure as rain-tear on a rose-leaf,
Cloud high-born in noon-day spotless,
Sudden perfect as the dew-bead,
Gem of earth and sky-begotten—
Bright, O bright Fedalma !

"Beauty has no mortal father,
Holy light her form engendered
Out of tremour, yearning, gladness,
Presage sweet and joy remembered—
Child of Light, Fedalma !

Song is followed by dance, and in the midst of the dance Fedalma suddenly appears unexpected, wondered at, urged by the strange impulse of her blood to follow the habits of her tribe, and to join in the rhythmic movement.

"Ardently modest, sensuously pure,
With young delight that wonders at itself
And throbs as innocent as opening flowers,

Knowing not comment—soilless, beautiful.
 The spirit in her gravely glowing face
 With sweet community informs her limbs,
 Filling their fine gradation with the breath
 Of virgin majesty."

The jubilant movement is interrupted by the march through the throng of the captive gypsy band; Fedalma's attention is arrested, and her compassion subdues her nature. Afterwards the Duke chides her for so unwary an exhibition of her charms to public admiration, being informed of the proceeding by Isidor, the priest. The scene of remonstrance and reconciliation between the lovers shows a depth of tenderness in these two hearts, which can admit of none but "sweet division," where discord dissolves and closes into a fuller, more concordant music, more complete, more perfect, because of its interruption.

The priest's soliloquy which follows upon this scene, is one of the most powerful passages in the drama, exhibiting the most subtle intricacies of the human conscience, its prevarications with itself, its unfair dealing with its own honest suggestions, its subversion of all truth to one faith, and of eternal justice to a narrow creed.

The man finally embraces cruelty and treachery, the most revolting of those crimes which have made the history of mankind a painful chronicle; but he embraces them, as he persuades himself, in the service of God. In her dealing with this sacerdotal iniquity, George Eliot has exhibited that masculine quality of mind which is able to see two sides to a question, to conceive a variety of shifting arguments affecting a final resolution, and to believe in the singleness of purpose and self-abnegation which frequently accompany a perverted righteousness. Women are mostly one-sided, and for this reason their genius is undramatic: their field of view is not large enough for a true representation of the drama of life, and their judgment is not candid enough for a perfectly fair interpretation of perplexed thought and action. It requires a considerable exercise of candour and patience to suppress your own views, to keep self wholly in the background, to be the mouthpiece of conflicting thoughts, opinions, and passions, and to refrain from passing sentence. In the spirit of justice, and in the dignity of reticence, George Eliot's genius is unlike that of her sex in general.

The same power which George Eliot puts forth in the metaphysical speculations of the inquisitor, and the rough dialogue commenting on the ways of men, in the Spanish hostelry, is felt in the sustained and delicate beauty of the poet's melodious strains. The exquisite music, and tender thought, and sweet imagery with which a southern night is invested in Fedalma's meditations, sink so deeply into the heart that they associate themselves unconsciously with every fine harmony of life; link themselves with all sweetness in the present and past,—with the rhythmic vibrations of the inspired musician, with the fine

design and delicious tints of the perfect painter, with the murmur of pleasant waters and the stir of cooling breezes.

"So soft a night was never made for sleep,
But for the waking of the finer sense
To every murmuring and gentle sound,
To subtlest odours, pulses, visitings
That touch our frames with wings too delicate
To be discerned amid the blare of day.

[She pauses near the window to gather some jasmine: then walks again.]

Surely these flowers keep happy watch—their breath
Is their fond memory of the loving light.
I often rue the hours I lose in sleep:
It is a bliss too brief, only to see
This glorious world, to hear the voice of love,
To feel the touch, the breath of tenderness,
And then to rest as from a spectacle.
I need the curtained stillness of the night
To live through all my happy hours again
With more selection—cull them quite away
From blemished moments. Then in loneliness
The face that bent before me in the day
Rises in its own light, more vivid seems
Painted upon the dark, and ceaseless glows
With sweet solemnity of gazing love,
Till like the heavenly blue it seems to grow
Nearer, more kindred, and more cherishing,
Mingling with all my being."

In passages expressing tenderness, whether dramatic or narrative, there is nothing more musical than the flow of George Eliot's lines. Here is a bit of dialogue, exquisite in fancy and in felicity of language, where Fedalma comments with pretty ingenuity to her lover upon the difficulty she finds in speaking her deepest thoughts to him:—

"I was right!

These gems have life in them: their colours speak,
Say what words fail of. So do many things—
The scent of jasmine, and the fountain's plash,
The moving shadows on the far-off hills,
The slanting moonlight and our clasping hands.
O Silva, there's an ocean round our words
That overflows and drowns them. Do you know
Sometimes when we sit silent, and the air
Breathes gently on us from the orange-trees,
It seems that with the whisper of a word
Our souls must shrink, get poorer, more apart.
Is it not true?

DON SILVA.

Yes, dearest, it is true.
Speech is but broken light upon the depth
Of the unspoken: even your loved words
Float in the larger meaning of your voice
As something dimmer."

The enunciation in melodious lines of those objects in nature which speak to full hearts with a more perfect charm than words,—the jasmine's scent, the fountain's plash, the moving shadow, closing with a suggestion of deeper emotion in the hand's touch, is a perfect piece of art ; it is the true poet's persuasion taking hold of the reader with gentle, irresistible advances.

We have dwelt especially on the most melodious passages because they are best represented in extracts ; but the power of the poet is not less evident in the dramatic action, in the stir and bustle of the gypsy camp, in the public throngs of noisy thoroughfares, in warlike preparation, in the transactions of busy life.

One of the most remarkable of the descriptive passages of the work is the character of Don Silva :—

“ Silva was both the lion and the man ;
 First hesitating shrank, then fiercely sprang,
 Or having sprung, turned pallid at his deed
 And loosed the prize, paying his blood for nought.
 A nature half transformed, with qualities
 That oft bewrayed each other, elements
 Not blent, but struggling, breeding strange effects,
 Passing the reckoning of his friends or foes.
 Haughty and generous, grave and passionate ;
 With tidal moments of devoutest awe,
 Sinking anon to farthest ebb of doubt ;
 Deliberating ever, till the sting
 Of a recurrent ardour made him rush
 Right against reasons that himself had drilled
 And marshalled painfully. A spirit framed
 Too proudly special for obedience,
 Too subtly pondering for mastery.”

Some critics have suggested that in the metaphysical subtleties of Silva there is more of the nineteenth than the fifteenth century ; but in reply to this suggestion we would urge the recollection of the historical fact that there flowed in Spain, during the fifteenth century, a new and full tide of thought, which brought with it many doubts at war with the despotism of bigotry, and many meditative men who were looked upon as dangerous sceptics ; and even if this were not the case, the character beyond is consistent in itself, and we must concede to the poet the possibility of a mind passing national and chronological limits ; for occasionally men do appear who think the thoughts of a future generation, and transcend their own, and with these men it fares ill. The perplexities which surround them get no solution in their own time : they are isolated, they have no kindred ; they might lead, but they can find no followers.

In pondering over a work of beauty, and seeking to communicate the sense of it to others, it is difficult to resist quotation ; yet fragments can give no just idea of the unity of excellence, and little is gleaned,

and the full harvest left. We yield to the temptation of one more effort at selection ; but that shall be the last.

“ We must walk

Apart unto the end. Our marriage rite
Is our resolve that we will each be true
To high allegiance, higher than our love.
Our dear young love—its breath was happiness !
But it had grown upon a larger life
Which tore its roots asunder. We rebelled—
The larger life subdued us. Yet we are wed ;
For we shall carry each the pressure deep
Of the other's soul. I soon shall leave the shore.
The winds to-night will bear me far away.
My lord, farewell !

He did not say ‘ Farewell.’

But neither knew that he was silent. She,
For one long moment, moved not. They knew nought
Save that they parted ; for their mutual gaze
As with their soul's full speech forbade their hands
To seek each other—those oft-clasping hands
Which had a memory of their own, and went
Widowed of one dear touch for evermore.”

A picturesque description of the gypsy tribe's preparation for departure relieves this tender sadness, and then the poem closes. Fedalma sails away with her people to far-off, unknown lands, and watches Silva's bark bound for another shore.

“ Fedalma stood and watched the little bark
Lying jet-black upon moon-whitened waves.
Silva was standing too. He too divined
A steadfast form that held him with its thought,
And eyes that sought him vanishing : he saw
The waters widen slowly, till at last
Straining he gazed and knew not if he gazed
On aught but blackness overhung by stars.”

This final line, the “ blackness overhung by stars,” presents an image corresponding with the state of mind induced by the poem. It is in harmony with a history of sorrow and of sacrifice, with the temper of suffering subdued by virtue. Destiny was dark for these lovers, but, like the black vault, “ it was overhung by stars ;” a celestial radiance glorifies the lofty aim and strong resolution ; a great self-abnegation makes despair divine.

So high a strain is not in accordance with the fashion of the day. Poetry of late has stooped to stimulate the baser passions ; to urge the soul to yield to desire ; to enforce the impossibility of restraint ; to set forth license as the proof of humanity, — as if it needed learning, eloquence, and a vast imagination to teach a man to behave like a brute. We have hitherto dwelt only on the artistic skill of George Eliot's work ; but the artistic is heightened by the moral beauty of the work, and that for this reason it is recurred to with renewed delight again and again.

Moral beauty is the highest truth which men have discovered, and truth alone is permanently attractive. The more George Eliot's poem is read, the more will be found in it to read. The thought is packed close; the force is evenly diffused; it is not displayed with a sudden burst and a subsiding; it has the majesty of restraint; and we do not suspect the author at any time of exhaustion. This is quite unlike the general mode of feminine exertion, and equally unlike the mode at present in vogue among men. It is neither among the male nor female writers of the hour that we should look for George Eliot's parallel. Some men, replete with grace and prettiness, have been what we should call effeminate poets, from an absence of vigour and robust thought. Such are T. Moore and Talfourd, Waller and Metastasio, and in some degree Lamartine; but it is not among such that George Eliot is to be classed.

In seeking for one of her kindred, we touch upon the most masculine of poets: whenever she reminds us of any other writer, it is of the author of "*Artevelde*" and "*St. Clement's Eve*." She has not his perfect mastery over all the conditions of rhythm. From too great a fear of monotony, her prosody, as we have said before, is sometimes faulty; sometimes a line is overweighted with unaccented syllables, at others the *cæsura* falls into a strange position; yet many of her lines are singularly melodious, and this is true most often of those which carry a redundant syllable.

It is in the force of her thought, in its originality and vigorous expression, that she recalls the author of "*Artevelde*;" frequently too, in the direction which it takes. This is the case in the talk of the host of the inn with his customers in their comments on theology, and on the ways of the grandees, and in their tone of ironical humour and grave jest. But though we occasionally trace such a resemblance, in the general tenor of the dramatic dialogue, there is no appearance of direct imitation in any particular passage, and George Eliot is an essentially original poet.

LORD PALMERSTON.

How deep is the silence which has already stolen over the memory of Lord Palmerston! But yesterday he was in the midst of us, and his name has now passed utterly from the circle of current and exciting topics. It was foreseen that this would be the case. Both in France and in England the remark was made at the time of his death, that the event would date an epoch in English politics, and that the grave of Lord Palmerston closed upon an old order of things. It is not that we have forgotten him, but that there is nothing to connect his personality with the subjects which now engage the attention of politicians and agitate the nation's mind. A period of storm and conflict has immediately succeeded a period of intense repose, and amid the din of the elements no one recalls the slumbrous murmur of the stream, or the neutral tint of the pale grey sky. The spell by which Lord Palmerston held all parties in affectionate allegiance consisted in this,—that he, and he alone, enabled politicians, without serious upbraiding either from their consciences or their constituencies, to take things easy. There are peremptory instincts in the human breast which affirm that the ingredients of this spell were not altogether noble,—that the rest for which our legislators were so devoutly thankful to Lord Palmerston was not heroic; but the feeling with which he was regarded in the country was much the same as that with which he was regarded in the House; and as it has never been seriously disputed that the people of the United Kingdom are a practical and active-minded race, it can have been only through some notable conjuncture of circumstances or instructive peculiarity of character, that the kindly acquiescence in things as they are, natural for a hale and successful gentleman of eighty, was accepted as supreme political wisdom by the English nation, and is now looked back upon by many with a sigh of pensive and yearning reminiscence.

Lord Palmerston was the finest specimen of a race fertile in superior men. Lightness and geniality of temperament, combined with shrewdness, moral stability, and excellent intellectual parts, made the Temples a distinguished and prosperous kindred. Qualities high and fine, qualities graceful and glancing, rather than transcendent, characterised the race. They were literary, though they produced no man of supreme literary genius; they had a rare tact in diplomacy, though their most eminent man of affairs before Lord Palmerston was the judicious and smooth-tongued Sir William Temple,

of the Triple Alliance. They shone as secretaries and confidential friends; they were good company. Philip Sidney had a Sir William Temple for secretary. A history of the Irish Civil War was written by a Sir John Temple. An instinct of moderation never left them. Their dwelling was in that safest region of the social atmosphere which is well out of the valley mist, and yet too low to draw the lightnings. Clearness, animation, alertness, adroitness, activity, good sense, good temper, good health, gifts and qualities which, above all, make men successful and gracefully prevalent, were theirs. And you could not, in equally narrow compass, say anything so comprehensively and correctly descriptive of Lord Palmerston as this,—that he was the first of the Temples with their good qualities in higher perfection than had been previously witnessed, and their more questionable characteristics, their prudence, their caution, their worldly wisdom, elevated into a manly vigilance and self-possession not inconsistent with intrepidity. All the best qualities of a sweet-blooded and happy race met in their best form in Lord Palmerston.

The first traces we have of him befit the youth of a Temple. Attracted to the University of Edinburgh by the splendid reputation of its professors, he attended the lectures of Dugald Stewart on Political Economy, and so copious and correct were the notes he took that when, many years subsequently, Sir William Hamilton prepared his edition of the lectures from the note-books of students, "by far the most valuable assistance that he derived in his editorial task was from the note-book of Lord Palmerston." The trait nicely corresponds with what we know of the character of the Temple family on the one hand, and of Lord Palmerston on the other. The young lord who sits in the class-room of a Scottish University, sedate and vigilant, jotting down the words of Dugald Stewart, to be copied out and coned over in the evening, has formed an eminently practical idea of his position, and has the faculty of taking pains. We do not hear that Lord Palmerston distinguished himself in the Speculative Society. His name was on its books, but he was not frequent in his attendance, and does not seem to have been one of the speakers. We are justified in regarding the circumstance as not accidental. He was probably slow of speech, being in fact considered in the House of Commons, twenty years later, a hesitating speaker. But he made no earnest effort to attain to oratorical fluency, and bent his energies to more solid acquirement. The event proved that the basis thus laid for a political career admitted of a stabler and loftier superstructure than could have been reared on a foundation of mere linguistic volubility. The silent Palmerston lived to perform more substantial services for England, to write his name more deeply in the history of Europe, and to acquire a far higher place in the estimation of his countrymen, than Brougham, Horner, or any other of the orators who, about that period, made the hall of the Speculative Society resound with their eloquence.

Lord Palmerston entered Parliament in 1806, taking his seat for the pocket borough of Bletchingley. He was then twenty-two years old, and he continued a member of the House of Commons almost without intermission until he was fourscore.* He was for some years a listener and observer only. He first spoke in February, 1808, defending Ministers for sending an expedition to Copenhagen to seize the Danish fleet. The speech is brief, and is remarkable for nothing so much as the simplicity and breadth of its reasoning, and the total absence of rhetorical brilliancy. "England," he said, "according to that law of self-preservation which is a fundamental principle of the law of nations, is justified in securing, and therefore enforcing, from Denmark a neutrality which France would by compulsion have converted into an active hostility." No refining or special pleading here; none of the flourish or verbosity of aspiring youth; the right thing said quietly, briefly, clearly, and there an end.

He proved himself an excellent official. He had the Temple knack of doing things quickly and gracefully, moving obstacles pleasantly out of his way, and making his superiors and his brother officials feel that it was easy to get along with him. There are men of astonishing power and the best intentions who have not the gift of working with others. Lord Brougham was one of these. It would have been easier for him to perform the work of the whole team than to pull in harness. He was always doing something which fretted his colleagues, and at last he drove them to despair. Confessedly the first orator, and the most impetuous and crushing genius, of the Whigs, he was pronounced insufferable by his allies and thrown for ever out of Cabinet arrangements. Forty years in the political Coventry rewarded Brougham's eccentric activity and uproarious zeal. The quiet, handy Palmerston, after being for a couple of years a Junior Lord of the Admiralty, was promoted to the Secretaryship of War, and administration after administration continued to value his services. Perceval, Liverpool, Canning, Goderich, Wellington, found him the kind of man they wanted. A silent member, or nearly so, but recommended to practical ministers by eloquent efficiency.

It was a time when England wanted in all departments men who could work; and when, after long hanging and many reverses, the world was to be convinced that the ancient working talent of the nation was not extinct. The question of peace or war was no longer an open question. It might have been bad policy to go to war with the French Republic, but no candid inquirer will refuse to admit that, in the

* It is somewhat remarkable that, from the very commencement of his parliamentary career, he was in office. A modest intelligence, a frank yet unassuming demeanour, a college reputation, not for brilliant but for useful qualities, probably recommended him to the heads as one likely to do much work and to give little trouble. At the age of twenty-three he was gazetted as Junior Lord of the Admiralty in the administration of the Duke of Portland.

epic struggle between Great Britain and the French Emperor, our national independence was at stake. An energetic war policy was imposed upon all Cabinets by the necessity of the case, and as the Tory party had made this policy its own, it was supported by a unanimous and enthusiastic people, and drew to its ranks an overwhelming majority of young and ardent spirits. At sea the British flag had been completely victorious, but Napoleon had received no serious check on land. The tide of military success was near the turn when Lord Palmerston became Secretary of War. Many causes, — the efforts of many able men, — conspired to effect the change which ensued. It would be possible to exaggerate the importance, in relation to the general result, of Lord Palmerston's vigorous administration of the War Office; but it was a necessity of his situation that he should feel himself in the front of England's battle during that stirring time, and share the emotions which, between 1809 and 1815, thrilled in wave after wave of intense excitement along the surface of the United Kingdom. In those years the deepest political education of Lord Palmerston took place. He became proud of England. He became proud of the name of Englishman. He learned to believe in the tight little island about which the last generation loved to sing. He learned to trust and to extol the prowess of his country. He came to the War Office when the thin red lines of British infantry were beginning to score the Napoleonic map of Europe. He witnessed the trepidation of the London merchants when that headstrong young soldier, Sir Arthur Wellesley, thinking, forsooth, that because he had given good account of a parcel of blacks at Assaye, he was the man to try conclusions with the demon of the impossible, the invincible Emperor, whose sword-flash from Austerlitz had struck the heaven-born Pitt into pallid death, dared to face the imperial soldiery. Year after year Palmerston heard the trumpets of victory sounded, until the crowning mercy, as Cromwell would have said, of Waterloo. At that date the British soldier was in fact accepted as the Hercules of the world. The impressions of that period never left Lord Palmerston. He had no idea of England playing a second part, giving the lead to France, Russia, or whatever Power it might be. In the strength of England's arm all Englishmen, including the Tories with whom Lord Palmerston acted, then believed; but he did not confine himself to the old Tory circle of opinions; he believed in the almost miraculous virtue of constitutional freedom on the English pattern. English at all points, he had faith in England's ideas. His theory was that mind rules the world; that nations of high moral character, guided by an intelligent public opinion acting through the machinery of representative institutions, exert an influence out of proportion to their material force; and that England, the most enlightened of kingdoms, ought to wield a power indefinitely greater than that of her mere physical force. He was thus the complete and superb realisation of Mr. Matthew Arnold's

political Philistine. "There is in nature,"—the words are Lord Palmerston's,—“no governing power but mind: all else is passive and inert. In human affairs this power is opinion; in political affairs it is public opinion; and he who can grasp this power, with it will subdue the fleshy arm of physical strength, and compel it to work out his purpose. Look at one of those floating fortresses which bear to the furthest regions of the globe the glory and the prowess of England: see a puny insect at the helm, commanding the winds of heaven and the waves of the ocean, and enslaving even the laws of nature, as if, instead of being ordained to hold the universe together, they had only been established for his particular occasion. And yet the merest breath of those winds which he has yoked to his service, the merest drop of that fathomless abyss which he has made into his own footstool, would, if ignorantly encountered, be more than enough for his destruction: but the powers of his mind have triumphed over the forces of things, and the subjugated elements have become his obedient vassals.” The enlightened Englishman, in Lord Palmerston's view of things, was the helmsman of the vessel of the world. We now smile at this faith. But the old faith in England was not the faith of fools. Men of brains held it, more than one or two. Macaulay professed it, and he was a sensible man, a Whig, the ornament of a party whose genius consisted in superiority to the illusions of genius. Earl Russell has it, and certain of the formulas in which the constitutional Earl has embodied it, after being watchwords for a quarter of a century, are pronounced with an ironical tone by the new generation. Lord Palmerston had it perhaps most of all, though he made little parade of it. It was a cheerful faith. We are not much happier for having lost it. We are statistical and business-like, not enthusiastic, not in the least inclined to boast. We send out an expedition to Abyssinia, knock over Theodore, bring home the prisoners, and say nothing about it. No statesman could have ventured, in referring to the expedition, to talk of the majesty of England, and of the glory of making the *civis Britannicus* as inviolable as the *civis Romanus*, which Lord Palmerston actually did in connection with the oppressions of Greek Otho so recently as 1850. Within very recent times our national mood has been perceptibly changing,—bettering, we shall try to hope. A patriotism; however, that is only partly intelligent may be better than none, and no commonwealth can be in a healthful condition when the citizen takes no pride in the State. The swagger, the fanfaronade, the loquacious optimism of the Regency, were the bad side of a good thing. Cosmopolitan cynicism is a far more barren affair.

Hitherto Lord Palmerston had been a Tory, and to the last day of his life he continued to think and feel on the questions which came before him in the war-time as he did when he fought Napoleon in the War Office. But his mind was essentially of the growing kind, and

it was not in his nature to pause at a particular point, to decide that the pinnacle of perfection was now attained, and to lay an absolute veto upon further change. With that felicity of speech which was among the more marked of his characteristics, he spoke once of "the private vanity of consistency of opinion." The question, he would have said, was not whether you had a right to change, but whether you changed honestly or dishonestly. "Public men," he daringly remarked, "may change their opinions upon questions of great public importance without any other motive than an honourable, I will say a noble regard for their country's good." Partly from the modesty of his intelligence, partly from his comprehensive sympathy, he regarded with a feeling akin to reverence the reigning sentiment of nations. He signalled, as the fatal mistake of the administration which placed itself in opposition to parliamentary reform, "a belief that the firm and steady determination of a few men in power could bear down the opinions of the many, and stifle the feelings of mankind." The minds of some men, generally clever and precocious men, become, in the years of early manhood, and continue through life, a carefully-arranged cabinet of fixed ideas, precise opinions, particular facts. These men speak well, act with propriety, but are felt to want power. The capital account, so to speak, in their mental establishment is closed; and though they do a regular, creditable, comfortable business, they never leave the beaten track of their operations,—they never achieve anything superlative,—they eschew failure, but they attain no splendid or original success. There is something feminine in this order of mind; it is characteristic of superior women to believe in the sacredness of formulas, to love a precise, dignified, well-mannered, well-dressed virtue. A man thinks it right to have a general disposition in favour of paying his bills, nay, to have an inflexible intention to pay them when he can; a woman frets if an amount due on Monday is not paid until Thursday. Of a similar nature, in the political sphere, is the character commonly assigned to the Whigs. "Le Whig," said Balzac, with wicked shrewdness, "est la femme de votre gouvernement." The Whig was for exact demarcations, ten-pound lines,—beyond that the deluge. Finality was his word. Within his limits he was the most useful and practical of men; lucid, prompt, sagacious, intrepid; beyond his limits he would not venture, he would not look. A man of principles, rather than of principle; imperfectly imbued with that principle of principles, to keep heart and eye open, to be growing and going. He "walked by averaged precepts." He did not feel the supremacy of the present, or draw his inspiration from "full vision of the moment's worth." Among our public men at this moment the strongest contrast presented to the characteristically Whig intellect is presented by Mr. Gladstone. It is of comparatively slight importance where such a man starts. His life is a progress; and he is sure to leave behind him men of the finality

type who, at the outset, were far ahead. Lord Palmerston had not Mr. Gladstone's temperament of genius, his fervour, his impetuosity, his passion; in originative power he was deficient even when tried by the low standard which ought to be applied to practical statesmen; but the vivacity, openness, courage, and sympathy of his mind insured his being in the foremost ranks of political progress, and made it a necessity for him to leave his party if his party lagged behind the most cultivated and energetic intelligence of the time. The war had scarcely ended when differences began to arise between him and the Tories,—differences which increased in number and importance until he found himself in the Liberal ranks.

The settlement of 1815 was never to his mind. The European struggle with Napoleon he had looked upon as a struggle of nations for freedom, not as a mere coalition of despots to put down one who insisted upon being master of all. The Treaty of Vienna embodied a policy of reaction and repression,—a policy hostile to the reasonable demands and honourable aspirations of peoples. It is indeed unjust to launch into invective against the Vienna plenipotentiaries, or to accuse them of deliberate injustice. Not only did they act in a general way for the best, but the circumstances of their position were such that they could hardly have been expected to do much better than they did. For twenty years the Continent had been convulsed with wars,—the rivers of Europe ran blood,—the human family, in the most civilised territories of the world, was decimated. These calamities were directly traceable to the excesses of revolutionists who called themselves apostles of freedom. Not unnaturally, not culpably, though most erroneously, even intelligent men learned to think of liberty as “a Fury slinging flame.” According to a stern law of nature, the good was discredited by the evil which masqueraded in its name. Throughout the whole of the earlier part of this century, whenever there was a movement of genuine life and harmonious freedom in a nation, observers shuddered and recoiled as if they already beheld the murderous axes of September, or heard the crowds that raved and sang around the guillotine. The statesmen who arranged the Vienna treaty could think of no better way to avert a recurrence of the calamities which had their source in the French Revolution than to fall back, as nearly as possible, on the old arrangements. It was a poor plan. It is easy to improve upon it now. Looking into the crater of a volcano which has spent its force, we may trace the course of the lava-flood, and discern with easy precision that a particular rock, round which the surges eddied harmlessly, would have been a position of safety; but when the air burnt like a furnace, and day was obscured with smoke, and the ground shook as with earthquake, the act of cool and steady observation was more difficult. Lord Palmerston was perhaps aware of this at the time, but he saw the defects of the settlement, and adopted the

more liberal foreign policy which was gradually propounded by Canning. Fifteen years after the treaty of Vienna was signed, he referred in terms of lofty reprobation to the conduct of the European sovereigns on the occasion. The words are not only characteristic in respect of style, but derive importance from the light they throw upon the character and motives of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy in what may be called the second stage of his career. His political creed during the war-time was summed up in hostility to Napoleon. His foreign policy, for the last twenty-five years of his life, consisted in opposition to the aggrandisement of Russia. His policy in the intervening stage is indicated in the following sentences:—"When Bonaparte was to be dethroned, the sovereigns of Europe called up their people to their aid; they invoked them in the sacred names of freedom and national independence; the cry went forth throughout Europe; and those whom subsidies had no power to buy, and conscriptions no force to compel, roused by the magic sound of constitutional rights, started spontaneously into arms. The long-suffering nations of Europe rose as one man, and by an effort tremendous and wide-spreading, like a great convulsion of nature, they hurled the conqueror from his throne. But promises made in the days of distress were forgotten in the hour of triumph, and the events of that period furnish an additional proof—

‘How soon

Height will recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feigned submission swore; how ease recall
Vows made in pain, as violent as void.’

The rulers of mankind, like the Persian fisherman, had set free a gigantic spirit from its iron prison; but when that spirit had done their bidding, they shrunk back with alarm from the vastness of that power which they themselves had set in action, and modestly requested it would go down again into its former dungeon."

Between a politician holding these sentiments and statesmen of the Castlereagh school there came naturally into view an ever-widening incompatibility. Palmerston followed the lead of Canning, that brilliant and high-principled genius whose death cut short a career which might have been more splendid than that of any statesman of the century. It was the misfortune of Canning that his most ardent expressions of political enthusiasm were associated with causes about which generous and hopeful minds were once enthusiastic, but which have conspicuously failed to meet the expectations of mankind. The most fiery Liberal has now no difficulty in commanding his feelings on the subject of the kingdom of Greece or the Republics of South America. But Greece was once a name to conjure with in England, a name to conjure such spirits as Byron, who, though a poet, was one of the shrewdest of men. Thousands of English youth, commanded by half-pay officers whom the close of the war, had

thrown out of employment, trooped off to fight for the South American Republics, and Lord Palmerston stated in the House of Commons that the English people had embarked not less than £150,000,000 in loans and other undertakings for their advantage. This enthusiasm was sound while it lasted, and may be taken as the pulse-beat of the English people in unison with what was then best and most promising in the movements of the world. The high estimate formed of Canning by Lord Palmerston is an important testimony in favour of the former. Had he been the showy and superficial man he is sometimes represented to have been, Palmerston would have seen through him. To have inspired with an affection amounting to devotion, and an esteem amounting to reverence, one whose faculty was entirely for work, and who, in close observation of Wellington and Peel, might have learned to know a man when he saw him, would have been impossible for Canning, unless he had possessed something of greatness, both intellectual and moral. "If ever there was a man," said Lord Palmerston, when taxed with departing from the opinions of Canning on the question of Reform, "if ever there was a man who took great and enlarged views of human affairs, that man was Mr. Canning; if ever there was a man who, as it were, polarised his opinions by universal and all-pervading principles of action, that man was undoubtedly Mr. Canning; and when our assailants on this question would endeavour to pin down his gigantic mind by the Lilliputian threads of verbal quotation, I repudiate in his name the conclusions which they would draw; and I feel convinced that if he had been standing here now, his mighty genius would have embraced within its comprehensive grasp all the various necessities upon which our own conclusions have been founded, and that he would in all probability have stated to the House,—with powers, alas! how different from those of any man within those walls,—the same opinions which I venture to submit." He concluded by citing the very noble saying of Canning, worthy of the highest type of constitutional statesmen, "They who resist improvement because it is innovation may find themselves compelled to accept innovation when it has ceased to be improvement."

If the mind of Palmerston was not a cabinet of pattern opinions on what has been deemed peculiarly the Whig model, still less was it imbued with the peculiar idealisms of the high Tory faith. That imaginative and dreamy enthusiasm which, for aristocratic poets of tender age, silvers with fine lustre, like that shed by moonbeams on the crumbling walls and silent aisles of some cathedral ruin, the institutions of the past, had no power over his thoroughly clear and thoroughly modern intellect. By whatever name they might call themselves, the Whigs of those days could not but draw him towards them by the spell of a strong natural affinity. His acute perception, his penetrating sense, his genius for business and

practical life, led him in the direction of that lightly-equipped, but adroit and resolute band, in which Brougham, Horner, Sydney Smith, and Jeffrey fought, and from which there poured into the camp of the Eldons and Castlereaghs a ceaseless shower of arrows, winged with wit and pointed with keenest sense, which vexed them as the shafts of Phœbus Apollo vexed the Greeks, and gave their favourite maxims to be a prey to dogs and birds. During their long period of exclusion from office the Whigs had learned wisdom. The commercial principles of Adam Smith, the principles of toleration preached by Locke and his followers, had been grasped by their clear and vigorous intellects. They preached a political gospel new in those days,—the gospel of common sense; and they possessed a grand element of political power in the idea that the time had come for introducing the middle class to a preponderant share in the government of the country. Palmerston gradually saw that these men were in the right. The special work to be done when he entered public life was to wrest from the hand of Napoleon that sword which he had vowed never to sheathe except in the heart of England. The special work to be done when the century had entered its second quarter was to clear away a heap of legislative rubbish, the accumulation of many years, and to adopt into the national system the sound political views which, in their period of enforced leisure, had been acquired by the Whigs. On the question of Roman Catholic Emancipation he definitely parted company with his old friends, and the debates which heralded the Reform Bill saw him in opposition. In 1830 he took office in the Liberal Cabinet of Lord Grey, accepting, for the first time, the portfolio of Foreign Affairs.

When Lord Palmerston approached fifty years of age, his sentiments ceased to be Conservative, and became Liberal. As Canning grew in years and experience, the same process took place. In Peel a transformation essentially identical had been proceeding for some time previous to his death. Mr. Gladstone is a conspicuous example of a similar change. Is not this beginning with Toryism and ending with Liberalism, in the case of so many able and high-minded men, a significant circumstance? These were the greatest of the Tories, the men of whom Tories were proud. No unstable youngsters they, who, having from family associations or traditions fallen into the Tory ranks, deserted the flag at the dictation of wilfulness or the prompting of caprice. In every instance the Toryism declined as the faculties strengthened and the experience matured. At the time of life when, imagination veils its fires and audacity is cooled down into prudence, these commanding intellects became convinced that there was safety, not peril,—advantage, not loss,—in going forward. They perceived that the foundations of national prosperity in Great Britain are too deeply fixed to be shaken by the execution of repairs in the superincumbent edifice. They probably saw that the character

of the English people is so profoundly conservative that the chance of their going too fast is greatly less than the chance of their going too slow. "So hard is it," said Lord Palmerston, in the debate on the Reform Bill introduced by Lord John Russell on the 1st of March, 1831, "to bring this nation to consent to great and important changes, that some of those measures which impartial posterity will stamp with the mint-mark of purest wisdom and most unalloyed good, have only been wrung from the reluctant consent of England after long and toilsome years of protracted discussion." The words, uttered by Lord Palmerston after being for a quarter of a century in the House, have an almost oracular value. If ever man knew England, it was he. Universally recognised as the most English of Englishmen, he was conscious of having in his own bosom that dislike of change which is with the English a second nature. But the fruit of his consideration and of his experience was a conviction that this instinct, salutary in its place, and the mark of a grave, majestic people, might be too much deferred to, and might lead to the rejection or undue postponement of measures of "purest wisdom and unalloyed good." Seldom have words been uttered which deserve to be more deeply pondered by practical men.

It was as Foreign Minister of Great Britain that the fame of Lord Palmerston filled the world. Until the last few years of his life, the nature of his policy was generally misunderstood. Distracted by the clamour of his assailants, the virulence of his detractors, the furious outcry and disappointment of extreme men of all parties, the body of his countrymen did not, until very late, know him sufficiently to trust him. For about a quarter of a century he heard himself constantly called a firebrand, and frequently a traitor. The despot and the revolutionist gnashed their teeth upon him from opposite sides. In point of fact, there was no inconsistency in his conduct, and, with his career before us as a whole, there is no difficulty in understanding it. He was in no sense a transcendent or superlative man. It did not lie in the Temple strain to be so. He was never raised above himself by transports of enthusiasm, and he was incapable of the magnificent audacities and the dazzling enterprises which have their inspiration in genius. He deplored the fall of Poland, but, comparing means with ends, balancing the certain calamities of a European war against the barely possible resuscitation of Poland, measuring the combined force of Russia, Prussia, and Austria against that of France, England, and the Poles, he decided that the hazard was too great to justify armed intervention. "It would not," these were his words, "have been judicious for the British Government to have taken a step which must have led to a general war, in the hope and expectation of rescuing Poland from destruction." Lord Palmerston was no crusader. He believed in political facts, he did not count upon political miracles; and only by a political miracle could an inde-

pendent Poland have been maintained by the Western Powers against the whole force of northern and eastern Europe. Though in this, however, and in similar cases, Lord Palmerston decided against armed intervention, he did not assume an attitude of sullen and embittered neutrality, or abstain from remonstrance because he could not fight. If expression of opinion could do little, still that little was worth the trouble it cost. Silent, sullen dignity never commended itself to his mind. The opinion of England he regarded as an element of real power in the councils of the world, and he was determined that it at least should be unmistakably on the side of justice. "If by interference," he once said, "is meant intermeddling, and intermeddling in every way and to every extent short of actual military force, then I must affirm that there is nothing in such interference which the laws of nations may not in certain cases permit." It is easy to sneer at this as a policy of talk without action, of bark without bite, of playing the lion's part by force of roaring without aid from tooth or claw. In the hands of a feeble or fussy minister, this would be about the net result of the matter. Injustice, sword in hand, is not to be lectured into propriety. "Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour?" True, all true; and yet, if you survey considerable periods, you will find that the decrees of intelligent opinion throughout the civilised world have not been void of effect. Greece, Belgium, Italy, the very mention of their names renders further proof upon the point superfluous. The spiritual and the material powers are associated in these times of ripe civilisation by ties of affinity so subtle and untraceable that he must have a keen vision who will say where their co-operation is impossible. In no case can it be wrong to let opinion have full play. Such was the maxim which commended itself to the broad sense of Lord Palmerston, and we may pronounce it a right maxim.

But it were injustice to him to admit that he shrank from war because war is dangerous. A disposition to browbeat the weak and cower to the strong was not likely to be either acquired or encouraged in the War Office during the Peninsular War and the Hundred Days. It was, indeed, his fate to deal much with foes like King Otho and Mandarin Yeh. "Shame!" cried impatient persons; "leave these little fellows alone. It does not become England to wave her sword of sharpness over field-mice." All very fine; but if the small creatures are intolerably insolent, intolerably mischievous and malignant, is their insignificance to be their protection? In Lord Palmerston's interminable bickering with King Otho, the Greek authorities were perversely, persistently, insufferably in the wrong. In the face of a strong prejudice against him, with Parliament and country alike disposed to condemn his proceedings, Lord Palmerston stated his whole case, and from the day when his great speech on the Greek question was uttered,

opinion has been in his favour. If an ill-conditioned boy breaks windows or cuts down young fruit-trees, is he to escape punishment because he is a little one? Lord Palmerston told people to let alone vague generalities and look at particular facts, and when they looked they saw that there were really no two sides to the question. It is not true that he was afraid to engage in hostilities with formidable antagonists. By his prompt and decided action in the Levant, he thwarted at one blow the designs of Russia, France, and Mehemet Ali. His contest with Nicholas of Russia was a duel of Titans. It was not by cunning talk or judicious bluster that Lord Palmerston triumphed in that long war, of which the campaign in the Crimea was but the closing scene. The victor did not lack for courage; depend upon that. Lord Palmerston's victory was complete and final. When Nicholas died in March, 1855, having just lived to see Lord Palmerston Prime Minister of England, the scheme of Russian aggrandisement, against which the latter had struggled for thirty years, was hopelessly in ruins. His ideas on the subject of Russian aggression, as upon all subjects, were definite and clear. "For a long period of time," he said, in explaining the object of the Crimean war, "it has been the standing policy of Russia to endeavour to weaken and crumble down, and ultimately to appropriate, Turkey as her own possession. As has been openly avowed of late, this was the policy of Peter, of Catherine, of Alexander, of Nicholas; and it was this settled policy of Russia which, breaking out on a particular occasion in a manner which rendered further passiveness impossible, drove this country into a war for just and necessary results. . . . The purpose of the war is the protection and defence of Turkey, not simply on account of any sympathy which we may feel for Turkey as an independent State, but because the balance of power in Europe,—an expression which involves the greatest interests of the civilised world,—is concerned in preventing the colossal power of Russia from extending over those wide and important territories." The soundness of these views has been called in question, and that by men of name and authority. But Lord Palmerston was not the victim of a heated imagination, influenced by vague alarm; and no statesman has lived in Europe for a hundred years better qualified to form a judgment upon this point. Of sympathy with "infidel Turks," in contradistinction to Christian Greeks, he was as guiltless as any of his countrymen. He had strenuously and successfully endeavoured to secure for Greece an advantageous frontier-line in settling with Turkey. But the fact was patent to him that, if Turkey disappeared, Greece could offer no serious resistance to Russia, and the whole of the east of Europe would be Russianised. The triumph of Russia over Turkey in Europe would have involved the absorption into Russia of the vast territories possessed by Turkey in Asia. In that case it would have been for England

to choose between engaging in a life-and-death struggle with Russia on the plains of Egypt, and seeing the gates of India locked before her face. The balance of power in Europe may be called an abstraction, or sneered at as a systematic attempt to keep Providence in the right. But there is no scheme of policy which is not in some sense an abstraction; and there is neither unreason nor irreverence in saying that man is the instrument whereby Providence works in human affairs. A Bismarck of the North, bringing into the military system of Russia, say, twenty millions of a population specially available for warlike purposes, would not have promoted European tranquillity. It is by no means sure that our younger statesmen ought to look upon these views of Lord Palmerston as obsolete.

The antagonist of Russia, the steady advocate of free institutions, Lord Palmerston was cordially detested by the reactionary and absolutist party throughout Europe. Sir John Bowring mentions a circumstance bearing on this point which, unless we had it on the authority of his eyesight, we should have pronounced incredible. "I was at the Court of Berlin," says Sir John Bowring, "in 1838. A despatch arrived—it turned out to be a false announcement; but it reported the death of Palmerston. The late king was there. He seized the paper, and absolutely danced with joy in the presence of a large assembly as he announced the glad tidings, congratulating himself and the whole company on an event so auspicious." The revolutionists of 1848, on the other hand, and wild men of all shades on that side of the question, were equally offended with him. The stupid German couplet which admits of literal translation into the following English lines—

"If the devil has a son,
Sure enough he's Palmerston,"

is imputed by Sir John Bowring to the German aristocrats, and by the late Mr. Edward Whitty to the German Reds; and it is possible that both authorities are correct. In all cases Palmerston was a little behind the foremost, and yet well ahead of the laggards. Those before cried "Forward," and those behind cried "Back." Regarding neither cry, he kept on the even tenor of his way. There were men who denounced him as a fanatical opponent of Russia; there were men who for many years pestered the public with demonstrations that he was Russia's purchased tool. Aristotle would have pronounced him the realised ideal, the express and perfect incarnation, of that virtue which dwells in the golden mean. Even his affections were tranquil and steady-footed. It is understood that, in early manhood, he was the lover of Lord Melbourne's sister, who passed him by and bestowed her hand upon Earl Cowper. He did not break his heart. He did not find it necessary to his peace to eradicate his liking. Many years afterwards, when the lady became a widow, he was prepared to renew his attentions. They were favourably received; his

marriage took place when he was fifty-five years old ; but he was as tender and chivalrous in his affection as if he had been the youthful lover of a youthful bride. A fine equilibrium reigned among his faculties, and he exhibited in harmonious association a variety of choice qualities rarely found together. His temper was not only negatively good,—it had a positive power of sweetening annoyances and lightening work. He could hit hard, and loved a stand-up fight, but he could not steadily hate any one. He knew no affronts which were unpardonable, no quarrels which could not be arranged. Light-hearted as Manzoni, yet methodic as Peel,—adroit and versatile as Calonne, yet a match at figures for Joseph Hume,—vivacious as Disraeli, yet with a Gladstonian capacity for toil,—he presented a combination which we shall not soon see again. The thing he could least endure was the affectation,—perhaps we should say also the reality,—of a rigidly pure and scrupulous virtue. A man too conscientious to put secret-service money to its natural uses,—who frowned decorously when a despatch was trimmed and reefed to suit the weather-signs of debate,—who could see no particular difference between the artful suppressions and simulated arguments of partisan warfare and downright lying,—irritated him almost to fierceness. Had he been one of the sons of Jacob, he would have winced angrily under the airs of superiority assumed by Joseph,—would have been irreverently witty on the subject of his dreams,—would have called him a shabby fellow for telling tales on his brethren, and might even have lent him a sly kick when he was thrown into the pit ;—but he would have been the first to relent, and would never have consented to the bargain with the Ishmaelites. Transcendent in no respect, he was not transcendent in moral earnestness, and he will not be classed by posterity among the world's great men ; but for a more felicitously-adjusted nature you may search history in vain. Not Goethe, not Sir Walter Scott, not the prince of all healthy men, Shakspeare himself, was more genially vital, more unaffectedly and gracefully strong. His fund of health,—using that grand word in all the comprehensiveness of its meaning,—was inexhaustible. He was not one of your fiery men whose veins run lightning, whose existence is a succession of agitations, who consume themselves away in a few years of radiancy and conflagration. Always interested,—capable of being infinitely amused,—touching life at a myriad points,—he was, nevertheless, always self-possessed, and knew not those fiery moments which draw most severely on the physical and mental powers. He continued fresh and boy-hearted to the last. Never vehement, never intense, he had his faculties well in hand, and did not wear them out. He was always ready. What in other men would have required a special effort of concentration cost him no exertion. The star of Almack's, the darling of society, he could step quietly into his office at any hour of the evening, and commence the dictation of a despatch

with a composure as perfect as if the whole of the preceding day had been occupied in preparation for it. Much of all this was of course due to a fine bodily constitution, but Lord Palmerston's comprehensive healthfulness was also in great part moral. He was a singularly unselfish man. His estimate of himself was nobly modest, and he was always disposed to think that he had got his deserts, and had not been unfairly treated. For about fifteen years,—half the life-time of a generation,—he was the subject of constant attack in some of the most influential journals in England; but he never thought of reviling the press,—he never for a moment lost his temper,—he never fancied there were combinations or conspiracies against him, or fell into any other of the delusions of brooding, egotistic, and monomaniacal personages. You could not make him unhappy, for nothing could tempt him into baseness or malignity. This moral soundness was, perhaps, the deepest and most enviable of all the characteristics of Lord Palmerston.

"Ink," it has been said, "ran in the veins of all these Temples." Lord Palmerston had decided literary tendencies, and his power as a writer and speaker was singularly in unison with the other capacities and qualities of his mind. "The most remarkable characteristic in my opinion," said Mr. Gladstone once of Lord Palmerston's oratory, "distinguishing it beyond that of all other men, was the degree in which he said precisely the thing he meant to say." This is finely and perfectly true. If it is possible to have a genius for perspicuity in language, that genius belonged to Lord Palmerston. With the exactitude of a mathematical diagram he said all he meant to say, and avoided going one hair's-breadth beyond his meaning. It does not surprise us to hear that he was a purist in language, grammar, and orthography, and sensitive in the matter of quotations. He was one of a society, of which Sheridan, Canning, Frere, and others were members, formed for the purpose of improving the English language. The plan was that the members should give dinners in turn, the conversation to be, we presume, upon the object of the association, and the toasts to be proposed in pattern English. It was at the dinner which Sheridan gave that the waiters were bailiffs, and Lord Palmerston used to say that he was struck with the frequency with which these extemporised attendants appealed to "Mr. Sheridan." "And did you,"—such was the question naturally suggested,—"improve the language?" "Not certainly," replied his lordship, "at that dinner; for Sheridan got drunk, and a good many words of doubtful propriety were employed." On one occasion Lord Palmerston was himself attacked on the point of correctness in language. In the last speech from the throne which he ever dictated,—he was then above eighty,—Her Majesty is made to say that she has great satisfaction in "recurring again" to her Parliament. Objection was taken by literary men on the ground that this expression is tautological. After an eleven-

o'clock dinner the criticism was mentioned to Lord Palmerston. He warmly defended the phrase; and next morning, before ten, the objector received a note in his handwriting, with authorities to prove that the word "recur" may be used in the sense of "have recourse to," and that it is correct to say that you have recourse to advice on successive occasions. In his first parliamentary period he engaged in literary pleasantries, mildly satirical, with Canning. The fun and fire of the "New Whig Guide" are weak in comparison with those of the "Anti-Jacobin" by which it was preceded. A flavour as of the lightest wine still lingers about the "Guide," and we can just read, with a perceptible effort, Lord Palmerston's elaborate joke, occupying many pages, in form of a trial of Henry Brougham for having called his parliamentary chief, Lord Ponsonby, an old woman. The jury return a verdict of guilty against the prisoner, but he is recommended to mercy on the ground of having "vilified the Prince Regent." Palmerston did not affect the character of parliamentary wit, but a twinkle of bright humour hovered about his eye and brow, and in light raillery he was admirable. Nothing could be finer in its way than what he said of that notable attempt at legislation for India made by Mr. Disraeli, which was to confer power to elect Indian Councillors upon Belfast, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham. "Whenever," said Lord Palmerston, "a man met a friend in the street, he found him in an uncontrollable fit of laughter; and as soon as he was able to speak and explain himself, it turned out that he was laughing at India Bill No. 2." This was so nearly the literal state of the case, that the fun of the remark was irresistible.

Modest in his estimate of himself, content with the measure of fame and of fortune which had fallen to his lot, claiming no recognition or reward, Lord Palmerston might never have come to the front if a special conjuncture of circumstances had not led his countrymen to find him out. When we were at war with Russia, and when the nation, after trying statesman after statesman, continued in the distressing consciousness that the administration lacked vigour, the man who, for a quarter of a century, had been checkmating the policy of Russia was naturally called for. In no spirit of confidence or enthusiasm,—feeling clearly that others had failed, but by no means certain that the right man was yet discovered,—England said, "Try Palmerston." It was on the 8th of February, 1855, that the Earl of Derby withdrew, and that he took the helm. On the 16th he explained his position to the House. Already all the machinery of an energetic administration was at work, and as the new Prime Minister glanced at department after department, detailing what had been done and what was planned, members felt that a new spirit of energy was already penetrating the framework of Government. The country looked on in hope, beginning to breathe more freely. Month after month went by; month after month the public watched.

Troubles came at first in threatening battalions upon the ministry ; but the practical instinct of the nation gradually decided that Palmerston was the man to whom the business of the war could be committed, and in whose hands the name of England was safe. It was astonishing with what ease he held the reins at that noisy time, and with what lightness and self-possession he encountered the obstacles in his path. In May the Opposition made a determined attempt to unseat him, and a long and stormy debate took place. Mr. Disraeli, anxious to avail himself of the uneasy and discontented feeling which still widely prevailed, and to make the most of the inarticulate shouting of a number of ill-informed people who called themselves Administrative Reformers, moved a resolution to the effect that the language of Her Majesty's Government was "ambiguous and uncertain." The Opposition maintained the attack with spirit and animosity, and the men below the gangway on the Liberal side, in whose eyes Lord Palmerston never found favour, kept up a raking fire of argument, taunt, and invective. Mr. Disraeli closed the attack in one of his most impassioned philippics. One can still see him with the mind's eye as his sentences rang through the House, his right arm coming down with fierce emphasis at each rhetorical close, while he asked, in impetuous torrent of interrogatives, whether the Prime Minister had not done this, that, and the other evil thing ? It was beautiful to observe Lord Palmerston sitting in fixed and placid attention, cool as an old admiral cut out of oak, the figure-head of a seventy-four gun ship in a Biscay squall. At last, as the hours of morning stole on, he placed his hat quietly on the table, and, amid the intense excitement of the House, sprang to his feet. Not a shade of agitation or anxiety could you trace on that brave, clear, splendidly intelligent face. The forehead, broad and expansive, the eye frank, fearless, and sparkling, the whole countenance radiant with energy, courage, good temper, spoke assurance to his party and defiance to the Opposition. He had got into the heart of his subject, —eleven and a half columns of Hansard had been spoken,—when the cry of "Black Rod" echoed through the House, and the usher who rejoices in that mysterious title summoned the Commons to the bar of the Lords, to receive Her Majesty's assent by commission to certain bills. Lord Palmerston was interrupted ; the Speaker left the chair, and, with as many of the members as chose to accompany him, proceeded to the Upper House. After a while the Speaker returned, and Lord Palmerston resumed. "I think,"—these were his first words,—“I have some reason to complain of the impatience of the other House in not waiting for the censure which the right honourable gentleman opposite is desirous of inflicting, but in prematurely administering the rod." The Opposition, joining in the titter which ran along every bench, learned that the tempest they had so passionately raised had agitated the mind of Lord Palmerston

to no greater extent than was consistent with its wafting towards them a jest so feather-light as this. The next second he was grappling with the arguments of his opponents, and in one or two minutes all recollection of the interruption had passed from the memory of the House. His speech may be pronounced one of the noblest ever uttered in Parliament. Simple, manly, luminous, convincing, high in tone and unanswerable in reasoning, it told upon the intellect not only of Parliament, not only of England, but of the civilised world. Some of its sentences deserve to be remembered. "I feel that, in whatever hands the Government is placed, the will of the country must and will be obeyed. I know that will is that England, having engaged in a war necessary and just, in concert with our great ally and neighbour, France, must and shall succeed." From the moment he was Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston felt that he held a trust higher than the interests of party, and not in the utmost fervour of debate, not in the most unguarded moment of social converse, could an expression pass his lips which, in discrediting his adversaries, cast a slur upon the name of England. In a still loftier tone, one seldom assumed by Lord Palmerston, and never except in a spirit of deep reverence and sincerity, is the following: "The fate of battle is in the hands of a Higher Power. It is not in our power to command success, but it is enough for us to do all in our power to obtain it. That we have done. In a cause which we consider to be just, necessary, and honourable, we confidently place our trust in a Higher Power." Mr. Disraeli was beaten by a majority of one hundred, and the Government confirmed in the hands of Lord Palmerston.

From that night he was a kind of monarch in England. We learned to call him Old Pam, and to love him better than any Prime Minister was ever loved throughout the three kingdoms. All parties in the House took to him. It was pleasant to sit under his parliamentary government, and though there were Liberals more liberal than he, and Conservatives more conservative, the majority both of Liberals and Conservatives secretly preferred him to their special chiefs. He had not the slowness and heavy decorum of Earl Russell; he did not startle country gentlemen with extravagances, paradoxes, and freaks of intellectual rope-dancing, like Mr. Disraeli; and his virtue was not of that grim and earnest kind which rebukes a worldly-minded legislature in the person of Mr. Gladstone. The great neutral party in and out of the House discovered that the firebrand Palmerston would not kindle dangerous conflagrations, but was opulent in the heat that warms without burning. We fell out now and then with him, and when he wanted to carry his Conspiracy Bill we raised a cry of foreign dictation, and actually deposed him from the Premiership. It was an exceedingly foolish cry, and Lord Palmerston did well in defying it. He was not in the slightest

degree distressed or thrown out of temper by the fall of his administration, and he enjoyed himself in the comparative repose of Opposition like a school-boy on a holiday. But the fit of anger and unreason passed away, and the nation returned to its enthusiasm for Lord Palmerston. We liked him all the better that he would not be made our slave, and we probably saw, in a confused way, that it would have been more majestic in us to disregard the vapouring French colonels altogether, and to consider it sufficiently obvious that, even if Parliament decreed that the island was not to be made a laboratory for the preparation of explosive mixtures by Orsini and Company, we should not be quite trodden under foot by foreign despots. At all events we could not get along without Old Pam, and so we made it up with him. In the case of his Chinese war, the difference between him and the House was more serious. The Commons pronounced that the insult, real or imaginary, to the Blue Peter floating at the masthead of the lorch Arrow, was not sufficient to justify martial reprisals and the effusion of blood. They were, we think, right. But the people on this occasion decided for the minister against Parliament; and though posterity will hardly return a verdict in his favour, the course he adopted, determined as it was, first, by his sensitive concern for the national honour, secondly, by his brave habit of never deserting a subordinate, added greatly to his popularity with the multitude.

A younger, more inventive, more ambitious statesman would have maintained in greater cordiality the Anglo-French alliance, with the probable result of turning recent European history into a different channel. Had England and France, instead of France alone, helped Italy to settle her affairs, France could not have held back when England called upon her to preserve the integrity of Denmark. In that case, also, the influence of this country might have been brought to bear with effect upon the French occupation of Rome. But whatever the issue may have been, Lord Palmerston acted in a manner characteristically English, and as might have been predicted by one who knew the man. He was incapable of engaging in or continuing alliances for indefinite purposes, how great soever might be the promise of advantage. England was under no treaty obligation to take part with France and Italy against Austria. It was not in the bond. General considerations on the point were for him no considerations. France was under treaty obligation to maintain with England the European arrangement as to the Danish succession. To Lord Palmerston's plain sense and cool imagination it seemed mere absurdity to affirm that the case in which obligation existed could be governed by the precedent of a case in which obligation did not exist. Lord Palmerston's policy was neither brilliant, original, nor chivalrously bold; but it was in accordance with the fundamental principles of English statesmanship, and to have materially altered it

would have been to fling all our traditions to the winds. It is probable that, if ardently supported by the nation, he would, even without the aid of France, have struck a blow for Denmark; but the public sentiment was averse to war, and it was a principle with Lord Palmerston that statesmen ought not to set themselves against a deliberate and decided public opinion. So he reluctantly acquiesced in a policy of inaction. The country was content, and it became understood among all parties that Lord Palmerston was to rule to the end.

His career is full of lessons. It shows what may be done with good, though not superlative faculties, if they are in perfect order. Clearness of brain, capacity of attention, sound memory, coolness, carefulness,—these were his mental powers; and yet he got work out of them which would have done honour to high genius. In statement he was masterly; without a trace of artifice, he placed his facts exactly where they told best. His power of steady, continuous looking served the purpose of a consummate talent for analysis; and the swift, comprehensive sweep of his inductive generalisation resembled the intuitive lightning-flash of genius. Yet there had been no elaborate or formal drilling of his faculties. Their order was the order of health, of glad vigour, of harmonious animation and sportive strength; as it were, a polarisation of light. He was essentially a kind man. The officials who worked under him, the tenants who knew him as the best of landlords, the members of his household, his personal friends, his relations,—all loved him. When a crazy officer made an attempt on his life, the first thing he did was to write a cheque for his defence. He was a man of conscience; more, perhaps, than any one knew, for his nature was delicately reticent, he was a man of religion; but he was not scrupulous. He could, as was hinted before, make as much as another out of secret-service money; he could strike his pen through a passage which might give trouble in a Blue Book with as little hesitation as a good-humoured doctor displays in relieving the headache of Lady Fanciful with a phial of coloured water. His conscience was not furnished with antennæ. Consciences furnished with antennæ, nervously quivering in every change of atmosphere, render politicians impracticable.

Perhaps no single word goes so far in the description of Lord Palmerston as the word “manly.” The feminine element is strong in some men,—they are vehement, impulsive, meekly obstinate, prone to extremes, apt to call whims principles, breaking down all fences of logic in their tea-cup storms of feeling. In every respect Lord Palmerston was masculine, not feminine. In one of those wise, well-packed bits which you meet with in the writings of Goethe, it is observed that the key to the female character, as distinguished from that of the man, is found in a reference to the personal and private nature of the interests of women as contrasted with the wider interests of men. Her husband, her children, her household,—these are

a woman's own, and within the circle of these Nature has ordained that her affections shall have their heartfelt play. These interests are essentially disjunctive ; they pertain to the woman alone, and they isolate, while they intensify, her sympathies. The gregariousness of humankind, on the other hand, comes out where man acts in association with man ; and man's institution is not the family circle, but the nation. The masculine interests are common to the race, and the mental operation of the man is the impersonal reason which knows no prepossession and rejects all colouring of emotion. The Duke of Wellington occurs to one as specially illustrating Goethe's conception of the masculine mind ; and Lord Palmerston was at all points a man. No sentimental egotism, no moral irritability, no sweet feminine cant about him. A genial stoicism,—not the stoicism of the cynic,—an inestimable faculty of taking the good and leaving the bad alone, an invincible serenity and lightness and brightness of soul, distinguished him. Hopeful in adversity, cool in prosperity, ready for any fate, Horace would have smiled approval on him, and mildly exclaimed, "*Bene preparatum pectus !*"

PHINEAS FINN, THE IRISH MEMBER.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE DUEL.

"I KNEW it was a duel;—be dad I did," said Laurence Fitzgibbon, standing at the corner of Orchard Street and Oxford Street, when Phineas had half told his story. "I was sure of it from the tone of your voice, my boy. We mustn't let it come off, that's all;—not if we can help it." Then Phineas was allowed to proceed and finish his story. "I don't see any way out of it; I don't, indeed," said Laurence. By this time Phineas had come to think that the duel was in very truth the best way out of the difficulty. It was a bad way out, but then it was a way;—and he could not see any other. "As for ill treating him, that's nonsense," said Laurence. "What are the girls to do, if one fellow mayn't come on as soon as another fellow is down? But then, you see, a fellow never knows when he's down himself, and therefore he thinks that he's ill used. I'll tell you what now. I shouldn't wonder if we couldn't do it on the sly,—unless one of you is stupid enough to hit the other in an awkward place. If you are certain of your hand now, the right shoulder is the best spot." Phineas felt very certain that he would not hit Lord Chiltern in an awkward place, although he was by no means sure of his hand. Let come what might, he would aim at his adversary. But of this he had thought it proper to say nothing to Laurence Fitzgibbon.

And the duel did come off on the sly. The meeting in the drawing-room in Portman Square, of which mention was made in the last chapter, took place on a Wednesday afternoon. On the Thursday, Friday, Monday, and Tuesday following, the great debate on Mr. Mildmay's bill was continued, and at three on the Tuesday night the House divided. There was a majority in favour of the Ministers, not large enough to permit them to claim a triumph for their party, or even an ovation for themselves; but still sufficient to enable them to send their bill into committee. Mr. Danbeny and Mr. Turnbull had again joined their forces together in opposition to the ministerial measure. On the Thursday Phineas had shown himself in the House, but during the remainder of this interesting period he was absent from his place, nor was he seen at the clubs, nor did any man know of his whereabouts. I think that Lady Laura Kennedy was the first to miss him with any real sense of his absence. She would now go to Portman Square on the afternoon of every Sunday,—at which time her husband was attend-

ing the second service of his church,—and there she would receive those whom she called her father's guests. But as her father was never there on the Sundays, and as these gatherings had been created by herself, the reader will probably think that she was obeying her husband's behests in regard to the Sabbath after a very indifferent fashion. The reader may be quite sure, however, that Mr. Kennedy knew well what was being done in Portman Square. Whatever might be Lady Laura's faults, she did not commit the fault of disobeying her husband in secret. There were, probably, a few words on the subject; but we need not go very closely into that matter at the present moment.

On the Sunday which afforded some rest in the middle of the great Reform debate Lady Laura asked for Mr. Finn, and no one could answer her question. And then it was remembered that Laurence Fitzgibbon was also absent. Barrington Erle knew nothing of Phineas,—had heard nothing; but was able to say that Fitzgibbon had been with Mr. Ratler, the patronage secretary and liberal whip, early on Thursday, expressing his intention of absenting himself for two days. Mr. Ratler had been wrath, bidding him remain at his duty, and pointing out to him the great importance of the moment. Then Barrington Erle quoted Laurence Fitzgibbon's reply. "My boy," said Laurence to poor Ratler, "the path of duty leads but to the grave. All the same; I'll be in at the death, Ratler, my boy, as sure as the sun's in heaven." Not ten minutes after the telling of this little story, Fitzgibbon entered the room in Portman Square, and Lady Laura at once asked him after Phineas. "Be dad, Lady Laura, I've been out of town myself for two days, and I know nothing."

"Mr. Finn has not been with you, then?"

"With me! No,—not with me. I had a job of business of my own which took me over to Paris. And has Phinny fled too? Poor Ratler! I shouldn't wonder if it isn't an asylum he's in before the session is over."

Laurence Fitzgibbon certainly possessed the rare accomplishment of telling a lie with a good grace. Had any man called him a liar he would have considered himself to be not only insulted, but injured also. He believed himself to be a man of truth. There were, however, in his estimation certain subjects on which a man might depart as wide as the poles are asunder from truth without subjecting himself to any ignominy for falsehood. In dealing with a tradesman as to his debts, or with a rival as to a lady, or with any man or woman in defence of a lady's character, or in any such matter as that of a duel, Laurence believed that a gentleman was bound to lie, and that he would be no gentleman if he hesitated to do so. Not the slightest prick of conscience disturbed him when he told Lady Laura that he had been in Paris, and that he knew nothing of Phineas Finn. But, in truth,

during the last day or two he had been in Flanders, and not in Paris, and had stood as second with his friend Phineas on the sands at Blankenberg, a little fishing-town some twelve miles distant from Bruges, and had left his friend since that at an hotel at Ostend,—with a wound just under the shoulder, from which a bullet had been extracted.

The manner of the meeting had been in this wise. Captain Colepepper and Laurence Fitzgibbon had held their meeting, and at this meeting Laurence had taken certain standing-ground on behalf of his friend, and in obedience to his friend's positive instruction ;—which was this, that his friend could not abandon his right of addressing the young lady, should he hereafter ever think fit to do so. Let that be granted, and Laurence would do anything. But then that could not be granted, and Laurence could only shrug his shoulders. Nor would Laurence admit that his friend had been false. “The question lies in a nutshell,” said Laurence, with that sweet Connaught brogue which always came to him when he desired to be effective ;—“here it is. One gentleman tells another that he's sweet upon a young lady, but that the young lady has refused him, and always will refuse him, for ever and ever. That's the truth anyhow. Is the second gentleman bound by that not to address the young lady ? I say he is not bound. It'd be a d——d hard tratement, Captain Colepepper, if a man's mouth and all the ardent affections of his heart were to be stopped in that manner ! By Jases, I don't know who'd like to be the friend of any man if that's to be the way of it.”

Captain Colepepper was not very good at an argument. “I think they'd better see each other,” said Colepepper, pulling his thick grey moustache.

“If you choose to have it so, so be it. But I think it the hardest thing in the world ;—I do indeed.” Then they put their heads together in the most friendly way, and declared that the affair should, if possible, be kept private.

On the Thursday night Lord Chiltern and Captain Colepepper went over by Calais and Lille to Bruges. Laurence Fitzgibbon, with his friend Dr. O'Shaughnessy, crossed by the direct boat from Dover to Ostend. Phineas went to Ostend by Dover and Calais, but he took the day route on Friday. It had all been arranged among them, so that there might be no suspicion as to the job in hand. Even O'Shaughnessy and Laurence Fitzgibbon had left London by separate trains. They met on the sands at Blankenberg about nine o'clock on the Saturday morning, having reached that village in different vehicles from Ostend and Bruges, and had met quite unobserved amidst the sand-heaps. But one shot had been exchanged, and Phineas had been wounded in the right shoulder. He had proposed to exchange another shot with his left hand, declaring his capability of shooting quite as well with the left as with the right ; but to this both Colepepper and

Fitzgibbon had objected. Lord Chiltern had offered to shake hands with his late friend in a true spirit of friendship, if only his late friend would say that he did not intend to prosecute his suit with the young lady. In all these disputes the young lady's name was never mentioned. Phineas indeed had not once named Violet to Fitzgibbon, speaking of her always as the lady in question; and though Laurence correctly surmised the identity of the young lady, he never hinted that he had even guessed her name. I doubt whether Lord Chiltern had been so wary when alone with Captain Colepepper; but then Lord Chiltern was, when he spoke at all, a very plain-spoken man. Of course his lordship's late friend Phineas would give no such pledge, and therefore Lord Chiltern moved off the ground and back to Blankenberg and Bruges, and into Brussels, in still living enmity with our hero. Laurence and the doctor took Phineas back to Ostend, and though the bullet was then in his shoulder, Phineas made his way through Blankenberg after such a fashion that no one there knew what had occurred. Not a living soul, except the five concerned, was at that time aware that a duel had been fought among the sand-hills.

Laurence Fitzgibbon made his way to Dover by the Saturday night's boat, and was able to show himself in Portman Square on the Sunday. "Know anything about Phinny Finn?" he said afterwards to Barrington Erle, in answer to an inquiry from that anxious gentleman. "Not a word! I think you'd better send the town-crier round after him." Barrington, however, did not feel quite so well assured of Fitzgibbon's truth as Lady Laura had done.

Dr. O'Shaughnessy remained during the Sunday and Monday at Ostend with his patient, and the people at the inn only knew that Mr. Finn had sprained his shoulder badly; and on the Tuesday they came back to London again, via Calais and Dover. No bone had been broken, and Phineas, though his shoulder was very painful, bore the journey well. O'Shaughnessy had received a telegram on the Monday, telling him that the division would certainly take place on the Tuesday,—and on the Tuesday, at about ten in the evening, Phineas went down to the House. "By —, you're here," said Ratler, taking hold of him with an affection that was too warm. "Yes; I'm here," said Phineas, wincing in agony; "but be a little careful, there's a good fellow. I've been down in Kent and put my arm out."

"Put your arm out, have you?" said Ratler, observing the sling for the first time. "I'm sorry for that. But you'll stop and vote?"

"Yes;—I'll stop and vote. I've come up for the purpose. But I hope it won't be very late."

"There are both Daubeny and Gresham to speak yet, and at least three others. I don't suppose it will be much before three. But you're all right now. You can go down and smoke if you like!" In

this way Phineas Finn spoke in the debate, and heard the end of it, voting for his party, and fought his duel with Lord Chiltern in the middle of it.

He did go and sit on a well-cushioned bench in the smoking-room, and then was interrogated by many of his friends as to his mysterious absence. He had, he said, been down in Kent, and had had an accident with his arm by which he had been confined. When this questioner and that perceived that there was some little mystery in the matter the questioners did not push their questions, but simply entertained their own surmises. One indiscreet questioner, however, did trouble Phineas sorely, declaring that there must have been some affair in which a woman had had a part, and asking after the young lady of Kent. This indiscreet questioner was Laurence Fitzgibbon, who, as Phineas thought, carried his spirit of intrigue a little too far. Phineas stayed and voted, and then he went painfully home to his lodgings.

How singular would it be if this affair of the duel should pass away, and no one be a bit the wiser but those four men who had been with him on the sands at Blankenberg! Again he wondered at his own luck. He had told himself that a duel with Lord Chiltern must create a quarrel between him and Lord Chiltern's relations, and also between him and Violet Effingham; that it must banish him from his comfortable seat for Loughton, and ruin him in regard to his political prospects. And now he had fought his duel, and was back in town, —and the thing seemed to have been a thing of nothing. He had not as yet seen Lady Laura or Violet, but he had no doubt but they both were as much in the dark as other people. The day might arrive, he thought, on which it would be pleasant for him to tell Violet Effingham what had occurred, but that day had not come as yet. Whither Lord Chiltern had gone, or what Lord Chiltern intended to do, he had not any idea; but he imagined that he should soon hear something of her brother from Lady Laura. That Lord Chiltern should say a word to Lady Laura of what had occurred,—or to any other person in the world,—he did not in the least suspect. There could be no man more likely to be reticent in such matters than Lord Chiltern, —or more sure to be guided by an almost exaggerated sense of what honour required of him. Nor did he doubt the discretion of his friend Fitzgibbon;—if only his friend might not damage the secret by being too discreet. Of the silence of the doctor and the captain he was by no means equally sure; but even though they should gossip, the gossiping would take so long a time in oozing out and becoming recognised information, as to have lost much of its power for injuring him. Were Lady Laura to hear at this moment that he had been over to Belgium, and had fought a duel with Lord Chiltern respecting Violet, she would probably feel herself obliged to quarrel with him; but no such obligation would rest on her, if in the course of six or

nine months she should gradually have become aware that such an encounter had taken place.

Lord Chiltern, during their interview at the rooms in Great Marlborough Street, had said a word to him about the seat in Parliament;—had expressed some opinion that as he, Phineas Finn, was interfering with the views of the Standish family in regard to Miss Effingham, he ought not to keep the Standish seat, which had been conferred upon him in ignorance of any such intended interference. Phineas, as he thought of this, could not remember Lord Chiltern's words, but there was present to him an idea that such had been their purport. Was he bound, in circumstances as they now existed, to give up Loughton? He made up his mind that he was not so bound unless Lord Chiltern should demand from him that he should do so; but, nevertheless, he was uneasy in his position. It was quite true that the seat now was his for this session by all parliamentary law, even though the electors themselves might wish to be rid of him, and that Lord Brentford could not even open his mouth upon the matter in a tone more loud than that of a whisper. But Phineas, feeling that he had consented to accept the favour of a corrupt seat from Lord Brentford, felt also that he was bound to give up the spoil if it were demanded from him. If it were demanded from him, either by the father or the son, it should be given up at once.

On the following morning he found a leading article in the *People's Banner* devoted solely to himself. "During the late debate,"—so ran a passage in the leading article,—"*Mr. Finn, Lord Brentford's Irish nominee for his pocket-borough at Loughton, did at last manage to stand on his legs and open his mouth. If we are not mistaken, this is Mr. Finn's third session in Parliament, and hitherto he has been unable to articulate three sentences, though he has on more than one occasion made the attempt. For what special merit this young man has been selected for aristocratic patronage we do not know,—but that there must be some merit recognisable by aristocratic eyes, we surmise. Three years ago he was a raw young Irishman, living in London as Irishmen only know how to live, earning nothing, and apparently without means; and then suddenly he burst out as a member of Parliament and as the friend of Cabinet Ministers. The possession of one good gift must be acceded to the honourable member for Loughton,—he is a handsome young man, and looks to be as strong as a coal-porter. Can it be that his promotion has sprung from this? Be this as it may, we should like to know where he has been during his late mysterious absence from Parliament, and in what way he came by the wound in his arm. Even handsome young members of Parliament, fêted by titled ladies and their rich lords, are amenable to the laws,—to the laws of this country, and to the laws of any other which it may suit them to visit for a while!*"

"*Infamous scoundrel!*" said Phineas to himself, as he read this.

"Vile, low, disreputable blackguard!" It was clear enough, however, that Quintus Slide had found out something of his secret. If so, his only hope would rest on the fact that his friends were not likely to see the columns of the *People's Banner*.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LADY LAURA IS TOLD.

By the time that Mr. Mildmay's great bill was going into committee Phineas was able to move about London in comfort,—with his arm, however, still in a sling. There had been nothing more about him and his wound in the *People's Banner*, and he was beginning to hope that that nuisance would also be allowed to die away. He had seen Lady Laura,—having dined in Grosvenor Place, where he had been petted to his heart's content. His dinner had been cut up for him, and his wound had been treated with the tenderest sympathy. And, singular to say, no questions were asked. He had been to Kent and had come by an accident. No more than that was told, and his dear sympathising friends were content to receive so much information, and to ask for no more. But he had not as yet seen Violet Effingham, and he was beginning to think that this romance about Violet might as well be brought to a close. He had not, however, as yet been able to go into crowded rooms, and unless he went out to large parties he could not be sure that he would meet Miss Effingham.

At last he resolved that he would tell Lady Laura the whole truth,—not the truth about the duel, but the truth about Violet Effingham, and ask for her assistance. When making this resolution, I think that he must have forgotten much that he had learned of his friend's character; and by making it, I think that he showed also that he had not learned as much as his opportunities might have taught him. He knew Lady Laura's obstinacy of purpose, he knew her devotion to her brother, and he knew also how desirous she had been that her brother should win Violet Effingham for himself. This knowledge should, I think, have sufficed to show him how improbable it was that Lady Laura should assist him in his enterprise. But beyond all this was the fact,—a fact as to the consequences of which Phineas himself was entirely blind, beautifully ignorant,—that Lady Laura had once condescended to love himself. Nay;—she had gone farther than this, and had ventured to tell him, even after her marriage, that the remembrance of some feeling that had once dwelt in her heart in regard to him was still a danger to her. She had warned him from Loughlinter, and then had received him in London;—and now he selected her as his confidante in this love affair! Had he not been beautifully ignorant and most modestly blind, he would surely have placed his confidence elsewhere.

It was not that Lady Laura Kennedy ever confessed to herself the existence of a vicious passion. She had, indeed, learned to tell herself that she could not love her husband; and once, in the excitement of such silent announcements to herself, she had asked herself whether her heart was quite a blank, and had answered herself by desiring Phineas Finn to absent himself from Loughlinter. During all the subsequent winter she had scourged herself inwardly for her own imprudence, her quite unnecessary folly in so doing. What! could not she, Laura Standish, who from her earliest years of girlish womanhood had resolved that she would use the world as men use it, and not as women do,—could not she have felt the slight shock of a passing tenderness for a handsome youth without allowing the feeling to be a rock before her, big enough and sharp enough for the destruction of her entire barque? Could not she command, if not her heart, at any rate her mind, so that she might safely assure herself that, whether this man or any man was here or there, her course would be unaltered? What though Phineas Finn had been in the same house with her throughout all the winter, could not she have so lived with him on terms of friendship, that every deed and word and look of her friendship might have been open to her husband,—or open to all the world? She could have done so. She told herself that that was not,—need not have been her great calamity. Whether she could endure the dull, monotonous control of her slow but imperious lord,—or whether she must not rather tell him that it was not to be endured,—that was her trouble. So she told herself, and again admitted Phineas to her intimacy in London. But, nevertheless, Phineas, had he not been beautifully ignorant and most blind to his own achievements, would not have expected from Lady Laura Kennedy assistance with Miss Violet Effingham.

Phineas knew when to find Lady Laura alone, and he came upon her one day at the favourable hour. The two first clauses of the bill had been passed after twenty fights and endless divisions. Two points had been settled, as to which, however, Mr. Gresham had been driven to give way so far and to yield so much, that men declared that such a bill as the Government could consent to call its own could never be passed by that Parliament in that session. Immediately on his entrance into her room Lady Laura began about the third clause. Would the House let Mr. Gresham have his way about the —? Phineas stopped her at once. "My dear friend," he said, "I have come to you in a private trouble, and I want you to drop politics for half an hour. I have come to you for help."

"A private trouble, Mr. Finn! Is it serious?"

"It is very serious,—but it is no trouble of the kind of which you are thinking. But it is serious enough to take up every thought."

"Can I help you?"

"Indeed you can. Whether you will or no is a different thing."

"I would help you in anything in my power, Mr. Finn. Do you not know it?"

"You have been very kind to me!"

"And so would Mr. Kennedy."

"Mr. Kennedy cannot help me here."

"What is it, Mr. Finn?"

"I suppose I may as well tell you at once,—in plain language. I do not know how to put my story into words that shall fit it. I love Violet Effingham. Will you help me to win her to be my wife?"

"You love Violet Effingham!" said Lady Laura. And as she spoke the look of her countenance towards him was so changed that he became at once aware that from her no assistance might be expected. His eyes were not opened in any degree to the second reason above given for Lady Laura's opposition to his wishes, but he instantly perceived that she would still cling to that destination of Violet's hand which had for years past been the favourite scheme of her life. "Have you not always known, Mr. Finn, what have been our hopes for Violet?"

Phineas, though he had perceived his mistake, felt that he must go on with his cause. Lady Laura must know his wishes sooner or later, and it was as well that she should learn them in this way as in any other. "Yes;—but I have known also, from your brother's own lips,—and indeed from yours also, Lady Laura,—that Chiltern has been three times refused by Miss Effingham."

"What does that matter? Do men never ask more than three times?"

"And must I be debarred for ever while he prosecutes a hopeless suit?"

"Yes;—you of all men."

"Why so, Lady Laura?"

"Because in this matter you have been his chosen friend,—and mine. We have told you everything, trusting to you. We have believed in your honour. We have thought that with you, at any rate, we were safe." These words were very bitter to Phineas, and yet when he had written his letter at Loughton, he had intended to be so perfectly honest, chivalrously honest! Now Lady Laura spoke to him and looked at him as though he had been most basely false,—most untrue to that noble friendship which had been lavished upon him by all her family. He felt that he would become the prey of her most injurious thoughts unless he could fully explain his ideas, and he felt, also, that the circumstances did not admit of his explaining them. He could not take up the argument on Violet's side, and show how unfair it would be to her that she should be debarred from the homage due to her by any man who really loved her, because Lord Chiltern chose to think that he still had a claim,—or at any rate a chance. And Phineas knew well of himself,—or thought

that he knew well,—that he would not have interfered had there been any chance for Lord Chiltern. Lord Chiltern had himself told him more than once that there was no such chance. How was he to explain all this to Lady Laura? “Mr. Finn,” said Lady Laura, “I can hardly believe this of you, even when you tell it me yourself.”

“Listen to me, Lady Laura, for a moment.”

“Certainly, I will listen. But that you should come to me for assistance! I cannot understand it. Men sometimes become harder than stones.”

“I do not think that I am hard.” Poor blind fool! He was still thinking only of Violet, and of the accusation made against him that he was untrue to his friendship for Lord Chiltern. Of that other accusation which could not be expressed in open words he understood nothing,—nothing at all as yet.

“Hard and false,—capable of receiving no impression beyond the outside husk of the heart.”

“Oh, Lady Laura, do not say that. If you could only know how true I am in my affection for you all.”

“And how do you show it?—by coming in between Oswald and the only means that are open to us of reconciling him to his father;—means that have been explained to you exactly as though you had been one of ourselves. Oswald has treated you as a brother in the matter, telling you everything, and this is the way you would repay him for his confidence!”

“Can I help it, that I have learnt to love this girl?”

“Yes, sir,—you can help it. What if she had been Oswald's wife;—would you have loved her then? Do you speak of loving a woman as if it were an affair of fate, over which you have no control? I doubt whether your passions are so strong as that. You had better put aside your love for Miss Effingham. I feel assured that it will never hurt you.” Then some remembrance of what had passed between him and Lady Laura Standish near the falls of the Linter, when he first visited Scotland, came across his mind. “Believe me,” she said with a smile, “this little wound in your heart will soon be cured.”

He stood silent before her, looking away from her, thinking over it all. He certainly had believed himself to be violently in love with Lady Laura, and yet when he had just now entered her drawing-room, he had almost forgotten that there had been such a passage in his life. And he had believed that she had forgotten it,—even though she had counselled him not to come to Loughlinter within the last nine months! He had been a boy then, and had not known himself;—but now he was a man, and was proud of the intensity of his love. There came upon him some passing throb of pain from his shoulder, reminding him of the duel, and he was proud also of that. He had been willing to risk everything,—life, prospects, and position,—sooner

than abandon the slight hope which was his of possessing Violet Effingham. And now he was told that this wound in his heart would soon be cured, and was told so by a woman to whom he had once sung a song of another passion. It is very hard to answer a woman in such circumstances, because her womanhood gives her so strong a ground of vantage! Lady Laura might venture to throw in his teeth the fickleness of his heart, but he could not in reply tell her that to change a love was better than to marry without love,—that to be capable of such a change showed no such inferiority of nature as did the capacity for such a marriage. She could hit him with her argument; but he could only remember his, and think how violent might be the blow he could inflict,—if it were not that she were a woman, and therefore guarded. “You will not help me then?” he said, when they had both been silent for a while.

“Help you? How should I help you?”

“I wanted no other help than this,—that I might have had an opportunity of meeting Violet here, and of getting from her some answer.”

“Has the question then never been asked already?” said Lady Laura. To this Phineas made no immediate reply. There was no reason why he should show his whole hand to an adversary. “Why do you not go to Lady Baldock’s house?” continued Lady Laura. “You are admitted there. You know Lady Baldock. Go and ask her to stand your friend with her niece. See what she will say to you. As far as I understand these matters, that is the fair, honourable, open way in which gentlemen are wont to make their overtures.”

“I would make mine to none but to herself,” said Phineas.

“Then why have you made it to me, sir?” demanded Lady Laura.

“I have come to you as I would to my sister.”

“Your sister? Psha! I am not your sister, Mr. Finn. Nor, were I so, should I fail to remember that I have a dearer brother to whom my faith is pledged. Look here. Within the last three weeks Oswald has sacrificed everything to his father, because he was determined that Mr. Kennedy should have the money which he thought was due to my husband. He has enabled my father to do what he will with Saulsby. Papa will never hurt him;—I know that. Hard as papa is with him, he will never hurt Oswald’s future position. Papa is too proud to do that. Violet has heard what Oswald has done; and now that he has nothing of his own to offer her for the future but his bare title, now that he has given papa power to do what he will with the property, I believe that she would accept him instantly. That is her disposition.”

Phineas again paused a moment before he replied. “Let him try,” he said.

“He is away,—in Brussels.”

"Send to him, and bid him return. I will be patient, Lady Laura. Let him come and try, and I will bide my time. I confess that I have no right to interfere with him if there be a chance for him. If there is no chance, my right is as good as that of any other."

There was something in this which made Lady Laura feel that she could not maintain her hostility against this man on behalf of her brother;—and yet she could not force herself to be other than hostile to him. Her heart was sore, and it was he that had made it sore. She had lectured herself, schooling herself with mental sackcloth and ashes, rebuking herself with heaviest censures from day to day, because she had found herself to be in danger of regarding this man with a perilous love; and she had been constant in this work of penance till she had been able to assure herself that the sackcloth and ashes had done their work, and that the danger was past. "I like him still and love him well," she had said to herself with something almost of triumph, "but I have ceased to think of him as one who might have been my lover." And yet she was now sick and sore, almost beside herself with the agony of the wound, because this man whom she had been able to throw aside from her heart had also been able so to throw her aside. And she felt herself constrained to rebuke him with what bitterest words she might use. She had felt it easy to do this at first, on her brother's score. She had accused him of treachery to his friendship,—both as to Oswald and as to herself. On that she could say cutting words without subjecting herself to suspicion even from herself. But now this power was taken away from her, and still she wished to wound him. She desired to taunt him with his old fickleness, and yet to subject herself to no imputation. "Your right!" she said. "What gives you any right in the matter?"

"Simply the right of a fair field, and no favour."

"And yet you come to me for favour,—to me, because I am her friend. You cannot win her yourself, and think I may help you! I do not believe in your love for her. There! If there were no other reason, and I could help you, I would not, because I think your heart is a sham heart. She is pretty, and has money——"

"Lady Laura!"

"She is pretty, and has money, and is the fashion. I do not wonder that you should wish to have her. But, Mr. Finn, I believe that Oswald really loves her;—and that you do not. His nature is deeper than yours."

He understood it all now as he listened to the tone of her voice, and looked into the lines of her face. There was written there plainly enough that *spretæ injuria formæ* of which she herself was conscious, but only conscious. Even his eyes, blind as he had been, were opened,—and he knew that he had been a fool.

"I am sorry that I came to you," he said.

"It would have been better that you should not have done so," she replied.

"And yet perhaps it is well that there should be no misunderstanding between us."

"Of course I must tell my brother."

He paused but for a moment, and then he answered her with a sharp voice, "He has been told."

"And who told him?"

"I did. I wrote to him the moment that I knew my own mind. I owed it to him to do so. But my letter missed him, and he only learned it the other day."

"Have you seen him since?"

"Yes;—I have seen him."

"And what did he say? How did he take it? Did he bear it from you quietly?"

"No, indeed;" and Phineas smiled as he spoke.

"Tell me, Mr. Finn; what happened? What is to be done?"

"Nothing is to be done. Everything has been done. I may as well tell you all. I am sure that for the sake of me, as well as of your brother, you will keep our secret. He required that I should either give up my suit, or that I should,—fight him. As I could not comply with the one request, I found myself bound to comply with the other."

"And there has been a duel?"

"Yes;—there has been a duel. We went over to Belgium, and it was soon settled. He wounded me here in the arm."

"Suppose you had killed him, Mr. Finn?"

"That, Lady Laura, would have been a misfortune so terrible that I was bound to prevent it." Then he paused again, regretting what he had said. "You have surprised me, Lady Laura, into an answer that I should not have made. I may be sure,—may I not,—that my words will not go beyond yourself?"

"Yes;—you may be sure of that." This she said plaintively, with a tone of voice and demeanour of body altogether different from that which she lately bore. Neither of them knew what was taking place between them; but she was, in truth, gradually submitting herself again to this man's influence. Though she rebuked him at every turn for what he said, for what he had done, for what he proposed to do, still she could not teach herself to despise him, or even to cease to love him for any part of it. She knew it all now,—except that word or two which had passed between Violet and Phineas in the rides of Saulsby Park. But she suspected something even of that, feeling sure that the only matter on which Phineas would say nothing would be that of his own success,—if success there had been. "And so you and Oswald have quarrelled, and there has been a duel. That is why you were away?"

"That is why I was away."

"How wrong of you,—how very wrong! Had he been,—killed, how could you have looked us in the face again?"

"I could not have looked you in the face again."

"But that is over now. And were you friends afterwards?"

"No;—we did not part as friends. Having gone there to fight with him,—most unwillingly,—I could not afterwards promise him that I would give up Miss Effingham. You say she will accept him now. Let him come and try." She had nothing further to say,—no other argument to use. There was the soreness at her heart still present to her, making her wretched, instigating her to hurt him if she knew how to do so, in spite of her regard for him. But she felt that she was weak and powerless. She had shot her arrows at him,—all but one,—and if she used that, its poisoned point would wound herself far more surely than it would touch him. "The duel was very silly," he said. "You will not speak of it."

"No; certainly not."

"I am glad at least that I have told you everything."

"I do not know why you should be glad. I cannot help you."

"And you will say nothing to Violet?"

"Everything that I can say in Oswald's favour. I will say nothing of the duel; but beyond that you have no right to demand my secrecy with her. Yes; you had better go, Mr. Finn, for I am hardly well. And remember this,—If you can forget this little episode about Miss Effingham, so will I forget it also; and so will Oswald. I can promise for him." Then she smiled and gave him her hand, and he went.

She rose from her chair as he left the room, and waited till she heard the sound of the great door closing behind him before she again sat down. Then, when he was gone,—when she was sure that he was no longer there with her in the same house,—she laid her head down upon the arm of the sofa, and burst into a flood of tears. She was no longer angry with Phineas. There was no further longing in her heart for revenge. She did not now desire to injure him, though she had done so as long as he was with her. Nay,—she resolved instantly, almost instinctively, that Lord Brentford must know nothing of all this, lest the political prospects of the young member for Loughton should be injured. To have rebuked him, to rebuke him again and again, would be only fair,—would at least be womanly; but she would protect him from all material injury as far as her power of protection might avail. And why was she weeping now so bitterly? Of course she asked herself, as she rubbed away the tears with her hands,—Why should she weep? She was not weak enough to tell herself that she was weeping for any injury that had been done to Oswald. She got up suddenly from the sofa, and pushed away her hair from her face, and pushed away the tears from her cheeks, and then clenched her fists as she held them out at full length from

her body, and stood, looking up with her eyes fixed upon the wall. "Ass!" she exclaimed. "Fool! Idiot! That I should not be able to crush it into nothing and have done with it! Why should he not have her? After all, he is better than Oswald. Oh,—is that you?" The door of the room had been opened while she was standing thus, and her husband had entered.

"Yes,—it is I. Is anything wrong?"

"Very much is wrong."

"What is it, Laura?"

"You cannot help me."

"If you are in trouble you should tell me what it is, and leave it to me to try to help you."

"Nonsense!" she said, shaking her head.

"Laura, that is uncourteous,—not to say undutiful also."

"I suppose it was,—both. I beg your pardon, but I could not help it."

"Laura, you should help such words to me."

"There are moments, Robert, when even a married woman must be herself rather than her husband's wife. It is so, though you cannot understand it."

"I certainly do not understand it."

"You cannot make a woman subject to you as a dog is so. You may have all the outside and as much of the inside as you can master. With a dog you may be sure of both."

"I suppose this means that you have secrets in which I am not to share."

"I have troubles about my father and my brother which you cannot share. My brother is a ruined man."

"Who ruined him?"

"I will not talk about it any more. I will not speak to you of him or of papa. I only want you to understand that there is a subject which must be secret to myself, and on which I may be allowed to shed tears,—if I am so weak. I will not trouble you on a matter in which I have not your sympathy." Then she left him, standing in the middle of the room, depressed by what had occurred,—but not thinking of it as of a trouble which would do more than make him uncomfortable for that day.

CHAPTER XL

MADAME MAX GOESLER.

Day after day, and clause after clause, the bill was fought in committee, and few men fought with more constancy on the side of the Ministers than did the member for Loughton. Troubled though he was by his quarrel with Lord Chiltern, by his love for Violet Effing-

ham, by the silence of his friend Lady Laura,—for since he had told her of the duel she had become silent to him, never writing to him, and hardly speaking to him when she met him in society,—nevertheless Phineas was not so troubled but what he could work at his vocation. Now, when he would find himself upon his legs in the House, he would wonder at the hesitation which had lately troubled him so sorely. He would sit sometimes and speculate upon that dimness of eye, upon that tendency of things to go round, upon that obtrusive palpitation of heart, which had afflicted him so seriously for so long a time. The House now was no more to him than any other chamber, and the members no more than other men. He guarded himself from orations, speaking always very shortly,—because he believed that policy and good judgment required that he should be short. But words were very easy to him, and he would feel as though he could talk for ever. And then quickly came to him a reputation for practical usefulness. He was a man with strong opinions, who could yet be submissive. And no man seemed to know how his reputation had come. He had made one good speech after two or three failures. All who knew him, his whole party, had been aware of his failure; and his one good speech had been regarded by many as no very wonderful effort. But he was a man who was pleasant to other men,—not combative, not self-asserting beyond the point at which self-assertion ceases to be a necessity of manliness. Nature had been very good to him, making him comely inside and out,—and with this comeliness he had crept into popularity.

The secret of the duel was, I think, at this time, known to a great many men and women. So Phineas perceived; but it was not, he thought, known either to Lord Brentford or to Violet Effingham. And in this he was right. No rumour of it had yet reached the ears of either of these persons;—and rumour, though she flies so fast and so far, is often slow in reaching those ears which would be most interested in her tidings. Some dim report of the duel reached even Mr. Kennedy, and he asked his wife. “Who told you?” said she, sharply.

“Bonteen told me that it was certainly so.”

“Mr. Bonteen always knows more than anybody else about everything except his own business.”

“Then it is not true?”

Lady Laura paused,—and then she lied. “Of course it is not true. I should be very sorry to ask either of them, but to me it seems to be the most improbable thing in life.” Then Mr. Kennedy believed that there had been no duel. In his wife’s word he put absolute faith, and he thought that she would certainly know anything that her brother had done. As he was a man given to but little discourse, he asked no further questions about the duel either in the House or at the Clubs.

At first, Phineas had been greatly dismayed when men had asked him questions tending to elicit from him some explanation of the mystery;—but by degrees he became used to it, and as the tidings which had got abroad did not seem to injure him, and as the questionings were not pushed very closely, he became indifferent. There came out another article in the *People's Banner* in which Lord C——n and Mr. P——s F——n were spoken of as glaring examples of that aristocratic snobility,—that was the expressive word coined, evidently with great delight, for the occasion,—which the rotten state of London society in high quarters now produced. Here was a young lord, infamously notorious, quarrelling with one of his boon-companions whom he had appointed to a private seat in the House of Commons, fighting duels, breaking the laws, scandalising the public,—and all this was done without punishment to the guilty! There were old stories afloat,—so said the article,—of what in a former century had been done by Lord Mohuns and Mr. Bests; but now, in 186—, &c. &c. &c. And so the article went on. Any reader may fill in without difficulty the concluding indignation and virtuous appeal for reform in social morals as well as Parliament. But Phineas had so far progressed that he had almost come to like this kind of thing.

Certainly I think that the duel did him no harm in society. Otherwise he would hardly have been asked to a semi-political dinner at Lady Glencora Palliser's, even though he might have been invited to make one of the five hundred guests who were crowded into her saloons and staircases after the dinner was over. To have been one of the five hundred was nothing; but to be one of the sixteen was a great deal,—was indeed so much that Phineas, not understanding as yet the advantage of his own comeliness, was at a loss to conceive why so pleasant an honour was conferred upon him. There was no man among the eight men at the dinner-party not in Parliament,—and the only other except Phineas not attached to the Government was Mr. Palliser's great friend, John Grey, the member for Silverbridge. There were four Cabinet Ministers in the room,—the Duke, Lord Cantrip, Mr. Gresham, and the owner of the mansion. There was also Barrington Erle and young Lord Fawn, an Under Secretary of State. But the wit and grace of the ladies present lent more of character to the party than even the position of the men. Lady Glencora Palliser herself was a host. There was no woman then in London better able to talk to a dozen people on a dozen subjects; and then, moreover, she was still in the flush of her beauty and the bloom of her youth. Lady Laura was there;—by what means divided from her husband Phineas could not imagine; but Lady Glencora was good at such divisions. Lady Cantrip had been allowed to come with her lord;—but, as was well understood, Lord Cantrip was not so manifestly a husband as was Mr. Kennedy. There are men who cannot guard themselves from the assertion of marital rights at most

inappropriate moments. Now Lord Cantrip lived with his wife most happily; yet you should pass hours with him and her together, and hardly know that they knew each other. One of the Duke's daughters was there,—but not the Duchess, who was known to be heavy;—and there was the beauteous Marchioness of Hartletop. Violet Effingham was in the room also,—giving Phineas a blow at the heart as he saw her smile. Might it be that he could speak a word to her on this occasion? Mr. Grey had also brought his wife;—and then there was Madame Max Goesler. Phineas found that it was his fortune to take down to dinner,—not Violet Effingham, but Madame Max Goesler. And, when he was placed at dinner, on the other side of him there sat Lady Hartletop, who addressed the few words which she spoke exclusively to Mr. Palliser. There had been in former days matters difficult of arrangement between those two; but I think that those old passages had now been forgotten by them both. Phineas was, therefore, driven to depend exclusively on Madame Max Goesler for conversation, and he found that he was not called upon to cast his seed into barren ground.

Up to that moment he had never heard of Madame Max Goesler. Lady Glencora, in introducing them, had pronounced the lady's name so clearly that he had caught it with accuracy, but he could not surmise whence she had come, or why she was there. She was a woman probably something over thirty years of age. She had thick black hair, which she wore in curls,—unlike anybody else in the world,—in curls which hung down low beneath her face, covering, and perhaps intended to cover, a certain thinness in her cheeks which would otherwise have taken something from the charm of her countenance. Her eyes were large, of a dark blue colour, and very bright,—and she used them in a manner which is as yet hardly common with Englishwomen. She seemed to intend that you should know that she employed them to conquer you,—looking as a knight may have looked in olden days who entered a chamber with his sword drawn from the scabbard and in his hand. Her forehead was broad and somewhat low. Her nose was not classically beautiful, being broader at the nostrils than beauty required, and, moreover, not perfectly straight in its line. Her lips were thin. Her teeth, which she endeavoured to show as little as possible, were perfect in form and colour. They who criticised her severely said, however, that they were too large. Her chin was well formed, and divided by a dimple which gave to her face a softness of grace which would otherwise have been much missed. But perhaps her great beauty was in the brilliant clearness of her dark complexion. You might almost fancy that you could see into it so as to read the different lines beneath the skin. She was somewhat tall, though by no means tall to a fault, and was so thin as to be almost meagre in her proportions. She always wore her dress close up to her neck, and never showed the bareness of her arms. Though she was the

only woman so clad now present in the room, this singularity did not specially strike one, because in other respects her apparel was so rich and quaint as to make inattention to it impossible. The observer who did not observe very closely would perceive that Madame Max Goesler's dress was unlike the dress of other women, but seeing that it was unlike in make, unlike in colour, and unlike in material, the ordinary observer would not see also that it was unlike in form for any other purpose than that of maintaining its general peculiarity of character. In colour she was abundant, and yet the fabric of her garment was always black. My pen may not dare to describe the tracteries of yellow and ruby silk which went in and out through the black lace, across her bosom, and round her neck, and over her shoulders, and along her arms, and down to the very ground at her feet, robbing the black stuff of all its sombre solemnity, and producing a brightness in which there was nothing gaudy. She wore no vestige of crinoline, and hardly anything that could be called a train. And the lace sleeves of her dress, with their bright tracteries of silk, were fitted close to her arms; and round her neck she wore the smallest possible collar of lace, above which there was a short chain of Roman gold with a ruby pendant. And she had rubies in her ears, and a ruby brooch, and rubies in the bracelets on her arms. Such, as regarded the outward woman, was Madame Max Goesler; and Phineas, as he took his place by her side, thought that fortune for the nonce had done well with him,—only that he should have liked it so much better could he have been seated next to Violet Effingham!

I have said that in the matter of conversation his morsel of seed was not thrown into barren ground. I do not know that he can truly be said to have produced even a morsel. The subjects were all mooted by the lady, and so great was her fertility in discoursing that all conversational grasses seemed to grow with her spontaneously. "Mr. Finn," she said, "what would I not give to be a member of the British Parliament at such a moment as this!"

"Why at such a moment as this particularly?"

"Because there is something to be done, which, let me tell you, senator though you are, is not always the case with you."

"My experience is short, but it sometimes seems to me that there is too much to be done."

"Too much of nothingness, Mr. Finn. Is not that the case? But now there is a real fight in the lists. The one great drawback to the life of women is that they cannot act in politics."

"And which side would you take?"

"What, here in England?" said Madame Max Goesler,—from which expression, and from one or two others of a similar nature, Phineas was led into a doubt whether the lady were a countrywoman of his or not. "Indeed, it is hard to say. Politically I should want

to out-Turnbull Mr. Turnbull, to vote for everything that could be voted for,—ballot, manhood suffrage, womanhood suffrage, unlimited right of striking, tenant right, education of everybody, annual parliaments, and the abolition of at least the bench of bishops.”

“That is a strong programme,” said Phineas.

“It is strong, Mr. Finn, but that’s what I should like. I think, however, that I should be tempted to feel a dastard security in the conviction that I might advocate my views without any danger of seeing them carried out. For, to tell you the truth, I don’t at all want to put down ladies and gentlemen.”

“You think that they would go with the bench of bishops?”

“I don’t want anything to go,—that is, as far as real life is concerned. There’s that dear good Bishop of Abingdon is the best friend I have in the world,—and as for the Bishop of Dorchester, I’d walk from here to there to hear him preach. And I’d sooner hem aprons for them all myself than that they should want those pretty decorations. But then, Mr. Finn, there is such a difference between life and theory;—is there not?”

“And it is so comfortable to have theories that one is not bound to carry out,” said Phineas.

“Isn’t it? Mr. Palliser, do you live up to your political theories?” At this moment Mr. Palliser was sitting perfectly silent between Lady Hartleap and the Duke’s daughter, and he gave a little spring in his chair as this sudden address was made to him. “Your House of Commons theories, I mean, Mr. Palliser. Mr. Finn is saying that it is very well to have far-advanced ideas,—it does not matter how far advanced,—because one is never called upon to act upon them practically.”

“That is a dangerous doctrine, I think,” said Mr. Palliser.

“But pleasant,—so at least Mr. Finn says.”

“It is at least very common,” said Phineas, not caring to protect himself by a contradiction.

“For myself,” said Mr. Palliser gravely, “I think I may say that I always am really anxious to carry into practice all those doctrines of policy which I advocate in theory.”

During this conversation Lady Hartleap sat as though no word of it reached her ears. She did not understand Madame Max Goesler, and by no means loved her. Mr. Palliser, when he had made his little speech, turned to the Duke’s daughter and asked some question about the conservatories at Longroyston.

“I have called forth a word of wisdom,” said Madame Max Goesler, almost in a whisper.

“Yes,” said Phineas, “and taught a Cabinet Minister to believe that I am a most unsound politician. You may have ruined my prospects for life, Madame Max Goesler.”

“Let me hope not. As far as I can understand the way of things

in your Government, the aspirants to office succeed chiefly by making themselves uncommonly unpleasant to those who are in power. If a man can hit hard enough he is sure to be taken into the elysium of the Treasury bench,—not that he may hit others, but that he may cease to hit those who are there. I don't think men are chosen because they are useful."

"You are very severe upon us all."

"Indeed, as far as I can see, one man is as useful as another. But to put aside joking,—they tell me that you are sure to become a minister."

Phineas felt that he blushed. Could it be that people said of him behind his back that he was a man likely to rise high in political position? "Your informants are very kind," he replied awkwardly, "but I do not know who they are. I shall never get up in the way you describe,—that is, by abusing the men I support."

After that Madame Max Goesler turned round to Mr. Grey, who was sitting on the other side of her, and Phineas was left for a moment in silence. He tried to say a word to Lady Hartletop, but Lady Hartletop only bowed her head gracefully in recognition of the truth of the statement he made. So he applied himself for a while to his dinner.

"What do you think of Miss Effingham?" said Madame Max Goesler, again addressing him suddenly.

"What do I think about her?"

"You know her, I suppose."

"Oh yes, I know her. She is closely connected with the Kennedys, who are friends of mine."

"So I have heard. They tell me that scores of men are raving about her. Are you one of them?"

"Oh yes;—I don't mind being one of sundry scores. There is nothing particular in owing to that."

"But you admire her?"

"Of course I do," said Phineas.

"Ah, I see you are joking. I do amazingly. They say women never do admire women, but I most sincerely do admire Miss Effingham."

"Is she a friend of yours?"

"Oh no;—I must not dare to say so much as that. I was with her last winter for a week at Matching, and of course I meet her about at people's houses. She seems to me to be the most independent girl I ever knew in my life. I do believe that nothing would make her marry a man unless she loved him and honoured him, and I think it is so very seldom that you can say that of a girl."

"I believe so also," said Phineas. Then he paused a moment before he continued to speak. "I cannot say that I know Miss Effingham very intimately, but from what I have seen of her, I should think it very probable that she may not marry at all."

"Very probably," said Madame Max Goesler, who then again turned away to Mr. Grey.

Ten minutes after this, when the moment was just at hand in which the ladies were to retreat, Madame Max Goesler again addressed Phineas, looking very full into his face as she did so. "I wonder whether the time will ever come, Mr. Finn, in which you will give me an account of that day's journey to Blankenberg?"

"To Blankenberg!"

"Yes;—to Blankenberg. I am not asking for it now. But I shall look for it some day." Then Lady Glencora rose from her seat, and Madame Max Goesler went out with the others.

CHAPTER XL

LOED FAWN.

WHAT had Madame Max Goesler to do with his journey to Blankenberg? thought Phineas, as he sat for a while in silence between Mr. Palliser and Mr. Grey; and why should she, who was a perfect stranger to him, have dared to ask him such a question? But as the conversation round the table, after the ladies had gone, soon drifted into politics and became general, Phineas, for a while, forgot Madame Max Goesler and the Blankenberg journey, and listened to the eager words of Cabinet Ministers, now and again uttering a word of his own, and showing that he, too, was as eager as others. But the session in Mr. Palliser's dining-room was not long, and Phineas soon found himself making his way amidst a throng of coming guests into the rooms above. His object was to meet Violet Effingham, but, failing that, he would not be unwilling to say a few more words to Madame Max Goesler.

He first encountered Lady Laura, to whom he had not spoken as yet, and, finding himself standing close to her for a while, he asked her after his late neighbour. "Do tell me one thing, Lady Laura;—who is Madame Max Goesler, and why have I never met her before?"

"That will be two things, Mr. Finn; but I will answer both questions as well as I can. You have not met her before, because she was in Germany last spring and summer, and in the year before that you were not about so much as you have been since. Still you must have seen her, I think. She is the widow of an Austrian banker, and has lived the greater part of her life at Vienna. She is very rich, and has a small house in Park Lane, where she receives people so exclusively that it has come to be thought an honour to be invited by Madame Max Goesler. Her enemies say that her father was a German Jew, living in England, in the employment of the Viennese bankers,

and they say also that she has been married a second time to an Austrian Count, to whom she allows ever so much a year to stay away from her. But of all this nobody, I fancy, knows anything. What they do know is that Madame Max Goesler spends seven or eight thousand a year, and that she will give no man an opportunity of even asking her to marry him. People used to be shy of her, but she goes almost everywhere now."

"She has not been at Portman Square?"

"Oh no; but then Lady Glencora is so much more advanced than we are! After all, we are but humdrum people, as the world goes now."

Then Phineas began to roam about the rooms, striving to find an opportunity of engrossing five minutes of Miss Effingham's attention. During the time that Lady Laura was giving him the history of Madame Max Goesler his eyes had wandered round, and he had perceived that Violet was standing in the further corner of a large lobby on to which the stairs opened,—so situated, indeed, that she could hardly escape, because of the increasing crowd, but on that very account almost impossible to be reached. He could see, also, that she was talking to Lord Fawn, an unmarried peer of something over thirty years of age, with an unrivalled pair of whiskers, a small estate, and a rising political reputation. Lord Fawn had been talking to Violet through the whole dinner, and Phineas was beginning to think that he should like to make another journey to Blankenberg, with the object of meeting his lordship on the sands. When Lady Laura had done speaking, his eyes were turned through a large open doorway towards the spot on which his idol was standing. "It is of no use, my friend," she said, touching his arm. "I wish I could make you know that it is of no use, because then I think you would be happier." To this Phineas made no answer, but went and roamed about the rooms. Why should it be of no use? Would Violet Effingham marry any man merely because he was a lord?

Some half-hour after this he had succeeded in making his way up to the place in which Violet was still standing, with Lord Fawn beside her. "I have been making such a struggle to get to you," he said.

"And now you are here, you will have to stay, for it is impossible to get out," she answered. "Lord Fawn has made the attempt half-a-dozen times, but has failed grievously."

"I have been quite contented," said Lord Fawn;—"more than contented."

Phineas felt that he ought to give some special reason to Miss Effingham to account for his efforts to reach her, but yet he had nothing special to say. Had Lord Fawn not been there, he would immediately have told her that he was waiting for an answer to the question he had asked her in Saulsby Park, but he could hardly do

this in presence of the noble Under-Secretary of State. She received him with her pleasant genial smile, looking exactly as she had looked when he had parted from her on the morning after their ride. She did not show any sign of anger, or even of indifference, at his approach. But still it was almost necessary that he should account for his search of her. "I have so longed to hear from you how you got on at Lough-linter," he said.

"Yes,—yes ; and I will tell you something of it some day, perhaps. Why do you not come to Lady Baldock's ?"

"I did not even know that Lady Baldock was in town."

"You ought to have known. Of course she is in town. Where did you suppose I was living ? Lord Fawn was there yesterday, and can tell you that my aunt is quite blooming."

"Lady Baldock is blooming," said Lord Fawn ; "certainly blooming ;—that is, if evergreens may be said to bloom."

"Evergreens do bloom, as well as spring plants, Lord Fawn. You come and see her, Mr. Finn ;—only you must bring a little money with you for the Female Protestant Unmarried Women's Emigration Society. That is my aunt's present hobby, as Lord Fawn knows to his cost."

"I wish I may never spend half-a-sovereign worse."

"But it is a perilous affair for me, as my aunt wants me to go out as a sort of leading Protestant unmarried female emigrant pioneer myself."

"You don't mean that," said Lord Fawn, with much anxiety.

"Of course you'll go," said Phineas. "I should, if I were you."

"I am in doubt," said Violet.

"It is such a grand prospect," said he. "Such an opening in life. So much excitement, you know ; and such a useful career."

"As if there were not plenty of opening here for Miss Effingham," said Lord Fawn, "and plenty of excitement."

"Do you think there is ?" said Violet. "You are much more civil than Mr. Finn, I must say." Then Phineas began to hope that he need not be afraid of Lord Fawn. "What a happy man you were at dinner !" continued Violet, addressing herself to Phineas.

"I thought Lord Fawn was the happy man."

"You had Madame Max Goesler all to yourself for nearly two hours, and I suppose there was not a creature in the room who did not envy you. I don't doubt that ever so much interest was made with Lady Glencora as to taking Madame Max down to dinner. Lord Fawn, I know, intrigued."

"Miss Effingham, really I must—contradict you."

"And Barrington Erle begged for it as a particular favour. The Duke, with a sigh, owned that it was impossible, because of his cumbrous rank ; and Mr. Gresham, when it was offered to him, declared that he was fatigued with the business of the House, and not

up to the occasion. How much did she say to you ; and what did she talk about ? ”

“ The ballot chiefly,—that, and manhood suffrage.”

“ Ah ! she said something more than that, I am sure. Madame Max Goesler never lets any man go without entrancing him. If you have anything near your heart, Mr. Finn, Madame Max Goesler touched it, I am sure.” Now Phineas had two things near his heart,—political promotion and Violet Effingham,—and Madame Max Goesler had managed to touch them both. She had asked him respecting his journey to Blankenburg, and had touched him very nearly in reference to Miss Effingham. “ You know Madame Max Goesler, of course ? ” said Violet to Lord Fawn.

“ Oh yes, I know the lady ;—that is, as well as other people do. No one, I take it, knows much of her ; and it seems to me that the world is becoming tired of her. A mystery is good for nothing if it remains always a mystery.”

“ And it is good for nothing at all when it is found out,” said Violet.

“ And therefore it is that Madame Max Goesler is a bore,” said Lord Fawn.

“ You did not find her a bore ? ” said Violet. Then Phineas, choosing to oppose Lord Fawn as well as he could on that matter, as on every other, declared that he had found Madame Max Goesler most delightful. “ And beautiful,—is she not ? ” said Violet.

“ Beautiful ! ” exclaimed Lord Fawn.

“ I think her very beautiful,” said Phineas.

“ So do I,” said Violet. “ And she is a dear ally of mine. We were a week together last winter, and swore an undying friendship. She told me ever so much about Mr. Goesler.”

“ But she told you nothing of her second husband ? ” said Lord Fawn.

“ Now that you have run into scandal, I shall have done,” said Violet.

Half an hour after this, when Phineas was preparing to fight his way out of the house, he was again close to Madame Max Goesler. He had not found a single moment in which to ask Violet for an answer to his old question, and was retiring from the field discomfited, but not dispirited. Lord Fawn, he thought, was not a serious obstacle in his way. Lady Laura had told him that there was no hope for him ; but then Lady Laura’s mind on that subject was, he thought, prejudiced. Violet Effingham certainly knew what were his wishes, and knowing them, smiled on him and was gracious to him. Would she do so if his pretensions were thoroughly objectionable to her ?

“ I saw that you were successful this evening,” said Madame Max Goesler to him.

"I was not aware of any success."

"I call it great success to be able to make your way where you will through such a crowd as there is here. You seem to me to be so stout a cavalier that I shall ask you to find my servant, and bid him get my carriage. Will you mind?" Phineas, of course, declared that he would be delighted. "He is a German, and not in livery. But if somebody will call out, he will hear. He is very sharp, and much more attentive than your English footmen. An Englishman hardly ever makes a good servant."

"Is that a compliment to us Britons?"

"No, certainly not. If a man is a servant, he should be clever enough to be a good one." Phineas had now given the order for the carriage, and, having returned, was standing with Madame Max Goesler in the cloak-room. "After all, we are surely the most awkward people in the world," she said. "You know Lord Fawn, who was talking to Miss Effingham just now. You should have heard him trying to pay me a compliment before dinner. It was like a donkey walking a minuet, and yet they say he is a clever man and can make speeches." Could it be possible that Madame Max Goesler's ears were so sharp that she had heard the things which Lord Fawn had said of her?

"He is a well-informed man," said Phineas.

"For a lord, you mean," said Madame Max Goesler. "But he is an oaf, is he not? And yet they say he is to marry that girl."

"I do not think he will," said Phineas, stoutly.

"I hope not, with all my heart; and I hope that somebody else may,—unless somebody else should change his mind. Thank you; I am so much obliged to you. Mind you come and call on me,—193, Park Lane. I dare say you know the little cottage." Then he put Madame Max Goesler into her carriage, and walked away to his club.



“It’s the system as I hates, and not you, Mr. Finn.”

Phineas Finn. Chap. xlii. Page 747.

SAINT PAULS.

SEPTEMBER, 1868.

THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD, A STORY OF LIPPE-DETMOLD.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FOX AND THE CROWS.

EARLY in my first chapter I announced that this tale would deal with the fortunes of very humble and obscure individuals. But, inasmuch as the fortunes of the most insignificant personages are linked inextricably with those of the high and powerful, whose doings history delights to chronicle, it fell out that certain great questions which began to agitate Europe about the period of which I write, had a very considerable influence on the lives of the little group of persons who figure in my story. Storms which make the deep seas upheave, also ruffle the rivulets.

Times were coming when it grew necessary to take sides on the great questions affecting Germany; when even silence might be construed into an expression of opinion; and when the most cautious found themselves compelled to abandon their attitude of neutrality.

A man may say, "I am resolved to go straight onward, turning neither to the right nor to the left," and so long as the path shall be straight and even beneath his feet, he can do so. But one fine day he arrives at a point where the one road divides into two roads, stretching away on either hand, and diverging ever more widely one from the other. What is to be done then? In front, proceeding straight onward, there is nothing but a stone wall, or may be a duck-pond, dull, muddy, and stagnant. If he would not assert his principles by ending his days in the duck-pond, or knocking his head against the stone wall, the man must choose either the right-hand path or the left-hand path.

Now, in Detmold, people began to have glimpses of the duck-pond at the end of their political vista. There were some folks, better

educated than old Simon Schnarcher the sacristan, but perhaps not greatly more enlightened, who would have counselled avoiding the dilemma by the simple expedient of going back again to the place whence they started. "If you go on," said these wiseacres, "you certainly must choose the right-hand path or the left-hand path, or else be stifled in the duck-pond. That is true. But why go on?"

Very often people were unable to answer why. But they mostly felt the necessity.

To the tiny community at Horn, however, the condition of European politics was, with very few exceptions, a matter of profound indifference. The echoes from the great noisy world penetrated thither but faintly. It is true that some distorted and diminished photographs of the more important doings of the time were presented to them in their local newspapers. They descried, from a distance, kings and kaisers, princes and potentates, moving hither and thither, troops advanced and withdrawn, and a kind of general running the hays and changing of places. But they were as a deaf man who looks on at a dance. They saw the bustle and movement, indeed, but had no inkling of the music which regulates the figure.

In the Speise-Saal of the Pied Lamb, at Horn, there is warmth and good cheer at the usual supper-hour,—that is to say, about half-past seven o'clock. It is more than a month ago since that September night when the reader was first introduced to Quendel's hostelry, but nearly the same company is assembled within it as on that former occasion. Simon Schnarcher is there, and Peters, and the fat host. There are, too, a few tradesmen and farmers, old habitués of the place. But Franz Lehmann is not present, nor the commercial traveller, whose temerity in defying the sacristan is remembered, and still occasionally discussed among them with great gusto. At this present moment, however, the serious business of eating and drinking is occupying the faculties of the company. The night without is very dark and cold. In the Speise-Saal it is light and warm. The lingering odour of tobacco is still there, but the atmosphere is clear from the thick clouds that sometimes obscure it. They will arise by-and-by. For the present, the steam of hot meats ascends unmingled from the table; for, even by a German, the operations of supping and smoking cannot conveniently be performed together. The one waiter, assisted by a stout kitchen-maid, has been attending to the wants of the guests, but now there comes a lull in his labours. All are served, and the waiter sits down alone at a side-table to enjoy his own portion of the food.

After a while, Herr Quendel, sitting at the head of the board, wipes his mouth with his napkin, pushes his chair heavily back towards the stove, takes from his pocket a very attenuated cigar, and holds it over his shoulder without turning his head. Johann, the waiter, jumps

up, brings a lighted candle in a little, quaint, old-fashioned brass candlestick, and sets fire to the attenuated cigar. Forthwith every man in the room pulls out either a meerschaum or a cigar; they are lighted, all the chairs are pushed back, scraping noisily over the sanded floor, and a semicircle is formed in front of the stove, of which semicircle, the landlord's chair, on one side, and Simon Schnarcher's on the other, are the points nearest to the fire. A smaller table is set before the guests, so that each man may have his tankard of beer at hand, without the trouble of turning to reach it, and all is made snug and comfortable.

"Ah-h-h!" exclaimed Peters, drawing a long breath, and stretching his legs out before him enjoyingly. "Well, to be sure; it's wonderful times we live in!"

Quendel grunted. The rest puffed thoughtfully at their pipes and cigars. Only old Schnarcher turned his bright sunken eyes watchfully on Peters, with the expression of one who lies in wait.

"I've been reading, to-day," went on the apothecary, "an account of the Atlantic telegraph cable. Now, you know what that is?"

A silence. Quendel nodded ambiguously. Old Schnarcher put forth his hand and took a draught of beer, without removing his eyes from Peters' face. The latter proceeded.

"A great wire laid right through the sea,—through the deep, deep sea, meine Herren,—from Europe to America. Wonderful times, wonderful times!"

"I don't see that there's anything so wonderful in dropping a wire into the sea," observed Quendel, in his deepest bass. "If the wire was only long enough, you might twist it all round the world, I suppose."

"And what's the good when you've done it?" asked a horse-faced man, who was proprietor of the general shop in Horn.

"The good? Why only think of the science, the enlightenment, the progress——"

The word was scarcely out of his mouth when Schnarcher,—morally,—pounced on him with such suddenness as to startle the circle. It was the opportunity for which he had been lying in wait.

"Progress, forsooth! Ay, ay! that's what you're after, is it? You and your friend, the commercial gentleman, who talked so big here the other night——"

"He's no friend of mine," protested Peters, "I never saw the man in my life before."

"You and your friend,—that's what you were both driving at," repeated the sacristan, doggedly. "And a nice down-hill drive you'd make of it, if there wasn't some older and wiser folks to put the drag on a bit, and pull at the reins."

The illustration was received with many approving words, and one or two murmurs of "Ja so!" "Ganz richtig, Herr Küster."

"I want to hear nothing of your wires and rubbish," snarled the sacristan, on whom the effect of his friends' encouraging approval appeared to be the exacerbation of his contentious humour; "I won't hear of 'em, and I don't believe in 'em."

"Well, but that don't alter the facts, you know," retorted Peters, returning to the charge with a certain mild persistence.

"Ay, ay, ay," rasped out Quendel, solemnly rolling his head from side to side, "I don't know that, Herr Peters,—I don't know that. Herr Schnarcher hasn't been sacristan here for more than forty years without knowing pretty well what to believe in."

At this moment a stumbling step was heard in the passage leading from the street to the interior of the inn, and some one bumped heavily against the door of the Speise-Saal.

"Johann!" called out the landlord, whose senses were by no means too sluggish to be instantly alive to the prospect of a customer: "Johann! Go with a light. See who is there. Is there no lamp in the passage? Donnerwetter, don't leave the guests to tumble about in the dark!"

"There never is a lamp in the passage now after supper-time!" said the waiter, hurrying to the door with the little brass candlestick in his hand. "Who's likely to be coming at this hour of an October night?" As he spoke, he opened the door of the Speise-Saal, and admitted a stranger, whose advent caused a shudder to run round the assembly. Let me hasten to explain that the shudder was in nowise due to anything horrible or threatening in the appearance of the new-comer; on the contrary, he was a very quiet and peaceable-looking old gentleman, wrapped up in a loose great-coat, and with a white knitted comforter wound round his throat. But he brought in with him so great a quantity of the outer air,—which was by this time very bleak and piercing,—as to make the denizens of the hot, close room shiver. And, besides, he looked pinched and nipped with the cold.

"Can I have a bed here?" he asked blinking round the room. His eyes were dazzled by coming from the darkness without, into the comparatively bright Speise-Saal.

"Surely, surely, sir," replied the landlord, rising from his arm-chair with as much alacrity as his ponderous size permitted. "Johann! Take the gentleman's coat. Have you any luggage, sir?"

"Not more than I carry in my hand," said the stranger, showing a very shabby black leather bag, whose contents had been rammed into it so tightly as to make it bulge out in an ungainly fashion.

"Oh," said Quendel, sitting down again in his chair. Travellers were by no means plentiful at the Pied Lamb, but they had not yet become so rare that such attentions as the waiter could bestow unassisted did not, in Herr Quendel's opinion, amply suffice to do honour to a guest who carried no luggage beyond a shabby black leather bag.

The stranger perhaps perceived something of what was passing in his

host's mind, for when Johann had relieved him of his outer coat, he pulled from his breast pocket a massive gold snuff-box, and took a pinch from it so noisily as to ensure the observation of all present. Then he ordered a fire to be lighted in his chamber, and desired that some supper should be got ready with as little delay as might be. "And, Kellner," said he, in a subdued voice that yet was so distinct as to be quite audible to every one in the room, "give me a bottle of the best wine you have. I am cold and tired."

Then he followed the stout servant-woman out of the Speise-Saal, saying that he would go and look at his room.

"Number five, Marie," called out Quendel. "The yellow bed-room."

"The Herr came on foot," observed Johann, busily spreading a clean napkin over one end of the table-cloth, and laying a plate, knife, and fork on it.

"I know that, sir," said Quendel with severity; "I know he came on foot, but he's going to have the yellow bed-room all the same. I haven't been an innkeeper for five-and-twenty years without knowing a gentleman when I see him!"

It was clear, at all events, that the host knew a gold snuff-box when he saw it.

"I wonder who he is!" said the horse-faced man. Every one else wondered who he was.

"I understand there's a new land-steward for the Prince's Detmold property, appointed to fill old Bopp's place," said Peters. "It may be this is the gentleman."

"Bah!" cried Schnarcher. "Nothing of the kind. The new land-steward is a major,—I forget the name. But that doesn't look much like a military man, does it?" And the old sacristan jerked his thumb upward in the direction of the yellow bed-room.

"Do you suppose, Mr. Apothecary," said Quendel reprovingly, "that his most gracious highness's land-steward,—his representative almost I may say,—would come prowling in among us for the first time after dark, and a-foot? You surprise me."

Every one was surprised. It seemed to be the cue, ever since the memorable evening of the commercial traveller, to fall foul of Peters and to consider him a dangerous speaker, whose hand was against every man in their society. No one really thought he was so, unless it might be old Schnarcher, whose opinion of his old friend had recently been much lowered by the apothecary having developed a tendency to favour modern theories on various subjects. But the company at the Pied Lamb, speaking generally, enjoyed the gentle excitement of having a victim in common. It promoted good fellowship, and was pleasant for everybody,—except the victim; and even he did not suffer much, for, save when the sacristan grew extraordinarily venomous, Peters was mostly placidly unconscious of his own victimhood.

"Well, Herr Landlord," returned the apothecary, "you said yourself that the traveller looked like a gentleman. So he might have been the Prince's representative. And, at all events, there is no disrespect to his highness in saying so!"

The host was about to give utterance to some rejoinder, when the subject of the discussion returned to the Speise-Saal, and a solemn and unnatural silence fell upon the company. They moved their chairs somewhat, so as to give the new-comer the benefit of the stove's heat, as he sat at his supper; a courtesy which the stranger acknowledged by a silent bend of his head. It was a bald head, very round and yellow, and he thrust it out of his cravat, and then drew it in again, in a way that the reader will perhaps recognise as belonging to a person with whom he has already made some acquaintance. For some time the old habitués of the Pied Lamb remained with closed lips, furtively glancing at the unknown guest. But the latter was very quiet,—*"mouse-still,"* as the Germans say. And even while he was yet discussing the viands set before him, he brought forth from the same capacious pocket that held the snuff-box, a well-worn note-book, bulky with papers, and laying it by the side of his plate, soon became seemingly absorbed in its contents.

Gradually the rest of the company resumed their talk. They would have liked to discuss the stranger, but as that was a luxury which must necessarily be deferred, inasmuch as it could not be enjoyed in his presence, they got back to the conversation which his arrival had interrupted. Still, very still, sat the stranger, and sipped his wine in silence. So still did he sit, and so silently did he sip, keeping his eyes on the worn note-book the while, that the others by degrees ceased to be conscious of his presence, and warmed into their talk unrestrainedly.

"Why, after all," said Peters,—of whose character, as has been stated, a certain mild persistence was a leading trait,—*"after all, it isn't one thing much more than another. We can't shut our eyes to the great changes going on in the world. I read my newspaper regularly, and I can tell you, meine Herren, that scarcely a day passes without some new invention turning up that would have seemed just like Kindermärchen,—fairy tales,—to our grandfathers. And then in politics,—look at the foreign intelligence! Why everything is changing,—changing, in such a way that the geography books can't keep pace with the times."*

"Well, sir," said Quendel, "and what does all that matter to us? There's the mischief. We will be meddling instead of sitting still and minding our own business. Ain't we very well off here in Lippe-Dehmold?"

"Yes; certainly. But you see it will matter to us before very long, if it don't matter now. There's a movement taking place throughout Germany, that——"

But here the apothecary was interrupted by a chorus of loud and angry exclamations. What did Peters mean? Was he a revolutionist? A republican? A mad Studenten-Bursche? It was all very well to enjoy, like Goethe's burghers in "*Faust*," the spectacle of the folks knocking each other on the head "far away in Turkey;" but when it came near home,—when it came to one of themselves, an old inhabitant, a peaceful tradesman of Horn, talking about a "movement going on throughout Germany!"—Dear heaven! What would happen next? The temerity of the commercial traveller who had defied Schnarcher and alluded to the '48, was completely thrown into the shade. Peters looked quite scared at the storm he had raised.

"But," protested he feebly, "I said nothing about republics or revolutions. I was alluding to the growing power and influence of Prus——"

"Stop!" cried the landlord, authoritatively, letting his fat hand fall by its own weight on to the table in a way that made the glasses quiver, "stop there, Herr Peters. You've said enough, and more than enough. If any gentleman can't digest his supper without politics, there's a public-house across the street that may suit him. Anyway, the Speise-Saal of the Pied Lamb is not for such. I'm a man of few words, but what I say I mean."

There was profound silence for a few moments, and then the horse-faced man,—who had been peculiarly stolid all through,—remarked slowly that for his part he thought Herr Quendel was right, and that if they couldn't talk of anything better than politics they had better hold their tongues altogether, which latter mode of passing the time was, in his opinion,—when combined with due allowance of beer and tobacco,—a pleasant resource enough.

"Right, friend," said the landlord; "and I've known the day when five or six, or eight or ten, burghers could meet together socially, and not say as many words in an hour as folks now-a-days will let off in a minute. Ay, and be no worse company either!"

But, somehow, the result of persistently holding their tongues for some ten minutes failed in this instance to be as convivial and harmonising as might have been wished. Schnarcher's eyes, indeed, sparkled with spiteful gratification at the apothecary's discomfiture. But the others appeared to be a little oppressed and uneasy. At length one man stretched forth his hand, took his glass of beer, drained it, and then rose slowly to his feet. His example was followed by all the rest, except Quendel and the sacristan. Good-night was said, and Johann, lamp in hand, proceeded to light the guests down the passage and out of the house-door.

"Broke up early to-night," said the waiter when he returned, glancing at Schnarcher, who remained immovable by the stove.

"I," remarked old Simon in his sourest tones, "go home at nine o'clock,—neither sooner nor later. I've left the Pied Lamb as St. Mary's clock strikes nine, every night, winter and summer, except

when kept at home by the rheumatism, for the last fifty years. In your time, Herr Quendel, and in your father's time before you, that has been my custom. New ways may come up, and new inns may come up, and such as likes 'em are welcome to take to 'em. But Simon Schnarcher, sacristan, don't allow his habits to be broken in upon by anybody."

Quendel nodded his close-cropped head admiringly. "Ah," said he, "that's the sort of sentiment I like to hear in this Speise-Saal."

"Gentlemen," said a dry, subdued voice, "will you allow me to draw up to your table, and finish this excellent old wine in your company?"

It was the stranger who spoke, and who now advanced, bottle in hand, towards the host. Quendel had more than the ordinary inn-keeper's pride in his cellar. He reckoned himself, and with some justice, a first-rate judge of wine, and he had somewhat of the enthusiasm of a connoisseur on the subject. Indeed, eating and drinking, in general, were the only topics on which Quendel might be said ever to display anything like a glow of feeling.

"Glad you like the vintage, sir," said he, pulling forward a chair for his guest, and beginning to form an exceedingly favourable opinion of his taste. Old Schnarcher, too, looked at the stranger approvingly. The gentleman was staid, slow in speech, sombre in dress, took snuff, and was not young. "Good," muttered the sacristan to himself, and made an attempt at a bow.

"You seem to have a very agreeable society here, Herr Landlord," said the Justizrath, for it was he.

"Ach Himmel! Well enough, sir; well enough. We mostly are pretty pleasant together. But you have chanced on us rather unluckily this evening."

"How so?" asked von Schleppers, raising his eyebrows inquiringly.

"Well, you see I had to be a little hard on an old acquaintance. A very respectable man,—none more so,—but weak, weak hereabouts," said the host, tapping his forehead.

"Truly? truly? Well, the fact is, I don't believe I heard six words of what you were saying. I am afraid I am what people call absent. That is to say, I mind my own business, and don't pay much heed to what other folks are talking about. Unless, of course, they happen to be talking to me."

The grin with which the Justizrath concluded his speech was intended to be agreeable, no doubt, but the majority of people would have found it repulsive. Neither Schnarcher nor Quendel found it so, however. They willingly allowed themselves to be drawn into talking very freely about their fellow-townsmen, and notably about Peters, whose opinions, they regretted to say, were very far from being what they ought to be. Then they answered various adroitly put questions as to the prosperity of the town and neighbourhood, and

the value of land and house property in Horn, and gave a good deal of information which the Justizrath carefully stored in his retentive memory, whilst seeming to pay scarcely any heed to it. When nine o'clock struck from the spire of St. Mary's Church, the sacristan was still seated by the stove, and still holding forth dogmatically for the benefit of his new acquaintance.

"Good night, sir," said the latter, rising as the sacristan rose, "much obliged for your improving society. Ach leider! one doesn't often hear such sound opinions now-a-days."

"No, sir, that's true enough," the old man made answer decisively. "But I belong to the old school. I like old-fashioned ways and old-fashioned wisdom. I was brought up to think old heads ought to govern and young hands to work. And I was seventy-nine last Pentecost."

"Ay, ay," answered the Justizrath, as admiringly as though to have been seventy-nine last Pentecost involved the exercise of the highest moral qualities, "to be sure, to be sure. Old heads to govern, as you say, and old wine to drink, eh! Herr Landlord?"

Quendel was wonderfully tickled by this, and lighted his guest up to the yellow bed-room in person.

When next day the news ran through Horn that the stranger who had passed the night at the Pied Lamb was Lawyer von Schleppers from Detmold, that he was to have the chief management, under Major von Groll, of the Prince's estates, and that he had already paid a visit to Franz Lehmann's farm on business connected with a piece of land which the farmer had rented of his highness, both the sacristan and the landlord felt sundry twinges of regret at having been led into making such confidences to an official personage who might put them to what use he pleased. Neither of them were in general communicative men, and yet both were conscious of having been singularly unguarded in talking to the lawyer.

"I don't know how it was," said Quendel, smoothing down the crop of hair that looked like a grey velvet skull-cap, "but the old gentleman had such a very pleasant way with him. Even the Herr Küster, a man of great experience, took to him astonishingly."

Come, come, to be just, the gorgeous and graceful peacock is not the only vain bird in creation.

Was there not once a certain crow, black and grim, and wise in his own conceit, who let fall his bit of cheese into the flattering jaws of the fox?

CHAPTER IX.

"NO SPONGE WIPES OUT SPOKEN WORDS."

THAT excellent housewife, Frau Hanne Lehmann, sat by the warm broad hearth in her kitchen on the evening following that on which

the Justizrath von Schleppers had slept at the Pied Lamb in Horn. The hour was about six o'clock. It was nearly dark, and the fitful firelight played on the heavy rafters and the polished metal dishes. Black cavernous shadows rested in distant angles of the room, and every now and then a pale quick flame leaped up, shedding a yellow glare over the darkness, and then sank again, and left only the hot core of the wood-fire glowing red and steady. Tick, tick, went the old clock over the dresser. Tick, tick, tick, tick. Drop by drop the waters of life, grain by grain the sands of time, one by one the hopes and fears, the joys and griefs, the loves and angers, of humanity, flowing, flowing, falling, falling, ebbing, ebbing,—whither?

That twilight hour is a melancholy time. Sweet in its sadness to the young and hopeful; cruel in its voiceless memories to those whose life is on the wane. Melancholy, dreamy, pathetic to all. Even to Hanne Lehmann, in spite of the hard, dauntless front she shows to the world; even to Hanne Lehmann,—sitting with the eternal knitting needles, glancing rose-tinted by the fire, and her head bent down upon her breast,—the twilight brings a softening influence. Tick, tick, goes the old clock over the dresser,—tick, tick, tick, tick. But that is not the sound she hears. Redder and redder glow the embers through the gathering dark, but that is not the sight she sees. In her ears little baby-feet patter over the floor, and a sweet small voice lisps garrulously, or an infant's plaintive wail breaks the silence. A tiny white face,—the face of a week-old babe,—shines out of the shadowy corner, still and solemn, with shut violet-tinged eye-lids; or, older now, a prattling little one, with flushed round cheeks, smiling, as that lost babe had never smiled, upon its parents.

“Poor little baby! poor little, pretty baby! And it had blue, blue eyes like its father's!” One, two, three bright tears drop and glitter on the knitting; presently, the work falls from the busy sunburnt hands, and Hanne's head droops yet lower on her breast. There goes out a low sound of sobs through the dim room, the cry of a bereaved mother mourning for her little one—Rachel, who will not be comforted. Ah, mother, mother, does no thought that such twilight hours as this might have awaited that small human creature in after years,—does no remembrance of pain and sorrow and toil and carking care and self-reproach and bitterness, come to tell you that it is better so; that the tiny head is at rest, and the tiny heart at peace beneath the daisies? No, no, no; only this cry out of the depths of the ignorant woman's nature,—at one here with the most cultured lady in the land,—only this cry, “My little baby, my poor pretty little baby! And it had blue, blue eyes like its father's!” Tick, tick, still says the old clock over the dresser. Tick, tick, tick, tick! Counting these moments, too, with steady pulseless finger, dropping them, too, one by one, into the dread gulf of the irrevocable *Nevermore!*

"Wife," said a voice at Hanne's ear. "All alone, old woman?"

She bent her head almost to her knees searching for a knitting-needle on her lap. "Yes, Franz, all alone. Martha and Lotte are getting their supper with the farm-people in the great room on the other side of the barn."

There was an unusual softness in Hanne's voice. Her husband did not see the tears on her cheek, for she kept her face in shadow, and the kitchen was very dark; but he knew that she had been crying. He knew, too, that her thoughts had gone back to the early days of her wifehood, and that she had been mourning for the baby whose coming she had looked for with such passionate joy, and whose death had struck so heavy a blow to her heart.

He sat down beside her, putting his broad rough palm on the back of her hand, and gently stroking it. Franz Lehmann was an ignorant, rustic, uncultured man, but no eloquence could have spoken more plainly to his wife's apprehension than that silent action.

"I wasn't idle, Franz," said Frau Lehmann, after a pause. "I was finishing your stocking. But I never want any light to knit by, and what's the good of wasting oil or candles? Sometimes I think that if I was to go blind I shouldn't be quite a burden. I could knit,—I know I could."

"Tut, tut, old woman, don't talk about being a burden, and going blind! And as to being idle,—well, if no housewife in Germany was more idle than my Hanne, there'd be full barns and empty poor-houses all over the land." Still the rough broad palm was stroking the wife's hand caressingly.

"I wanted to say a word to you, wife," resumed Franz presently, "about that old lawyer that was here yesterday. But somehow we don't get much time to talk together, do we?"

Had Franz Lehmann spoken out fully the thought that was in him, he would have said that it was not so much opportunity for confidential talk that was rare, but rather such a disposition on the part of his hearer as might give any hope of a peaceable and amicable discussion; and that he seized on the present moment, encouraged by finding his old woman in a softer mood than was usual with her.

"What about the old lawyer, Franz?"

"Well, you know, we've got a new land-steward for the Prince's property here,—one Major von Groll, I think they call him. The post has been vacant ever since old Bopp died."

Hanne nodded.

"This Herr Justizrath von Schleppers," resumed Lehmann, mouthing out the full style and title with a true German enjoyment of long-winded appellations, "this same Herr Justizrath was lawyer in Bopp's time, and is lawyer still, for all the Prince's legal business in Detmold. Now it seemed to me yesterday that he was getting a

step beyond just minding his own part of the business, and was poking his nose into things that don't concern him."

"I suppose he came here in the land-steward's place. The land-steward is quite a noble gentleman, and has been in the Austrian army, I've heard say, and of course he won't be of any real use to the Prince. How should he? It will fall on the Justizrath to do the work. And all right enough. The von Schleppers' are well-born, too; I don't say but what they are; but then you see the Justizrath is a lawyer, and that makes all the difference."

"You don't understand, wife," began Franz incautiously.

"Don't understand? Why, what will you say next, Franz Lehmann? If I don't understand, things are in a bad way with us, for it's little other understanding than my own that's to be found under this roof."

"I know you've a head upon your shoulders, old woman,—none better in the Principality,—and I know too, well enough, that my own is apt to get a bit muddled at times, when I set off thinking" (it may be observed that Franz Lehmann here spoke in perfect sincerity); "but what I mean is, that you wasn't with us, you know, when we were going over the farm yesterday, and you didn't hear all the old fellow said, and the questions he kept asking, nor see the way his eyes were upon everything, peering and prying and poking out his bald head."

Hanne began to bridle. The picture presented to her mind of a stranger,—Justizrath and von Schleppers though he might be,—peering, prying, and asking questions on her homestead, was not agreeable to her.

"Dear Heaven!" she cried, "I suppose he didn't find much amiss! He might have gone into every hole and corner of the place for all I should have cared. I'm not afraid for folks to see how I manage. But, all the same, he'd no right to set his foot on a sod of the ground, barring the hill-side meadows that you rent of his highness. As to the house and the rest of the land, they're yours, and were your father's and grandfather's before you."

"Just so, old woman; just so," returned the farmer, patting the hand on which his palm still rested, and congratulating himself on the accord between his feelings on the subject and his wife's. "The old gentleman was smooth-spoken enough, though, and praised the look of the place, and all that. But, someway,—I can't tell why, exactly,—I didn't much take to him. I didn't altogether like the way he spoke of Lieschen."

"I hope they're not dissatisfied with her. I hope he had no fault to find?"

"Fault! Why no; it would be hard to find fault with my little Liese, I'm thinking."

Hanne sharply withdrew her hand from her husband's, and the

softness that her solitary musings had left behind them disappeared from her voice and her face and her manner. "Stuff and nonsense!" said she, angrily. "Hard to find fault with Liese? Hard enough not to find fault sometimes,—as you'd know, if you had the house to manage instead of mooning about the farm all day! But so it is with you men. If you are pinched in a soft place yourselves, though, you roar out to be heard on the top of the Grotenberg. What a long face would you pull if I was to declare it was hard to find a fault in Claus, your waggoner! And yet I don't know that he gives me much bother."

"Why, old woman! you don't liken our Lieschen to drunken old Claus, do ye?"

Franz tried to force a laugh by way of turning the matter into a joke, but his hilarity was received with supreme and chilling disdain. Presently he resumed, gravely: "When I said I didn't quite like the way Lawyer von Schleppers talked about Lieschen, I meant that he seemed so prying and eager,—all in a sly, quiet way, though,—to learn all about the child's story, and about,—her poor mother. I can't think who had been putting it into his head to ask the questions he did. No one here, except you and me and Peters, knows aught of that sad tale."

Hanne flushed a deep crimson to the roots of her hair, but the fire-light did not suffice to reveal the flush to her husband's eyes.

"Ah, Franz, that's so like you," she made answer. "You fancy folks don't know things just because you never told 'em. But, Lord! don't you go to believe that there's so much kept secret in this world."

"Well, but who told the Justizrath that Liese's name wasn't Lehmann?"

"Who told him?" retorted Hanne, with an unnecessary assumption of being injured. "Why, who should tell him but me?"

"You, Hanne?" Franz rose up from his seat, and, taking up a dry pine-log from the corner of the hearth, threw it on to the smouldering fire, where it presently blazed up into a bright flame, by the light of which he could distinctly see his wife's countenance. Then, fixing his eyes on hers, he repeated in a low, stern voice, "You, Hanne?"

Either the sudden glare, or something menacing in her husband's tone, made Frau Lehmann nervous; for she began to speak in a fluttered manner, very unlike her usual one.

"Yes me, to be sure. Who else? And what matter? We were chatting,—and,—you were away with the plough, and I had sent for you, and the lawyer was mighty civil-spoken,—and,—I suppose you don't think I ought to sit with a guest in my own house quite mum-chance, do you, Franz?"

"No," said Franz, slowly, still keeping his eyes on hers.

"Very well, then. And I suppose it was natural to get talking about Liese, since she lives in the lawyer's house, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Franz, in the same manner.

"Very well again, then. The old gentleman spoke with a great deal of interest about the child. I'm sure I thought you'd have been pleased."

"Did you?"

"Yes, of course. Pleased to know that the child was with folks who,—who,—cared about her."

"And was it to make them care about her the more, that you told ——?"

"I told nothing, Franz, but that her name was not Lehmann. Nothing else. We were speaking of how old Liese was, and how long it was since you had fetched her here from Hanover, and such like. And,—and,—it slipped out."

"Slipped out! You're not one to let things slip out against your will, unless so be you're in a temper. But that was it,—you were in a temper. You had got one of your cursed spiteful fits on you, when you hate the innocent lass and think of nought but how to run her down and be-little her. The lawyer, mayhap, said a word in her praise, and that was enough to set you off against her."

"Franz, Franz! I declare solemnly——"

But Hanne's attempt to arrest the torrent of her husband's wrath was an utterly vain one. Like many men who are constitutionally slow to anger, when once aroused his rage overbore all bounds until it had thoroughly spent itself. His deep voice rolled out thunderous German oaths that seemed to shake the low-raftered ceiling, and his dull blue eyes were lighted up with that peculiarly sinister and savage sparkle which a blue eye is so capable of giving forth.

"I wonder you are not ashamed,—you who say you have a mother's heart in your breast, and are so soft and pitiful over a little dead babe that needs nothing from any of us any more. I wonder, for very shame, that you can be so hard and sharp and spiteful to the poor, gentle, motherless thing!"

"Franz, Franz!"

"You are hard and sharp and spiteful and jealous,—deadly jealous of her in your heart. I never give the child a kiss, but you look as though it was poison to you. I never stroke her hair, nor say a soft word to her, but you find some fault or pick some hole in her coat, poor maiden! And then you must needs blab what you think will hurt her with other folks. Not that it can hurt her with any honest man or woman, either,—the poor, innocent, helpless lamb. As for him,—as for you prying, meddling old lawyer,—if he comes here prowling and sniffing like Reinecke Fuchs, he shall have a dose on't. I'll make his crafty old carcass acquainted with my cudgel."

"Franz, Franz! In Gotte's namen, don't talk like a madman!"

"I'm none so mad but I've sense to take care of my own, and none so meek but I'll do it against any lawyers or land-stewards in Detmold. Potztausend! What is it to him who Liese came of, or where she came from? I've a half mind to take her away from his house. And to-morrow morning, as sure as the sun rises, I'll go to Detmold, and see the lass for myself; and if so be she is not happy, nor comfortable, nor well-treated, home she comes, without more ado. And let me see the man, woman, or child that will ill-treat her under my roof!"

With that Franz stormed out of the kitchen, and his heavy step was heard stamping across the barn and plashing through the wet mire outside in the farmyard.

Hanne sat by the fire and cried,—cried hot scalding tears of vexation, not such soft weeping as she had indulged in before. Franz was very, very seldom roused to such a manifestation of anger, and the indefeasible masterhood of his sex. Not more than half-a-dozen times, perhaps, in the whole course of her wedded life had Hanne Lehmann seen her husband thus moved. And now it was not so much the fact of his being in a passion that hurt her, as the cause of it. She had neither delicate nerves nor fine-spun sensibilities, but she had a very deep, though narrow and jealous, affection for Franz. "I wonder what Liese could have said of me that would have put him out so?" thought she bitterly. And thus she went on tormenting herself and nursing her wrath against Liese. But she had no fears that her unlucky confidence to the Justizrath would lead to any further serious consequences. And she was right. Franz's habitual mild inertness resumed its sway as strongly as ever after his storm of rage had subsided. That next morning, which has such a marvellous power to modify the resolves and calm the emotions of most of us, witnessed no journey to Detmold on the part of the farmer. "I will go and have a peep at the dear little maid before long," said he to himself. "But to-day is corn-market at Lemgo. Liese must wait. Aufgeschoben, ist nicht aufgehoben. What's put off, isn't finished. So."

Then things fell into their old track at the farm. The housewife bustled and toiled, and scolded her maids as usual, and Franz smoked and mused, and lounged about his fields. But Hanne felt in her heart a secret accession of jealous bitterness towards the orphan girl. For she mentally credited Liese with all the suffering and mortification consequent upon her husband's outburst of anger. It never occurred to her to blame her own tongue and temper for the mischief.

Which clearly proves Frau Hanno Lehmann to have been a very singular woman indeed.

CHAPTER X.

OTTO AND LIESE.

OTTO's early training has been sufficiently described to enable the reader to understand that his father, the head ranger, had imbued him with a large-hearted love for his whole fatherland that is more usually found among the inhabitants of populous cities than among the comparatively isolated dwellers in obscure nooks and corners of Germany. Hemmerich himself was unaware what deep root the feelings evoked by his old legends and modern ballads were taking in his boy's heart. The father's mind, dreamy, imaginative, and somewhat timid,—though of physical courage Hemmerich never showed any lack,—was content to wander in the past, and speculate on the future. Otto, more prosaic and less irresolute, lived in the present, and translated his ideas into action as far as it was possible to do so. To Otto's character no speculations were attractive which did not involve the possibility of doing something as their first result. And if this doing were tangible work to be accomplished by thews and sinews, so much the more was it attractive to Otto. He was yet such a mere child when his father died, that to suppose any thing like a political bias in his young mind would have appeared to be an absurdity. But, nevertheless, such a bias was there, and only circumstances were needed to call it forth. In his school-days Otto had been a peculiarly bad subject for the reception of those wise saws which deal in vague generalities, and are not intended by their enunciators to be uncompromisingly acted upon. He had a disconcerting habit of taking you at your word, which had been a source of much aggravation to old Sophie, the sacristan's one domestic,—laundress, cook, housekeeper, and gardener. And, indeed, the said habit had more than once occasioned some inconvenience to the despotic Simon Schnarcher himself. "Thou blessed Heaven!" old Sophie would exclaim querulously, "the boy does it to provoke me! He came into the kitchen yesterday with his clothes one cake of mud, and I told him he had best eat his dinner in the cow-shed, for that was all the place he was fit for; and,—would you believe it?—he walked off with his bowl of broth, and eat it up in the old cow-house; and it was pelting with rain as hard as it could pelt, and the water coming through the roof into his broth,—for it hasn't been mended since there's been no beast kept there! It was all aggravation. He knew I didn't mean what I said."

But Otto had really acted in straightforward simplicity; and, in truth, the only method of dealing with him was this:—when you did not mean a thing, not to say it.

In Halle, during his uncle's unsuccessful experiment of trying to mould this unmanageable conscience into a somewhat more plastic

condition, it had been the same. Yet, although he returned from the university as fixed as ever in the resolve not to be a clergyman, Otto nevertheless brought away with him some good results of his sojourn there,—a respect for learning and intellect, and a clearer comprehension than he had ever before attained of his own aptitudes and deficiencies. Under the roof of Herr Schmitt, the stationer at Detmold, Otto's individual opinions on politics,—or, indeed, on any other subject,—were, he thought, of no consequence whatever to the people around him. He had at first a return of that sensation of utter loneliness, of being apart from all love and care, which he had experienced in his boyhood, on exchanging the free forest life and his father's fond companionship for the narrow rule and gloomy roof of Simon Schnarcher. But gradually he grew to like his new master very much, and to respect him very sincerely. A mild, silent, honest man was Herr Schmitt, with an omnivorous appetite for books. Simon Schnarcher had not thought it necessary to confide to the stationer his grand-nephew's dislike to the life of a tradesman, and Schmitt had at first no idea but that Otto was well content with his lot. Soon, however, the two simple, honest natures began to understand each other better. The essence of the young man's character was a transparent candour, and it was not very long before Herr Schmitt was put in possession of all the events of Otto's simple history. Little did the sacristan suspect that the respectable, old-established,—in Schnarcher's mind the two words were almost synonymous,—tradesman was capable of sympathising with Otto's perverse fancies. But so it was, nevertheless. However much Otto might like Herr Schmitt, he could not reconcile himself to the prospect of being a tradesman all his days. He pined for a freer life, for an occupation that should give scope to the exercise of his bodily activity, and should call forth the powers of his quick, observant eye, light foot, and steady hand.

"If I had been a bit older when poor father died," said he one day to Herr Schmitt, "I believe I should have gone straight to the Prince and asked to be taken into his service as jäger. The Prince thought a good deal of father."

"Umph!" answered the stationer, musingly, "Is it too late? I am not at all sure that it is too late."

Which words fanned the spark of hope that had never ceased to glow in Otto's breast. But then, Schmitt, who was always more or less an ailing man, fell sick, and the subject was put out of sight for the present.

Detmold folks are old-fashionedly early in their habits. Liese was out at market, making such purchases as it did not require her mistress's experienced judgment to select, by seven o'clock on the morning after her master's departure for Horn. "I wonder," thought

she, trotting homeward, with a heavy basket on her arm, "whether Herr Schmitt's shop is open yet?"

It was open. The shutters were down, the pavement swept, and at the door stood some one looking for her. Some one whose jaws were not bound up with a handkerchief, and whose brown face glowed brightly at her approach.

"Good morning, Otto."

"Good morning, Lieschen."

Otto managed to throw a good deal of eloquence into the ordinary greeting. Liese tripped into the shop.

"How glad I am that you happened to be here, Otto!"

"Happened to be here! Why, of course I was here. Where else should I be, when I knew there was a chance of your coming?"

"Oh! he did tell you then? He,—he isn't a very nice boy, is he, Otto? I thought he seemed rather cross. But perhaps that may have been the toothache."

"Oh, come! he is not a bad fellow, Lieschen," remonstrated Otto. "He gave me your message faithfully, and he remembered your name and all."

Otto was too grateful to the cadaverous boy for giving him the chance of seeing Liese, to speak otherwise than well of him.

The young man was standing behind the counter, leaning his arms upon it so as to bring himself very near to Liese. The young maiden stood resting her market-basket on the broad wooden ledge. One little red hand clasped the wicker handle, the other was hidden beneath her coarse apron. Liese certainly looked very pretty. Her cheeks had been kissed into a soft pink glow by the eager morning air, and her eyes were bright and joyous. Happiness is a great beautifier; and Liese felt very happy in Otto's presence.

"How is Herr Schmitt?" she asked gently. "The boy told me he was ill in bed."

"So he is, more's the pity. I don't know, but I'm afraid he is very ill. The doctor shakes his head. He's a right good man, Herr Schmitt."

"I'm glad you like him, Otto."

"Yes; I do like him, though I don't like the business a bit the more. Herr Schmitt has notions that Uncle Schnarcher wouldn't approve of if he knew them," added Otto with a smile.

"Has he?"

"Ay, Lieschen, that has he! Uncle Schnarcher fancies that none but hot-headed young fellows have such notions, but Herr Schmitt is old enough, heaven knows! more than fifty. And yet he is a strong patriot. Ah, and he reads all the liberal journals, and I believe he writes letters to some of them."

"Thou dear heaven!" exclaimed Liese, profoundly impressed.

"Yes, I believe he does. He and I have long talks together

sometimes of an evening, and I've learnt a great many things from him."

"Do you know, Otto," said Liese earnestly, "I wanted to ask you something."

"Did you, Lieschen?"

"Yes; you always were so good to me, and I am not so afraid of you as I am of most people."

"Afraid of me? I should think not! Why, Lieschen, if I thought you were afraid of me, it would grieve me to the heart."

"Would it, Otto?"

"Yes, it would. Because I don't believe folks are afraid of those they like."

"I don't know," returned Liese, pondering. "I think I am afraid of people I like, sometimes. But then I am a coward,—Cousin Hanne always says so. However, I am not afraid of you, Otto, at all events. So I want you to explain to me why it was right to be a patriot in Hermann's time,—Hermann on the Grotenberg, you know,—and yet it would be wrong now?"

"Who says it would be wrong now?" shouted Otto impetuously. "Wrong! Wrong to be a patriot, and to love Fatherland! Why, Liese, I am astonished to hear you say such things!"

"Well, Otto," answered Liese, half smiling, half timid, "you are determined to try whether I do really like you or not, for you are enough to frighten anybody when you look and speak like that!"

"Dear Lieschen, did I startle you? I'm so sorry! You are such a tender little thing. But do tell me what put such an idea into your head! Wrong to be a patriot?"

Then Liese related the talk of the hochwohlgeborne Damen at her mistress's tea-table, and Otto proceeded with much gravity to give the simple maiden the benefit of his superior wisdom and knowledge on the subject of patriotism. Liese listened with very flattering attention and interest; and then, descending from the general question to the particular case, after the fashion of womankind, she asked, with a very grave look in her brown eyes, "And would you be a patriot too, Otto?"

"Well," returned Otto after a short pause, "I hope I am one, Lieschen."

"Are you?" The brown eyes looked up with a great deal of surprise in them, and a gleam of something that was made up of admiration and timidity.

"I mean, you know, that I hope I feel like one. As to doing, I couldn't be of much use, of course, because wise heads are wanted as well as warm hearts."

"Oh, Otto!" Little Lieschen's soft chestnut eyebrows came together in an indignant frown. That was too much! "Oh, Otto, I am quite sure your head is not silly."

Not silly? No, indeed! In her heart she looked upon Otto as a marvel of cleverness. And as for learning,—had he not been to college? And could he not construe the Latin epitaphs on the tombstones at Horn?

Otto found it very pleasant to be looked at and spoken to as Liese Lehmann looked and spoke. He was a very good fellow, sound at heart; and, although far from inaccessible to the flattery implied in his old playmate's undoubting faith in him, he yet accepted it gratefully, as one receives not a debt, but a gift.

"What a dear little thing you are, Lieschen!" said he.

Then the brown eyes took refuge behind a hedge of long lashes a shade darker than themselves, and a bright blush deepened the pink glow on the soft cheeks.

"I say, Lieschen, couldn't I come and see you sometimes, after working hours?"

Liese's heart palpitated with terror.

"Oh no, Otto, I'm sure you couldn't," said she, breathlessly.

"I don't think it very kind of you to be so dead sure about it. We are such old friends. And I want to know why not?"

Now somewhere in some secret hidden nook of Liese Lehmann's heart there existed a very sufficient answer to this question. But scarcely to her own consciousness did she own what the answer was. As to boldly blurting it forth to Otto Hemmerich's face, there was hardly any wild audacity which she would not have been more capable of accomplishing than that. The answer put into words would have run thus: "You cannot come and see me, because you would come in the character of my sweetheart, and Frau von Schleppers utterly disapproves of and forbids sweethearts."

And there was Otto chafing and fuming because he fancied that Liese did not wish him to go and see her, and having not the faintest suspicion of the reason that kept her tongue-tied and abashed. And upon the whole, I, for my part, am inclined to like them both all the better for their foolishness. Otto would not have been the Otto I knew and am trying to describe, had he been capable of jumping to the conclusion that he was much too dangerous a fellow to be admitted by the mistress of a household as a visitor to her pretty serving-maid.

There was a pause.

"Please, Otto," said Liese in an unsteady little voice, "would you tell me how much I owe for the pink satin note-paper? I must pay for it. That's what I came for."

"Three kreutzers," responded Otto briefly.

"There they are. Good-bye, Otto."

"You are going?"

"I must go; mistress is alone. Master went to Horn last night,

and is not come back yet. I don't know whether he would see cousin Franz or not ; I didn't dare ask him to take any message."

"Who is your master? Is he cross to you?"

Otto was very fiery at the idea of any one but himself being cross to Liese.

"He is the Herr Justizrath von Schleppers, and he isn't cross a bit. But I feel afraid of him all the same. Good-bye again, Otto."

"Good-bye, Lieschen. Shake hands. I dare say I may be having a holiday myself soon, to go and see Uncle Schnarcher. If I do go, I suppose I might call at the Justizrath's to ask if you had any message to send to Horn?"

Liese felt rather dubious about that even, but she had not the heart to say so. So she made no verbal reply, but put her hand into Otto's, and then set off homeward with her market-basket.

"The Justizrath von Schleppers," mused Otto, still leaning with folded arms on the counter. "Folks say he has all the management of the Prince's estates now. I wonder——"

And then Otto's thoughts went off into various wanderings branching out hither and thither; and the most prominent figure in his wanderings was not that of the respectable Justizrath von Schleppers, but a very small, slight form, belonging to a meek little maiden, who was meanwhile actively engaged in household labours,—rubbing and scrubbing, and sweeping, under the jealous eye of her mistress,—and breaking forth every now and then into short sweet snatches of song, like the pipings of a young bird. Being impelled thereto by the irrepressible forces of youth, and a loving heart which instinctively felt that it was loved again.

AMERICAN RECONSTRUCTION.

It is essential that every Englishman desirous of understanding the present political condition of the United States should be familiar with the words which we have prefixed to this paper, and should know what Reconstruction in the States means, how it is being carried out, and why,—and to what it is leading. Since the civil war in America was terminated there have come up many topics of political interest in reference to the United States;—the calamitous murder of Mr. Lincoln, and the chance succession to the president's chair of a man never intended for that place, and who has certainly shown himself to be most unfit for it; the enormous self-taxation of the nation, and the imposition of duties, which seem to us to give evidence equally strong of the determination of the people to bear their burdens, and of their financial ignorance in adjusting them; their claims and anger against ourselves in reference to our conduct during the war; the absolute necessity which awaited them of framing some form of temporary government for the conquered States; and then the impeachment of the President, to which an excitement altogether dramatic has been given by the acquittal of the highest officer of the Republic, by one vote only, among fifty-four senators;—all these matters have interested us very greatly,—so that the natural apathy of one country to the politics of another has been conquered, and Englishmen have cared to know what was going on in the United States. But that which is now called Reconstruction is, we think, of infinitely greater importance to humanity at large, and to the States of America in particular, than the death of one President or the impeachment of another;—than any claims for Alabama losses; more important even than paper currency, the price of gold, or the limits of taxation. The question, in a few words, is this;—can a community of white men be made to live in subjection to a community of negroes, the numbers being, let us say, equal? In putting the question thus boldly, we do not touch upon its merits,—as to which, however, we will venture in the course of these remarks, to offer our opinion. We assert that the attempt is being made, and we do not think that it can be made successfully. There will afterwards, of course, arise other questions, as to the wisdom, the honesty, the generosity, the humanity of the attempt.

The communities of which we speak are those of the white men and negroes, who now inhabit together the States which endeavoured

to secede from their sister States in 1861. The writer of these remarks protests that no Englishman and not many Americans were more fully convinced than was he of the folly, hopelessness, and,—as regards its civil leaders,—of the wickedness of secession. This he states in order that it may be understood that he is not now about to plead for the worn-out cause of Southern rebellion. The war is over, and the seceding States have been reduced to the condition of conquered territories. They have acknowledged their helplessness by complete submission. We do not allege that any special merit is due to them on this account, for that submission has become a necessity of their position; but it must at least be allowed to them that since they have been a conquered people they have done little or nothing to cause trouble to their conquerors. In what manner shall this conquered country be treated? That, of course, to the victorious North has been a question of most vital importance; and the answer has been that they shall be “reconstructed” as States of the Union.

It may perhaps be well to give a list of the conquered States of which we are speaking, and with this list to state the male adult population in white men and negroes as it existed according to the census of 1860, and to state, also, the number of men registered for voting in 1867. As the registration is intended to comprise all men, whether white or coloured, over twenty-one, who have not lost their right to vote by prominence in the rebellion, the numbers would naturally show the falling off in the population during and since the war. It is not, however, supposed that the loss of the whole population has been nearly so great as that here shown; but whether it be so, or whether it be not, the numbers will give the result at which we are aiming. Whatever may have caused the deficiency of white voters,—we do not say of white men,—the deficiency exists. The numbers are as follows:—

STATES THAT SECEDED, WITH THE ADULT MALE POPULATION, AS TAKEN BY THE CENSUS OF 1860 AND THE REGISTRATION OF PROPOSED VOTERS IN 1867.

STATES.	Adult male population in 1860.		Registration in 1867.	
	White.	Coloured.	White.	Coloured.
Alabama . . .	113,871	92,404	74,460	90,340
Arkansas . . .	70,852	22,633	33,047	21,207
Florida . . .	18,511	13,504	11,148	15,434
Georgia . . .	127,303	92,995	95,303	93,468
Louisiana . . .	94,711	92,502	45,199	84,431
Mississippi . . .	80,051	89,963	47,434	62,091
North Carolina . . .	138,136	71,355	103,060	71,667
South Carolina . . .	65,610	84,393	47,010	80,285
Texas . . .	103,500	36,215	56,666	47,430
Virginia . . .	156,061	114,608	116,982	104,772
	968,606	710,572	630,299	671,106

White men, 1860 . 968,606

Coloured men, 1860 . 710,572

Ditto 1867 . 630,299

Ditto 1867 . 671,106

Decrease . 338,307

Decrease . 39,466

The first effect of these figures is the feeling of horror produced by the great falling off in the white population,—or rather in the white men,—of these States. The total number would seem to have been reduced by above one-third. It is, however, undoubtedly the case that many white men have been excluded from the registration which has everywhere been carried out in the interests of the party which favours the preponderance of negroes,—and that the actual deficiency is not nearly so great as is here represented. The figures, however, undoubtedly show the result of the registration as it has been taken in the different States.

Now the purpose of the registration has been this,—that each of these States should vote itself a new Constitution, and should be “reconstructed.” It is of course understood that since they seceded these States have sent neither Senators nor Representatives to Congress; nor, since they were conquered, have they had home legislatures. Since the war was over they have been under military government; but, as the North has declared throughout the war that no State could in fact secede, and that each State, though in rebellion, remained a component part of the Union, it has been held to be essential that they should resume their political privileges. But how should these privileges be resumed? In what way should the conquered be allowed again to take their place among the conquerors?

It is the theory of the Federal Government of the United States that each State shall govern itself by its own laws, and shall arrange for itself on what terms it shall send its quota of Representatives to the National Congress at Washington. The number of its Representatives is fixed for it. Each State sends two Senators to Congress, and a number of members to the Lower House, fixed in accordance with its population. But each State may arrange for itself its own franchise. The voters of the States vote directly for the House of Representatives or Lower House in Congress, and the Senators are sent by the Legislatures of the States, which are of course elected by the State voters. So that it is open for each State to decide to what class of men it will entrust the power of selecting its representatives. According to the will of each State there may be a property qualification, or a qualification of colour, or an educational qualification, or a qualification of residence, or no qualification whatever. There is at the present moment, we believe, no State in the Union,—that is to say, no unconquered State,—with which universal suffrage prevails, pure and simple, without any qualification. New Hampshire comes the nearest to it, admitting every male over twenty-one who is not a pauper or exempted from payment of taxes at his own request. Maine requires three months’ residence, and excludes Indians. Massachusetts demands that every voter shall read, and write at least his name. Rhode Island has a property qualification. Connecticut excludes negroes,—as does every other State now represented in the

Union ; except New York, which has, however, laid on the negro voter so high a property qualification that, together with the demand for three years' residence, it makes the privilege almost null and void. In not one of those great Western States, in which the negro has been the darling of the last ten years, can a negro exercise a vote. In Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, the right of voting is denied,—and has been persistently denied, to the negro. Practically, he can vote only in five of the six New England States, and there under certain restrictions. It may be added to this that in these States the negroes are so few in number that it matters not at all whether they vote or not. Such is the condition of voting through all the States which did not secede ; and there is nothing better understood throughout the Union than the constitutional theory that each State shall decide for itself to whom the privilege of voting shall and to whom it shall not be conceded.

In the Southern States, before the days of secession, of course no negro voted. The negroes were slaves ;—and in all that was said of slavery and its abominations, nothing was hinted at political power. Mr. Stevens has ever been the negro's advocate ; but Mr. Stevens is a Representative from Pennsylvania, and no negro has ever voted in Pennsylvania. But it was manifest that Reconstruction in the Southern States must be carried out on new principles. The very number of their Representatives in Congress had of old been made to depend in part on the amount of their slave population ;—and the slaves were slaves no longer. And then was it right that men who had been rebels should be restored at once to their full political power and privileges ? There should be Reconstruction,—Reconstruction as speedily as possible, because it had been held throughout the war that no State could be out of the Union ;—but could not Reconstruction be so managed that the Southern States should come back not as independent powers, but as appanages to that side in American politics which has been dominant since the election of Mr. Lincoln ? Southern States left to themselves would send Democrats to Congress, would send rebels, men who had hated the North ;—perhaps even men who had bled for the South. Might not these States be so “reconstructed,” that every election in them,—not only for Senators and Representatives sent to Washington,—but the mayors, judges, aldermen, governors, counsellors, and what not,—should be made in favour of the Republican party ? * The Southern States should be kept in the Union,—should be reconstructed,—but the neck of the Southern sympathiser should be still kept in the dust. The State should be there again ; but the conqueror would relax nothing of his grasp, and the conquered should escape nothing of his punishment !

* The Republican politicians have enjoyed great party strength since the war ; but they have not been strong enough. President Johnson has slipped through their fingers. Cannot the party be made stronger ?

It could only be by the use of the negro that this could become practicable. Nothing was clearer than this,—that each State must have a new Constitution. The old Constitutions, made on the basis of slavery, could not work. And the State must choose the Constitution for itself. But who in the State should choose it? The proposed Constitution itself could be written anywhere, and sent down by the hands of any trusted friend. The only difficulty would be as to the voting for it. Let all the negroes vote,—vote at a State convention summoned for the choice of a new Constitution, and let strong impediments be thrown in the way of white voters, and the thing would be done. The white men,—almost all the white men,—had been Southern sympathisers. Let them be submitted to a test-oath, pledging them to Union sentiments,—so that at least the honest ones among them might be eliminated; and let all who had been in any way prominent in the rebellion be rejected from participation. The negroes might be counted on to vote for anything sent to them in the shape of a Constitution, and as a Constitution made in their favour. Few could read it, almost none could understand it! And so it was done. Constitutions for the rebellious States have been drawn out, voted, and adopted,—with more or less of literal* illegality over and above the gross illegality in the spirit which has been committed. The negroes of Arkansas, Louisiana, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, and the Carolinas, have gone to the polls, and have declared what shall be the future Constitutions for these States. Congress has adopted them, and submitted the bills to the President; and the bills have been passed over the President's veto.

We will take the condition of the State of South Carolina under this new Act of Reconstruction, partly because of all the seceding States it was the one that created most interest among ourselves during the war, and partly because its present condition is accurately defined by figures which are at our command.

It will be seen, by referring to the table which we have given above, that the total number of registered voters for the State is 127,296,—of whom something less than two-thirds are negroes. The new Constitution that has been provided requires that direct taxation shall be levied in the State to the amount of 2,280,950 dollars a year, which would impose about 17½ dollars on each registered voter,—if, as should be presumed, the registered voters and the adult male population are one and the same. Of the negroes, no doubt more than the entire number of male adults has been registered. Of the whites,—equally without doubt,—less than the entire number has been

* It was settled by Congress that no State Constitution should be adopted unless half of the whole number of registered voters voted one way or the other. All the white voters in Alabama stayed from the polls, and the required half did not vote. The Constitution nevertheless has been sanctioned by Congress,—over the President's veto.

registered. But it has been decided also that this sum shall be levied, not as a poll-tax, nor on incomes, but by taxation on real property. There were 121 delegates chosen to adopt this Constitution :—

Of these 47 were white men.
74 „ coloured men.
<hr style="width: 10%; margin: 0 auto;"/> 121

Of the 47 white men, 23 pay no direct taxes.	
Of the 74 coloured „, 59 pay no direct taxes.	
<hr style="width: 10%; margin: 0 auto;"/> 121	<hr style="width: 10%; margin: 0 auto;"/> 82

Thus, two-thirds of the total numbers of delegates are not on the tax-book of their State at all. They are men possessed of no real property that taxation could reach. Doubtless they pay indirect taxes,—on whisky, for instance; but such taxes go to the Federal Government and not to the State. These 82 delegates out of 121 selected to choose a Constitution for their State, pay nothing towards their enormous State taxation.

But, it may be said, that though prospectively the condition of the delegates was much, retrospectively it is nothing. The Constitution is adopted; and if, under that, Representation and Taxation go together, it will matter little what was the condition of men whose authority was but for a day. The State legislatures under this Constitution have been chosen, and are thus composed. The total number of the two houses is 155 :—

Of these 57 are white men.
98 „ coloured men.
<hr style="width: 10%; margin: 0 auto;"/> 155

Of the 57 white men, 24 pay no direct taxes.	
Of the 98 coloured „, 67 pay no direct taxes.	
<hr style="width: 10%; margin: 0 auto;"/> 155	<hr style="width: 10%; margin: 0 auto;"/> 91

Thus of 155 members of the State legislature more than three-fifths are negroes, and very nearly three-fifths are men who are not themselves subject to the State taxation. It must be again borne in mind that for State purposes the whole taxation is on real property. And these are the men who are to vote the taxes, and to vote also the spending of the money raised.

The above facts and figures are published in an appeal from the State of South Carolina to the Senate of the United States. If they be true,—and we cannot learn that any attempt has been made to refute them,—it cannot be denied that the control of all functions of

government in South Carolina, including that chief function of the levying and spending of public money, has been handed over to the negroes, and has been handed over also to men who have no stake in the country. There cannot be a doubt but that such has been the intention of those who have in truth framed these Constitutions, have forced them upon the so-called State Conventions, and have driven them through upon the National Congress by a preponderating party majority, over the President's head.

We have before us another remonstrance from Louisiana, which, if less instructive than that from South Carolina as dealing less extensively with figures, is more touching. It begins by praying the Senate of the United States to save the State, while yet the measure was under consideration of Congress, from the effects of the negro Convention. "The past action of the people," it says, "in the State sufficiently records their protest against the mode by which the Convention was made to exist. We now protest against the Constitution framed by that Convention, because its purpose is, and its effect will be, to subject the white man to the domination of the negro." The remonstrance then goes on to plead against various articles of the Constitution. One article after another has been framed to force the white man into a communion with the negro that shall be as odious to the former as would to the Brahmin be communication with men of lower caste. They shall be compelled to mix together in all affairs of life,—but in all such affairs the negro shall be in the ascendant. "The vast and intricate interests of successions," says the remonstrance, "involving the gravest questions of law and the estates of widows and orphans, are to be settled by the parish judges. The rights of personal liberty are placed within their cognizance. Who are to be the parish judges? The negroes. No qualification except citizenship is required. The proposed vague qualification of 'learned in the law' was rejected."

In the articles on public Education it is enjoined that all State schools shall be open to children of all colours indiscriminately. It will be hard to make the full effect of this ordinance intelligible to English readers. In the first place it must be understood that in the United States generally an enormous proportion of the State public expenditure is required for the maintenance of the public schools. In South Carolina out of two millions two hundred thousand dollars, about one million is to be expended on the State schools. Seven hundred thousand dollars are required for interest on the State debt, and the remaining four hundred thousand are apportioned to other State expenses. These details will show the importance in point of expenditure of the schools in question. A great proportion of American education has always been received at these State schools, to which we have nothing similar in kind. At present, and for some time to come, the enormous direct taxation in such States as Louisiana, which must fall

almost exclusively on the white men, and the wreck of property created by the war, render it impossible for white parents to send their children to private schools. The private schools do not and cannot exist. But it is equally impossible for a white man to send his children among negro children. Whether this be right or wrong in theory, whether this be prejudice or good sense, we are not now arguing. But it is so. And it is so equally in the North, which is forcing these hated laws on the South! In Boston the white children are not educated with the black. The result will be that in the Southern States the white people will be subjected to a grinding taxation for the sake of giving an education to the negroes in which the white children cannot participate. For them there will be no education within reach. Their only prayer on this head is, that the white people may have schools for themselves. "The white people," says the remonstrance, "pay the taxes for public education. They are thus debarred from the privilege of educating their children in schools supported by their own money; for, upon the question of mixed schools the people of this State share the pride and inherit the traditions of the Northern people."

There are articles in these Constitutions by which all those "who held office, civil or military, for one year or more under the organization styled 'The Confederate States of America,' . . . those who, in the advocacy of treason, wrote or published newspaper articles or preached sermons during the late rebellion," &c., &c., shall be and are debarred from voting—unless such person shall retrieve himself from his disability by filing a written acknowledgment that he was morally and politically wrong as to secession, and that he regrets what he did. Then by another article each member of the Legislature, and every Officer of the State, whatever be his condition, is called upon to swear that he "accepts the civil and political equality of all men," and that he will not "attempt to deprive any person or persons on account of race, colour, and previous condition of any political or civil right, privilege, or immunity enjoyed by any other class of men." This must be considered before it is understood. It is as though Mr. Lowe should be required to swear, before taking his seat in the House of Commons, that he will never say another word in opposition to household suffrage,—only that there is this difference, that every white man in the State of Louisiana feels that he is called upon by every principle that is dear to him to oppose that very concession to which he is desired to give his assent on oath.

It seems to us to be hardly necessary to raise the question of the negro's natural gifts and aptitudes before we form and express our opinions on the justice or injustice of what is now being done in the Southern States by Northern power. It has, indeed, always seemed to us that there is ample evidence on the face of the earth to prove that the negro cannot stand on a level with the white man. The

evidence indeed is so strong that it is almost fatuous to discuss it. It is asserted by some that it cannot be God's intention to endow one man with gifts lower than those bestowed on another; and yet it is admitted that this has been done in regard to other races. The Indians have vanished or are vanishing before the face of the white man. Various of the peoples of Asia are held in subjection to the white man. The New Zealanders and Caffres have to undergo, or have undergone, banishment, and will undergo annihilation. The Esquimaux, should their country ever become habitable by a higher order of mankind, will undergo the same fate. The negro is more docile and tractable than the Indian or the New Zealander,—and therefore life to him along with the white man is not unendurable; but he is not so clever or capable of so much self-action as the Hindoo, to whom nobody presumes to say that the powers of self-government should be confided. The African has long been the recipient of our warmest sympathy. We felt ourselves disgraced as a nation, while we ourselves kept him in bondage. The horrors of his passage as a captive from his own shores to those of slave-trading nations, made us his friend. The unlimited slavery of the Southern States taught us to feel that some great thing was needed in the American Union before the American States could be regarded as a free land. The small remaining stains of slavery in Cuba and Brazil are odious to us, and we feel that they must be eradicated. All this is in our nature;—but it is not in our nature to regard the negro as our equal. With all our frenzy of romance about “a man and a brother,” no white man, certainly no community of white men, has been taught to regard the negro as the white man's equal. Marriage with him or with her would contaminate the white woman or the white man. With all the chances that have been given to him the negro has as yet done nothing for himself. He becomes neither rich, nor wise, nor powerful, nor eloquent. We recognise him, when in our kindest moods towards him, as a full-grown child, whom it is pleasant to indulge with songs and supper, and evening laughter. It was terrible that he should be a slave,—more terrible perhaps for the possessor than for the possessed;—but because he is to be a slave no longer, we need not therefore declare him to be fit to rule the white man, knowing well in our hearts that he is unfit.

But the injustice and cruelty of Reconstruction in these Southern States does not hang at all upon the question of the negro's capability of performing the duties of a citizen. The difficulty of explaining such cruelty lies in this,—that the ordinary Englishman, judging by the condition of his own country, will see no reason why the negro should not vote. With us there is no reason why a negro should not be esteemed as politically equal to the white man if he can show himself to have attained equal standing. There is no good reason why a negro should not vote with us, if he occupies a house and pays

his rates. Of course he could so vote, if duly registered. Why then should he not have the same right in South Carolina? Perhaps no answer to this question can be so convincing as the reiteration of the statement that he cannot vote in Pennsylvania or Ohio,—or in New York, except under two almost prohibitory qualifications. With us in England, the vote of the negro can amount to nothing. In New York it could not amount to much;—but there is the possibility of a negro population, and the risk must be avoided. In Ohio and Pennsylvania the white men will not subject themselves to the chance that their political selections should be influenced by the voice of negroes. Men in the United States vote in tribes,—not as we do, single-handed; and they vote with the ballot. The negroes in any State would almost certainly vote as a single body. But in these Southern States the negro vote will be omnipotent. It is probable that the Legislature in South Carolina as retained under this reconstructed Constitution will send negro Senators to Washington. There is no reason whatsoever why it should not do so. Is there any philo-negrist living who will go the length of saying that negro Senators will do honour to the Senate of the United States?

But here, in these Southern States, the negro who is now to be politically omnipotent was but yesterday a slave;—and the race over whom he is to be omnipotent is the race that yesterday owned him. In which side in the bargain, for the late slave or for the late master, can there be good? Is it conceivable by the mind of man that political relations on such a basis can be maintained? It can be thought by no man that it will be for the good of either. It will send the white man through fire and water;—and as for the poor black man, it will be his death-blow. But for a time it will enhance political power in the hands of a certain party in the South, and it will,—also for a time,—enable the conquerors to trample on the conquered. These poor wretches who are called upon to vote, to make Senators and to be Senators, to make judges and to be judges, to rule their State, to collect and use taxation, and to bring back to a condition of order and prosperity cities and territories which have been crushed by Civil War as no land was ever crushed before, are they who were yesterday toiling in fear of the lash! They cannot read. They do not know their own ages,—hardly their own names. They are houseless,—fed by means of institutions, called freedmen's bureaux, on the taxes of the country, creatures in the lowest condition of humanity. If it be possible that the negro should be the white man's equal, is it possible that he should be so when just turned adrift from slavery to find his bread as best he may amidst such a turmoil as that which now necessarily prevails in these unfortunate States? Is his a condition in which he may probably commence his high duties as a free citizen with advantage to himself or to others?

We beg to refer to the table of the adult male population and of the registered voters in these States, which we have given above, that the reader may see what will be the effect of these new Constitutions in each of those States which are now "reconstructed." What may be the fate of Virginia and Texas we do not yet know. In Mississippi the new Constitution has just been thrown out by the votes of a portion of the negroes,—the party manipulation there not having been so perfect as elsewhere. We have no hesitation in speaking thus of the negro vote; for the slave of yesterday, whether he vote on one side or the other, is equally ignorant of that for which he votes. Whether he be used as a tool by the Northern conquerors, or be induced to be so used by his late masters, he is equally a tool. In Mississippi, for the present the Constitution has been lost. It has been voted in Arkansas, and sanctioned in a separate bill by Congress. Constitutions for the other six States have also been sanctioned by Congress in one bill, although as regards Alabama the State Convention did not vote the Constitution. In Arkansas and North Carolina it is probable that white voters will predominate, and that the negro will not be in the ascendant. In Alabama, Florida, South Carolina, practically in Georgia, and ultimately no doubt in Mississippi, the negro will have everything his own way. He will be called upon to decide in what way he shall be governed,—as he has done for some time past in St. Domingo; and he will also be called upon to decide how the white man shall be governed. We may, at any rate, assert safely that no such form of government has hitherto been tried on the face of God's earth. Of negro communities there are many,—that of St. Domingo being the one which has been produced by the civilised and educated negro;—those in Africa showing the extent to which the negro has advanced without contact with the white man. No one, perhaps, can be justified in receiving much promise even for a Liberia from what the negro hitherto has done in the way of self-government. So little, hitherto, has been the advance made that the philanthropist can hardly bring himself to sanction the idea of negroes, turned loose from the white man's care, to live among themselves in any earthly Eden that may be found to be most fitted for them by climate and fertility. But here, in these Southern States,—which hitherto have been in the hands of one of the most aristocratic race of white men that have ever domineered over their dependants,—here the Liberia of the negro is not to be a Liberia simply for himself alone, but one in which he in his turn may domineer over that aristocratic white man who so lately was his owner. Oh that we might imagine the shades of Wilberforce and Clarkson, of Buxton and of Brougham, regarding and realizing these new Constitutions;—and contemplating the fate of two million unfortunate slaves, just liberated from slavery, and desired to form governments, and to rule themselves and their white brethren!

That the political virtues of the greatest of men should thus pave the way to the foulest of political crimes ! It has been simply a crime. For this was not done with any mistaken notion that the enfranchised negro can in truth go at once to the top of the ladder, and become a wise legislator, a true councillor, a fit governor for himself and others. It is done, not with this view, but in order that the political power of a dominant party may maintain its supremacy throughout the Union. For that object it has been thought to be expedient to risk a war of races ; to place the white man and the black man in deadly antagonism to each other,—in an antagonism which the white man will thoroughly understand, and by which the black man will be confounded without understanding it ; to create forms of government in the Southern States in direct opposition to the meaning of the Constitution, in agreement with which the Southern as well as the Northern States abandoned a portion of their own autonomy ; and to perpetuate an animosity from the South towards the North, which will become more bitter in peace than it was even in war ! Under these new arrangements, if they could be made to remain, no doubt the votes from the Southern States would be given for Northern,—or, perhaps we had better say, for Republican candidates. They will be so given for a time. In this presidential election the States which shall have been “reconstructed” when the time for voting arrives, will probably support the Republican candidate. Republican Senators and Republican Representatives will no doubt be sent to Congress. Even now the new Senators who have been already admitted would have turned the scale altogether against the President had impeachment been delayed till these days. So much undoubtedly has been gained by the partizans who have forced negro ascendancy upon the unfortunate Southern States. And there has, too, been a realization of the pleasure which is felt in thoroughly abasing an enemy. The rebel has been made to feel his punishment. He has been brought to the dust. He has been a rebel, and no one shall believe his word. He has been a rebel, and there can be no good in him. He has been a rebel, and the privilege of living, and that only, shall be allowed to him. No contumely, no despair, no misery can be too profound for him, or too enduring. Let there be a political hell upon earth for the Southerners,—whose hell, in other respects, is fierce enough ;—and let that hell be so contrived as to assist us in our political heaven. Those are the tenets of the Northern conquerors towards their vanquished enemy.*

History has often told us of bloody reprisals, of sanguinary vengeance, of Tarpeian rocks, of scaffolds, and of fusillades, as prepared

* There is a distinguished Senator now in the Senate whose mention of a rebel is as incessant as enthusiastic, and as trustworthy as was that of Titus Oates of a Papist. May the persistency of this Senator never bring him to the same punishment !

by conquerors for the conquered. Hitherto no drop of blood has, I believe, been taken on the American continent in punishment for the sins of secession. The people are not a bloody-minded people. Personally they can forgive. Jefferson Davis, the civil leader of secession, is out on his parole, awaiting a long delayed trial, which, in all probability, will never take place. General Lee is living in semi-military employment in his State, not only unharmed, but honoured and esteemed. There is no thirst for the blood of any man. But there is a hankering for political domination in the hearts of uninstructed men,—of men who know little or nothing that history would teach them,—which has produced a tyranny to which the world has hardly ever seen the like. The Northern and the Southern States had been fighting for political supremacy long before the war broke out. For many years the Southern men prevailed, chiefly by means of their better political organisation. The men whom the Southern States sent to Congress were allowed to remain there till they had learned their business, whereas those from the North were changed almost as often as the constitutional rules would admit. In this way the Southern leaders achieved and kept political power. But the flowing tide of Northern population at length broke this down. The Republican party prevailed at the national elections, and secession was the consequence. The Republicans feel that they have fought their battle and won it, and are determined that the reward of victory, that political power,—which means political patronage and political plunder,—shall remain in their hands. By the help of the negro the Southern white man shall be held down powerless in the dust.

There never has been a tyranny attempted so wide in its reach and so cruel in its measures. The Pole can submit to the Russian,—not, indeed, without national degradation, but without personal disgrace. The Italian, who was accustomed to see the Austrian soldier in his streets and in his theatres, was subjected to a hateful enemy; but there was no feeling of individual loathing against his master. In each case the tyranny has been very bad. But what was such tyranny to the subjection of the white men of the Southern States to the negro who the other day was his slave? The Russian, too, and the Austrian, had some fitness for the task of dominion. Here they who are the least fit have been chosen,—so that the degradation may be perfect.

But it is out of the question that such a condition of things should be permanent,—or that it should endure even for a short course of years. It might be as well ordained that dogs should rule, and that men should obey them. The distance from the North is too great to admit of the continuance of Northern influence; and Northern men who come down to enjoy their privileges and power, will become as Southern men. The negro will naturally yield to the white man at

his elbow. He will have no wish of his own but to yield, and to be governed, and to do after some fashion that which some white man may tell him. Let him be called a voter, a legislator, a senator, a judge, or what not, he will willingly allow himself to be manipulated by the white hands that he sees closest to him. After a short while he will vote as his white neighbour bids him. But in the meantime,—till this frenzied energy of Northern interference shall of a necessity have passed away,—the poor negro will have no friend. But he will have an enemy in every white man who knows him. He may for a while get food from a freedman's bureau, but that alone will not preserve him and his race. The probable result will be that, within the next four years, the negroes in the Southern States will be reduced in number more quickly than have been the white men since the war began.

In the meantime, with the object of maintaining the political power which was for so many years kept out of his hands, and for which he and his have fought so many battles, the Northern politician finds nothing too corrupt for his political conscience, or too extravagant for his political ambition. Everything to him is fair, and nothing to him foolish by which the extent of his political power may be increased, or its duration prolonged. The consequence is that throughout the whole of the United States, in cities which are known to be Republican as well as in those known to be Democratic, in Boston as well as in New York, in Philadelphia as well as in Baltimore, one hears the same cry on every side. "We are brought to the dust, to shame and disgrace, among ourselves, and among other nations, by the iniquity of those who call themselves politicians, and who have undertaken to rule us." No man can travel through the States with his ears open and not find that this is the voice of the people. The Americans are no longer proud of their public men. As a people they are ashamed of their Congress. They declare openly that votes are bought and sold. The necessity for established agents between venal legislators and their clients has made a new profession. All men know it, and say it openly; and yet it is continued. Why this should be so,—how it has come to pass that the honestest, and best, and wisest among Americans have allowed political affairs to fall out of their hands, and have submitted to be ruled by inferior spirits, while they apply their energies to all subjects other than those which are political, is a subject too long for us to discuss at the end of this paper; but we venture to think that the injustice which is now being worked in the South by the corruption and ambition of Northern legislators will find its cure in its own exaggerated dimensions.

A SONG OF ANGIOLA IN HEAVEN.

FLOWERS,—that have died upon my Sweet,
Lulled by the rhythmic dancing beat
Of her young bosom under you,—
Now will I shew you such a thing
As never, through thick buds of spring,
Betwixt the daylight and the dew,
The Bird whose being no man knows—
The voice that waketh all night through,
Tells to the Rose.

For lo,—a garden-place I found,
Well filled of leaves, and stilled of sound,
Well flowered, with red fruit marvellous ;
And twixt the shining trunks would fit
Tall knights and silken maids, or sit
With faces bent and amorous ;—
There, in the heart thereof, and crowned
With woodbine and amaracus,
My Love I found.

Alone she walked,—ah, well I wis,
My heart leapt up for joy of this !—
Then when I called to her her name,—
The name, that like a pleasant thing
Men's lips remember,—murmuring,—
At once across the sward she came,
Full fain she seemed, my own dear maid,
And asked ever as she came,
“ Where hast thou stayed ? ”

“ Where hast thou stayed ? ”—she asked as though
The long years were an hour ago ;
But I spake not, nor answered,
For, looking in her eyes, I saw,
A light not lit of mortal law ;
And in her clear cheek's changeless red,
And sweet, unshaken speaking found
That in this place the Hours were dead,
And Time was bound.

"This is well done,"—she said,—“in thee,
O Love, that thou art come to me,
To this green garden glorious ;
Now truly shall our life be sped
In joyance and all goodlihed,
For here all things are fair to us,
And none with burden is opprest,
And none is poor or piteous,
For here is rest.

“No formless Future blurs the sky ;
Men mourn not here, with dull dead eye,
By shrouded shapes of Yesterday ;
Betwixt the Coming and the Past
The flawless life hangs fixen fast
In one unwearying To-Day,
That darkens not ; for Sin is shriven,
And Death from out the doors is cast,
And here is Heaven.”

At “Heaven” she ceased ;—and lifted up
Her fair head like a flower cup,
With rounded mouth, and eyes aglow ;
Then set I lips to hers, and felt,—
Ah, God,—the hard pain fade and melt,
And past things change to painted show ;
The sweet, clear quiring of the birds outbroke ;
The lit leaves laughed,—sky shook, and lo,
I swooned,—and woke.

And now, O Flowers,
—Ye that indeed are dead,—
Now for all waiting hours,
Well am I comforted ;
For of a surety, now, I see,
That, without dim distress
Of tears, or weariness,
My Lady, verily, awaiteth me ;
So that until with Her I be,
For my dear Lady's sake
I am right fain to make
Out from my pain a pillow, and to take
Grief for a golden garment unto me ;
Knowing that I, at last, shall stand
In that green garden-land,
And, to the holding of my dear Love's hand,
Forget the grieving and the misery.

A. D.

OUR ARCHITECTURE.

To count the cost before beginning to build the house was probably as good advice long before Solomon's time as ever it has been since; and probably, too, it was quite as little regarded. The present moment, when we are about to build two houses, one for the national pictures and one for the lawyers, does indeed call for a careful counting of the cost: the cost, not in money only, nor indeed in national reputation for architectural taste, for that is not very high; but in the probable waste of great opportunities. And by a greater piece of good fortune than even a little while ago seemed possible, we find that in the case of the Law Courts a like decision to that previously come to touching the gallery, has been announced,—namely, that no one of the submitted designs will be chosen as it stands. Though the satisfaction which must be felt at this is tempered by the accompanying suggestions, yet any delay is gain, because it may be turned to good account in getting public notice directed to the subject, and so perhaps by good fortune arriving at a rational result. There is good hope that the suggestion of employing jointly two architects, being manifestly absurd, may be abandoned, notwithstanding the modest instancing, by one of the joint architects of the new Downing Street offices, of the manner in which a like combination of himself and his colleague has been found to work. However these gentlemen may have succeeded in making things pleasant, the result as at present seen in the building will hardly dispose the public to regard the arrangement with the like complacency.

That buildings to serve after a certain fashion the purposes for which they are intended, could be designed, not only by any of the invited architects, separately or in combination, and by scores of others as well, but by perhaps nearly every draughtsman employed in the office of any one of them, is scarcely to be doubted. The art, if it can be called so, of the architect has become nearly as mechanical a process as the making of a pair of trews was in the hands of Fergus M'Ivor's tailor. But to make a building the visible expression of its purpose is the part of the true artist; and, though we have looked in vain for such a man, the present occasion may perhaps, if fair play be given, call one forth. But what, save failure, can be looked for whilst there is, as at all events is the case with the Law Courts, a foregone conclusion as to the style to be adopted? A conclusion sought to be justified by a fallacy which, though as trans-

parent as it is absurd, is yet the main cause of the low state of architecture as a fine art; and this fallacy we propose to point out.

Mr. J. Beresford-Hope, who, it must be owned, was but repeating a common cry, said in the House in reply to a question, with the superfine air of omniscience characteristic of Saturday Reviewers, that the "only" reason for inviting the competition of such architects alone as are known to be devoted to the so-called Gothic style was, that as the design was to be for English Law Courts, so it ought to be in the English style of architecture. Now as this gentleman is one of the commissioners who are to decide upon a design for the new gallery, persons diffident of their own knowledge of the subject, and with an awful idea of a commissioner, may be led by that fact to think his opinion of great weight; and the more so, that in the House itself nobody thought proper to correct him. But at this little surprise need be felt, seeing that it is a house mainly composed of the same members who, with seeming satisfaction, heard Mr. Cowper, in defending the ridiculous and feeble Westminster Crimean memorial, describe it as a classical column.

There never has been any style with a just claim to be called English. Architecture, in middle-aged and modern Europe, has been a thing of periods, not of nations. There has undoubtedly been in each country a smack of the soil, giving to the buildings of each a character more or less distinctive: in the most widely differing examples in various countries showing difference enough to constitute, say, a variety, not a species; and in the most nearly alike, showing little or none. And this holds quite as good with so-called Classic as with so-called Gothic. If nationality is to be the ground of choice, the Elizabethan style has as strong a claim as any other; but it may be taken for granted that its claim will find no supporters. Though, vicious as this style is, it is doubtful whether its adoption would not, on grounds which will presently appear, involve a less absurdity than would that of any one of the lately exhibited designs. To try to beg the question by speaking of Gothic as English, is either ignorant or disingenuous; and indeed the attempt is particularly out of place, seeing that most of the designs have a good deal of Continental character.

A few general considerations will help us to the true bearings of the question. The merit of a style is in direct proportion to its fitness to current wants, manners, and customs. It ought to be the natural outgrowth of its period; and every style deserving of the name has been so. To say that the architecture of the fifteenth century is fit for the nineteenth is in effect to say that it was unfit for the fifteenth: to say that it was fit, as it undoubtedly was,—admirably fit,—for the fifteenth, is to prove that it is unfit for us. It could not be otherwise unless the social life had remained the same. The greater the reverence and admiration reasonably felt for the exquisite architecture of the Middle Ages, the greater will be the

reluctance of any one who understands the first principles of art, to imitate that architecture in the buildings of to-day. In proportion to the resemblance of the men and manners of to-day to the men and manners of any by-gone time will be the fitness of the architecture of the latter to serve the purposes of the former. This age naturally differs in many important respects from any other, and it is much to be wished that a distinctive character should be stamped upon its buildings. Yet one feature of the present age is its want of individuality, and perhaps therefore the very want of distinctiveness may be looked upon as a distinction. "The individual," says Mr. Tennyson, "withers, and the world is more and more." Failing the power to produce an original style, the next best thing would be the adoption of one of a time nearly assimilating in its usages to our own. Do we find this assimilation in any of the periods of Gothic? Certainly not. Beautifully adapted as Gothic forms were to the then conditions of life, they are as little so to those now existing as would be for a home for the full-fledged bird, the egg-shell from which it once issued. To an age which read little and wrote little, and which had but few indoor occupations; when public worship was almost wholly ceremonial, and which knew glass, either not at all, or as a rare and costly luxury, styles more fit cannot be conceived: but, as beforehand we should expect to find, so we do in fact know, that when the conditions of life altered, men abandoned the old forms, and endeavoured to create a style more fitted to their wants.

Our judgment may be assisted by a rapid glance at the steps by which the perfection of the Pointed style was reached. The first undoubtedly was a rude imitation of the architecture of Rome and Greece by the northern races. The influence of Greek and Roman forms is plainly visible in the Norman or Romanesque style; but it is but an influence, not a reproduction. An individuality reflecting the wants and ways of the builders, and probably influenced by the materials in which they had been accustomed to work, shows itself in what is in effect an original style,—picturesque, if barbarous. The rude and stunted columns and the narrow window-openings are appropriate to an age of rough and hardy habits, little accustomed to indoor life, and unacquainted with the use of glass. The influence of classic forms is still seen, but more faintly and only in the ornaments, in the succeeding style, the Pointed, which was a natural, and probably in several countries simultaneous, evolution from the Romanesque by a soundly artistic process on the part of the mediæval architects, who, eliminating by degrees the borrowed forms and making successive adaptations to the wants of an increasing, if still imperfect, civilisation,—and, in particular, by taking advantage of the more easy and cheaper production of glass,—produced a style which in its successive developments possessed perhaps more picturesque beauty than does any other that the world has yet seen.

Let us for a moment consider the influence which the single material, glass, would naturally have upon building. Anciently, in the beautiful climate of Southern Europe,—probably then even more genial than now, because the land was better cultivated, and where glass was as a building material practically unknown,—the light and air required were generally admitted freely from the top; but where openings in the walls were used they were in character like those of our modern houses. But in the North, to keep out the weather by a substantial roof was a first necessity; and for a like reason, and for security from violence, the window openings were made very small. When glass became more easily procurable, light could be admitted without the probable accompaniment of rain and wind, and the size of the openings was increased; but as glass was precious, and in the leaden frames in which it was mounted was liable to damage if the openings were large, the plan was invented of subdividing one large opening into several smaller ones, which, woven and interlaced in the upper part of the openings, became, under the name of tracery, one of the crowning glories of the Pointed styles. The mediæval artists, giving free play to their fancy in the devising of an endless variety of graceful forms, converted, by the means by which it was surmounted, what was really an obstacle into a source of beauty. But with the costliness of glass passed away for ever the necessity for tracery; and now, as ever since, its use is a mockery and a sham. Let any one consider whether in a building in which plenty of light is required,—and in what modern building is it not?—he would take away, as by the use of tracery he must, a great portion of the upper, and therefore the most light-affording part of his window-openings. There can be but one answer: except, perhaps, from a professed Gothicism.

The new civilisation resembled more the civilisation of antiquity than it did the barbarism of the Middle Ages, but was not identical with it. In casting aside mediæval usages it cast aside also its architecture, and sought new models in the classic remains. It did not, however, slavishly reproduce them,—that absurdity was reserved for a later day,—but it took them, as it were, for a motive; and though adopting certain of its forms,—not, however, without considerable modifications,—it used them but as factors in new combinations; so that the result was the creation of a style which, though it may not deserve to be called original, yet did possess much originality;—a style which, lacking alike the exquisite grace and delicate beauty of antiquity and the rich and overflowing fancy of the Middle Ages, is yet infinitely better adapted than the architecture of either to the wants of that particular period. The buildings of an age are, so to speak, the clothes in which its institutions are apparelled. Westminster Hall was a noble and appropriate banqueting-room for Richard the Second; but to build a like one for Queen Victoria would be as childish a sham as was the Eglinton tournament.

Wherever a modern Gothic building has proved convenient for its purpose, it has been by sinking all that gave character to the genuine Gothic. The new Manchester courts are said to be very successful; but, judging from prints, the Gothic is but skin-deep. The lines are mainly horizontal, and, so far at any rate as the outside of the building goes, a mere change of details would make it quite as good a specimen of Classic as it is at present of Gothic work. The paramount necessities of abundant light and ventilation, ease of access, and the ordinary appliances of modern comfort, are incompatible with the Gothic lines. Either we must sacrifice utility and convenience to our Gothic, or we must so modify our Gothic as to make it neither Gothic nor anything else. "Under which king, Bezonian? Speak, or die!"

The great experiment of our own times in that style,—the Palace of Westminster,—is, as might have been foretold, a wretched failure. The miserable building is absolutely smothered by its decorations,—decorations silly and unmeaning, lifeless imitations of the living work of by-gone days, imitations wholly wanting in the spirit and purpose which, notwithstanding their crude art, enabled the old carvers to endow their work with grandeur. Take, throughout the building, more particularly the human and other effigies in stone or glass in which it has been attempted to preserve the Gothic character. Through the stiff and ill-drawn forms of real mediæval work a vitality struggles to reveal itself, and shows that the carver's conception was in advance of his technical skill to give it form and substance. Here, on the contrary, the technical skill is all, and the conception nothing. The chaff is carefully garnered, the grain is wholly lost. The one is like the hesitating utterance of great and noble thoughts by an unready speaker; the other like the prattle of a foolish parasite who tries to give importance to his empty commonplaces by imitating the tone and manner of his master. Another, perhaps more than commonly striking, instance of this false taste is to be seen in the lions at the base of the Westminster Crimean memorial. The defence attempted for these and their like is that they are meant to be grotesque. But this is the very head and front of their offending. A story is told either by or of Ménage:—Some one produced an epigram to which it was objected that it was bad, that it had no point. "Oh," says the author, "you must not make that an objection; it is not meant to have any point; it is an epigram *à la grecque*." Presently at dinner some soup was served, which the epigrammatist complained was bad and insipid. "Oh," says the other, "you must not make that an objection. It is soup *à la grecque*."

The conditions of life among us to-day are no doubt different from those of the days of Wren and Jones, but not materially so. Indeed, in comparison with those of the Edwards and Henrys, they may be considered identical with our own. It seems, therefore, to follow that if, in the lack of architects worthy of their art, we must be content

to repeat the art of others, we should choose that of the later date. To this it may be said that on these grounds the plaster abominations of the later Georges should a fortiori be our models. The answer obviously is that the style is in most cases essentially the same, but debased and vulgarised ; and where it is not the same, the same error in principle, against which protest is now made, was committed in the slavish and silly imitations of the buildings of other styles and other countries. For instance, the Colosseum in the Regent's Park, the Brighton Pavilion, and a host of others. Servile imitation of this kind, whether it be of the Parthenon and the Erechtheium, or of a fifteenth-century church, is humiliating in the last degree. The most " sweetly pretty " of the fashionable architect's designs, which are the admiration of enthusiastic girls and mild curates, are but the culmination of the false taste which had its beginning at Strawberry Hill and Fonthill Abbey. If we are to imitate any particular style, we may reasonably take the best period of it. But must we be for ever imitators only ? Must we for ever limp with unequal steps in the foot-prints of the dead past ? Must we for ever see Corinthian and Ionic, First-Pointed and Second-Pointed, Italian and Renaissance, Romanesque and Byzantine ? Certainly it seems proved that if it depended upon an eleven of gentlemen in good practice, we should have to do so. But surely we may hope for better things. There are signs in this very city, in even some of the warehouses and like buildings, that a sounder knowledge of the principles of taste is growing up. A palace of justice, or a national gallery, is a higher flight, it is true ; but if the intelligence of the kingdom be asked to essay its powers, it may well be expected that far worthier designs will be produced than any of those by the chosen few. All England against " The Eleven " is All the World to Nothing.

One of the first steps towards the production of a good design, be it for what purpose it may, is the full understanding that it must, by its character, express its purpose. At present it would seem as if designs were made beforehand, without reference to any purpose in particular ; so that on a design being wanted for a picture gallery or a railway station, it may come in equally well for either, or for anything else. One architect having by him a design which happens to be rather like St. Paul's, and another having one rather like the Cannon Street Station, and several more architects having other designs which respectively have their resemblances, each and all may, with a little judicious cooking, fit their designs with plans to pass muster for the required purpose. And beyond doubt, in these limited competitions for the Courts and the Gallery, great ability has been shown in the planning. Of the kind of talent required for the, so to speak, mechanical part of a design, the arrangement of the plan, which is undoubtedly a highly important part, there is abundance ; and there has seldom been a stronger call for its display than in the planning

of these Courts, which is a most difficult task. The plan is not only very important, but in some respects far the most important part of all. To those who are to use the building it is so; but to the rest of London, of England, even of the world, the fine art part of the question is the chief. And there is no question of one or the other: it should be one and the other. There need be no sacrifice of usefulness to beauty, or of beauty to usefulness; on the contrary, to the true artist a high degree of the one would be a means in reaching an equal degree of the other.

With respect to the National Gallery, the commissioners have joined to their rejection of the submitted plans an expression of admiration for that particular design, the chief feature of which is an enormously large dome. The advantage of this dome internally as part of a picture gallery is not obvious; and in the climate of Rome and Florence an objection to it externally might have been made: but in London, with our bright sun, and clear, cloudless, and smokeless air, and our long bright winter days, we may well afford to have the horizontal rays of a three o'clock, P.M., December sun intercepted by its enormous and expensive bulk. It is gratifying to know that it is to the delicate sense of propriety of the author of this design that we owe the "happy thought" of the erection in the courtyard of a metropolitan railway station and hotel, and at a considerable distance from the site which the original is supposed to have occupied, a pretended copy of the cross which marked a resting-place of Queen Eleanor's bier.

That a form of building which should give free play to the modern ways of life should be originated is, especially at this moment, earnestly to be wished. Its full development must come by degrees. But surely no man with a brain can do other than know that this age wants a style as different from Classic or Gothic as are coat and waistcoat from doublet and hose, or toga and chlamys. Surely there must be brain enough somewhere in England to put us on the right track; some Columbus to show us how to balance the egg. If we cannot get something appropriate it would be better even to have something purely negative than to have a wretched masquerade in the garments of our ancestors.

The want of appreciation of true principles on the part of our modern Gothicists, shows itself in several differing degrees of bad taste, which may respectively be described in a technical manner as the First, Second, and Third Want-of-Point-ed styles. The first, and least objectionable, is seen in such buildings as the Martyrs' Cross at Oxford. This shows simply the pedantry of false taste. The second shows itself in the above-named Charing Cross Hotel Cross, in which to the above fault is added that of an outrage upon a sentiment, and a quasi forgery. The third, and worst, displays itself in what is facetiously called the restoration of mediæval buildings. In this case

both the above sins are usually preceded by a large destruction of the remains of the genuine work which the new is to replace; and then, by a paring and re-chiselling and scouring of such old work as is allowed to remain, the vigorous work of the old artist-workmen is brought down to the level of that of our workmen-artists. It is from such a fate that Westminster Abbey had, as may be seen in Dean Stanley's just-published "*Memorials*," not long since a narrow escape: an escape which the present writer has the vanity to think he perhaps had the honour of helping to effect.

It is rather strange that the absurdity of this affectation of mediævalism, which would be patent enough if shown in other things, should in a building be quietly accepted. A man having a collection of antique armour will take care of it, as well he may; and, if his tastes that way lie, will study each suit, will know every joint and buckle, and the use of each part as well as the armourer who forged it, or the knight who wore it: but he never thinks of ordering a new pair of wrought-iron pantaloons on the old pattern, that he may wear them at the dinner-table or the opera. If he did it would, in case of an adverse will, be a lucky thing for the heir-at-law. Lord John Manners, if he were at the War Office, would probably not want to put the cavalry into plate armour cap-à-pied, even if it were starting for Abyssinia.

The fact is we have kept a very tight hold of the saddle, but we have completely lost the horse: so completely, indeed, that though he is certainly gone forward along the road, many of us are going back along it to look for him. It will, too, be rather hard upon the archaeologists of a few hundred years hence. Pity the sorrows of a poor antiquary who shall discover, say far north in Scotland, a church, early Norman in style. How his eyes sparkle! Nothing was known of the Normans having penetrated here. He has made a discovery: he will throw new light upon history. The style is something feeble, it is true; but it is clearly of about 1100 A.D. Then the stone comes from a quarry many miles off, and in a spot which clearly must have been inaccessible to wheels before the present road was made. This proves that the road must have been in existence before 1100. Wonderful race, the Normans! Again, he finds in the work some characteristic previously supposed to have been introduced about the time of Victoria I., or Edward VII.; and he thinks, with Alphonse Karr, that, after all, inventions are only things that the world has had time to forget. So he muses and moralizes, and goes on peering among the mouldering stones until at last he comes to the foundation, where he finds a glass bottle which, more elated than ever, he pounces upon, and, opening it, learns that the first stone of this church was laid in the year 1868.

A STRUGGLE FOR MASTERY.

III.

As the first day at Waldstadt was, so were those that followed. The only change was that wrought by time in the relations between the two mothers-in-law, whose mutual animosity increased daily. It was a struggle for mastery, in which sometimes one, sometimes the other, had the best of it. His reverence for his mother, his own tastes and early habits, disposed Waldstein to few changes. On the other hand, there was his passion for his wife, and, because of her, his desire to satisfy Mrs. Willington. He was a man who hated strife—indeed, turmoil of any kind; and peace, he began to see, was the one thing he could not obtain. Paris and Baden had been all very well in their way occasionally in his bachelor days; now, to live in his Schloss from one year's end to the other seemed to him the obvious scheme of existence for married folk, to whom "the world" could offer few allurements. No doubt there would be a visit to Kreuznach now and then,—most Germans regard mineral waters as an article of physical faith,—or some such deadly-lively bath, where gambling is not, and pleasure-seekers never resort. Other years, too, there might possibly be a little tour in Switzerland or Tyrol, when he and his Margaret would see the sun rise from mountain-tops, and talk sentiment on moonlit lakes, and live the old brief love-making days over again. Such had been the prospect to which he had looked forward; and now that he drew near to where the reality should be, lo! like the *Fata Morgana*, the vision melted hourly away. In Mrs. Willington's presence, at least, nothing like it would ever be; and if, under any circumstances, Margaret could have been brought to accept cheerfully the conditions of life he proposed at Schloss Waldstein, she certainly never would do so as long as her mother was at her side. It was all very easy to say, as the Gräfin did not hesitate to do most decidedly, "Send her away, my son. She is an irreligious, world-loving woman, who corrupts the heart of thy wife. Send her away." But loving her mother as Margaret did, accustomed, as she had been, to regard everything with her mother's eyes, such a step would have required more force of character than Rudolph von Waldstein possessed. Mrs. Willington's complaints wearied, and her frivolity

disgusted him ; he generally took refuge in an obstinate silence from her dolorous or angry remonstrances. At the end of the second month he disliked her almost more than his mother did ; he longed, with an unutterable longing, to get rid of her, and he did not know how to do it.

One day General von Hanecke came over. It was a blessed break in the day's monotony ; he was greeted by Mrs. Willington as he never had been greeted before. She monopolised him ; poured forth her lamentations in his ear ; informed him, in confidence, that her daughter would certainly never submit to this life for very long ; accused Rudolph of indifference to her comfort, and declared that Schloss Waldstein was little better than a prison. As to herself, she said the life was killing her by inches. Had she but known what it was, with that dreadful old woman, in whose hands Rudolph was as dough, nothing should have induced her to consent to the marriage. Why did not General von Hanecke warn her ? She had been deceived, too, in fancying her son-in-law to be a much richer man than he was. The stinginess of all the arrangements at the Schloss,—the meanness of that old woman,—were beyond description. In her country, why the poorest lady would be above doing the things this countess did ! It was abominable !

Under his well-fed jollity, and apparent indifference to all serious matters, the old General had a reserved stock of good sense, which, like his powder, he was always careful to keep dry. He did not waste it on Mrs. Willington. But he took Waldstein aside before leaving, and, looking gravely in his face, said,—

"There is not room for two suns in the same heaven, lieber Freund."

"What do you mean, General ?"

"That either the gracious lady-mother or Frau Willington,—one or other,—will have to leave this house."

"Certainly it will not be my mother," said the Count, with a touch of heat. "No power on earth,—neither wife nor any one else,—should ever get me to turn my mother out of the home which has been hers nearly forty years."

"Then it must be the dear bride's mother, lieber Waldstein, and the sooner the better."

But a month later, when he came again, she was still there ; and the last state of that woman was, as he had foreseen, worse than the first. Scenes were of constant occurrence which must have worn out the patience of Job in time ; and Waldstein, in spite,—perhaps because,—of his inherent weakness, it must be confessed, had an almost patriarchal measure of that virtue. His mother's righteous wrath, his wife's fears, Mrs. Willington's reproaches, could not have gone on for ever. "*Gutta cavat lapidem.*" Some day or other, his

anger mastering him, he would have turned the latter lady out of his house, I suppose. It is a pity he did not do so.

Mrs. Willington would voluntarily have withdrawn her forces long since, and have sought for consolation in the Rue de la Paix; but without remittances from America, she found herself constrained to remain where she was; and the remittances did not arrive. Crippled by past extravagance, she must eat the Waldstein bread for the present, and wish, as best she might, for a good time coming. As to altering the state of things at the Schloss, she began almost to despair of it; but she saw a hope of deliverance,—of deliverance for herself and her daughter. Though she wisely said nothing of it, it was this hope which sustained her through the greater part of that dreary winter, passed in the reading of French novels, in correspondence with Paris and New York, in sharp verbal encounters with Madame Mère, and in stirring up her daughter to fearful discontent.

In May Mrs. Willington thought it time that her project should ooze out; for in August Margaret hoped to become a mother. One morning, therefore, finding Rudolph alone, Mrs. Willington opened the campaign, by saying,—

“Dear Margaret is looking very ill. The change in her cannot have escaped you.”

Now his wife's pallor and dejection Waldstein had attributed, and so had Madame Mère, quite as much to that constant blister, her mother's tongue, as to her condition.

“I understand that she should be kept as quiet and free from irritating discussion as possible,” he said.

“Ah! you may say that! I am sure it is not I who ever wish to have discussions. But if you were only as observant of her as you once were, Rudolph, you would see what it is that is preying on her mind.”

He was used to this sort of language now; he was silent, for he was determined he would not do as he was expected, and ask “What?”

“She is very, very nervous about her confinement, Rudolph.”

“She ought to take more exercise, Mrs. Willington. She scarcely ever drives with me now; and my mother says——”

“Oh, don't tell me what the Gräfin says, Rudolph. I tell you Margaret is exceedingly weak, and cannot stand the shaking of that carriage of yours.”

“She might walk a little.”

“No, she cannot walk. The Gräfin is always at her about walking, but her system would kill Margaret at once. Your mother cannot understand a delicate organization like my child's—and fortunately Margaret is not completely under her thumb, to do just as she orders You might see, indeed, that it is partly a dread of all these violent measures, and all the Gräfin's talk about death, and

preparation for another world, that is preying on my child. In short, as the time draws near, she is consumed by a terror of being confined in this out-of-the-way place, with nobody to attend her but that stupid old Doctor Strumpf. She has a presentiment that she will die in his hands."

"There is an eminent surgeon at Constance, whom we can send for."

"But it is not only the surgeon, it is the place—the place and your mother's depressing influence. If she is confined here, she says she knows she shall die."

Waldstein was annoyed and distressed; not that he believed Mrs. Willington implicitly, but that he knew her influence over her daughter, and that if she so willed it, she could succeed in making Margaret seriously nervous and unhappy. He walked away with a sigh: as he invariably did when he wished to terminate a discussion with his mother-in-law.

But the conversation left its mark. Argue as he might to himself about it, the sight of Margaret's worn face and piteous eyes, at times recalled her mother's words in a distressing manner. Mrs. Willington let them work silently, as regarded Rudolph; to her daughter she never ceased to dilate upon the horrors of a long illness, bound hand and foot under the tyranny of Madame Mère, and upon the clumsiness and stupidity of country surgeons.

"What makes thee so mournful, my Margaret?" said Rudolph, as he entered his wife's room one evening, and found her seated by the window, her hands lying listless in her lap, her eyes turned towards the early summer sunset. "Thou should'st not be so sad. Keep up a good courage, and all will go well."

She only shook her head sadly, she did not even turn her face towards him.

"Thou must not let thy mother fill thy head with foolish thoughts and fears," he continued. "It is nonsense."

"It is true," she murmured.

"Margaret, this is all thy mother's doing. I know it. Every child of this family has been born here; dost thou suppose my mother ever went away to be confined? She had seven, of whom I am the last. She would as soon have thought of going to Jerusalem as to Paris when she was to be brought to bed."

"The Gräfin and I are very different," sighed Margaret.

"Then think of all the poor women who, being very little cared for, are safely delivered yearly. Why should'st thou die more than they, Margaret? It is not reasonable. It is giving way to foolish fancies, which may in the end really do thee a mischief."

"It is no use arguing about it. I feel I shall die, if my baby is born here."

"It is nothing but a subterfuge of Mrs. Willington's to get thee

to Paris," said Rudolph with impatience, and then added imprudently, "My mother says so, and she is quite right. It would never have entered thine own head."

"Oh, of course the Gräfin will abuse poor mamma, and lay it to her door; we are quite prepared for that."

"I think it would be much happier for us all, Margaret,—for thy mother, no less than for thee and me—if—if—if—she would go to Paris alone."

She turned full upon him, and then burst into tears.

"How can you be so cruel, Rudolph? Isn't it enough that I have no longer any influence with you now? do you wish also to separate me from mamma, and at such a time as this, too? The Gräfin hates me—of course, I know she does; and it is in her hands you want me to be when my time of trouble comes—and you would send poor mamma away. Oh it is cruel!"

"Well, well—say no more about it, Margaret. I really suggested it as much for Mrs. Willington's comfort as our own. She seems to find it so impossible to be happy here."

Margaret dried her eyes, and nothing more was said then. All the evening he was unusually tender in his manner to her; and the next morning she got up in better spirits, and put on a new gown, which had been hanging in the apple-closet all these months.

The Gräfin lifted up her hands and eyes when she appeared.

"What dost thou wear such clothes for here, Margaret? dost thou think to please thy husband by this sinful waste upon thy vile body; and at such a moment as this, too, when thou art especially, so to speak, in the Lord's hand? what are satins and laces compared with the soul?"

"I am sure I don't know, Madame," said Margaret humbly, seeing that she was expected to reply.

"My son, let me tell thee, Margaret, has the fear of the Lord, and the Day of Wrath and Vengeance, ever before his eyes. In that dread day——"

"Oh, please don't, Madame; don't talk like that. The gown was bought with mamma's money; but indeed I don't know why I put it on, for I don't suppose Rudolph cares—no one cares now, I think, what I wear!"

"I should hope not. We are a mass of corruption, and what does it signify what we put on? A little time and we shall be food for the worms: and how, then, Margaret, with the perils of child-bearing before thee, can——"

"Oh! pray, pray don't, Madame. I am weak and nervous, and I can't stand it,—I can't indeed. I'll put on sackcloth if you wish it."

"What ails thee? not godly sorrow for sin, I fear, Margaret; but the mere carnal shrinking from those pains which we are born to suffer.

Hast thou read the passages from the 'Commentary on the Romans' which I marked for thee?"

"No, Madame, she has not read them," said Mrs. Willington, who had entered during the last speech. "I took the book away: it seemed to me most uncomfortable reading. She would only have made herself miserable, and for what?"

"'Uncomfortable' and 'for what?'" echoed Madame Mère, literally aghast.

"Yes, for what? It doesn't seem to me, according to your doctrine of predestination, that it much matters what we do, or don't do. If we are to be saved, if we are elect, it's all right, you know; and if not, there's no use in trying, or in making oneself miserable beforehand."

"Such language is impious!" cried the old Gräfin.

"So, I think, is the doctrine, Madame," responded the American lady, imperturbably.

"Those who disbelieve it, without doubt they shall perish everlastingly."

Madame Mère gave this denunciation with great unction, and left the room. She could stand it no longer. This woman was a limb of Satan. Oh, how blind had Rudolph been, to reject that excellent, pious Clara von Hanecke, with her ancient lineage and her fifty thousand thalers, because she was a little plain, and to be caught by a weak, foolish creature, like this Margaret, without fortune or family, all along of her pretty face! It might do very well for her to insinuate to her daughter-in-law that her son was impervious to the lust of the eyes; in her own heart she knew better. Were it not so, this hateful marriage would never have accomplished itself; and Rudolph would have yielded to his mother's wishes in espousing the good Clara. How different all would have been then!

But when she came at last to know that Mrs. Willington had conceived the idea of carrying off her daughter to Paris to be confined, and that there were symptoms of Rudolph yielding, in his love and anxiety for his wife, to this base plot, her indignation was great indeed. It was positively sinful; it was tempting Providence to chastise her heavily. Could not the Lord deliver her as safely in the wild desert, far from all human aid, as with those feeble instruments of his will, the most eminent surgeons in Europe? Nay, was it not absolutely dangerous, in her present condition, to set forth on a long railway journey in the great heats of summer? It was provoking the Lord to visit her with sundry grievous ills. These and other arguments, spiritual and temporal, she visited very severely upon Margaret and her son. With Mrs. Willington she did not vouchsafe to argue now,—giving her over to a reprobate mind beyond the reach of righteous influence. But all she said had little effect on Margaret; so eager was she to escape anywhere—anywhere, so that she could

only get away ; and the sight of her wan face, and the piteous manner in which she supplicated Rudolph not to insist on her baby being born at Schloss Waldstein, triumphed of course in the end over all the Gräfin's unanswerable arguments.

Towards the end of June they went to Paris, and took an apartment in the Champs Elysées. "Margaret has left that abominable hole," wrote her mother to a dear friend in New York, "and if I have any influence, it will be long—very long, before she sets foot in it again. Count Waldstein has a good fortune, and he ought to live in Paris,—the only place in Europe to live in,—instead of mewing Margaret up in that dull, dreadful place, which was nearly the death of us both during the seven months we were there. If it wasn't for that dreadful old woman, his mother, he would be very easy to manage. As it is, now that we have got away from her, I mean that Margaret shall keep away. We shall see which is stronger, the old Gräfin or I."

IV.

In the beginning of August a boy was born to the young Graf and Gräfin von Waldstein. Rudolph found himself very miserable in Paris in those days. When his natural rejoicing over the birth of a son, and the safety of Margaret, had a little subsided, he began to pine for the vineyards and farms, the pine-woods and fish-streams of his country, and to find the broiling, deserted capital,—his few acquaintances were "*aux eaux*,"—insupportable. He was told that Margaret must be kept quiet. One or two peeps of her during the day was all that his mother-in-law allowed him. He had nothing to do. He wandered to and fro upon the burning asphalt, and ate ices at every second café he came to, and went into stifling theatres to rush out gasping, and drive to the Bois for a mouthful of fresh night-air. He anathematised the fair city, and vowed that, once quit of it, nothing should bring him here again for a very long time. A summons requiring his instant presence at Schloss Waldstein came opportunely, just as his impatience at Margaret's prolonged state of convalescence and his weariness of Paris had reached their climax.

She had been confined nearly three weeks when he received a telegram one morning. His mother was alarmingly,—almost hopelessly ill. An hour later he was in the mail train on his way to Strasburg.

"God bless thee, my darling!" he said, as he pressed Margaret in his arms. "Make haste and get strong, and come back to me. I am very sad at heart. I tremble to think of my good mother,—my dear, wise counsellor. What should I do without her? I pray God I may find her out of danger."

The baby was brought in, and the father took up the little creature in his arms.

"He has your eyes," whispered Margaret with a smile. "But if

the Gräfin recovers,—as I hope she soon may,—you must come back to me at once, Rudolph, for I shall be so desolate without you; and baby will grow out of your recollection if you are too long away.”

There was the slightest shade crossed his brow.

“I hope to see you both at Waldstein,—thou and baby, my dearest, very soon. The mamma will, no doubt, remain here awhile. It would be too hard to force our quiet life again upon her so soon. I have only just time to catch the train. I must be off, my darling.” And laying the child down, he threw his arms once more round his wife, and ran down-stairs.

In the grey of the summer's morning he drove up the little street of Waltstadt, and looked at the windows of the distant Schloss, and felt a sinking at heart. What if he should, indeed, be too late; and it should be all over with her? What if she should have passed away without laying her hand upon his head, and giving him her last blessing? Such autocrats as Madame Mère are loved very faithfully, we see sometimes, by natures like her son's. He had passed a sleepless night, during which he had often remembered bitterly that but for Mrs. Willington he would now be at his mother's bedside. As he drove into the courtyard two of the old servants came to the door to meet him. He stretched his head out of the window: he could not speak. “The gracious lady” was better within the last few hours. He jumped from the carriage, and ran into the house. He found Strumpf, who corroborated the assurance that the gracious lady's illness had taken a favourable turn. He did not apprehend now any immediate danger, and Rudolph was ushered into his mother's room. She received him calmly, and in a voice very little weakened by illness.

“It has pleased the Lord to spare me yet a little. I was prepared to go; but His will be done. Thou did'st well to return, Rudolph; but why not thy wife? When do she and the child follow thee? The beds are aired, and there is a roe fresh killed in the larder, for I looked that they should come with thee.”

He was rather startled by this sudden return to the practical concerns of life from the lips of one whom he had regarded so lately as a dying woman; and he replied, with some hesitation, “Margaret is too weak to travel at present; indeed, I was too anxious about you, mother, to make any definite arrangements for her return home.”

Madame Mère justified her doctor's and her own confident assertion that she was out of immediate danger; but her illness assumed a very grave complexion, for all that. It became apparent, after a few days, that there was organic disease, which threatened to transform the active, energetic old woman into a confirmed invalid. The powers of her mind were unimpaired, and she showed herself of wonderful courage, treating the matter with indifference when the doctor spoke openly to her of her condition. It was no doubt a sore

trial to be told that she would be unable, henceforward, to go about as she had hitherto done ; but she bore it with Spartan fortitude. Her son was with her ; it was more to her than she would own ; she had him for the present all to herself, and it was very sweet. It could not last long, she knew ; but it was a bit of the old times, when her sway was paramount and undisputed ; and she was determined to make the most of it while it lasted.

At the end of a fortnight he wrote to Margaret thus :—

“My mother is in too precarious a state for me to think of leaving her. Though Strumpf does not think there is any longer any immediate danger, her condition is very critical. A sudden attack, in her enfeebled state, must prove fatal ; and I fear she will never regain the use of her limbs. Under these circumstances, dearest Margaret, I hope to hear that the doctors now think you strong enough to bear the journey,—as you have been out driving, you tell me,—and that you will lose no time, but set off at once, under Carl’s care, who will see to everything on the journey, so that you will have no trouble. I should, of course, return for you myself ; but I see that the idea of my leaving her just now annoys my mother, and might aggravate her malady so seriously, that I have no choice but to give it up. You and baby, with your maids, will have a carriage to yourselves, and sleep at Strasburg ; and I can meet you the next day half-way between that and this, returning here the same evening. I will give Carl full instructions.”

Margaret did not reply to this letter for two or three days ; and then she took no notice of the main point in it. The omission, which was enforced by Mrs. Willington, was, however, fully, perhaps too fully, supplied by that lady herself. She wrote,—

“It is not to be thought of that our dear Margaret should travel for some time to come yet. She requires the tenderest care and nursing, which she cannot have at Schloss Waldstein,—especially now that the Gräfin herself is ill. She pines to be with you, or rather, for you to be with her, since the bare idea of your Schloss just now, in her delicate state, is depressing ; and it is absolutely essential that, for the present, she should be surrounded by everything that is cheerful. I am sure, therefore, that you will make a point of returning to her here as soon as possible. Baby grows very fast, and every one declares he is the very image of you.

“Always, my dear Rudolph, your affectionate

“CAROLINE WILLINGTON.”

When the husband read this cool note he was very angry. Madame Mère happened to be much better that day, and Rudolph was for setting off instantly to Paris and bringing back his wife, in spite of doctors, mother-in-law, and all. But the Gräfin was too wise to permit this. She knew what the result would be ; the two women

would infallibly get round him, and, with the Doctor's aid perhaps, cajole him into remaining at Paris. She knew her son; indeed, if she did not, who should? She dictated a letter for him,—a firm but temperate letter, a very model in its way. It was addressed to his wife, and ignored Mrs. Willington's letter altogether, which exasperated that lady exceedingly.

"So it is to be a guerre à outrance between us, is it?" she murmured, as she tossed aside the letter. "So be it, mon cher. The letter is your mother's; of course I know that, and she shall find I am not to be treated thus with impunity. Margaret shall not leave Paris."

A day or two after, Margaret, moved by a sudden impulse, which not even her mother was able to restrain, wrote a long, troubled, affectionate letter to her husband, praying of him to come to her, and promising to return home with him as soon as she was a little stronger. There was a great deal about her baby, a great deal about her own feelings at being away from Rudolph, and of her poor dear mamma's, at the prospect of being parted from her only child. She entreated him not to be angry with her, for, she assured him, she was not strong enough to travel yet,—least of all, by herself. Whatever effect this might have produced on Waldstein was neutralised by a second epistle from his mother-in-law. In it, after animadverting sharply upon his contemptuous treatment of her former letter, she went on to say that the term for which Rudolph had taken the apartment having expired, she had renewed it for three months, as it was out of the question her daughter's returning to Schloss Waldstein until she was stronger. Let Rudolph come and see her, and judge for himself. She was very weak and hysterical, and his protracted absence tried her severely. It was necessary to try and distract her thoughts,—to rouse her, in short. Therefore Mrs. Willington had begun to be "at home" of an evening to the few friends who had returned to Paris.

Thereupon Rudolph lost all patience, and wrote angrily to his wife, bidding her remember that her first duty now was to her husband, and not to her mother. "In the old school, in which I have been bred, wives are still subject to their husbands. Probably in America, under the new system, you have changed all that. I must remind you, however, that you have married a German, not an American. I trust you enjoy your daily drives and evening parties; and it is a pity, as you are strong enough to amuse yourself thus, that you should think you are still too weakly,—your baby being nearly three months old,—to undertake this short journey! My returning for you is impossible. My mother has had another very alarming attack; I cannot leave her." He concluded thus:—"As to Mrs. Willington, I decline to have any further communication with her. I cannot prevent her writing to me, but I shall not answer her letters; and I

wish her to understand that it is impossible I should again receive under my roof a person who incites my wife to open disobedience." This was strong language, and it was his own ; though, of course, it was Madame Mère who roused him into this attitude of open defiance to Mrs. Willington.

"Be firm, my son. Give way now, and it is all up with thee. Go to Paris, and thou mightest as well sell this, thy old home, at once. Thou wilt be under the thumb of those two for evermore ; and she, this misguided Margaret, will never again be thy wife in duty and submission. Be firm now, and she must yield, my son."

Then Rudolph wrote that letter, in which he made the most of, and intrenched himself behind, a slight relapse the Gräfin had had, in his sore dread of being thought to be "under the thumb" of his wife and his wife's mother. Like many a weak man, he resented the shadow while submitting to the substance. He became more and more subject to the will of Madame Mère. An unfortunate rejoinder of Margaret's, in which, stung by what he had written of her mother, she recriminated in no measured terms, setting forth all she had suffered at the Gräfin's hands, was the beginning of a correspondence in which, unhappily, both writers had a prompter at hand, urging them "not to give way," if they wished for ultimate happiness ; and very bitter things were said on both sides, which it was hard to forget or to forgive. Yet the young wife loved her husband passionately all this time, and, but for the evil counsellor at her side, would, over and over again, have run and fallen upon his neck and confessed her fault, and humbled herself. So he, too, though the man's character was more obstinate and unforgiving,—the two fatal strong points of weakness,—so he, too, would have been tempted more than once to condone past offences, and fly to his wife's arms, but for the iron grasp which held him back. And thus gradually, by brooding over his wrongs, an implacable feeling grew up ; a settled hostility became the habitual attitude of his mind in thinking of Margaret. He loved her very deeply and faithfully still ; no other woman could ever take Margaret's place in his heart ; but she had hurt him,—hurt the better as well as the worse parts of his nature, and he felt that she should be made to suffer.

A year, a whole year, passed thus : the erring wife ill at ease in heart and conscience, though now taking part in all the gay society of Paris, with which her mother surrounded her. She found no real pleasure in it ; but she met with a great deal of admiration, and it was better than being alone ; she was so miserable when forced back upon her own thoughts. If Rudolph suffered no less, at least he had the satisfaction of believing that he was acting on the highest moral principles, and that any other line of conduct would be miserably weak, undignified, and futile. He had now, for some four or five months past, declined to send Margaret any more money for herself or

the child, which, during all the earlier period of their separation, he had regularly done; but this attempt to starve the fortress into submission did not seem likely to be successful. From what source Mrs. Willington derived the funds to live as she was doing, Waldstein could not guess, knowing as he did of her money difficulties not long before.

"And so you saw her several times? Tell me all about her, General. How did she look? What did she say about me?"

He had ridden over thirty miles to see General von Hanecke, who was just returned from Paris.

"One thing at a time, lieber Freund. How did she look? Beautiful. She goes out every night, and is surrounded by Frenchmen. She laughs and looks gay enough, too; but it's all hollow. Depend on it, if it wasn't for that she-wolf, she would be back with you to-morrow."

"Is not that a proof how little she cares for me? To be kept away by a mother!"

The old soldier pursed his lips, and could scarce forbear a smile, though he was really interested in his friend's matrimonial affairs.

"You should have married Clara,—you really should. In the first place, she has no mother . . . However, there is no use in crying over spilt milk. You ask what she said about you? Well, of course, she declared you had behaved cruelly to her; of course she said that you thought more of the gracious lady your mother than you did of her,—that she kept you away. But she asked so many questions—she was so much moved when she spoke of you, that I saw well how the matter stood."

"Kept away by my mother! I like that! Look at this letter—this last letter of hers! Did you ever read such a composition? Do you suppose that after speaking of my mother, of my family, and home, in the way she does——"

"It is the she-wolf's writing, lieber Freund; it is not your Margaret's, depend on it. Separate her from the she-wolf, as I said before, and all will be well between you."

"It is very easy to say that. Doesn't she tell me here, that unless I retract what I said concerning her mother, and consent to welcome her back to my house, she herself will never return? Think of that from a wife!—instead of her apologising to me for her language! It is monstrous! It wouldn't be believed in a book!"

"No," said the General, drawing a long puff at his pipe, "it wouldn't be believed. Clara wouldn't have written like that; but then women are different,—they are very strange animals, all of them. You have heard of Mrs. Willington's good fortune?" Waldstein shook his head. "An old uncle died in America, some four months ago, leaving her a very large property. There is some little difficulty about it, which may entail her having to go over to America; but,

in the meantime, she has taken a larger apartment in Paris on the strength of it, and entertains largely. Yes, women are strange animals ! ”

Waldstein ground his teeth : the secret of both mother's and daughter's independence, since he had stopped the supplies, was at last explained. He rode home in a worse frame of mind than he had come in. Was ever a husband placed in a more wretched and perplexing position ? He loved her ; in spite of everything, he loved her still, and she was his by law. Should he try, and have recourse to it, for a restitution of his conjugal rights ? What was he to do ? How long was this state of things to go on ? Wounded love and pride cried aloud,—rage and mortification kept repeating that, in one way or another, there must speedily be an end to this shameful scandal.

And now, as though fuel were wanting to the flame which daily waxed fiercer round Margaret's name, a report reached Madame Mère's ears that a certain Monsieur de Boisjelin was making her daughter-in-law the object of such marked attentions as to attract observation. The lovely Madame de Waldstein, who was virtually a widow, since her husband had abandoned her,—thus ran a certain version of her story,—did nothing to discourage her French admirer ; though it was admitted that she never showed any marked preference for him. But then her love of admiration, her restless search after excitement was such, it was urged, as might lead her to the commission of any folly, even where her heart remained untouched. These words did not fall, I am afraid, upon unwilling ears ; though Madame Mère was, of course, piously horrified, shocked, and indignant. Over and above her morality in the abstract, too, there was her morality of pride, as the Gräfin von Waldstein. The possibility of such a stain as this attaching to the name of her son's wife was very grievous ; but she was not unready to give it credence. She had long thought of Margaret as a vain, heartless, unprincipled woman. She could not conceive that a wife, leading the life Margaret was doing away from her husband, and in obstinate defiance of his wishes, could be anything else ; and it was thus she spoke of her in conversation with her son. And now this rumour was come to confirm all her suspicions, and she could no longer feel a scruple,—if any restrained her heretofore,—in urging her son to separate himself for ever from his godless wife, unless she was minded instantly to return, an abject and penitent sheep, into the fold of Schloss Waldstein. I believe she regarded Margaret's conduct at this time as a special dispensation of Providence, provided for her son's emancipation.

In the autumn of that year Mrs. Willington found, as Von Hanecke had told Rudolph, that her presence was necessary in America ; and she told her daughter that her only course was to accompany her.

"As to giving in to that obstinate husband of yours now, my darling, it would be folly—worse than folly. When he hears that we have sailed—actually sailed—and are across the Atlantic, he will be in a fine way, depend on it! We shall very soon bring him to his senses. He will follow us to New York at once; mark my words if he doesn't. And, at all events, we shall be back here early in the spring. Your remaining here alone by yourself isn't to be thought of. It would never do. No, you have no choice but to accompany me, or to return to Schloss Waldstein, and lick the dust off that old witch's feet. And a fine time you will have of it, my poor child, for the remainder of your life, treated like a galley-slave, as you will be! I say nothing of myself."

"I think," sobbed Margaret, "I shouldn't mind any—any—anything now so much,—I think I could even stand the old Gräfin, if only Rudolph would apologise about you, mamma."

"That he will never do at Schloss Waldstein, my darling. He may, when we can get him to listen to reason between us; but with his mother at his side, he will never give in about me,—always look at me with a jaundiced eye, depend on it."

The weak, misguided Margaret, with a heavy heart, took her boy up in her arms, and followed her mother across the sea. And when news of this last act of defiance to her husband reached the Schloss, the waves of wrath and indignation, which had been long gathering, reared themselves into one mighty wall, and broke over her fair, foolish head. But before this, a last and solemn appeal was still made by the irritated husband, who was now almost beside himself; and this letter was put into Margaret's hand soon after her landing at New York. She was miserable; she sobbed for days over it; she wrote a dozen letters and tore them all up; and then the mother said, "Leave it unanswered. In a month he will be at your feet." But two months, and then three, and then four crept by, without a word, without a sign of life. The most vehement anger, the most stinging reproach would have been preferable to this silence. She grew thin and pale; she fell ill, and her mother became alarmed,—for her daughter's beauty, which she prized so dearly, was impaired. And then, one morning, came a letter, directed to Margaret, in a strong, lawyer-like hand; the reading of which letter to the end she did not accomplish until long afterwards, for, after the first few lines, she fell like a stone upon the floor; and this was followed by a brain-fever, in which she hung, during many days, between life and death, and was for weeks incapable of the smallest mental exertion. The letter ran thus :—

"MADAM,

"I am instructed by my client, the Count von Waldstein, to inform you that, having abandoned all hope of bringing you to see your

duty as a wife, and feeling that the unhappy differences between you will only increase with time, he has felt it to be his duty, as much for your happiness as his own, to release you from a tie which has proved so irksome to you, and to sue for a divorce, which the laws of this country accord without difficulty, as you are doubtless aware, in such cases. Of course it is possible for you to appeal against this; but the Count has little doubt that your inclinations,—as shown by your conduct,—will not dispose you to do so; and were it otherwise, any professional adviser whom you may consult will instruct you that, after your repeated and resolute refusal to return to the Count's roof, such appeal would be unavailing. The Count desires, further, to inform you that should you consent to your infant son being given up into his care now, he is ready to take him. You are doubtless aware that after his fourth year the child can be legally claimed by his father. Should you put any difficulties in the way of this, by concealing him in America, the Count will relinquish all interest or moral responsibility in his son's future. No attempt will be made to interfere with his legal inheritance to the title and estates; but that portion of his property which is in the Count's own power to dispose of he will devise away from his son, should you offer any obstruction to the child's being given up to his father on the completion of his fourth year."

When Margaret was able, after many months, to be brought to Europe, a friend met her at Liverpool. He came to break the fact to her that, according to German law, she was no longer the wife of the Count von Waldstein. She was once more Margaret Willington.

V.

On a golden summer's evening, some years after the events just recorded, one of those rattling glass vehicles, with a hump of luggage on their backs, which are common throughout Germany, drove up the steep street of Waldstadt, and stopped at the only Gast-haus of the town. The carriage was thickly powdered over with fine white dust from the roads, which had not seen a shower now for some weeks. Its occupants,—a lady in mourning, with a handsome boy of eight or nine, and a maid,—had evidently suffered a good deal from the heat. The lady, indeed, seemed in delicate health. She kept her veil down, so that it was not possible to see her face; but her step as she got out was feeble, and she held fast by the child's hand, as though she found some support there, and dreaded to lose it. The boy stretched his little legs when he found himself on terra-firma, and showed by his wonderful contortions that his small limbs had been cramped for some hours in that hot, dusty carriage.

The best rooms of the "Schwartz Adler" were unlocked, the her-

metically-closed shutters and windows opened, and a close smell of feather-beds and deal furniture permitted to escape.

The child had his supper, the maid had hers; the lady sent down, untasted, the food that was brought her. She sat away from the light, her head resting between her two hands, each time the Kellner entered the room. And the boy ran about, clambered up the wardrobe, got a-straddle the great black stove, and indulged in a variety of pastimes testifying generally to the soundness of his lungs and limbs.

"Look, mamma! here I am in the castle. I've taken it from the great big giant who lives here, and I've cut off his head. Why don't you look, mamma? Down there, on the chest of drawers, is where the princess lives. I'm going to carry her off. Do look, mamma!"

The pale lady raised her head from time to time and smiled; and once, when she so looked up, the tears were in her eyes; but the child did not see them. At last, the young gentleman declared he was sleepy; the maid came, and he went to bed. He slept in his mother's room; and here, presently, when the sky was quite dark, and the stars grew thick above the red gables on the opposite side of the narrow village street, shedding their tender light through the lattice of the little room, she came softly and knelt with the child beside his bed, and listened while he prayed that God would bless dear papa. And when the golden head was laid upon its pillow, and the heavy lids closed over the blue, dreamful eyes, the mother stayed there yet awhile upon her knees, and prayed her own prayer to her heavenly Father. Not for herself; the time was past now when she could ask for anything in this world but strength to bear the cross laid upon her. And now, poor soul! that she was about voluntarily to add fourfold to that heavy burthen, her thought, her prayer, was not for herself,—not that the cup might be taken from her, but that, by drinking it to the very bitter lees, she might further her child's welfare in this world and in the next.

After this she rose, and drawing the veil about her face, crept downstairs, and through the archway out into the quiet, star-lit street. One or two women with their children at open doors, one or two husbands returning from their labour afar off in the hills, turned round to look at the tall, slight figure in black as it glided by. Then she came upon the white hill-side road, with the dusty vines to right and left, and she was alone. A single light twinkled from one of the windows of the Schloss; the outline of its towers showed dim against the clear, dark summer night. A little more than half-way up the hill the wanderer turned her feeble steps in among the vines to the left, where, some three hundred yards distant, the garden-wall came down in terraces, and was washed, so to speak, by the great sea of green at its feet. As she tottered on, faint and thirsting, between the grapes, some half ripened, some already purple, she plucked a bunch, and

put it to her lips. "It would not have been theft once," she murmured.

As she drew near to the foot of the garden wall the sound of voices fell upon her ear. She had thought that at this hour, under cover of the darkness, she was safe; and might yield to the weakness, the longing which was at her heart, once more to behold that old terrace-walk, associated as it was with some of the few happy hours in her short life. She shrank back; then suddenly, as the voice of one of the speakers fell upon her ear, she pressed her two hands against her heart, and half crouched, half sank upon the ground. She could not have gone a step farther had her life depended on it. She did not faint, but her heart seemed to stop beating, and she could neither see nor hear for some minutes. At last, she was conscious of another voice,—a voice she did not know: she could divine but too well, however, to whom it belonged, and she shivered. With the blue vault of heaven and its myriad stars above her head, the poor stricken creature lay, and saw the dim outline of two figures against the sky, and heard the sound of their slow-pacing feet upon the gravel. There, upon that very walk, where tenderest words had once been breathed into her ear, she heard the same lips breathe like language to another. She had exiled herself from Paradise, and she was standing now before the gate which was for ever closed on her in this world.

Said the man's voice,—

"Who can believe that it is five years? Would that my mother had lived to see how happy the marriage she planned has been for me, Clara!"

"She was very good to me," replied a pleasant voice. "All the same, my dear Rudolph, I am not sure that we should have been as happy had the good mother been living with us."

"Ah," sighed the husband, who was pursuing his own train of ideas, "had I followed her advice I should have been spared the three most painful years of my life, and six happy ones would have been added to it."

"You know you would not look at me for ever so long," laughed the lady, good-humouredly. Then, changing her tone, she added,—
"Ah! though I owe your mother a great debt of gratitude, yet nevertheless, my dear, I always feel for your poor Margaret. I often think whether even I, with my German training, and rigid, old-world ideas, could have stood the excellent mother's iron dominion here. I never was tried, you know, as she died so soon after our marriage; but when I remember that your Margaret had, besides, a foolish mother——"

"By-the-bye, your uncle mentions her death in his letter to-day. She died at Paris, it seems, some weeks ago. I have never been able until now, Clara, to hear her name without impatience; but she is gone, and so let her memory rest. I forgive her all the wrong she

did me. I think she must have repented of it herself before she died."

They walked to the further end of the terrace in silence. As they came back the wife stopped, and exclaimed,—

"See the moon just appearing over the edge of the hill yonder, Rudolph! What a night it is! Are we not better here than in Stutgardt, where the good Queen would have us? For my part, I regret nothing at Court. You say you think it right that I should go there occasionally; but I should be quite content myself never to leave our old home."

"Ah, it is well for us to go away sometimes, my wife, if it be only to enjoy the pleasure of our return,—of our solitude. In great crowds two hearts can never hear each other beat in perfect unison, I think."

Did he recall the morning, nearly ten years ago, when he uttered those same words, standing on that very spot? No; but one who heard him remembered them only too well. In spite of herself, a moan, like the faint cry of a wounded bird, broke from her lips as she lay there.

"What was that? Did you hear nothing down there among the vines? It sounded to me like the feeble wail of an infant."

"Would that it were an omen, my Clara," said the husband, gently. "But Heaven, no doubt, sees fit to deny us that blessing, lest we should be too happy."

The trembling woman, whose head was bowed upon her breast, heard the kiss which followed, and lifted up her eyes. The moon, which had now fully risen from behind the shoulder of the hill, shone bright upon Clara's face. It was a broad, sweet, kindly face; but there was no beauty that a man should desire. The goodness of soul that shone out through that plain mask was its sole attraction. And,—alas! for poor human nature!—even in that hour, when all was at an end for her, when she knew that all earthly things were fading fast away, a gleam of consolation shot across the desolate woman's heart: "At least, I had something once which she has not." But the next moment the miserable triumph gave place to a purer and nobler satisfaction. "She is a good woman. I read it in her face,—her words confirm it. O God! I thank thee for that."

The husband and wife turned slowly towards the house; and for an hour or more the unhappy creature lay there in the vineyard, utterly prostrate and motionless, save for the low sob which ever and anon broke from her: "O Lord! give me strength,—give me strength! Make me ready for the sacrifice,—even of my son, O Lord!" And He who spared Abraham's sacrifice spared hers.

It was very late when she reached the inn,—she could hardly drag her feeble steps so far. The maid was alarmed when she saw her face, which was like that of the dead; and ran down-stairs,

shrieking, for a doctor. The long-ago-despised Strumpf came ; so doth fate sometimes avenge us. He sat up with her the remainder of that night, which he hardly thought she could live through. It seemed as though the springs of life had suddenly snapped,—what-
ever may have been the learned name the doctor gave the disease. She was utterly exhausted, yet her stomach refused food ; even the stimulants given to her she could scarcely swallow.

Late the next day, as Rudolph returned from a long drive with his wife, a letter was put into his hand. The messenger had been waiting some time, and said the matter was urgent. It came from the sick lady at the inn. The Count started as he looked at the superscription, and changed colour. Then he broke the seal with no steady hand, and turned into his own room to read the letter. It contained these few words,—

“A contrite woman supplicates you to come and speak to her before she dies. She did not come here for this, Rudolph,—to trouble you in her last hour ; but to accomplish a purpose which she prays earnestly she may see effected before she leaves the world. And the doctor says she has not many hours to live.”

Half an hour later Waldstein stood by the bedside of her whom he had once loved so well. He was shocked and deeply affected at the sight. In the wreck before him the beautiful Margaret was scarcely recognisable. Strange to say, she whose agony had been so poignant a few hours previous was now far calmer than he was. In this one might see that the hand of peace-restoring Death was upon her. The boy, in a passion of tears, was flung at the foot of the bed ; the maid, too, was weeping bitterly. The good doctor stood there, and, as Count von Waldstein entered, poured something down the throat of the fast-sinking lady, to enable her to go through the interview upon which all her thoughts were fixed. Then he and the maid withdrew.

She held out her hand.

“I am glad you are come. It makes my going so much easier,—so much happier ; though I have written it all,—all I had to say,—here.” She laid her hand upon a thick letter by her side. “And I never doubted but that you would fulfil that wish, at least. Darling boy, look up. Here is that papa, for whom you have prayed night and morning, come at last !”

“If he is come to take you,” said the boy, looking up through his tears into the stranger’s face, “I don’t want him. He shan’t take you away, mother.”

She closed her eyes for a moment : there was a sting in the words the child little guessed.

“It is not papa,—it is God who is taking me away, my boy. Rudolph, this is your first-born,—your only one. Take him, and be a father to him.”

“I will,” murmured Waldstein, with averted face.

"Do not visit my sins upon the child," she continued. "There is nothing about him that need ever remind you of me; it has made him doubly dear to me that he was so like you. And since it has not pleased God to bless your wife with a child, she will be as a mother to this one,—I know she will. I was in the vineyard last night, and heard her words. She has a good and tender heart; and if I hesitated before to entrust my child to her keeping, I need do so no longer."

"She has always spoken compassionately of you, Margaret, and as I promise you solemnly for myself, so I can undertake for her, that the child shall be henceforward as our own."

She stopped for breath, and then gasped out,—

"I came here, meaning to ask you to take my darling; and then to go away, in my solitude, heart-broken. He was the only thing I had on earth, and I resolved, for his sake, to make the sacrifice. Why should I any longer stand between him and you,—between him and his future? But God was merciful, Rudolph,—it has pleased Him to spare me this. I am happy to go,—very happy. My life, though short, has been sad enough. I have nothing to regret in leaving it, since I was to be parted from my darling. And now,—while I can still see you, still hear your voice,—will you say that you forgive me, Rudolph?"

He was on his knees beside her. She felt the hot tears on her hand as he pressed it to his lips.

"My poor Margaret, we have both much need of forgiveness. I was much to blame,—perhaps more than you. I know it now. I will not speak of others. We will not try to cast the burden of our faults upon other shoulders in this solemn moment. Rather, let us ask God to forgive us our sins to Him, as we forgive our sins to one another."

Then his strong, tremulous voice rose in humble prayer to the Father of Mercies, echoed by the faint whispers of the dying woman.

Before night there fell a great peace and stillness upon that little room; and the child was sleeping, wearied out with sobs, in the Countess's dressing-room in Schloss Waldstein.

Reader, I myself have seen some of the persons about whom I have here written. Years have passed since I stood upon that terrace, and, looking down into the vineyard below, thought upon these things: how folly and weakness work more evils in the world than wickedness itself; and how quickly a great happiness, which would have weathered the rudest storms of fate, may founder upon shores where no rock is to be seen.

WHO WAS THE FIRST PRINTER?

THE recent sale of the Enschedé Library at Haarlem, which had been collected for the special purpose of establishing the validity of the claim put forward by the Dutch to have been the precursors of the Germans as the originators of the Printing Press, has led to a spirited renewal of the old dispute. The valuable library just dispersed had been the property of a family of eminent printers in Haarlem for three generations, its nucleus having been brought together by the grandfather of the late proprietors. The object which the elder Enschedé had chiefly in view was a concentration of every kind of evidence tending to prove that the art of printing, in a practical form, was in use in Haarlem, and that books were printed there, full a quarter of a century before the more complete development of the art in Mayence by Gutenberg. The mass of evidence contained in the Enschedé collection of documents, and that which has been gradually accumulating in other channels, is, indeed, becoming so important, that it may eventually tend to the respectful handing down of Gutenberg from his hitherto undisputed throne as First Lord of the Printing Press. The claims of Koster of Haarlem to the invention and use of a practical system of movable types full five-and-twenty years before the production of Gutenberg's magnificent Bible, which was his first book, are, indeed, advocated by many of the most advanced bibliographers of the present day; and the supporters of the cause of German priority would do well to discuss in all seriousness the evidence upon which such advocacy is based, and refute it if possible, instead of superciliously and vainly declaring it unworthy of notice.

Within as brief a space as may be, let us see how the case really stands, and upon what grounds the rival claims are based. In order fully to appreciate the relative position of each pretender, it will be necessary in a few words to consider the nature of those advances in the art of multiplying books which led up, in tolerably natural sequence, to the first notion and subsequent development of the art of printing. The first advance upon the method of producing books by the hand labour of the professional scribe was introduced towards the close of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century, and was effected by means of carving the usually written forms of letters in relief on a tablet or block of wood. An entire page so executed by means of wood-carving, on being charged and recharged with a

suitable kind of ink, was clearly capable of yielding any number of impressions that might be required ; and this system, it is generally admitted, was,—in Europe,—first carried out with success by the Dutch, though the Chinese had perfected a similar method many centuries previously ; and it may possibly have been from eastern models obtained by the enterprising traders of Holland that the class of Dutch artisans connected with the reproduction of books first learned the advantages of such a system, and at once adopted the principle as a valuable novelty. But even when the process in question was perfected, the labour of executing such pages in sculptured relief was so enormous,—as exemplified by the “*Biblia Pauperum*,” one of the first works produced by the process,—that although, when a page was once perfected, any number of impressions could be obtained, yet only books of small extent,—seldom or never exceeding thirty or forty pages,—were attempted by these means. Such books, moreover, consisted almost entirely of large illustrations, the text being little more than a series of descriptive titles to the devices. The amount of text, however, in these block-books, as they are termed, went on increasing, as the difficulty in carving the letters in relief was gradually overcome, till eventually entire pages of closely-packed text were carved on these slabs of wood with wonderful accuracy and neatness, as shown in the later editions of such well-known block-books as the “*Ars Memorandi*” and the “*Ars Moriendi*.”

It is natural to conceive that a desire to economise the vast labour expended upon these page blocks would necessarily arise, and it is possible, as some have supposed, that an attempt was made to turn such blocks to further account, after a sufficient number of impressions had been taken from them, by cutting them up into separate words, or even letters, which, by transposition, might be made to serve again for the text of a different subject. This supposition has led to much learned and not unacrimonious discussion, of a purely technical character, as to the possibility of printing from movable wooden types ; but such disquisitions are somewhat profitless in the present state of our knowledge of the subject, and it will be sufficient to state in this place, that whether experiments with separate wooden types were, or were not, made, the next really practical advance was the production of separate metal types ; especially as it must have become clearly evident that when a mould for a single letter was once made, as many others could be cast from it as might be required, even to hundreds of thousands ; while each separate wooden letter, even if serviceable to print from, would require to be separately executed by the carver's own hand. Therefore casting in metal presented at once a simple method of producing letters in any number from a single type or mould ; letters, too, which could be conveniently arranged and closely packed in any order required, and which were at the same time capable of being made serviceable for any number of times by

redistribution in other forms. The same result would have occurred if every metal letter had to be carved separately, like wooden ones, but the process would have entailed such enormous labour that the boldest speculator in the attempt to improve and simplify the reproduction of books would have scarcely found courage to invest in the necessary outlay. It was therefore the perception of the adaptability of casting to the purpose required,—a process well known to the general metal workers of the time,—that led directly to the adoption of movable metal types, and in fact to the true foundation of the practical printing press with all its magic powers. It will be subsequently shown in this outline sketch of the controversy that the adaptation of the casting process to the multiplication of metallic types or letters was felt, even at the time, to be the true mechanical basis which formed the vital principle of the printing press, a conviction which we shall find expressed in the name given to the first rude books produced by means of metal types, which were in old French records described as books “*jétés en molle*,” that is to say, produced by characters which were cast in moulds. It is to the original conception of that first all-important step in the history of the printing press that the Dutch have long since set up a claim for one of their citizens, Lawrence Koster, of Haërlem.

It is a remarkable and in every way very suggestive fact that the earliest allusion to the Dutch as the true originators of the art of printing emanated from a German source. In the year 1499,—that is to say, before the close of the century that witnessed the advent of the printing press,—a passage, and that a very prominent one, appeared in the pages of a German chronicle of general history and events, known as the “*Chronicle of Cologne*,” from having been printed in that city. The passage referred to occurs in the body of the work, under a separate heading, as follows:—“On the art of printing books:—when and where, and by whom was invented the inexpressibly useful art of printing books.” Here are noteworthy words in which we at once perceive how highly important the invention of the printing press was already considered, within so brief a period after its introduction. The following extract contains the pith of the passage which comes under the heading just cited:—“Although the art as now practised was discovered at Mayence, nevertheless, the first idea came from Holland, and from the Donati which had been previously printed there.” The facts referred to by the author of the *Chronicle* were no doubt in great part gathered from Ulric Zell, the printer of the *Chronicle*, himself a follower of the method of printing established by Gutenberg, and who had learnt his art in Mayence. Hence we may infer that the German printers of that day did not refuse to the Dutch the credit of having first struck out the idea of making moulds for letters of metal, from which any number of casts might be taken by the simplest mechanical means. The letters so produced were

neither more nor less than those "movable types" which form the very basis of the art of printing.

The next important testimony, of strictly similar, but more definite, import, is that set forth by a native of Holland, Theodore Volchart Coonhert, in the preface to his translation of Cicero's Offices, printed in his own house at Haërlem, in 1561, little more than a century after the occurrence of the events to which he alludes. His statement is as follows:—"I have often been assured by well-informed persons that the art of printing* was first invented in the town of Haërlem, although in a rude manner, the knowledge of the art having been subsequently carried to Mayence by the treachery of an unfaithful workman, and there brought to such great perfection that,—as being also the place where it was first made public,—Mayence has acquired the glory of the first invention; and hence our citizens obtain but little credence when they attribute to one of themselves the honour of being the real inventor." Here we have a definite and unhesitating statement by a man of learning and position, who is evidently not led away by any national bias or prejudice. A copy of this rare and interesting volume, which formed a leading feature in that portion of the Enschedé Library collected for the purpose of illustrating the history of printing in Holland, was secured at a very high price for the British Museum at the recent sale. Our national collection of documents having reference to the early history of printing is indeed becoming extremely rich by the watchful care of Mr. Winter Jones, the Chief Librarian, and Mr. Watts, the Keeper of the printed books; and this little volume is not one of the least valuable acquisitions recently made.

Another work bearing upon the origin of printing in Holland, and being indeed a special, though very brief, treatise upon the subject, was issued by John Van Zuyren, Burgomaster of Haërlem, about the same time that Theodore Coonhert published his Dutch translation of Cicero's Offices. He entitled his work "*A Dialogue on the First Invention of Typography*,"—"Dialogus de primâ artis Typographicæ Inventionē,"—in which the author distinctly claims the honour of the first invention for his townsman Lawrence Koster, whose name thus first appears in the controversy. But while he upholds the claims of his native town and his countryman, the worthy burgomaster does not attempt to detract from the credit fairly due to the first great printers of Mayence, who carried the new art to such high perfection. Only a fragment of Van Zuyren's work remains, but that fragment contains minute and accurate particulars which at once place its authenticity beyond doubt.

Only six years later than the two works just referred to, the claim of the Dutch was reiterated from an entirely fresh quarter. In a work of the Italian traveller Guicciardini, printed at Antwerp in 1567, entitled "*Descrizeone di tutti i Paesi Bassi*," a passage relating

* He alludes to printing with movable metallic types.

to the invention of printing occurs in the description of the city of Haërlem, which may be thus literally translated :—"According to the common tradition of the country, the evidence of several authors, and also of ancient monuments, the art of printing was first invented in this town, as well as that of casting letters,—in moulds,—and the inventor having died before he had carried his work to full perfection, one of his workmen went to Mayence, where he divulged the secret of practising the art; and in that place so much care and attention was bestowed upon it that it was brought to great completeness; and hence arose the common belief that it originated there. I neither can nor will attempt to decide the question." The monuments alluded to by Guicciardini were doubtless those elementary Latin works known as Donati,* mentioned in the "Chronicle of Cologne," of which many perfect examples must have existed at the time of the Italian traveller's visit to Haërlem, and fragments of which are to be found in bibliographical collections at the present day. He no doubt had in view at the same time the more celebrated and interesting "*Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*," attributed to Koster, of which many beautiful copies still exist, as fresh and clean as though they had but just issued from the press; works that play a leading part in the early story of the printing press, and especially in the discussions on the subject which just now engage the attention of bibliographers of all nations.

Many other authorities, containing curious passages of great interest, might be cited, but it is time to call in the evidence of the Dutch historian, Hadrian Junius, who furnishes us unhesitatingly with both the name and status of the Dutch printer whose productions are declared by his countrymen to have preceded those of Gutenberg, as well as with an infinity of most interesting and valuable details connected with the manner of his invention. Hadrian Junius was born at Haërlem in 1511, where he received, at the public grammar school, the basis of a liberal education, which was subsequently perfected by many years of devotion to various branches of learning in several of the universities which enjoyed the greatest amount of celebrity at that time. He afterwards resided some time in England as physician to the accomplished Duke of Norfolk, and subsequently filled a similar post in Denmark as one of the king's physicians in ordinary. On his return to Holland, having become famous for his general learning and accomplishments, he was commissioned by the Government to write a history of the Dutch provinces, which he willingly undertook as a thoroughly congenial task, and it is in this work, which he entitled "*Batavia*," that the claim of his countryman to the invention of printing with movable metal types is emphatically asserted. This history was not published till 1588, but there is internal evidence to prove that the following passage relating to the art of printing was written

* From the name of the original author, Donatus.

as early as 1568 :—" About 128 years ago there lived at Haärllem, in a house on the open Place facing the State palace, one Lawrence, son of John, surnamed Koster,* on account of an honourable office which was hereditary in his family. It is this man," continues Junius in a strain of eloquence worthy of an enthusiastic scholar, " it is this man who merits a glory superior to that of all conquerors, and who can justly claim the honour of being the inventor of the typographic art, at the present day assumed by others." There is tolerably good evidence for supposing that Lawrence Koster, in addition to his office of Koster, or custodian of the church books, was also an esteemed and industrious artist, devoting his artistic skill to the engraving of tablets for the production of block-books,—an art which, in Europe at any rate, was first successfully practised in Holland, where, at Koster's time, it was in the zenith of its development. Two or more of the best known Dutch works of that class are attributed to him, especially the celebrated "*Biblia Pauperum*" and the "*Cantica Canticorum*," the quaintly-designed devices of which have a mediæval elegance about them peculiarly their own.

Junius next proceeds to inform us in what manner the idea occurred to Koster of using movable types to print from instead of engraving the whole of each page, whether illustration or text, on a special block or tablet of wood. " Walking one day," says our author, " in the wood near the town, as the citizens are accustomed to do in the afternoon, or on festivals, Lawrence Jans-zoon† occupied himself with cutting pieces of beech bark into the form of letters,"—and then we are told that, reversing those letters, and placing them in order, so as to form short moral sentences, he succeeded, by inking them, in obtaining impressions from them for the amusement of his grandsons who accompanied him in his walk. That such a slight hint was sufficient to suggest further experiments in the same direction to an ingenious artist like the engraver of the illustrations and text of the "*Cantica Canticorum*," is sufficiently evident. Adverse critics, however, such as M. Renouard, and others worthy of equal respect, mistaking the spirit of this passage, have attempted to invalidate the statement of Junius by asserting that movable types, either of bark or wood, could not be made serviceable for good work in the printing press,—which is perfectly true, and Junius does not either say or appear to suppose that they could.

In endeavouring to assign a proximate date to the eventful walk in the wood, resulting in the carving of the letters of bark, the following arguments have been urged :—First, Junius, writing in 1568, says, one hundred and twenty-eight years before that period Koster was still living on the Place, which furnishes us with the year 1440, in which year there is some evidence for supposing that Koster died. Secondly, the wood itself was destroyed in 1426, when the

* Sacristan.

† John's-son.

town was besieged by the Duke of Burgundy. Thirdly, taking into consideration that Koster was a grandfather at the time, it may be assumed that he was born at least as early as 1370, and it would hence appear that the carving of the letters in bark took place between 1420 and 1426, when he was between fifty and fifty-six years of age. Reasoning upon these data, the year 1428 has been adopted by his countrymen as that in which the event most probably took place, and 1440 as the epoch at which, having founded the art on that rude hint, he had carried it to such a comparative state of practical completeness as enabled him to produce very excellent work by its means; and upon that assumption an inscription was placed upon the house in which he had lived,—within little more than a century after his death,—to the following effect:—

MEMORIE SACRUM

TYPOGRAPHIA

ARS ARTIUM OMNIUM

CONSERVATRIX

HIC PRIMUM INVENTA

CIRCA ANNUM MCCCCXL.

Junius next refers to the difficulty of printing from separate types of wood, and also informs us that Koster eventually succeeded in making types of lead, and then of tin; and he further asserts that at the time he is writing, some of those very types were preserved as an interesting family monument in the house of Koster's great-grandson, Gerard Koster, adding, that these interesting memorials of the invention of an important art had been soldered together, so as to form ornamental vases, which vases he himself had seen. Junius next proceeds to describe the positive monuments of the art produced by Koster,—monuments which we have seen referred to as important evidence by Guicciardini. The "*Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*" is then named by Junius as one of the monuments in question; and in speaking of Koster having first used wooden types he doubtless refers to the first edition of this work, a portion of which was printed in entire pages from wooden tablets, but which Junius, from his want of technical knowledge, appears to consider the result of separate wooden types. No copy of this work, with the whole of the pages printed from wooden tablets, has come down to us; but either such an edition must have been issued by Koster, or, while still not half-way through its preparation, he must have brought his new invention to bear with sufficient perfection to enable him to print the whole of the text of the remaining portions of the work by the new process. And with regard to the eventual adoption of metal types for this remarkable work, Junius tells us that Koster invented a new kind of oleaginous and adhesive ink for the purpose, not finding the distemper ink formerly used to print from the wooden tablets

suitable for his new metallic types. Our instructive chronicler goes on to state that one of the special peculiarities of this monument "of an art still in its cradle" was that the leaves were only printed on one side, and the blank backs pasted together to conceal that imperfection; and what adds to the value of this interesting and categorical statement of the Dutch historian is, that many perfect copies of the "*Speculum*" still exist, which exhibit all the peculiarities thus accurately described.

We possess a copy of the "*Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*" in the British Museum, and another in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, both of which contain several pages printed entirely from wooden tablets, while other pages have the text printed in another kind of ink, as described by Junius, and evidently by means of a second printing. This edition of the "*Speculum*" would seem, therefore, to form the all-interesting link between the books printed from wooden tablets and those from the true printing press. In printing the pages from wooden tablets, a pale brown distemper colour was used; the impression having evidently been obtained by laying down the face of the paper on the engraved block or tablet, and then rubbing the back till an impression of the engraved work was thus produced,—a process that soiled and gave a partial and irregular gloss to the back of the paper, which rendered it unfit for printing on. The pages on which the text has been produced by the newly-invented metal types have evidently gone through a different process, by means of some kind of press; the illustrative woodcuts which fill the upper part of every page being still printed in the old manner with the brown distemper colour, and by rubbing at the back.

The "*Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*," even in its more expensive manuscript form, was a very popular work. It consisted of a series of subjects from the Old Testament, with their supposed parallels from the Gospels; illustrative devices being placed in pairs at the top of each page, and beneath them the rude Latin verses describing the devices, and extracting from them a series of proverbial and religious moralisms. Koster, no doubt, acted with the usual discretion of a keen man of business in reproducing that work, first, as a block-book, and afterwards as one in which he succeeded in making use of his newly-invented metal types for the text. That he was not misguided in the selection is proved by the several editions which he rapidly issued, all except the first* having the whole of the text printed with movable metal types; a fact which has been proved beyond doubt by the reiterated investigations of practised experts in printing matters. The illustrations at the top of each page continued, however, in the latest Kosterian editions, to be printed in distemper by the rubbing process; and, consequently, in the whole of the edi-

* That is to say, the one generally esteemed the first, as being partly printed from wooden tablets.

tions the printing is only on one side of the paper,—a peculiarity marking the first steps of an art yet in its infancy, and of which no other examples exist. Here, then, we have a series of monuments evidently belonging to the very infancy of the art, which were undoubtedly produced in Holland, and of which there appears no valid reason for denying the credit of production to Lawrence Koster. It is true that his name nowhere appears appended to his work ; nor, indeed, is that of Gutenberg attached to any of the works assigned to him, though their attribution cannot be doubtful. The custom of appending the name of the printer to his productions was not adopted till the successors of those great pioneers of the art found themselves in the possession of a well-established practical process.

All the specimens at present known of the celebrated "*Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*" printed with movable types, and on one side only of the paper, have been traced to Holland, and the only perfect collection of all the editions is that of the Westreenian Library, at the Hague, lately bequeathed to the Dutch Government. It therefore seems incredible that the pretensions of Germany to the claim of absolute priority should be so obstinately persevered in. But the extreme difficulty of removing long and deeply-rooted convictions is perhaps a sufficient explanation.

In the Enschedé Library there was a fine and perfect copy of one of the editions of the famous "*Speculum*" in Dutch, and from all parts of Europe came bibliographers and dealers determined to secure the coveted monument ; an agent from the British Museum among the number. But the price realised by this small volume, consisting of scarcely more than some twoscore leaves, far exceeded the limits of most of the pretenders to its possession. It was eventually knocked down for about £700 to an English dealer, who has since disposed of it at a considerable advance.

Another interesting monument of early typography, keenly contested by the assembled bibliophilists at the Enschedé sale was the celebrated "*Horarium*," now more correctly termed an *Abedarium*, which M. Enschedé, the founder of the library, had, with the pardonable credulity of an enthusiastic advocate, thought to be the actual series of short moral sentences printed from letters of bark (?) for the amusement and instruction of Koster's grandchildren. But, after having carefully examined the document in question, which consists of eight small pages printed on a single sheet, on both sides, and properly arranged for folding, the present writer arrived at the conclusion that, although it is evidently of early Dutch execution, the letters being of closely similar style to those of the "*Speculum*," nevertheless it is a much later production than that work, its rudeness of execution being no proof of superior antiquity, but only of inferior workmanship. Yet, as a monument intimately connected with the controversy, it realised a large sum ; far beyond that which an agent had been

instructed to go to in order to secure it for our national collection; and, at the same time, far more than its value even as an antique monument, serving though it undoubtedly does to illustrate some of the earliest steps in the history of the printing press.

In concluding this brief résumé of the claims of the Dutch for their countryman Koster, a very curious item of indisputable evidence concerning the early use of cast types in the Low Countries must not be omitted. In a diary kept by Jean le Robert, Abbé of St. Aubert of Cambrai, a record now preserved in the public library of Lille, a highly interesting passage occurs, of which the following is a translation :—

“Item, for a Doctrinal jetté en molle* that I sent for to Bruges by Macquart, who is a writer at Valenciennes, in the month of January, 1445, for Jacquet, twenty sols of Tournay, &c., &c., &c.”

Here, then, we have positive evidence that printing with cast types, as expressed by the term “jetté en molle,” was practised in the Low Countries before 1445, which is ten years earlier than the date assigned to the issue of Gutenberg’s Bible, namely, 1455. The system, as practised at Bruges in 1445, was doubtless an offshoot of that developed by Koster at Haarlem, which had already spread to the principal cities in the Flemish portion of the Low Countries. It may be further urged, by way of additional support of the statement of Junius respecting the treachery of the workman John, whom he describes as having printed at Mayence an edition of the Doctrinal of Alexander Gallus with the types which he had carried away from Haarlem, that fragments of that work, printed in types closely resembling those of the “Speculum,” are still in existence; and there are also entire volumes, as well as fragments of other books, printed in types of the primæval Dutch style, of which it is not necessary to speak in this place.

The story of Junius is still further supported by the interesting records which remain of Gutenberg’s first attempts in the art of printing at Strasbourg and Mayence; records full of curious information, and which consist of such indisputable documents as contemporary reports of evidence produced during the proceedings of two lawsuits in which the inventor became involved: the first, with the representatives of his partners in the undertaking at Strasbourg, and the second at Mayence with Fust, the banker and money-lender, who had advanced various sums to enable him to complete his final arrangements for printing the famous Bible. From these and other equally authentic sources the following facts in favour of the prior claims of Koster

* That jetté en molle,—or jeté en moule,—meant printed by means of cast type, there is abundant evidence. To quote one instance: in the list of all the books belonging to Anne of Brittany the different volumes are described as “tant en parchemin que en papier, a la main, et en môle,” that is to say, both of parchment and paper,—both manuscript and printed.

may be obtained. In order to baffle the curiosity of certain persons in Strasbourg who were anxious to discover the nature of the secret experiments in which he and his co-partners were engaged, an answer had been agreed upon, the equivocal double meaning of which, no doubt, greatly amused Gutenberg and his friends at the time of its concoction. Impertinent inquirers were told that the works in hand consisted of "looking-glasses." Now is it not more than probable that these looking-glasses,—these specula,—had reference to that "Mirror of Human Salvation,"—that "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis," which Koster had printed at Haarlem, and which by the highway of the Rhine had reached the heart of north-western Germany, where, copies having been seen by the shrewd and inventive Gutenberg, he at once made a happy guess at the mode of their production, and was engaged in an attempt to imitate the original work in the shape of a German edition? These events occurred between 1487 and 1444,—that is to say, shortly after the time at which it is most probable that Koster first perfected and issued his "Speculum." It was stated, moreover, by the partners that their looking-glasses were intended for sale at the approaching fair at Aix-la-Chapelle; that fair being a great periodical market at which all kinds of sacred relics, rosaries, rituals, and books of devotional character formed a very principal section of the merchandise offered for sale, and where an attractive book like the "Speculum," if produced at an unusually low price by the new and secret process, would doubtless have found a ready sale. The adoption of that particular name,—*spiegel* or *speculum*,—and the mention of the place where the article named was to be disposed of, can hardly be simply curious coincidences. The Gutenbergian mirrors were, however, not destined to appear at the great fair. The legal difficulties having too long delayed the progress of the works, Gutenberg eventually left Strasbourg without perfecting the process.

We find him subsequently established in Mayence, his native city, where another circumstance occurred which appears to favour the prior pretensions of Koster, as asserted by his able advocate Junius. In 1444 Gutenberg was again busy with renewed attempts to carry his printing experiments into practical effect. His uncle, John Gutenberg the elder, having taken the house *Zum Yungen*, in 1448, Gutenberg went to reside with him; and there it was that those persevering efforts were made, which, after a few perfectly successful results on a small scale, at last culminated in the production of the celebrated Bible. We find from various scraps of evidence that the elder Gutenberg, whose Christian name, as we have seen, was John, had actually been in Holland a short time previously, and hence arises a very natural hypothesis that this Johann Gutenberg may have been the faithless Johann who carried off the secrets of Koster's process from Haarlem, in whose atelier, at the request of his nephew, he may have introduced himself as a workman. This appears the more probable, as

we learn from reliable evidence that Gutenberg the younger derived most important help from his uncle in carrying the process to ultimate perfection, after he had so long failed by his own unaided efforts to bring it into actual working form. There is nothing improbable in the supposition that a man in Gutenberg's position,—his family belonging to that of the local nobility,—should enter the service of Koster for the secret purpose of acquiring his art; and in fact a precisely parallel case may be cited which occurred soon afterwards, when the King of France, Charles VII., despatched one of his mint-masters, an expert engraver in metal, to obtain secretly a knowledge of the new art which Gutenberg was practising in Mayence, so soon as its results had become known in Paris. The emissary so despatched was no other than the celebrated Jenson, who afterwards became one of the greatest printers of the fifteenth century; and a copy of the minute or order commanding his expedition to Mayence, and explaining its secret object, is still preserved in the library of the Arsenal at Paris.*

It would appear, then, that Koster was really the first printer with movable types. On the other hand, whether Gutenberg derived the first principles of the art from the works of Koster,—which is most probable,—or whether he struck out the idea spontaneously, as Koster had done, it is certain that he carried the art to much greater perfection than his predecessor, and that within twenty years after the production of Koster's works,—possibly less,—he issued the magnificent Bible which was at once his first and greatest work,—at once an essay and a masterpiece,—a work so striking in its completeness and perfection, that Mayence, the seat of its production, became an ever-celebrated city in the annals of literature and general civilisation.

The real eminence of the first printers, as the greatest and most efficient pioneers of modern civilisation, has, however, been but very tardily acknowledged. But a new era has dawned at last, and statues and memorials are no longer the exclusive appanage of mere rank or military glory. Those energetic men, the first printers, to whose inventive genius and indomitable perseverance we owe so much more than can be expressed in a few words, are at last receiving the commemorative honours to which they are so fully entitled. That is to say, in the Low Countries, in Germany, and in France,—but not yet in England,—worthy memorials have already been erected in every city that can claim the honour of being the birthplace or the arena of the first success of any of those true worthies of our race who aided in the original development of the powers of the printing press,—the greatest engine of progress, onward and upward, that the world has ever known.

In the centre of the Place at Haarlem, opposite to the house

* It would have been interesting to cite at length this curious document, but the space allotted to a magazine article necessarily forbids our so doing.

which is supposed to occupy the spot where Koster printed the "Speculum," a bronze statue has been recently erected by the Dutch sculptor Royer, which is a truly noble work, and, as an individual statue, finer than any other of its class at present produced.

The statue of Gutenberg erected at Strasbourg, the scene of his early efforts, is also a work of genius; necessarily so, as coming from the hand of David d'Anger. The figure stands in a commanding position, and a scroll bearing a text is held forward as though just taken from the printing press; the right hand significantly pointing to the text, which is, "And there was light." At Mayence, the seat of the great printer's eventual and brilliant success, a statue was erected in his honour some twenty-five years ago; while at Frankfort, once the political and intellectual centre of the German Empire, a grand memorial in honour of the first three German printers has been recently completed. It consists of an architectural composition surmounted by the statues of Gutenberg, Fust, and Schoeffer, who collectively made a German city, for a time, the most celebrated spot in Europe, as the seat of a new power.

The first arrival of these men in a new seat of action, bearing, as it were, the torch of a new light, is being at last acknowledged as a great epoch, and duly commemorated. Even the little Belgian town of Alost has its magnificent statue to Thierr Martens, the first printer who established himself there. And yet, in England, we have no monument to Caxton!—to the great Englishman, William Caxton!—as remarkable a man as any among the first great printers. He had mastered the new art as early at least as 1467; that is to say, within ten or fifteen years of the appearance of Gutenberg's Bible; and, while residing in Bruges, he issued the first book ever printed in the French language, before the French capital could boast the possession of a single printing press. He brought the new art to his native country in 1475, and rapidly trained a band of clever assistants, among whom were Wynkyn de Worde and Richard Pynson, who eventually succeeded him, and spread the art all over the land. And yet, like Shakspeare, he has no public monument; and the time is not very long past when it would have been deemed exceedingly absurd to propose erecting one to so obscure an individual as a mere printer. Verily these are things in "the manners and customs of the English" which are difficult to explain to foreigners.

THE NORFOLK BROADS.

THERE are more localities in Great Britain unacquainted with the footsteps of the tourist than otherwise ; for but few take a walk from "John O'Groat's to the Land's End." Here and there, sparsely scattered through the length and breadth of the country, are places of historical or traditional attraction, and on these the interest of the holiday-seeker is usually concentrated. We Englishmen like to have these spots chosen for us, and are conservative enough to esteem it as unfashionable to visit out-of-the-way localities, as it would be for a Belgravian to canter through White-chapel. Generally speaking, we require an old ruin, a mineral spring, or a long track of dazzling yellow sea-sand, as a peg to hang our visit upon. Whilst we are asking, "Where shall we go this autumn?" the usual tracks of travel, from Dan to Beersheba, are so worn and beaten that we are forced to cry, "It is all barren!" Holidays are spent in going over old grounds which possess as much interest for us as travelling through a railway cutting. True, some of our more adventurous spirits have mapped out fresh fields of recreative research, and the "wilds" of Norway, Canada, and even Africa, are not unacquainted with the ring of merry English voices.

The recent article on "The Wilds of Cheshire" suggested the description of new ground to those who are adventurous enough to try it. "The Wilds of Norfolk" are even more striking than those of Cheshire. In many parts of Great Britain there are spots resembling the latter ; but Norfolk stands alone in the character of its "Broad" scenery. Walter White, in his pleasant, gossiping volumes, has dwelt upon it enthusiastically ; but it is necessary for a man to live in Norfolk thoroughly to enjoy the topography of the Broad district. Wilkie Collins, in his "Armada," has given a slight but graphic sketch of one of these Broad, but his picture does not lie on the canvas long enough to be sufficiently enjoyed. In his own way, also, Charles Kingsley has adverted to many of the salient features of the Fens, in "Hereward." The district, however, I am about to describe lies more inland than that which this well-known writer has laid down as the scene of his hero's exploits. One or two local works have recently directed attention towards the Broad, such as Stevenson's "Birds of Norfolk," and Lubbock's "Fauna" of the same county. In both these, and more particularly in the former, there are several good bits of word-painting, sufficient to induce a man

who is careless about the fashionable reputation of his holiday places, to see the Norfolk Broads for himself.

The "Broad District" proper is included within an almost equilateral triangle, having the sea-coast for its base, and its two sides drawn from Lowestoft to Norwich, and from Norwich to Happisburgh. Within this area there are no fewer than fourteen large Broads, besides groups of smaller ones. The principal of these natural sheets of water are Surlingham, Rockland, Breydon, Filby, Ormesby, Rollesby, Hickling, Barton, Irstead, and Wroxham Broads. With the exception of the extreme north-western parts of the county, Norfolk is exceedingly flat. Formerly, this tract was so much under water that the marshes through which the rivers now flow, were formed out of peat which then grew as aquatic weed. In most of them when a bunch of grass is pulled up, empty fresh-water shells are found adhering to the roots. All the rivers have a very low fall, and consequently meander about the country before they find an outlet into the sea. The tidal wave enters their mouths and comes up for a great distance, causing the fresh water to "back up," so that ebb and flood tide are felt many miles beyond where the water has ceased to be brackish. Were any of those geological changes of which we have heard so much to occur here, and Norfolk to settle down a dozen feet or so, by far its greater portion would be submerged. Here and there, where the land lies lower than usual, the rivers all but stagnate. Their waters spread out into natural sheets or lakes, and are vernacularly termed "Broads." These are the "Wilds" I have chosen to treat upon. They resemble each other so much, that a description of the principal features of one would almost serve for the rest.

Notwithstanding the magnitude of the larger Broads, few of them have a greater average depth than eight feet, the majority being even shallower still. They are, for this very reason, exceedingly favourable to the growth of a luxuriant aquatic vegetation, so that a greater area is covered by sedge and bulrush than by water. These form a splendid cover for snipe and innumerable species of aquatic fowl. The Broads, however, are not what they formerly were. The last hundred years have seen them greatly altered,—the agriculturalist will say for the better, the sportsman will say for the worse. Anyhow, the marsh lands bordering them have, in many cases, been drained and turned to good purpose; whilst, since the introduction of the American weed,—*anacharis*,—into this country, turf has been forming at a more rapid rate, causing the area of the Broads to be greatly encroached upon. What will be the result in another century it is difficult to tell, but meantime I recommend a visit to a locality where so much of the country exists now as it did when the Iceni inhabited it, and where a man may imagine he is no longer in England.

The sportsman who has spent a fortnight in fishing and shooting over the Broads, will smack his lips ever afterwards at the very

remembrance. There he finds water-hen and coot in abundance, snipe of two or three species rising and twittering at almost every yard, wild duck, mallard, and teal whirring from amid their sedgy covert, or splashing farther into it. Pike of a score pounds weight may be captured, and lordly perch that will give a good half-hour's play. Bream, roach, and eels literally swarm the waters, whilst for size they can hardly be equalled anywhere else in England. In this district it is rare, indeed, to hear anglers speak otherwise of their finny captures than by the stone!

Not the least important item about these Broads is that they may be visited so cheaply. A flat-bottomed boat, roomy enough to hold a cart and horse, can be hired for a shilling a day. If the visitor care to have a companion who knows every square foot of the country, he cannot do better than take one of the marshmen with him, who will be glad to accept half-a-crown for his day's services. These men are civil and exceedingly shrewd. They know every phase of local nature, and the habits of every fish, fowl, or four-legged animal in their neighbourhood. Marshmen are a distinct variety of the genus homo, for their general isolation from society, and their habit of spending so much time alone, make them naturally taciturn. They can, if they wish, wile away the hour by many a sporting or poaching adventure, told in the naïve, racy, Norfolk dialect. The visitor, however, must be careful about the way he strikes a fish or knocks over a snipe, for these men are exceedingly critical on these matters, and, although they may not say much, their supreme smile at any discomfiture is not calculated to improve an irritable temper.

I will suppose you, gentle reader, to be the sportsman aforesaid, that you have made all necessary arrangements for an excursion, and that you are about to start from the improvised pier near the marshman's cottage on your expedition. Gun and angling-tackle have been stowed in the boat, and your companion begins to pull through tall thickets of bulrush and sedge, the watery lanes extending through them for miles. Many a shot may be had by the way, for the marshman will row as noiselessly as if he had muffled oars. It may be that the cut on which you are floating has a sudden bend. If so, at the turn you will be certain to see half a dozen coot sporting and frolicking about. Quick! or all that is visible of them will be their white rumps, and a few bubbles indicating where they disappeared! Should you go in the early morning, or late in the evening, wild duck will be feeding. If you lie concealed a short time before, somewhere opposite to the wind, the chances are that you make a good bag. Proceeding on your pleasant voyage many an uncommon object will arrest your attention. Here and there the stately heron stands like a statue. He rises lazily as you approach, and slowly flaps away over the tall bulrushes, to continue the process of digestion in a quieter spot. The peculiar cry of the bittern is heard from amid the

reeds, although this bird, as well as the little grebe, is now becoming very rare. The kingfisher is still abundant, notwithstanding that his attractive colours cause him to be remorselessly shot down. He flits across the channel where you are rowing, his brilliant plumage glittering in the sunshine until he looks like anything but an honest English bird. The reed sparrows twitter and chirrup, and hang to the sedges, where they are swayed to and fro by the wind. Here and there a black-headed bunting pretends lameness in order to lure you away from its nest. The length of the reedy cut loses its monotony by these various incidents, and presently you see it opening out into a magnificent sheet of water, dotted with swampy islands, and set in a framework of tall sedge and dwarfed alder or willow. The eye readily catches a glimpse of many species of aquatic fowl sporting on the surface, but, strong though the temptation may be to make towards them, the attempt would be perfectly useless.

The boat glides over the Broad to some favourite spot known only to your companion. Here he thrusts down into the mud the two long poles he brought with him, and makes the boat fast to them. Below, in the clear water, you see immense shoals of fish,—roach, perch, or bream. No sooner has the gut been wetted than “bob” goes the float, and your capture is separated from you only by the length of your rod and line. This, perhaps, is a part of the Broad which your friend has repeatedly “ground-baited,” so that you may confidently reckon upon good sport. The great glory of the Norfolk Broads, however, is their pike. So common are they, that in some places I have known them to be sold for manuring the land! The usual plan of taking them is by “liggering” or “trimming,” and, destructive though this method is, they do not seem to be less abundant in consequence. There are several kinds of “liggers,” but the following is the most common.—Be provided with good store of strong twine, and plenty of pike-hooks attached to gimp. Then take a bait,—roach is the best,—and pass the gimp by means of a needle just underneath the skin, until the hook is drawn quite close to the head of the fish. The end of the gimp is made fast to the cord. About a foot above the bait is a perforated bullet to sink the line, and three or four feet higher still, according to the depth, the cord is tied round a bunch of dry weeds, so as to represent a huge float. One end of the line is then made fast, and the entire apparatus is thrown into the water. No sooner has the roach returned to his native element than he makes desperate struggles to escape. This attracts the attention of some pike on the look-out for a feed, and, as this fish never scruples to take advantage of his prey being in a pickle, he snaps at it immediately. Down goes the impromptu float, and the pike, finding he is caught, gets to the end of his tether, and there quietly remains.

It is a usual plan for local sportsmen to go out purposely for a

day's "liggering." In that case no angling is attempted. Two or three score liggers are put out in various parts of the Broad, and, by the time the last is laid down, it will be necessary to take the first up. The whole day is thus busily spent, and the general average of fish so captured will be at least one half, if not two-thirds of the number of lines laid out. As many as four-score pike have thus been taken in one day. Not unfrequently, when the eager sportsman rows up to a submerged float, and cautiously hauls in his line, his heart palpitates as he beholds a huge pike slowly rolling over and displaying his belly. Just as he draws him to the surface, a pair of enormous jaws are displayed, there is a sudden swirl of the tail, and the monster has disappeared! Instead of the capture reckoned upon, behold a young jack of a couple of pounds! With the ravenous hunger of his tribe, superadded to that of his juvenility, he had taken the roach, and got himself into trouble. Whilst replacing the original bait, he had been swallowed by a cannibal neighbour, out of whose capacious stomach he had been regretfully hauled. The intended capture, disappointed of a meal extracted in so strange a way, has hastened to the weedy depths below, there to meditate with pike-like taciturnity upon the strange experience which has just befallen him! Mr. Cholmondley will lift up holy eyes of horror at this unsportsmanlike way of taking the pike. I am, however, but a humble chronicler of actual facts. Even he would find "spinning" at a discount, although on the very deepest Broads. The weeds are so numerous, and the water so shallow, that all his time would be occupied in disentangling the spoon or artificial bait, not from the gorge of the pike, but from the clutches of anacharis and potamogeton. True, the navigable streams which usually run through the Broads are kept pretty clear from these entanglements, and here, in the months of September and October, some splendid, and what is more, legitimate sport may be had.

In eel fishing, I am not aware that the laws of angling have laid down any rule, except that famous one of Mrs. Glasse. In this department, at least, it is fair to take your fish any way you can, the only important point being that you do take it. The muddy bottoms of the Broads and the innumerable insect larvæ which feed upon the aquatic vegetation, surround the eel with every favourable circumstance for his physical development. Accordingly, nowhere do we find eels so large and fat as in these localities. The best bait for them are small dace and roach, which are usually obtained for that purpose with a casting-net. On the Broads, towards six in the evening, you will frequently see a couple of men in a boat busily engaged in making fast to the weeds one end of a long line. Their boat is then thrust off, and the line paid out for forty or fifty yards, when it is sunk by a weight. Along it, at intervals of every three or four feet, a series of strings is fastened, to each of which a hooked bait is

attached. These are all allowed to lie on the bottom, and, as eels generally move about between dusk and midnight, the greater part are sure to be taken before morning. Thirty or forty hooks are usually attached to a single line. Early next morning the men return to take up their primitive snares; and no small task it is; for the captured eels will have wriggled round the weeds or dug themselves into the mud; so that, unless caution be used, it is more than probable the lines will be broken and the greater portion of the spoils lost.

Another way of taking eels, and by far the more ingenious, is that known as "babbing," or bobbing." A series of large worms are strung on cobbler's worsted and coiled into a knot. This is fastened to the end of about six feet of strong cord, and a weight is attached about three inches above the bait. The line is then tied to the end of a stout hazel-pole; and, provided with this simple tackling, about nine o'clock in the evening you row to a part of the river or Broad where there is a tolerably clear bottom. Having made fast the boat, and, of course, lit a pipe as a preliminary, you gently let down the line until you feel the bottom with the weight. It is then drawn up again until the bunch of worms just trails on the ground. Many minutes will not have elapsed before you feel an electrical sort of jerk travelling down the pole into your right arm. Another tug, more powerful than the former, and quickly, but without any plucking, you raise the line over the boat, and in flops a big eel! I have known a couple of "babbers" to take as many as four or five stone of eels in a single night. No small amount of practice is required to drop your prey into the boat. If the eel happen to be unusually large, the chances are that you tug at him so strongly that, when you lift him out, the impetus carries him over the boat, and drops him in *aqua pura* on the other side! I have enjoyed few sports more than "babbing." The clear starlight overhead, the sighing and sighing of the wind among the reeds, the ripple of the water against the boat, and the strange sounds which break upon the ear of night, are calculated to produce an effect upon the mind never to be forgotten.

The nearest Broad to Norwich, Surlingham, is five or six miles from that city. It is not very extensive, averaging about a hundred acres. Its communication with the river Yare is by a series of small channels, as is also the case with Rockland Broad, about two miles lower down. Some decent shooting and first-rate fishing are still to be had here, although the near neighbourhood of the railway has greatly affected them for the worse. Surlingham Broad is a frequently-visited spot by the botanist, inasmuch as that rare fern, *Polypodium calcareum*, grows in abundance on one of its reedy islands. In the summer time, every channel is lined with the tall stems and blooms of the flowering rush, the yellow iris, the arrow-head, and the water-plantain. The greater portion of every Broad is aglow with white

and yellow water-lilies, peeping out of cool leaves, and underneath which you might fancy "Sabrina fair" to be sitting, were it not that the water is too shallow! With the exception of Hasingham Broad, —privately preserved,—there are no other Broads between Norwich and Yarmouth. "Breydon Water," as it is commonly termed, where the Yare and Waveney join previous to their debouchure into the sea, may rank as one, although it is so affected by the tides that it cannot be classed among the fresh-water lakes. In the winter there is some splendid shooting to be had here, and not bad fishing during the summer. But, to get into the "Broad district" proper, you must go up the river Bure, which also empties itself into the sea at Yarmouth. This river is more sinuous than any other, owing to the general flatness of the country through which it passes. Considering this, however, the scenery is tolerably diversified and agreeable.

Travelling up the Bure, in a north-westerly direction, you reach Filby Broad, at a distance of about five miles from Yarmouth. This spot has long been famous for its wild duck, mallard, and teal; its neighbourhood to the coast making it a splendid shelter for these birds. Its fishing is not less abundant, and although this Broad only extends over an area of one hundred and sixty acres, its narrow and sinuous character makes it appear much larger. It is divided from Ormesby Broad,—preserved on account of its being the main water supply to the town of Great Yarmouth,—by a narrow road-bridge. With the exception of those at Barton and Wroxham, there is no Broad in Norfolk so picturesque. Indeed, were the vegetation a little less English, you might easily imagine yourself upon one of the Italian lakes! Horsey Mere, although only a few miles distant from Filby, as the crow flies, is a long way by water, and you will have to leave the Bure once more to reach it. Still higher up is Hickling Broad, the largest and most extensive in the county, being above three miles in circumference. Its bottom is gravelly over its entire area, so that pike and perch literally swarm in it. But, with the exception of the deep channel running through its midst, along which the tan-coloured barges sail, Hickling Broad is so shallow that a man might wade all over it without sinking lower than the armpits.

Returning to the Bure again, you presently reach South Walsham and Ranworth Broads. Both are exceedingly picturesque, and each is connected with the main river by long reedy channels. The latter Broad was, until quite recently, a successful duck decoy; whilst the former is famous for its eels, perch, and tench, as well as for its neighbourhood to a magnificent ruin, that of St. Bennett's Abbey. South Walsham Broad is divided into two sheets, connected by a strait termed "The Weirs." The further portion is richly wooded down to the very water's edge. The last time I was out on these Broads, during the present summer, the "salt-water tide," as the natives term it, had flowed higher up the river than usual, and the

surface of the water was literally covered in some places by pike, of from two to eight pounds weight, which had died in consequence. These periodic "salt tides" do immense harm to the fresh-water fish.

Leaving the Bure, and sailing up the Ant, the next Broads we come to are those of Barton and Irstead, which, in magnitude, approach nearest to Hickling, but are far more picturesque. These Broads are also connected with each other by a narrow strait of water. Both possess great attractions for the botanist on account of their many rare plants. Nowhere, perhaps, do perch attain the size they do here, three and four pound fish being quite common in the deeper parts. The swampy margins of these Broads are pea-green with the little marsh fern *Polypodium thelypteris*, whilst great thickets of the royal flowering fern *Osmunda regalis*,—truly so called,—seven and eight feet high, give to the shores almost a tropical appearance! In the evening the aromatic odours of the sweet gale, whose arborescent underwood covers the turf, are wafted over the lake with delightful effect. The bladder-wort also,—always a rare botanical prize,—is tolerably common here. With these associated floral and other rarities, it is not surprising that the Lepidoptera should be equally various, or that the entomologist should make his best captures in such a neighbourhood. The principal Broad through which the river Bure passes is that at Wroxham, about seven miles distant from Norwich. The water is deep enough here for an annual regatta to be held, which is always a source of attraction to Norwich people. Walter White has given a lively description, in his "Eastern England," of one of these "water frolics," as they are locally termed. Indeed, a man who has seen this sheet of water, with its rich framework of fine old trees, is not likely soon to forget it. The effect is considerably heightened by the light river yachts, with their snow-white sails, and by the concourse of people who attend the regatta.

Besides the above-mentioned Broads, there are minor ones at Salhouse, Belangh, Ludham, Mautby, and a dozen others smaller still, which more or less fringe the coast from Winterton to Happisburgh. The most economical, and yet the most effective way, to explore these regions unknown to Cockneydom, would be to hire a yacht for a fortnight, with a man to sail it. Then, to your heart's content, you might shoot, fish, botanise, or sketch. Anchoring at a different place each evening, fresh scenes and objects new would always be met with. Occasional visits to scattered villages, with their round and square-towered churches, rich in archaeological treasures, would form an agreeable relief. Altogether, in these not far-off "Wilds of Norfolk," I dare promise the adventurer a treat such as he is not likely to get anywhere else in the whole of old England.

GIAMPIETRO VIEUSSEUX, THE FLORENTINE BOOKSELLER.

GIAMPIETRO,—or John Peter,—Vieuksseux was a publisher and bookseller of Florence from 1820 to 1863. Many of our readers will no doubt know, but many perhaps may not know, why it should be considered worth while to occupy these pages and their time with some account of Giampietro Vieuksseux, more than of all the other publishers and booksellers of Italy and other foreign parts during the same period. The reasons for doing so are partly the same which moved the kings of Italy and of Prussia to confer on him crosses of their orders of knighthood, on his eightieth birthday, in 1859; and partly the specialty, which seems to render some account of the great patron and founder of modern Italian periodical literature appropriate in the pages of a magazine. Vieuksseux was one of the most remarkable figures in the social world of Florence during the whole of the period above noted. He was the centre around which all the literary society of Tuscany, and much of that of Italy beyond the limits of Tuscany, grouped itself during a very interesting period of nearly half a century. He won in a rare degree the respect and affection,—it would not be too much to say the veneration,—of the literary men of the period; and he exercised no small influence over the progress of the social and political movement, which has resulted in making Italy a nation.

The family of Vieuksseux came from Geneva. His grandfather was a highly respected cloth merchant there, but was exiled in 1782. He joined his son, who had some years previously settled at Oneglia, on the Ligurian coast, between Nice and Genoa, for the purposes of his trade, where Giampietro, the subject of our notice, was born in 1779. From this haven his family were again driven out by French troops in 1792. The French sacked and burned Oneglia, and the family of Vieuksseux were well-nigh, if not quite, ruined. The old grandfather had escaped the misfortune, by dying twelve days before the sack of his house. Giampietro, then thirteen years old, and his father, after escaping sundry perils, wandered for some years to various parts of the Ligurian coast, endeavouring to find a place and opportunities for the re-establishment of their commerce. After 1814, Giampietro travelled extensively in Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, the Crimea, Turkey, and the African coast, for the purposes of his trade. But he became tired of a life and an occupation which had not enriched him, and which was not to his taste; and in the July of 1819, being then forty years of

age, he came to Florence, intent on the realisation of other projects.

This time he had chosen his resting-place fortunately. In those days Florence was specially adapted for the purposes Vieusseux had in his head. It was at the same time the most Italian and the most European of Italian cities, as Niccolò Tommaseo has remarked in his book on Giampietro Vieusseux. The government was at that time by far the best and the most mild in Italy. Nor until the disappointments and the tergiversations of 1848 had taught the Tuscans to conceive hopes and wishes not realisable under a prince of Austrian race, were they discontented with it. The censorship of the press was especially mild. And, like many other things in Tuscany in those old times, the liberty was in reality greater still than the government professed it to be. If other despotisms have been tempered by regicide, that of Tuscany was tempered by laziness, and determined winking. Even those books which the censor did profess to condemn, used, in those good old easy-going days, to be openly sold in all the shops. Who would be bothered with going to look after them? From time to time the Nuncio would grumble more or less loudly. And then, perhaps, the grand-ducal authorities would, after much inert resistance, be stimulated into ordering that all copies of condemned books should be confiscated. And so they were put away under the counters, and never seen any more on them for perhaps as much as a whole week. And all this tended to give to Florence the cosmopolitan character which has been attributed to it in those days; and the same circumstances contributed to attract non-Italian foreigners of many nations;—some as refugees, more as idlers, or as “dilettanti” of art and artistic people, places and things, of easy society, and of the soft Italian skies. Our own countrymen, of course, belonged to the second category. But among all the persons of more or less literary tastes and pretensions who were thus gathered together in the “gentile Citta de’ Fiori,” Vieusseux was a central and leading figure, and his establishments and the knot of men gathered round him an attraction.

His first care on arriving at Florence was to obtain a “local habitation” in a central position of the city,—a very much easier matter to achieve in those days than in these. And Vieusseux succeeded in establishing himself in the Palazzo Buondelmonte, in the Piazza Trinità, one of the best and most central positions of Florence. Very many of the English who have returned home from the City of Flowers have probably not known that the fine and sombre-looking old palace, which has been familiar to them as “Vieusseux’s,” bore so historical a name. But of all the thousands who, during the last half century, have passed a few months, or weeks, in Florence, it may be safely said that hardly one has not among his Florentine reminiscences a vivid recollection of the first-floor rooms in the fine old

palace. And very many have far more cherished remembrances of the rooms on the floor above, in which the veteran publisher was wont on Thursday nights to receive, not only all the literary world of Florence, but also, with the generosity of a ready welcome, all brethren of the guild, from whatever land they might come.

In the ample suites of rooms on the first-floor, it was the care of Viesseux, on his arrival in Florence, to establish his "*Gabinetto Letterario e Scientifico*,"—a series of reading-rooms, certainly in those days, and perhaps even yet, the best supplied with all the periodical literature of Europe of any similar establishment out of London or Paris. To this was added a large and varied library of a very different calibre from the ordinary quality of circulating libraries. And this establishment served the ulterior objects of Viesseux, by making his house the rendezvous of every man of literary mark, whether a permanent, or only a temporary, resident in Florence. It was the practice of the establishment to cause every person who used the rooms or the library to write his name in a book; and Tommasèo remarks that the registers thus compiled in the forty years and more of existence of the "*Gabinetto*" form a very curious and interesting collection of autographs; and observes that, "perhaps in the case of many of the vast number of celebrated persons who passed through Florence during that long series of years, no trace of the fact of their having been there will remain, save in those registers."

Every Thursday evening for more than forty years the best literary society of Florence, mixed with visitors from every country, whose names or tastes gave them the right or the desire to make part of such a circle, was to be found assembled in the rooms on the second-floor of the Palazzo Buondelmonte. And it was often an amusing thing to hear the patriarch host speak of his remembrances of many of his passing visitors. Tommasèo mentions that Viesseux once pointed out to him Santanna, "showing his square shoulders as he stood reading a book at the shelves, and supporting himself on the leg which afterwards, while he was still in life, was carried to the grave with military honours." Viesseux was, as all men must be whose lives are filled as his was filled, a very busy man. And it sometimes occurred that his patience was not a little tried by visitors, who were apt to forget that a busy man is often sore pressed by the sad fact that each day has only its allotted four-and-twenty hours in it. It was amusing to hear his lamentations over the long hours during which Cooper, "the American Scott," as the Italians call him, would button-hole him in interminable talk, sitting on the table the while.

But the great work of Viesseux's Florentine life was the foundation and publication during twelve years of the "*Antologia*." It is at least on this achievement that the permanent connection of his name with the history of Italian literature, and with that of Italian regeneration, rests. To found a periodical of liberal principles and

tendencies in those days in Italy,—in 1820, that is to say,—was a work of heroism. To keep it alive for twelve years was a miracle of skill, perseverance, constancy, and ingenuity in avoiding obstacles which could not be removed. To have done this in any other part of Italy save Tuscany would have been absolutely impossible and out of the question. Unsleeping vigilance, tact, moderation, and careful self-censorship could alone have performed the feat in Florence; for the instinct of self-preservation is sure to be found unerring in despotic governments, and the work of the “*Antologia*” was to prepare the mind of Italy for the state of things that was to bring with it the destruction of the various despotisms.

The first number of the “*Antologia*” appeared in January, 1820, and the last at the end of 1832. It began with less than one hundred subscribers; in its eighth year it had five hundred and thirty; and in its ninth “but few of the number printed, seven hundred and fifty, if I am not mistaken,” says Tommasèo, “remained on hand.” Such a measure of success may seem, probably, to those who have been accustomed to form their ideas of such matters from English standards very much more like failure. It is to be feared, indeed, that, looked at merely as a commercial speculation, it may have been more like a failure than a success to the publisher. But Vieusseux did not by any means regard his enterprise merely, or even mainly, as a commercial speculation. His heart was in the work of preaching the gospel of civil and social progress to a people almost as anxious to hear the teaching as they were in extreme need of it. And in this work the “*Antologia*” was a great and undoubted success. It was recognised as such most unequivocally by those of the old faith, against whom the preaching was directed, as well as by those on whose side the “*Antologia*” fought its fight. Great was the outcry it occasioned,—virulent the opposition it encountered,—many the attempts to still the new and dangerously importunate voice.

At last these attempts were successful; and the story of the death of the “*Antologia*” is a curious illustration of the state of things in Italy at that time. I have spoken of the great comparative liberalism of the Tuscan Government at that period; but it must be remembered that if liberal writers in Tuscany had a difficult task to perform, somewhat analogous to the feat of dancing in fetters, in so saying what they had to say as to avoid exceeding the bounds of the censor's tolerance, the censor in his turn and his employers had a hardly less puzzling difficulty to contend with, in the necessity of avoiding the complaints of other less liberal governments. And these complaints were ever and anon uttered in a tone which it was impossible for the Grand-Ducal Government to disregard. Austria, on the one hand, and the Papal Court on the other, were very hard task-masters and overseers to the Tuscan Government. The Nuncio and the Austrian ambassador were ever vigilantly on the look out to

control and neutralize the liberalistic tendencies of the Grand-Ducal ministers. It would be a great mistake to suppose that the latter were in a position in those days to govern the states of the Grand Duke as free agents. It was a mistake which no Tuscan fell into. But how could it be otherwise? It was impossible for a pious Catholic prince to tell the Pope to go and be mindful of his own business, when his Holiness complained that writings were published with the "imprimatur" of the Tuscan censor, which were subversive of the principles of social order and religion. It was still more out of the question to disregard the behests of an Austrian cousin, the head of the family, and the master of any number of white-coated soldiers. No schoolboy ever lived in greater terror of his pedagogue than did the unhappy Tuscan censor and his employers of the vigilant Austrian and Papal censors of his censorship. And it may be considered tolerably certain that but for this supervision, what with careless inertness, what with a real wish to continue to deserve the character for comparative liberalism, which Tuscany had enjoyed throughout the peninsula ever since the days of Peter Leopold, and what with an innate dislike of making a fuss, writers might have pretty well printed what they pleased in Florence.

But for some time past a dead set had been made at the "Antologia" by the despotic and paternal Governments. From 1820 to 1882, the years which comprise the duration of its life, those Governments had been continually becoming more and more uneasy, and were continually drawing the rein tighter and tighter. At last, towards the end of 1882, Vieusseux was called to Leghorn, and detained there some time by the death of his father in that city. "I," says Tommasèo, "was not entrusted during his absence with the care of the number which was just then in preparation, and which turned out to be the last; and if I had been, I should have had no cause to accuse myself of negligence or imprudence." For the sheets of that number had, besides the censorship of the ordinary censor, been subjected to so severe a revision by the Minister of State himself, that the press had been altered no less than fourteen times at his instance. And the pages, thus castigated, had received the imprimatur of the Government in the ordinary form. The social picture thus placed before us, of a Minister of State distrusting the vigilance of his own censor, and finding time and submitting himself to the labour of such minute examination of every phrase of a periodical publication as to send it back to the press fourteen times, is a curious one, and indicates the "tightness" of the situation. Thus expurgated and corrected the number was printed, and was not stopped at its entrance into the surrounding States, as had happened to many previous numbers. The blots were hit, and the anger and terror of the paternal Governments were aroused by the vigilance and the strictures of the "well-affected" press,—of course the first to be down upon "an erring sister's"

fault. There were two articles in the number which stirred up the storm that finally wrecked the "*Antologia*;" one, a notice of a poem entitled "Peter of Russia," and dedicated to the Czar Nicholas, in which the writer of the review lamented that the poet, "dazzled by the gloms of a crown, had been blind and deaf to the torments and the groans of a dispersed nation." The other was an article by Tommasèo himself on a new Italian translation of Pausanias, in which certain portions of Grecian history were allusively applied to the then position of the Austrian Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. The Austrian and the Russian Ministers called upon the Tuscan Government for the exemplary punishment of the audacious writers, whose words the Tuscan Prime Minister had, after long examination, allowed to be printed. "And my belief is," writes Tommasèo, "that the Grand Duke himself and his ministers felt at that moment a much greater grudge against Russia and Austria, which forced them to stultify themselves, and to act in opposition to their wonted easy-going mildness, than they felt against the '*Antologia*,' which gave them more trouble and annoyance by its death than it would have given them by living. . . . Certain it is that the affair caused more trouble and vexation at the Palazzo Pitti than it did at the Palazzo Buondelmonte; and that the Austrian and Russian ministers were not nearly so troublesome or so mischievous to the '*Antologia*' as they were to Leopold II." Vieusseux was sent for by the Minister of Police, and was asked for the names of the writers of the two inculpated articles. He declined to give them. And the suppression of the "*Antologia*" was therefore decreed. The writer of the review on the poem was in circumstances which would have made it ruinous to him to have been named as the author of the article. But Tommasèo volunteered a communication to the Minister, in which he accused himself of the authorship of both articles; to no purpose, as what the Austrians and the Russians were determined to obtain was the suppression of the hated publication. The Tuscan Government made the decree as required; paying to the publisher an indemnity for all the loss on the suppressed number.

Thus died the "*Antologia*!" It would be difficult, perhaps, for one not acquainted with Italy and its history during the last half century to believe how great was the influence exercised on the social progress of the nation by a publication which never circulated over 750 copies. It is a fact, however, very notorious in the peninsula, that the influence exercised by Vieusseux's publication in the work of preparing the way and the national mind for the great changes which have since been consummated, was important and very appreciable. In the first place it was the first thing of the sort that was essentially, both professedly and in reality, Italian, as distinguished from Piedmontese, Lombard, Venetian, Roman, or Neapolitan. How great a matter this was will be understood by those who can remember the

acrimonious eagerness of the old Governments to suppress and ignore all use of the word "Italian," together with that celebrated assertion of Metternich, that "'Italy' was but a geographical phrase," which did more, perhaps, than ever a chance word did before, towards bringing about its own contradiction. Another specialty that was more important in that time and country than might at first sight strike one living under very different social circumstances, was the anonymous character of the articles, and the certainty felt by everybody that the publisher might be safely depended upon in no case to give up the name of an inculpated author.

From first to last, Viusseux managed the publication with the hand of a master. "With a frankness, perhaps unique," says Tommasèo, "he would publicly and plainly tell his contributors that this article was weak, or that other too negligent in style. And it may well be believed that in private he spoke with the same frank simplicity, both to the most authoritative among them, and to the most touchy. And almost always he obtained his end,—so far," adds Signor Tommasèo, "as it was possible to obtain it from men of letters. And recruiting his staff both within and beyond the frontiers of Tuscany, and ever refreshing and invigorating it with new minds, he not only preserved but revived and strengthened its life continually. . . . Hence, from these and other causes, the respect paid to the journal was something more than to a mere journal is usually accorded. And the few copies which circulated through Italy,—slow in their progress and almost always more or less impeded, always objects of suspicion to the different governments, half prohibited, as one may say, often altogether interdicted by fears which proved more abundantly the weakness of the governments than the power of the publication, but which in truth increased its influence,—found their way into a great number of hands. And the difficulties in the way of procuring them increased the desire to see them."

If the present notice were intended for Italian readers, it would be due to the memory of a bookseller, who so conducted his bookselling as to render it a more important element of, and contribution to, the growth and progress of Italian social and political improvement than the life-work of the majority of Italian politicians, to record the principal undertakings, which have been recognised by the Italians as largely co-operating towards this end. But to English readers it will suffice to mention another serial publication, which has become well known to the literary world in every part of Europe,—the "*Archivio Storico Italiano*."

It was for a long time a wish of Viusseux that some competent Italian should undertake the continuation of the great work of Muratori. But the complexion of the times seemed then to give small promise of the possibility of successfully prosecuting so gigantic an undertaking. Viusseux, therefore, put his own hand and shoulder

to the work in a somewhat more modest form, and with less colossal pretensions. The scope of the *Archivio Storico* was to publish documents, chronicles, and early works relating to Italian history in the centuries from the fourteenth to the seventeenth,—I do not think that anything in the *Archivio Storico* belongs to a date either earlier or later than these,—which had never been printed, or which had become so scarce as to be equally inaccessible. This task was accomplished between the years 1842 and 1854, in a series of seventeen handsome volumes, in octavo, forming a body of materials for Italian history well worthy to be ranked with Muratori's folios, and which have been so thoroughly recognised as such by historical students that the work has now become a very scarce book. Tommaseo says modestly that many of the pieces printed in the "*Archivio*" may be considered to be more correctly edited and more scientifically illustrated than the greater part of the collection due to the immense industry of "that giant of erudition, the Modenese priest,"—Muratori. The general verdict of the learned world of Europe would, I think, justify the statement of the above criticism in much stronger terms. The very various histories, fragments of histories, and documents printed in the *Archivio* have in almost every—I think I may say in every—instance been edited with all the minute care, and an abundance of the correlative and elucidatory knowledge which the present condition and requirements of historical science demand of an editor. And the world of readers knows how far this is from being the case with the great Muratorian Thesaurus. And this may be said without any undue depreciation of the Modenese giant of erudition, or any ingratitude towards his colossal labour, without which it may be said that Italian history would not exist.

Do not let us put ourselves in the category of the pigmy in G. B. Niccolini's allegory, who, having clambered to the shoulders of a giant, began to belabour him about the head, boasting that he could see a deal farther than the stupid old giant could, and meriting the giant's retort, that without him and his tall shoulders to sit on he, the pigmy, could have seen nothing at all. The editors who have done their work so well in the *Archivio* all sit on the shoulders of the Modenese giant, and would be the last men in the world to underrate their obligations to him. And, besides, they are many, and he was one! They have all the advantage of the well-arranged division of labour. "Alone I did it, boy!" the venerable shade of the old Modenese librarian might say, with justifiable triumph, to any one of those who have come after him, as he pointed to the goodly row of his four-and-twenty huge double-columned folios.

In speaking of the excellence of the "*apparatus criticus*" provided for the works published in the *Archivio*, and of the editing generally, it may be worth while to notice one deficiency of a secondary and mechanical, but yet important, kind. The Indices are all far from

satisfactory. We never saw an Index to an Italian book which was not unsatisfactory. And the fact seems to be a curious indication of the deficiency in minute and mechanical precision which appears to be a characteristic of the Italian mind, and which is perhaps inseparable from that quickness of the perceptive faculties which marks the artistic temperament, and which may be held to be the special heritage of the Italian people.

After the completion of the *Archivio Storico*, in seventeen volumes, as above stated, Vieuksseux changed in some respects the form and purpose of the work, and commenced a second series under the same title. Among other modifications, the work became a periodical, a number containing about 250 pages, octavo, at the price of five francs, appearing every three months. The work is still wholly dedicated to the promotion of the study of Italian history. It continued to publish smaller portions of the early materials of the history of the different states of the peninsula,—short chronicles, letters, diaries, and such like documents; but added to its former plan original articles on the same subject,—always leaving the hot ground of modern Italian history untouched,—reviews of historical works, accounts of all that is being done for Italian history by the various societies which have recently been formed for the purpose, necrological articles, notices of works in the same field of labour, and other cognate matters. In this form the work was continued under the care of the founder till his death. And it is still continued in the form which he gave it, and following the impulse which his mind and hand supplied to it, under the able care of “the Royal Commission of Italian History for the Provinces of Tuscany, Umbria, and the Marches.” Nor have other portions perished of the good that Giampietro Vieuksseux accomplished, and the work that he did. In one sense, of course, none of it has perished. But much is still extant in the outward and visible form which he gave it. There is the “Gabinetto” still open in the storied Palazzo Buondelmonte, in the Piazza Trinità; and it is in all respects worthily carried on by the nephews of the founder.

Enough, we trust, has been said to show that the bookseller Vieuksseux was a member of the literary guild worthy of the memorial which has here been offered of him. As to the void which his death was felt to have left in the literary world of Italy, it would be easy to fill several pages with an account of the universal expression of feeling, of the public and private testimonies to his worth, and to the value and importance of his activity in the position he had made for himself, and which none other is at hand to fill. But it will suffice to record the exclamation of his old friend and fellow-worker, Lambruschini, the brother of the cardinal of the same name, when the news of Vieuksseux's death reached him,—“Noi siamo sbandati!”—We are disbanded!

PHINEAS FINN, THE IRISH MEMBER.

CHAPTER XLII.

LADY BALDOCK DOES NOT SEND A CARD TO PHINEAS FINN.

LADY BALDOCK's house in Berkeley Square was very stately,—a large house with five front windows in a row, and a big door, and a huge square hall, and a fat porter in a round-topped chair;—but it was dingy and dull, and could not have been painted for the last ten years, or furnished for the last twenty. Nevertheless, Lady Baldock had "evenings," and people went to them,—though not such a crowd of people as would go to the evenings of Lady Glencora. Now Mr. Phineas Finn had not been asked to the evenings of Lady Baldock for the present season, and the reason was after this wise.

"Yes, Mr. Finn;" Lady Baldock had said to her daughter, who, early in the spring, was preparing the cards. "You may send one to Mr. Finn, certainly."

"I don't know that he is very nice," said Augusta Boreham, whose eyes at Saulsby had been sharper perhaps than her mother's, and who had her suspicions.

But Lady Baldock did not like interference from her daughter. "Mr. Finn, certainly," she continued. "They tell me that he is a very rising young man, and he sits for Lord Brentford's borough. Of course he is a Radical, but we cannot help that. All the rising young men are Radicals now. I thought him very civil at Saulsby."

"But, mamma——"

"Well!"

"Don't you think that he is a little free with Violet?"

"What on earth do you mean, Augusta?"

"Have you not fancied that he is——fond of her?"

"Good gracious, no!"

"I think he is. And I have sometimes fancied that she is fond of him, too."

"I don't believe a word of it, Augusta,—not a word. I should have seen it if it was so. I am very sharp in seeing such things. They never escape me. Even Violet would not be such a fool as that. Send him a card, and if he comes I shall soon see." Miss Boreham quite understood her mother, though she could never master her,—and the card was prepared. Miss Boreham could never master her mother by her own efforts; but it was, I think, by a little intrigue on her part that Lady Baldock was mastered, and, indeed, altogether

cowed, in reference to our hero, and that this victory was gained on that very afternoon in time to prevent the sending of the card.

When the mother and daughter were at tea, before dinner, Lord Baldock came into the room, and, after having been patted and petted and praised by his mother, he took up all the cards out of a china bowl and ran his eyes over them. "Lord Fawn!" he said; "the greatest ass in all London! Lady Hartletop! you know she won't come." "I don't see why she shouldn't come," said Lady Baldock;—"a mere country clergyman's daughter!" "Julius Cæsar Conway;—a great friend of mine, and therefore he always blackballs my other friends at the club. Lord Chiltern; I thought you were at daggers drawn with Chiltern." "They say he is going to be reconciled to his father, Gustavus, and I do it for Lord Brentford's sake. And he won't come, so it does not signify. And I do believe that Violet has really refused him." "You are quite right about his not coming," said Lord Baldock, continuing to read the cards; "Chiltern certainly won't come. Count Sparrowsky;—I wonder what you know about Sparrowsky that you should ask him here." "He is asked about, Gustavus; he is indeed," pleaded Lady Baldock. "I believe that Sparrowsky is a penniless adventurer. Mr. Monk; well, he is a Cabinet Minister. Sir Gregory Greeswing; you mix your people nicely at any rate. Sir Gregory Greeswing is the most old-fashioned Tory in England." "Of course we are not political, Gustavus." "Phineas Finn. They come alternately,—one and one."

"Mr. Finn is asked everywhere, Gustavus."

"I don't doubt it. They say he is a very good sort of fellow. They say also that Violet has found that out as well as other people."

"What do you mean, Gustavus?"

"I mean that everybody is saying that this Phineas Finn is going to set himself up in the world by marrying your niece. He is quite right to try it on, if he has a chance."

"I don't think he would be right at all," said Lady Baldock, with much energy. "I think he would be wrong,—shamefully wrong. They say he's the son of an Irish doctor, and that he hasn't a shilling in the world."

"That is just why he would be right. What is such a man to do, but to marry money? He's a deuced good-looking fellow, too, and will be sure to do it."

"He should work for his money in the city, then, or somewhere there. But I don't believe it, Gustavus; I don't, indeed."

"Very well. I only tell you what I hear. The fact is that he and Chiltern have already quarrelled about her. If I were to tell you that they have been over to Holland together and fought a duel about her, you wouldn't believe that."

"Fought a duel about Violet! People don't fight duels now, and I should not believe it."

"Very well. Then send your card to Mr. Finn." And, so saying, Lord Baldock left the room.

Lady Baldock sat in silence for some time toasting her toes at the fire, and Augusta Boreham sat by, waiting for orders. She felt pretty nearly sure that new orders would be given if she did not herself interfere. "You had better put by that card for the present, my dear," said Lady Baldock at last. "I will make inquiries. I don't believe a word of what Gustavus has said. I don't think that even Violet is such a fool as that. But if rash and ill-natured people have spoken of it, it may be as well to be careful."

"It is always well to be careful;—is it not, mamma?"

"Not but what I think it very improper that these things should be said about a young woman; and as for the story of the duel, I don't believe a word of it. It is absurd. I dare say that Gustavus invented it at the moment, just to amuse himself."

The card of course was not sent, and Lady Baldock at any rate put so much faith in her son's story as to make her feel it to be her duty to interrogate her niece on the subject. Lady Baldock at this period of her life was certainly not free from fear of Violet Effingham. In the numerous encounters which took place between them, the aunt seldom gained that amount of victory which would have completely satisfied her spirit. She longed to be dominant over her niece as she was dominant over her daughter; and when she found that she missed such supremacy, she longed to tell Violet to depart from out her borders, and be no longer niece of hers. But had she ever done so, Violet would have gone at the instant, and then terrible things would have followed. There is a satisfaction in turning out of doors a nephew or niece who is pecuniarily dependent, but when the youthful relative is richly endowed, the satisfaction is much diminished. It is the duty of a guardian, no doubt, to look after the ward; but if this cannot be done, the ward's money should at least be held with as close a fist as possible. But Lady Baldock, though she knew that she would be sorely wounded, poked about on her old body with the sharp lances of disobedience, and struck with the cruel swords of satire, if she took upon herself to scold or even to question Violet, nevertheless would not abandon the pleasure of lecturing and teaching. "It is my duty," she would say to herself, "and though it be taken in a bad spirit, I will always perform my duty." So she performed her duty, and asked Violet Effingham some few questions respecting Phineas Finn. "My dear," she said, "do you remember meeting a Mr. Finn at Saulsby?"

"A Mr. Finn, aunt! Why, he is a particular friend of mine. Of course I do, and he was at Saulsby. I have met him there more than once. Don't you remember that we were riding about together?"

"I remember that he was there, certainly; but I did not know that he was a special—friend."

"Most especial, aunt. A 1, I may say;—among young men, I mean."

Lady Baldock was certainly the most indiscreet of old women in such a matter as this, and Violet the most provoking of young ladies. Lady Baldock, believing that there was something to fear,—as, indeed, there was, much to fear,—should have been content to destroy the card, and to keep the young lady away from the young gentleman, if such keeping away was possible to her. But Miss Effingham was certainly very wrong to speak of any young man as being A 1. Fond as I am of Miss Effingham, I cannot justify her, and must acknowledge that she used the most offensive phrase she could find, on purpose to annoy her aunt.

"Violet," said Lady Baldock, bridling up, "I never heard such a word before from the lips of a young lady."

"Not as A 1? I thought it simply meant very good."

"A 1 is a nobleman," said Lady Baldock.

"No, aunt;—A 1 is a ship,—a ship that is very good," said Violet.

"And do you mean to say that Mr. Finn is,—is,—is,—very good?"

"Yes, indeed. You ask Lord Brentford, and Mr. Kennedy. You know he saved poor Mr. Kennedy from being throttled in the streets."

"That has nothing to do with it. A policeman might have done that."

"Then he would have been A 1 of policemen,—though A 1 does not mean a policeman."

"He would have done his duty, and so perhaps did Mr. Finn."

"Of course he did, aunt. It couldn't have been his duty to stand by and see Mr. Kennedy throttled. And he nearly killed one of the men, and took the other prisoner with his own hands. And he made a beautiful speech the other day. I read every word of it. I am so glad he's a Liberal. I do like young men to be Liberals." Now Lord Baldock was a Tory, as had been all the Lord Baldocks,—since the first who had been bought over from the Whigs in the time of George III. at the cost of a barony.

"You have nothing to do with politics, Violet."

"Why shouldn't I have something to do with politics, aunt?"

"And I must tell you that your name is being very unpleasantly mentioned in connection with that of this young man because of your indiscretion."

"What indiscretion?" Violet, as she made her demand for a more direct accusation, stood quite upright before her aunt, looking the old woman full in the face,—almost with her arms akimbo.

"Calling him A 1, Violet."

"People have been talking about me and Mr. Finn, because I just now, at this very moment, called him A 1 to you! If you want to scold me about anything, aunt, do find out something less ridiculous than that."

"It was most improper language,—and if you used it to me, I am sure you would to others."

"To what others?"

"To Mr. Finn,—and those sort of people."

"Call Mr. Finn A 1 to his face! Well,—upon my honour I don't know why I should not. Lord Chiltern says he rides beautifully, and if we were talking about riding I might do so."

"You have no business to talk to Lord Chiltern about Mr. Finn at all."

"Have I not? I thought that perhaps the one sin might palliate the other. You know, aunt, no young lady, let her be ever so ill-disposed, can marry two objectionable young men,—at the same time."

"I said nothing about your marrying Mr. Finn."

"Then, aunt, what did you mean?"

"I meant that you should not allow yourself to be talked of with an adventurer, a young man without a shilling, a person who has come from nobody knows where in the bogs of Ireland."

"But you used to ask him here."

"Yes,—as long as he knew his place. But I shall not do so again. And I must beg you to be circumspect."

"My dear aunt, we may as well understand each other. I will not be circumspect, as you call it. And if Mr. Finn asked me to marry him to-morrow, and if I liked him well enough, I would take him,—even though he had been dug right out of a bog. Not only because I liked him,—mind! If I were unfortunate enough to like a man who was nothing, I would refuse him in spite of my liking,—because he was nothing. But this young man is not nothing. Mr. Finn is a fine fellow, and if there were no other reason to prevent my marrying him than his being the son of a doctor, and coming out of the bogs, that would not do so. Now I have made a clean breast to you as regards Mr. Finn; and if you do not like what I've said, aunt, you must acknowledge that you have brought it on yourself."

Lady Baldock was left for a time speechless. But no card was sent to Phineas Finn.

CHAPTER XLIII.

PROMOTION.

PHINEAS got no card from Lady Baldock, but one morning he received a note from Lord Brentford which was of more importance to him than any card could have been. At this time, bit by bit, the Reform Bill of the day had nearly made its way through the committee, but had been so mutilated as to be almost impossible of recognition by its progenitors. And there was still a clause or two as to the rearrange-

ment of seats, respecting which it was known that there would be a combat,—probably combats,—carried on after the internecine fashion. There was a certain clipping of counties to be done, as to which it was said that Mr. Daubeny had declared that he would not yield till he was made to do so by the brute force of majorities;—and there was another clause for the drafting of certain superfluous members from little boroughs, and bestowing them on populous towns at which they were much wanted, respecting which Mr. Turnbull had proclaimed that the clause as it now stood was a *fainéant* clause, capable of doing, and intended to do, no good in the proper direction; a clause put into the bill to gull ignorant folk who had not eyes enough to recognise the fact that it was *fainéant*; a make-believe clause,—so said Mr. Turnbull,—to be detested on that account by every true reformer worse than the old Philistine bonds and Tory figments of representation, as to which there was at least no hypocritical pretence of popular fitness. Mr. Turnbull had been very loud and very angry,—had talked much of demonstrations among the people, and had almost threatened the House. The House in its present mood did not fear any demonstrations,—but it did fear that Mr. Turnbull might help Mr. Daubeny, and that Mr. Daubeny might help Mr. Turnbull. It was now May,—the middle of May,—and ministers, who had been at work on their Reform Bill ever since the beginning of the session, were becoming weary of it. And then, should these odious clauses escape the threatened Turnbull-Daubeny alliance,—then there was the House of Lords! “What a pity we can’t pass our bills at the Treasury, and have done with them!” said Laurence Fitzgibbon. “Yes, indeed,” replied Mr. Ratler. “For myself, I was never so tired of a session in my life. I wouldn’t go through it again to be made,—no, not to be made Chancellor of the Exchequer.”

Lord Brentford’s note to Phineas Finn was as follows:—

“House of Lords, 16th May, 183—.

“MY DEAR MR. FINN,

“You are no doubt aware that Lord Bosanquet’s death has taken Mr. Mottram into the Upper House, and that as he was Under Secretary for the Colonies, and as the Under Secretary must be in the Lower House, the vacancy must be filled up.” The heart of Phineas Finn at this moment was almost in his mouth. Not only to be selected for political employment, but to be selected at once for an office so singularly desirable! Under Secretaries, he fancied, were paid two thousand a year. What would Mr. Low say now? But his great triumph soon received a check. “Mr. Mildmay has spoken to me on the subject,” continued the letter, “and informs me that he has offered the place at the colonies to his old supporter, Mr. Laurence Fitzgibbon.” Laurence Fitzgibbon! “I am inclined to think that he could not have done better, as Mr. Fitzgibbon has

shown great zeal for his party. This will vacate the Irish seat at the Treasury Board, and I am commissioned by Mr. Mildmay to offer it to you. Perhaps you will do me the pleasure of calling on me to-morrow between the hours of eleven and twelve.

"Yours very sincerely,

"BRENTFORD."

Phineas was himself surprised to find that his first feeling on reading this letter was one of dissatisfaction. Here were his golden hopes about to be realised,—hopes as to the realisation of which he had been quite despondent twelve months ago,—and yet he was uncomfortable because he was to be postponed to Laurence Fitzgibbon. Had the new Under Secretary been a man whom he had not known, whom he had not learned to look down upon as inferior to himself, he would not have minded it,—would have been full of joy at the promotion proposed for himself. But Laurence Fitzgibbon was such a poor creature, that the idea of filling a place from which Laurence had risen was distasteful to him. "It seems to be all a matter of favour and convenience," he said to himself, "without any reference to the service." His triumph would have been so complete had Mr. Mildmay allowed him to go into the higher place at one leap. Other men who had made themselves useful had done so. In the first hour after receiving Lord Brentford's letter, the idea of becoming a Lord of the Treasury was almost displeasing to him. He had an idea that junior lordships of the Treasury were generally bestowed on young members whom it was convenient to secure, but who were not good at doing anything. There was a moment in which he thought that he would refuse to be made a junior lord.

But during the night cooler reflections told him that he had been very wrong. He had taken up politics with the express desire of getting his foot upon a rung of the ladder of promotion, and now, in his third session, he was about to be successful. Even as a junior lord he would have a thousand a year; and how long might he have sat in chambers, and have wandered about Lincoln's Inn, and have loitered in the courts striving to look as though he had business, before he would have earned a thousand a year! Even as a junior lord he could make himself useful, and when once he should be known to be a good working man, promotion would come to him. No ladder can be mounted without labour; but this ladder was now open above his head, and he already had his foot upon it.

At half-past eleven he was with Lord Brentford, who received him with the blandest smile and a pressure of the hand which was quite cordial. "My dear Finn," he said, "this gives me the most sincere pleasure,—the greatest pleasure in the world. Our connection together at Loughton of course makes it doubly agreeable to me."

"I cannot be too grateful to you, Lord Brentford."

"No, no; no, no. It is all your own doing. When Mr. Mildmay asked me whether I did not think you the most promising of the young members on our side in your House, I certainly did say that I quite concurred. But I should be taking too much on myself, I should be acting dishonestly, if I were to allow you to imagine that it was my proposition. Had he asked me to recommend, I should have named you; that I say frankly. But he did not. He did not. Mr. Mildmay named you himself. 'Do you think,' he said, 'that your friend Finn would join us at the Treasury?' I told him that I did think so. 'And do you not think,' said he, 'that it would be a useful appointment?' Then I ventured to say that I had no doubt whatever on that point;—that I knew you well enough to feel confident that you would lend a strength to the Liberal Government. Then there were a few words said about your seat, and I was commissioned to write to you. That was all."

Phineas was grateful, but not too grateful, and bore himself very well in the interview. He explained to Lord Brentford that of course it was his object to serve the country,—and to be paid for his services,—and that he considered himself to be very fortunate to be selected so early in his career for parliamentary place. He would endeavour to do his duty, and could safely say of himself that he did not wish to eat the bread of idleness. As he made this assertion, he thought of Laurence Fitzgibbon. Laurence Fitzgibbon had eaten the bread of idleness, and yet he was promoted. But Phineas said nothing to Lord Brentford about his idle friend. When he had made his little speech he asked a question about the borough.

"I have already ventured to write a letter to my agent at Loughton, telling him that you have accepted office, and that you will be shortly there again. He will see Shortribs and arrange it. But if I were you I should write to Shortribs and to Grating,—after I had seen Mr. Mildmay. Of course you will not mention my name." And the Earl looked very grave as he uttered this caution.

"Of course I will not," said Phineas.

"I do not think you'll find any difficulty about the seat," said the peer. "There never has been any difficulty at Loughton yet. I must say that for them. And if we can scrape through with Clause 72 we shall be all right;—shall we not?" This was the clause as to which so violent an opposition was expected from Mr. Turnbull,—a clause as to which Phineas himself had felt that he would hardly know how to support the Government, in the event of the committee being pressed to a division upon it. Could he, an ardent reformer, a reformer at heart,—could he say that such a borough as Loughton should be spared;—that the arrangement by which Shortribs and Grating had sent him to Parliament, in obedience to Lord Brentford's orders, was in due accord with the theory of a representative legislature? In what respect had Gatton and old Sarum been worse than

Loughton? Was he not himself false to his principle in sitting for such a borough as Loughton? He had spoken to Mr. Monk, and Mr. Monk had told him that Rome was not built in a day, —and had told him also that good things were most valued and were most valuable when they came by instalments. But then Mr. Monk himself enjoyed the satisfaction of sitting for a popular constituency. He was not personally pricked in the conscience by his own parliamentary position. Now, however,—now that Phineas had consented to join the Government, any such considerations as these must be laid aside. He could no longer be a free agent, or even a free thinker. He had been quite aware of this, and had taught himself to understand that members of Parliament in the direct service of the Government were absolved from the necessity of free-thinking. Individual free-thinking was incompatible with the position of a member of the Government, and unless such abnegation were practised, no government would be possible. It was of course a man's duty to bind himself together with no other men but those with whom, on matters of general policy, he could agree heartily;—but having found that he could so agree, he knew that it would be his duty as a subaltern to vote as he was directed. It would trouble his conscience less to sit for Loughton and vote for an objectionable clause as a member of the Government, than it would have done to give such a vote as an independent member. In so resolving, he thought that he was simply acting in accordance with the acknowledged rules of parliamentary government. And therefore, when Lord Brentford spoke of Clause 72, he could answer pleasantly, "I think we shall carry it; and, you see, in getting it through committee, if we can carry it by one, that is as good as a hundred. That's the comfort of close-fighting in committee. In the open House we are almost as much beaten by a narrow majority as by a vote against us."

"Just so; just so," said Lord Brentford, delighted to see that his young pupil,—as he regarded him,—understood so well the system of parliamentary management. "By-the-bye, Finn, have you seen Chiltern lately?"

"Not quite lately," said Phineas, blushing up to his eyes.

"Or heard from him?"

"No;—nor heard from him. When last I heard of him he was in Brussels."

"Ah,—yes; he is somewhere on the Rhine now. I thought that as you were so intimate, perhaps you corresponded with him. Have you heard that we have arranged about Lady Laura's money?"

"I have heard. Lady Laura has told me."

"I wish he would return," said Lord Brentford sadly,—almost solemnly. "As that great difficulty is over, I would receive him willingly, and make my house pleasant to him, if I can do so. I am most anxious that he should settle, and marry. Could you not write

to him?" Phineas, not daring to tell Lord Brentford that he had quarrelled with Lord Chiltern,—feeling that if he did so everything would go wrong,—said that he would write to Lord Chiltern.

As he went away he felt that he was bound to get an answer from Violet Effingham. If it should be necessary, he was willing to break with Lord Brentford on that matter,—even though such breaking should lose him his borough and his place ;—but not on any other matter.

CHAPTER XLIV.

PHINEAS AND HIS FRIENDS.

OUR hero's friends were, I think, almost more elated by our hero's promotion than was our hero himself. He never told himself that it was a great thing to be a junior lord of the Treasury, though he acknowledged to himself that to have made a successful beginning was a very great thing. But his friends were loud in their congratulations,—or condolences as the case might be.

He had his interview with Mr. Mildmay, and, after that, one of his first steps was to inform Mrs. Bunce that he must change his lodgings. "The truth is, Mrs. Bunce, not that I want anything better ; but that a better position will be advantageous to me, and that I can afford to pay for it." Mrs. Bunce acknowledged the truth of the argument, with her apron up to her eyes. "I've got to be so fond of looking after you, Mr. Finn! I have indeed," said Mrs. Bunce. "It is not just what you pays like, because another party will pay as much. But we've got so used to you, Mr. Finn,—haven't we?" Mrs. Bunce was probably not aware herself that the comeliness of her lodger had pleased her feminine eye, and touched her feminine heart. Had anybody said that Mrs. Bunce was in love with Phineas, the scandal would have been monstrous. And yet it was so,—after a fashion. And Bunce knew it,—after his fashion. "Don't be such an old fool," he said, "crying after him because he's six foot high." "I ain't crying after him because he's six foot high," whined the poor woman ;—"but one does like old faces better than new, and a gentleman about one's place is pleasant." "Gentleman be d—d," said Bunce. But his anger was excited, not by his wife's love for Phineas, but by the use of an objectionable word.

Bunce himself had been on very friendly terms with Phineas, and they two had had many discussions on matters of politics, Bunce taking up the cudgels always for Mr. Turnbull, and generally slipping away gradually into some account of his own martyrdom. For he had been a martyr, having failed in obtaining any redress against the policeman who had imprisoned him so wrongfully. The People's Banner had fought for him manfully, and therefore there was a little disagreement between him and Phineas on the subject of that great

organ of public opinion. And as Mr. Bunce thought that his lodger was very wrong to sit for Lord Brentford's borough, subjects were sometimes touched which were a little galling to Phineas.

Touching this promotion, Bunce had nothing but condolence to offer to the new junior lord. "Oh yes," said he, in answer to an argument from Phineas, "I suppose there must be lords, as you call 'em; though for the matter of that I can't see as they is of any mortal use."

"Wouldn't you have the Government carried on?"

"Government! Well; I suppose there must be government. But the less of it the better. I'm not against government;—nor yet against laws, Mr. Finn; though the less of them, too, the better. But what does these lords do in the Government? Lords indeed! I'll tell you what they do, Mr. Finn. They wote; that's what they do! They wote hard; black or white, white or black. Ain't that true? When you're a 'lord,' will you be able to wote against Mr. Mildmay to save your very soul?"

"If it comes to be a question of soul-saving, Mr. Bunce, I shan't save my place at the expense of my conscience."

"Not if you knows it, you mean. But the worst of it is that a man gets so thick into the mud that he don't know whether he's dirty or clean. You'll have to wote as you're told, and of course you'll think it's right enough. Ain't you been among Parliament gents long enough to know that that's the way it goes?"

"You think no honest man can be a member of the Government?"

"I don't say that, but I think honesty's a deal easier away from 'em. The fact is, Mr. Finn, it's all wrong with us yet, and will be till we gets it nigher to the great American model. If a poor man gets into Parliament,—you'll excuse me, Mr. Finn, but I calls you a poor man."

"Certainly,—as a member of Parliament I am a very poor man."

"Just so,—and therefore what do you do? You goes and lays yourself out for government! I'm not saying as how you're anyways wrong. A man has to live. You has winning ways, and a good physiognomy of your own, and are as big as a life-guardsman." Phineas as he heard this doubtful praise laughed and blushed. "Very well; you makes your way with the big wigs, lords and earls and them like, and you gets returned for a rotten borough;—you'll excuse me, but that's about it, ain't it?—and then you goes in for government! A man may have a mission to govern, such as Washington and Cromwell and the like o' them. But when I hears of Mr. Fitzgibbon a-governing, why then I says,—d—n it all."

"There must be good and bad you know."

"We've got to change a deal yet, Mr. Finn, and we'll do it. When a young man as has liberal feelings gets into Parliament, he shouldn't be snapped up and brought into the governing business just

because he's poor and wants a salary. They don't do it that way in the States; and they won't do it that way here long. It's the system as I hates, and not you, Mr. Finn. Well, good-bye, sir. I hope you'll like the governing business, and find it suits your health."

These condolences from Mr. Bunce were not pleasant, but they set him thinking. He felt assured that Bunce and Quintus Slide and Mr. Turnbull were wrong. Bunce was ignorant. Quintus Slide was dishonest. Turnbull was greedy of popularity. For himself, he thought that as a young man he was fairly well informed. He knew that he meant to be true in his vocation. And he was quite sure that the object nearest to his heart in politics was not self-aggrandisement, but the welfare of the people in general. And yet he could not but agree with Bunce that there was something wrong. When such men as Laurence Fitzgibbon were called upon to act as governors, was it not to be expected that the ignorant but still intelligent Bunces of the population should—"d—n it all?"

On the evening of that day he went up to Mrs. Low's, very sure that he should receive some encouragement from her and from her husband. She had been angry with him because he had put himself into a position in which money must be spent and none could be made. The Lows, and especially Mrs. Low, had refused to believe that any success was within his reach. Now that he had succeeded, now that he was in receipt of a salary on which he could live and save money, he would be sure of sympathy from his old friends the Lows!

But Mrs. Low was as severe upon him as Mr. Bunce had been, and even from Mr. Low he could extract no real comfort. "Of course I congratulate you," said Mr. Low coldly.

"And you, Mrs. Low?"

"Well, you know, Mr. Finn, I think you have begun at the wrong end. I thought so before, and I think so still. I suppose I ought not to say so to a lord of the Treasury, but if you ask me, what can I do?"

"Speak the truth out, of course."

"Exactly. That's what I must do. Well, the truth is, Mr. Finn, that I do not think it is a very good opening for a young man to be made what they call a Lord of the Treasury,—unless he has got a private fortune, you know, to support that kind of life."

"You see, Phineas, a ministry is such an uncertain thing," said Mr. Low.

"Of course it's uncertain;—but as I did go into the House, it's something to have succeeded."

"If you call that success," said Mrs. Low.

"You did intend to go on with your profession," said Mr. Low. He could not tell them that he had changed his mind, and that he meant to marry Violet Effingham, who would much prefer a parlia-

mentary life for her husband to that of a working barrister. "I suppose that is all given up now," continued Mr. Low.

"Just for the present," said Phineas.

"Yes;—and for ever I fear," said Mrs. Low. "You'll never go back to real work after frittering away your time as a Lord of the Treasury. What sort of work must it be when just anybody can do it that it suits them to lay hold of? But of course a thousand a year is something, though a man may have it for only six months."

It came out in the course of the evening that Mr. Low was going to stand for the borough vacated by Mr. Mottram, at which it was considered that the Conservatives might possibly prevail. "You see, after all, Phineas," said Mr. Low, "that I am following your steps."

"Ah; you are going into the House in the course of your profession."

"Just so," said Mrs. Low.

"And are taking the first step towards being a Tory Attorney-General."

"That's as may be," said Mr. Low. "But it's the kind of thing a man does after twenty years of hard work. For myself, I really don't much care whether I succeed or fail. I should like to live to be a Vice-Chancellor. I don't mind saying as much as that to you. But I'm not at all sure that Parliament is the best way to the Equity Bench."

"But it is a grand thing to get into Parliament when you do it by means of your profession," said Mrs. Low.

Soon after that Phineas took his departure from the house, feeling sore and unhappy. But on the next morning he was received in Grosvenor Place with an amount of triumph which went far to compensate him. Lady Laura had written to him to call there, and on his arrival he found both Violet Effingham and Madame Max Goesler with his friend. When Phineas entered the room his first feeling was one of intense joy at seeing that Violet Effingham was present there. Then there was one of surprise that Madame Max Goesler should make one of the little party. Lady Laura had told him at Mr. Palliser's dinner-party that they, in Portman Square, had not as yet advanced far enough to receive Madame Max Goesler,—and yet here was the lady in Mr. Kennedy's drawing-room. Now Phineas would have thought it more likely that he should find her in Portman Square than in Grosvenor Place. The truth was that Madame Goesler had been brought by Miss Effingham,—with the consent, indeed, of Lady Laura, but with a consent given with much of hesitation. "What are you afraid of?" Violet had asked. "I am afraid of nothing," Lady Laura had answered; "but one has to choose one's acquaintance in accordance with rules which one doesn't lay down very strictly." "She is a clever woman," said Violet, "and everybody likes her; but if you think Mr. Kennedy would object, of course you are right." Then

Lady Laura had consented, telling herself that it was not necessary that she should ask her husband's approval as to every new acquaintance she might form. At the same time Violet had been told that Phineas would be there, and so the party had been made up.

"See the conquering hero comes," said Violet, in her cheeriest voice.

"I am so glad that Mr. Finn has been made a lord of something," said Madame Max Goesler. "I had the pleasure of a long political discussion with him the other night, and I quite approve of him."

"We are so much gratified, Mr. Finn," said Lady Laura. "Mr. Kennedy says that it is the best appointment they could have made, and papa is quite proud about it."

"You are Lord Brentford's member; are you not?" asked Madame Max Goesler. This was a question which Phineas did not quite like, and which he was obliged to excuse by remembering that the questioner had lived so long out of England as to be probably ignorant of the myths, and theories, and system, and working of the British Constitution. Violet Effingham, little as she knew of politics, would never have asked a question so imprudent.

But the question was turned off, and Phineas, with an easy grace, submitted himself to be petted, and congratulated, and purred over, and almost caressed by the three ladies. Their good-natured enthusiasm was at any rate better than the satire of Bunce, or the wisdom of Mrs. Low. Lady Laura had no misgivings as to Phineas being fit for governing, and Violet Effingham said nothing as to the short-lived tenure of ministers. Madame Max Goesler, though she had asked an indiscreet question, thoroughly appreciated the advantage of Government pay, and the prestige of Government power. "You are a lord now," she said, speaking, as was customary with her, with the slightest possible foreign accent, "and you will be a president soon, and then perhaps a secretary. The order of promotion seems odd, but I am told it is very pleasant."

"It is pleasant to succeed, of course," said Phineas, "let the success be ever so little."

"We knew you would succeed," said Lady Laura. "We were quite sure of it. Were we not, Violet?"

"You always said so, my dear. For myself I do not venture to have an opinion on such matters. Will you always have to go to that big building in the corner, Mr. Finn, and stay there from ten till four? Won't that be a bore?"

"We have a half-holiday on Saturday, you know," said Phineas.

"And do the Lords of the Treasury have to take care of the money?" asked Madame Max Goesler.

"Only their own; and they generally fail in doing that," said Phineas.

He sat there for a considerable time, wondering whether Mr.

Kennedy would come in, and wondering also as to what Mr. Kennedy would say to Madame Max Goesler when he did come in. He knew that it was useless for him to expect any opportunity, then or there, of being alone for a moment with Violet Effingham. His only chance in that direction would be in some crowded room, at some ball at which he might ask her to dance with him; but it seemed that fate was very unkind to him, and that no such chance came in his way. Mr. Kennedy did not appear, and Madame Max Goesler with Violet went away, leaving Phineas still sitting with Lady Laura. Each of them said a kind word to him as they went. "I don't know whether I may dare to expect that a Lord of the Treasury will come and see me?" said Madame Max Goesler. Then Phineas made a second promise that he would call in Park Lane. Violet blushed as she remembered that she could not ask him to call at Lady Baldock's. "Good-bye, Mr. Finn," she said, giving him her hand. "I'm so very glad that they have chosen you; and I do hope that, as Madame Max says, they'll make you a secretary and a president, and everything else very quickly,—till it will come to your turn to be making other people." "He is very nice," said Madame Goesler to Violet as she took her place in the carriage. "He bears being petted and spoiled without being either awkward or conceited." "On the whole, he is rather nice," said Violet; "only he has not got a shilling in the world, and has to make himself before he will be anybody." "He must marry money, of course," said Madame Max Goesler.

"I hope you are contented?" said Lady Laura, rising from her chair and coming opposite to him as soon as they were alone.

"Of course I am contented."

"I was not,—when I first heard of it. Why did they promote that empty-headed countryman of yours to a place for which he was quite unfit? I was not contented. But then I am more ambitious for you than you are for yourself." He sat without answering her for a while, and she stood waiting for his reply. "Have you nothing to say to me?" she asked.

"I do not know what to say. When I think of it all, I am lost in amazement. You tell me that you are not contented;—that you are ambitious for me. Why is it that you should feel any interest in the matter?"

"Is it not reasonable that we should be interested for our friends?"

"But when you and I last parted here in this room you were hardly my friend."

"Was I not? You wrong me there;—very deeply."

"I told you what was my ambition, and you resented it," said Phineas.

"I think I said that I could not help you, and I think I said also that I thought you would fail. I do not know that I showed much resentment. You see, I told her that you were here, that she might

come and meet you. You know that I wished my brother should succeed. I wished it before I ever knew you. You cannot expect that I should change my wishes."

"But if he cannot succeed," pleaded Phineas.

"Who is to say that? Has a woman never been won by devotion and perseverance? Besides, how can I wish to see you go on with a suit which must sever you from my father, and injure your political prospects;—perhaps fatally injure them? It seems to me now that my father is almost the only man in London who has not heard of this duel."

"Of course he will hear of it. I have half made up my mind to tell him myself."

"Do not do that, Mr. Finn. There can be no reason for it. But I did not ask you to come here to-day to talk to you about Oswald or Violet. I have given you my advice about that, and I can do no more."

"Lady Laura, I cannot take it. It is out of my power to take it."

"Very well. The matter shall be what you members of Parliament call an open question between us. When papa asked you to accept this place at the Treasury, did it ever occur to you to refuse it?"

"It did;—for half an hour or so."

"I hoped you would,—and yet I knew that I was wrong. I thought that you should count yourself to be worth more than that, and that you should, as it were, assert yourself. But then it is so difficult to draw the line between proper self-assertion and proper self-denial;—to know how high to go up the table, and how low to go down. I do not doubt that you have been right,—only make them understand that you are not as other junior lords;—that you have been willing to be a junior lord, or anything else for a purpose; but that the purpose is something higher than that of fetching and carrying in Parliament for Mr. Mildmay and Mr. Palliser."

"I hope in time to get beyond fetching and carrying," said Phineas.

"Of course you will; and knowing that, I am glad that you are in office. I suppose there will be no difficulty about Loughton."

Then Phineas laughed. "I hear," said he, "that Mr. Quintus Slide, of the People's Banner, has already gone down to canvass the electors."

"Mr. Quintus Slide! To canvass the electors of Loughton!" and Lady Laura drew herself up and spoke of this unseemly intrusion on her father's borough, as though the vulgar man who had been named had forced his way into the very drawing-room in Portman Square. At that moment Mr. Kennedy came in. "Do you hear what Mr. Finn tells me?" she said. "He has heard that Mr. Quintus Slide has gone down to Loughton to stand against him."

"And why not?" said Mr. Kennedy.

"My dear!" ejaculated Lady Laura.

"Mr. Quintus Slide will no doubt lose his time and his money;—

but he will gain the prestige of having stood for a borough, which will be something for him on the staff of the People's Banner," said Mr. Kennedy.

"He will get that horrid man Vellum to propose him," said Lady Laura.

"Very likely," said Mr. Kennedy. "And the less any of us say about it the better. Finn, my dear fellow, I congratulate you heartily. Nothing for a long time has given me greater pleasure than hearing of your appointment. It is equally honourable to yourself and to Mr. Mildmay. It is a great step to have gained so early."

Phineas, as he thanked his friend, could not help asking himself what his friend had done to be made a Cabinet Minister. Little as he, Phineas, himself had done in the House in his two sessions and a half, Mr. Kennedy had hardly done more in his fifteen or twenty. But then Mr. Kennedy was possessed of almost miraculous wealth, and owned half a county, whereas he, Phineas, owned almost nothing at all. Of course no Prime Minister would offer a junior lordship at the Treasury to a man with £80,000 a year. Soon after this Phineas took his leave. "I think he will do well," said Mr. Kennedy to his wife.

"I am sure he will do well," replied Lady Laura, almost scornfully.

"He is not quite such a black swan with me as he is with you; but still I think he will succeed, if he takes care of himself. It is astonishing how that absurd story of his duel with Chiltern has got about."

"It is impossible to prevent people talking," said Lady Laura.

"I suppose there was some quarrel, though neither of them will tell you. They say it was about Miss Effingham. I should hardly think that Finn could have any hopes in that direction."

"Why should he not have hopes?"

"Because he has neither position, nor money, nor birth," said Mr. Kennedy.

"He is a gentleman," said Lady Laura; "and I think he has position. I do not see why he should not ask any girl to marry him."

"There is no understanding you, Laura," said Mr. Kennedy angrily. "I thought you had quite other hopes about Miss Effingham."

"So I have; but that has nothing to do with it. You spoke of Mr. Finn as though he would be guilty of some crime were he to ask Violet Effingham to be his wife. In that I disagree with you. Mr. Finn is——"

"You will make me sick of the name of Mr. Finn."

"I am sorry that I offend you by my gratitude to a man who saved your life." Mr. Kennedy shook his head. He knew that the argument used against him was false, but he did not know how to

show that he knew that it was false. "Perhaps I had better not mention his name any more," continued Lady Laura.

"Nonsense!"

"I quite agree with you that it is nonsense, Robert."

"All I mean to say is, that if you go on as you do, you will turn his head and spoil him. Do you think I do not know what is going on among you?"

"What is going on among us,—as you call it?"

"You are taking this young man up and putting him on a pedestal and worshipping him, just because he is well-looking, and rather clever and decently behaved. It's always the way with women who have nothing to do, and who cannot be made to understand that they should have duties. They cannot live without some kind of idolatry."

"Have I neglected my duty to you, Robert?"

"Yes,—you know you have ;—in going to those receptions at your father's house on Sundays."

"What has that to do with Mr. Finn?"

"Psha!"

"I begin to think I had better tell Mr. Finn not to come here any more, since his presence is disagreeable to you. All the world knows how great is the service he did you, and it will seem to be very ridiculous. People will say all manner of things; but anything will be better than that you should go on as you have done,—accusing your wife of idolatry towards—a young man, because—he is—well-looking."

"I never said anything of the kind."

"You did, Robert."

"I did not. I did not speak more of you than of a lot of others."

"You accused me personally, saying that because of my idolatry I had neglected my duty; but really you made such a jumble of it all, with papa's visitors, and Sunday afternoons, that I cannot follow what was in your mind."

Then Mr. Kennedy stood for a while, collecting his thoughts, so that he might unravel the jumble, if that were possible to him; but finding that it was not possible, he left the room, and closed the door behind him.

Then Lady Laura was left alone to consider the nature of the accusation which her husband had brought against her; or the nature rather of the accusation which she had chosen to assert that her husband had implied. For in her heart she knew that he had made no such accusation, and had intended to make none such. The idolatry of which he had spoken was the idolatry which a woman might show to her cat, her dog, her picture, her china, her furniture, her carriage and horses, or her pet maid-servant. Such was the idolatry of which Mr. Kennedy had spoken;—but was there no other

worship in her heart, worse, more pernicious than that, in reference to this young man?

She had schooled herself about him very severely, and had come to various resolutions. She had found out and confessed to herself that she did not, and could not, love her husband. She had found out and confessed to herself that she did love, and could not help loving, Phineas Finn. Then she had resolved to banish him from her presence, and had gone the length of telling him so. After that she had perceived that she had been wrong, and had determined to meet him as she met other men,—and to conquer her love. Then, when this could not be done, when something almost like idolatry grew upon her, she determined that it should be the idolatry of friendship, that she would not sin even in thought, that there should be nothing in her heart of which she need be ashamed;—but that the one great object and purport of her life should be the promotion of this friend's welfare. She had just begun to love after this fashion, had taught herself to believe that she might combine something of the pleasure of idolatry towards her friend with a full complement of duty towards her husband, when Phineas came to her with his tale of love for Violet Effingham. The lesson which she got then was a very rough one,—so hard that at first she could not bear it. Her anger at his love for her brother's wished-for bride was lost in her dismay that Phineas should love any one after having once loved her. But by sheer force of mind she had conquered that dismay, that feeling of desolation at her heart, and had almost taught herself to hope that Phineas might succeed with Violet. He wished it,—and why should he not have what he wished,—he, whom she so fondly idolised? It was not his fault that he and she were not man and wife. She had chosen to arrange it otherwise, and was she not bound to assist him now in the present object of his reasonable wishes? She had got over in her heart that difficulty about her brother, but she could not quite conquer the other difficulty. She could not bring herself to plead his cause with Violet. She had not brought herself as yet to do it.

And now she was accused of idolatry for Phineas by her husband,—she with “a lot of others,” in which lot Violet was of course included. Would it not be better that they two should be brought together? Would not her friend's husband still be her friend? Would she not then forget to love him? Would she not then be safer than she was now?

As she sat alone struggling with her difficulties, she had not as yet forgotten to love him,—nor was she as yet safe.

CHAPTER XLV.

MISS EFFINGHAM'S FOUR LOVERS.

ONE morning early in June Lady Laura called at Lady Baldock's house and asked for Miss Effingham. The servant was showing her into the large drawing-room, when she again asked specially for Miss Effingham. "I think Miss Effingham is there," said the man, opening the room. Miss Effingham was not there. Lady Baldock was sitting all alone, and Lady Laura perceived that she had been caught in the net which she specially wished to avoid. Now Lady Baldock had not actually or openly quarrelled with Lady Laura Kennedy or with Lord Brentford, but she had conceived a strong idea that her niece Violet was countenanced in all improprieties by the Standish family generally, and that therefore the Standish family was to be regarded as a family of enemies. There was doubtless in her mind considerable confusion on the subject, for she did not know whether Lord Chiltern or Mr. Finn was the suitor which she most feared,—and she was aware, after a sort of muddled fashion, that the claims of these two wicked young men were antagonistic to each other. But they were both regarded by her as emanations from the same source of iniquity, and therefore, without going deeply into the machinations of Lady Laura,—without resolving whether Lady Laura was injuring her by pressing her brother as a suitor upon Miss Effingham, or by pressing a rival of her brother,—still she became aware that it was her duty to turn a cold shoulder on those two houses in Portman Square and Grosvenor Place. But her difficulties in doing this were very great, and it may be said that Lady Baldock was placed in an unjust and cruel position. Before the end of May she had proposed to leave London, and to take her daughter and Violet down to Baddingham,—or to Brighton if they preferred it, or to Switzerland. "Brighton in June!" Violet had exclaimed. "Would not a month among the glaciers be delightful?" Miss Boreham had said. "Don't let me keep you in town, aunt," Violet replied; "but I do not think I shall go till other people go. I can have a room at Laura Kennedy's house." Then Lady Baldock, whose position was hard and cruel, resolved that she would stay in town. Here she had in her hands a ward over whom she had no positive power, and yet in respect to whom her duty was imperative! Her duty was imperative, and Lady Baldock was not the woman to neglect her duty;—and yet she knew that the doing of her duty would all be in vain. Violet would marry a shoe-black out of the streets if she were so minded. It was of no use that the poor lady had provided herself with two strings, two most excellent strings, to her bow,—two strings either one of which should have contented Miss Effingham. There was Lord Fawn, a young peer, not very rich indeed,—but still with means sufficient for a wife, a rising man, and in every way respectable, although a Whig. And there was Mr.

Appledom, one of the richest commoners in England, a fine Conservative too, with a seat in the House, and everything appropriate. He was fifty, but looked hardly more than thirty-five, and was,—so at least Lady Baldock frequently asserted,—violently in love with Violet Effingham. Why had not the law, or the executors, or the Lord Chancellor, or some power levied for the protection of the proprieties, made Violet absolutely subject to her guardian till she should be made subject to a husband?

"Yes, I think she is at home," said Lady Baldock, in answer to Lady Laura's inquiry for Violet. "At least, I hardly know. She seldom tells me what she means to do,—and sometimes she will walk out quite alone!" A most imprudent old woman was Lady Baldock, always opening her hand to her adversaries, unable to control herself in the scolding of people, either before their faces or behind their backs, even at moments in which such scolding was most injurious to her own cause. "However, we will see," she continued. Then the bell was rung, and in a few minutes Violet was in the room. In a few minutes more they were up-stairs together in Violet's own room, in spite of the openly-displayed wrath of Lady Baldock. "I almost wish she had never been born," said Lady Baldock to her daughter. "Oh, mamma, don't say that." "I certainly do wish that I had never seen her." "Indeed she has been a grievous trouble to you, mamma," said Miss Boreham, sympathetically.

"Brighton! What nonsense!" said Lady Laura.

"Of course it's nonsense. Fancy going to Brighton! And then they have proposed Switzerland. If you could only hear Augusta talking in rapture of a month among the glaciers! And I feel so ungrateful. I believe they would spend three months with me at any horrible place that I could suggest,—at Hong Kong if I were to ask it,—so intent are they on taking me away from metropolitan danger."

"But you will not go?"

"No!—I won't go. I know I am very naughty; but I can't help feeling that I cannot be good without being a fool at the same time. I must either fight my aunt, or give way to her. If I were to yield, what a life I should have;—and I should despise myself after all."

"And what is the special danger to be feared now?"

"I don't know;—you, I fancy. I told her that if she went, I should go to you. I knew that would make her stay."

"I wish you would come to me," said Lady Laura.

"I shouldn't think of it really,—not for any length of time."

"Why not?"

"Because I should be in Mr. Kennedy's way."

"You wouldn't be in his way in the least. If you would only be down punctually for morning prayers, and go to church with him on Sunday afternoon, he would be delighted to have you."

"What did he say about Madame Max coming?"

"Not a word. I don't think he quite knew who she was then. I fancy he has inquired since, by something he said yesterday."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing that matters;—only a word. I haven't come here to talk about Madame Max Goesler,—nor yet about Mr. Kennedy."

"Whom have you come to talk about?" asked Violet, laughing a little, with something of increased colour in her cheeks, though she could not be said to blush.

"A lover of course," said Lady Laura.

"I wish you would leave me alone with my lovers. You are as bad or worse than my aunt. She, at any rate, varies her prescription. She has become sick of poor Lord Fawn because he's a Whig."

"And who is her favourite now?"

"Old Mr. Appledom,—who is really a most unexceptionable old party, and whom I like of all things. I really think I could consent to be Mrs. Appledom, to get rid of my troubles,—if he did not dye his whiskers and have his coats padded."

"He'd give up those little things if you asked him."

"I shouldn't have the heart to do it. Besides, this isn't his time of the year for making proposals. His love fever, which is of a very low kind, and intermits annually, never comes on till the autumn. It is a rural malady, against which he is proof while among his clubs!"

"Well, Violet,—I am like your aunt."

"Like Lady Baldock?"

"In one respect. I, too, will vary my prescription."

"What do you mean, Laura?"

"Just this,—that if you like to marry Phineas Finn, I will say, that you are right."

"Heaven and earth! And why am I to marry Phineas Finn?"

"Only for two reasons; because he loves you, and because——"

"No,—I deny it. I do not."

"I had come to fancy that you did."

"Keep your fancy more under control then. But upon my word I can't understand this. He was your great friend."

"What has that to do with it?" demanded Lady Laura.

"And you have thrown over your brother, Laura?"

"You have thrown him over. Is he to go on for ever asking and being refused?"

"I do not know why he should not," said Violet, "seeing how very little trouble it gives him. Half an hour once in six months does it all for him, allowing him time for coming and going in a cab."

"Violet, I do not understand you. Have you refused Oswald so often because he does not pass hours on his knees before you?"

"No, indeed! His nature would be altered very much for the worse before he could do that."

"Why do you throw it in his teeth then that he does not give you more of his time?"

"Why have you come to tell me to marry Mr. Phineas Finn? That is what I want to know. Mr. Phineas Finn, as far as I am aware, has not a shilling in the world,—except a month's salary now due to him from the Government. Mr. Phineas Finn I believe to be the son of a country doctor in Ireland,—with about seven sisters. Mr. Phineas Finn is a Roman Catholic. Mr. Phineas Finn is,—or was a short time ago,—in love with another lady; and Mr. Phineas Finn is not so much in love at this moment but what he is able to intrust his cause to an ambassador. None short of a royal suitor should ever do that with success."

"Has he never pleaded his cause to you yourself?"

"My dear, I never tell gentlemen's secrets. It seems that if he has, his success was so trifling that he has thought he had better trust some one else for the future."

"He has not trusted me. He has not given me any commission."

"Then why have you come?"

"Because,—I hardly know how to tell his story. There have been things about Oswald which made it almost necessary that Mr. Finn should explain himself to me."

"I know it all;—about their fighting. Foolish young men! I am not a bit obliged to either of them,—not a bit. Only fancy, if my aunt knew it, what a life she would lead me! Gustavus knows all about it, and I feel that I am living at his mercy. Why were they so wrong-headed?"

"I cannot answer that,—though I know them well enough to be sure that Chiltern was the one in fault."

"It is so odd that you should have thrown **your brother** over."

"I have not thrown my brother over. Will you accept Oswald if he asks you again?"

"No," almost shouted Violet.

"Then I hope that Mr. Finn may succeed. I want him to succeed in everything. There;—you may know it all. He is my Phœbus Apollo."

"That is flattering to me,—looking at the position in which you desire to place your Phœbus at the present moment."

"Come, Violet, I am true to you, and let me have a little truth from you. This man loves you, and I think is worthy of you. He does not love me, but he is my friend. As his friend, and believing in his worth, I wish for his success beyond almost anything else in the world. Listen to me, Violet. I don't believe in those reasons which you gave me just now for not becoming this man's wife."

"Nor do I."

"I know you do not. Look at me. I, who have less of real heart than you, I who thought that I could trust myself to satisfy my mind and my ambition without caring for my heart, I have

married for what you call position. My husband is very rich, and a Cabinet Minister, and will probably be a peer. And he was willing to marry me at a time when I had not a shilling of my own."

"He was very generous."

"He has asked for it since," said Lady Laura. "But never mind. I have not come to talk about myself;—otherwise than to bid you not do what I have done. All that you have said about this man's want of money and of family is nothing."

"Nothing at all," said Violet. "Mere words,—fit only for such people as my aunt."

"Well then?"

"Well?"

"If you love him——!"

"Ah! but if I do not? You are very close in inquiring into my secrets. Tell me, Laura;—was not this young Crichton once a lover of your own?"

"Psha! And do you think I cannot keep a gentleman's secret as well as you?"

"What is the good of any secret, Laura, when we have been already so open? He tried his 'prentice hand on you; and then he came to me. Let us watch him, and see who'll be the third. I too like him well enough to hope that he'll land himself safely at last."

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE MOUSETRAP.

PHINEAS had certainly no desire to make love by an ambassador,—at second-hand. He had given no commission to Lady Laura, and was, as the reader is aware, quite ignorant of what was being done and said on his behalf. He had asked no more from Lady Laura than an opportunity of speaking for himself, and that he had asked almost with a conviction that by so asking he would turn his friend into an enemy. He had read but little of the workings of Lady Laura's heart towards himself, and had no idea of the assistance she was anxious to give him. She had never told him that she was willing to sacrifice her brother on his behalf, and, of course, had not told him that she was willing also to sacrifice herself. Nor, when she wrote to him one June morning and told him that Violet would be found in Portman Square, alone, that afternoon,—naming an hour, and explaining that Miss Effingham would be there to meet herself and her father, but that at such an hour she would be certainly alone,—did he even then know how much she was prepared to do for him. The short note was signed "L.," and then there came a long postscript. "Ask for me," she said in a postscript. "I shall be there later, and I have told them to bid you wait. I can give you no hope of success, but if you choose to try,—you can do so. If you do not come, I shall

know that you have changed your mind. I shall not think the worse of you, and your secret will be safe with me. I do that which you have asked me to do,—simply because you have asked it. Burn this at once,—because I ask it.” Phineas destroyed the note, tearing it into atoms, the moment that he had read it and re-read it. Of course he would go to Portman Square at the hour named. Of course he would take his chance. He was not buoyed up by much of hope;—but even though there were no hope, he would take his chance.

When Lord Brentford had first told Phineas of his promotion, he had also asked the new Lord of the Treasury to make a certain communication on his behalf to his son. This Phineas had found himself obliged to promise to do;—and he had done it. The letter had been difficult enough to write,—but he had written it. After having made the promise, he had found himself bound to keep it.

“Dear Lord Chiltern,” he had commenced, “I will not think that there was anything in our late encounter to prevent my so addressing you. I now write at the instance of your father, who has heard nothing of our little affair.” Then he explained at length Lord Brentford’s wishes as he understood them. “Pray come home,” he said, finishing his letter. “Touching V. E., I feel that I am bound to tell you that I still mean to try my fortune, but that I have no ground for hoping that my fortune will be good. Since the day on the sands, I have never met her but in society. I know you will be glad to hear that my wound was nothing; and I think you will be glad to hear that I have got my foot on to the ladder of promotion.—Yours always,
PHINEAS FINN.”

Now he had to try his fortune,—that fortune of which he had told Lord Chiltern that he had no reason for hoping that it would be good. He went direct from his office at the Treasury to Portman Square, resolving that he would take no trouble as to his dress, simply washing his hands and brushing his hair as though he were going down to the House, and he knocked at the Earl’s door exactly at the hour named by Lady Laura.

“Miss Effingham,” he said, “I am so glad to find you alone.”

“Yes,” she said, laughing. “I am alone,—a poor unprotected female. But I fear nothing. I have strong reason for believing that Lord Brentford is somewhere about. And Pomfret the butler, who has known me since I was a baby, is a host in himself.”

“With such allies you can have nothing to fear,” he replied, attempting to carry on her little jest.

“Nor even without them, Mr. Finn. We unprotected females in these days are so self-reliant that our natural protectors fall off from us, finding themselves to be no longer wanted. Now with you,—what can I fear?”

“Nothing,—as I hope.”

"There used to be a time, and that not so long ago either, when young gentlemen and ladies were thought to be very dangerous to each other if they were left alone. But propriety is less rampant now, and upon the whole virtue and morals, with discretion and all that kind of thing, have been the gainers. Don't you think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"All the same,—I don't like to be caught in a trap, Mr. Finn."

"In a trap?"

"Yes;—in a trap. Is there no trap here? If you will say so, I will acknowledge myself to be a dolt, and will beg your pardon."

"I hardly know what you call a trap."

"You were told that I was here?"

He paused a moment before he replied. "Yes, I was told."

"I call that a trap."

"Am I to blame?"

"I don't say that you set it,—but you use it."

"Miss Effingham, of course I have used it. You must know,—I think you must know that I have that to say to you which has made me long for such an opportunity as this."

"And therefore you have called in the assistance of your friend."

"It is true."

"In such matters you should never talk to any one, Mr. Finn. If you cannot fight your own battle, no one can fight it for you."

"Miss Effingham, do you remember our ride at Saulsby?"

"Very well;—as if it were yesterday."

"And do you remember that I asked you a question which you have never answered?"

"I did answer it,—as well as I knew how, so that I might tell you a truth without hurting you."

"It was necessary,—is necessary that I should be hurt sorely, or made perfectly happy. Violet Effingham, I have come to you to ask you to be my wife;—to tell you that I love you, and to ask for your love in return. Whatever may be my fate, the question must be asked, and an answer must be given. I have not hoped that you should tell me that you loved me"——

"For what then have you hoped?"

"For not much, indeed;—but if for anything, then for some chance that you might tell me so hereafter."

"If I loved you, I would tell you so now,—instantly. I give you my word of that."

"Can you never love me?"

"What is a woman to answer to such a question? No;—I believe never. I do not think I shall ever wish you to be my husband. You ask me to be plain, and I must be plain."

"Is it because——?" He paused, hardly knowing what the question was which he proposed to himself to ask.

"It is for no because,—for no cause except that simple one which should make any girl refuse any man whom she did not love. Mr. Finn, I could say pleasant things to you on any other subject than this,—because I like you."

"I know that I have nothing to justify my suit."

"You have everything to justify it;—at least I am bound to presume that you have. If you love me,—you are justified."

"You know that I love you."

"I am sorry that it should ever have been so,—very sorry. I can only hope that I have not been in fault."

"Will you try to love me?"

"No;—why should I try? If any trying were necessary, I would try rather not to love you. Why should I try to do that which would displease everybody belonging to me? For yourself, I admit your right to address me,—and tell you frankly that it would not be in vain, if I loved you. But I tell you as frankly that such a marriage would not please those whom I am bound to try to please."

He paused a moment before he spoke further. "I shall wait," he said, "and come again."

"What am I to say to that? Do not tease me, so that I be driven to treat you with lack of courtesy. Lady Laura is so much attached to you, and Mr. Kennedy, and Lord Brentford,—and indeed I may say, I myself also, that I trust there may be nothing to mar our good fellowship. Come, Mr. Finn,—say that you will take an answer, and I will give you my hand."

"Give it me," said he. She gave him her hand, and he put it up to his lips and pressed it. "I will wait and come again," he said "I will assuredly come again." Then he turned from her and went out of the house. At the corner of the square he saw Lady Laura's carriage, but did not stop to speak to her. And she also saw him.

"So you have had a visitor here," said Lady Laura to Violet.

"Yes;—I have been caught in the trap."

"Poor mouse! And has the cat made a meal of you?"

"I fancy he has, after his fashion. There be cats that eat their mice without playing,—and cats that play with their mice, and then eat them;—and cats again which only play with their mice, and don't care to eat them. Mr. Finn is a cat of the latter kind, and has had his afternoon's diversion."

"You wrong him there."

"I think not, Laura. I do not mean to say that he would not have liked me to accept him. But, if I can see inside his bosom, such little job as that he has now done will be looked back upon as one of the past pleasures of his life;—not as a pain."

END OF VOL. II.

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